Scanned from the collection of the
Margaret Herrick Library
Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

Coordinated by the
Media History Digital Library
www.mediahistoryproject.org

Funded by a donation from
Matthew Bernstein

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/motionpicture1923040chic

MOTION PICTURE

SEPTEMBER - 25 CTS

A BREWSTER MAGAZINE

25

Meet The Screen's Handsome New She

on Pages

All the World loves Natural Beauty

You can gain it in this simple way . . . it has brought the enticement of a fresh, clear skin to thousands.

THERE is one beauty standard upon which *everyone* agrees. That is natural beauty, a skin which depends neither upon lights nor shadows for its allure, nor upon artificial means for its charm.

More and more, every day, the world is turning to the *natural* type of girl . . . fresh, charming, and above all things, *real*, she attracts by being wholesome. Sweet and lovely, hers is the type that women envy, and men paint in mental pictures as their wives.

Yet that beauty is the simplest of all to attain. No costly beauty treatments—simply common sense, daily care with soothing olive and palm oils as combined in Palmolive.

Try this—see what a difference it will make

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

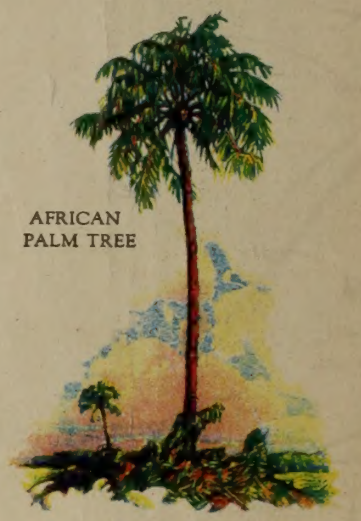
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Illinois



AFRICAN PALM TREE

OLIVE TREE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

COCONUT PALM TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

2885

JOHN BARRYMORE

America's greatest Actor

NOW A WARNER BROTHERS' STAR

The big Movie news of 1925—JOHN BARRYMORE will star in WARNER BROS. Classics of the Screen!

The fact that John Barrymore is now a Warner star again demonstrates the resources and leadership of Warner Bros. and their determination to bring to the screen absolutely the best entertainment the world can offer. You will see Barrymore *exclusively* in Warner productions—and Barrymore is but one of more than a score of notable actors and actresses who will entertain you through Warner Pictures. Ask your theatre when Warner Bros.' *John Barrymore* Picture, "*The Sea Beast,*" will be shown.

"If it's a WARNER Picture, it's a Classic"

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen

Personalities of Paramount

BETTY BRONSON

Watch a tropical sky in the evening, and suddenly a star appears where there was only deep blue before. So with Betty Bronson! A little while ago, who had heard of her? Today, who hasn't? And the world gave welcome to something more than a perfect Peter Pan, glorious gift as that was!—welcome to the kid spirit of happy innocent play within us all, healthy as the red of the apple and as mischievous as a kitten with a work basket. Goodbye deep blues, now Betty's Paramount stardom has dawned!

Her new season Paramount Pictures will be A Kiss for Cinderella, Not So Long Ago and The Golden Princess.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

Congratulations if you were one of those who picked Raymond Griffith last season as the biggest rising star in comedy!

And he's even more than that! Watch the gymnast, too! A regular jumping cracker for agility, giving us all more unexpected laughs than a gold-fish takes turns in a bowl.

Perhaps you remember the silk hat comedian in Changing Husbands, The Night Club or Forty Winks. His new season Paramount Pictures will be made by Paramount's special comedy production unit—the finest feature comedies on the screen.

Paramount Pictures

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corp. Adolph Zukor-President New York City

Paramount Pictures

Make more of your life with Paramount

Are you waiting for life to come to you, perpetually hoping that tomorrow will bring a good time?

Take care you don't wait in vain!

Much better to go half-way to meet life's great Shows!

You have a schedule of Work. Get a schedule of Play. Don't let life cheat you of the hours that thrill! They are the silver lining of the clouds of either dish-washing or business worries!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and you will realize this message is more than an ordinary advertisement.

All of us, rich or poor, with smooth hands or rough, have a right to a certain amount of healthy excitement every day that dawns—to entertainment—to adventure—to the thrill of swift happenings that show the life of men and women in its most vivid and stimulating phases.

Modern work contains an over-proportion of routine. You fall spiritually sick unless you balance it with modern play, the great Paramount Pictures.

See one tonight at the nearest good theatre and notice the feeling of satisfaction and contentment that pervades you as you go home.

You have *lived!*

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

We're Asking You:

Nervous?

If you are, dont read *The Seven Sleepers*, beginning on page 39. It's the kind of a mystery story that keeps you awake until you reach the solution—and there isn't any solution to reach in this one. It's story No. 3 in our Unfinished Mystery Contest—and the person who untangles the mystery and writes the best ending for the story gets a $50.00 prize. The winning solution of story No. 1 begins on page 96 of this number.

Like 'Em Young?

Dont you think the brand-new crop of leading men on pages 32 and 33 are the most promising you ever saw? We're pleased to be the first to acquaint you with these stars-to-be.

Romantic?

Dont you enjoy hearing about a nice romance? If so, look on page 34 and you'll find the most delightful love story imaginable. Alma and Ricardo are so in love, according to Mrs. Rubens, that one of them wont play in a scene until it has been talked over with the other.

Feeling Blue?

Everybody has a few troubles, but wouldn't you have thought that the stars of Hollywood were pretty free from them? If this is how you've felt about it, dont miss the article on pages 36 and 37. You've got a shock coming to you! You'll find that worry, disappointment and frequently real tragedy, dog the footsteps of these apparently happy people.

Who Next?

On page 45 you'll find This Month's Choice for the Gallery of the Great. Which one of the gorgeous old-timers would you like to see there next? We had George Fawcett first, now Mary Carr. This isn't a regular department; only now and then we find someone who really deserves a place.

Who's Your Candidate?

Gloria or Pola? They're the greatest rivals for fame that the motion picture world has ever known, and now the fight for supremacy between them is coming to a climax. On pages 28 and 29 Harry Carr tells both sides of the question in an amazingly frank article that will give you an entirely new point of view on the most-talked-of situation in Hollywood.

Jumping Aboard the Limerick Liner?

There are two ten-dollar prizes to be won this month. Here's a good chance for everybody. The prizes go to the two best last lines for these unfinished limericks. Remember the last line rhymes with the first two. Send your contributions, with your name and address, to the Limerick Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York.

Miss La Marr has a face most appealing,
And gowns of a cut most revealing.
Her walk is seductive,
Her glances destructive,

When the fans see young Harrison Ford
In a picture, they never are bored.
He's so gallant and gay
And so handsome—I'll say

Get One?

Did you win a prize this month in the Limerick Contest? Turn to page 121 and you'll find out. The winner for the *Movie Jr.* contest is there, too. If you didn't win anything, never mind—there's another prize contest in this month's *Movie Jr.*, page 46, and two unfinished limericks at your left.

Thrilled?

Doesn't it give you a real thrill to think of John Barrymore and Mary Astor playing opposite each other again? And isn't the portrait of the two of them in costume, on page 30, beautiful? We predict that if they really do make this picture, it will be one of the most impressive the screen has ever produced.

Single?

If so, you're in good company. On pages 50 and 51 a group of the unmarried stars tell you just what makes 'em stay that way.

Did You Speak Up?

Have we heard Your Opinion yet? If we haven't, get busy! The best criticisms of motion pictures that we receive will be awarded prizes in this contest. The rules are on page 87 and the story on page 66.

Feel the Heat?

Dont you sometimes feel, these days, as tho you'd probably fall over with sun-stroke? Well, in that case, pages 42 and 43 are the pages for you. There's every hot weather-hint known to the stars and a few good laughs into the bargain.

Up to Date?

Do you know the late gossip and doings of the motion picture stars? You can if you'll follow our three departments that are devoted to this sort of thing. *The Bulletin Board*, on page 14, tells you briefly and concisely what the stars are doing and have been doing and are about to do. In *On the Camera Coast*, page 68, you will find a combination of personal and professional chat that is like a visit to Hollywood, and on page 78 the doings in the Eastern studios are given to you in the same manner.

Got a Secret?

Then stay away from Lon Chaney! On page 44 there is an article that tells you how he ferrets out the characteristics and hidden thoughts of everyone around him. That's what makes him a great actor; and that's what makes him The Uncanny Mr. Chaney.

Vol. XXX, No. 2 **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** SEPTEMBER, 1925

Published Monthly by the Brewster Publications, Inc., at 18410 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A.

Eugene V. Brewster, *President and Editor-in-Chief*; Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Vice-President and Business Manager*; George J. Tresham, *Circulation Director*; E. M. Heinemann, *Secretary*; L. G. Conlon, *Treasurer*. Also publishers of Motion Picture Classic and Movie Monthly.

Subscription $2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00. Foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

First copyrighted and published February 21, 1911. Copyrighted, 1925, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

A Guide to Current Pictures

Which are now being shown thruout the United States

A Kiss in the Dark
Entirely different from the stage version, *Aren't We All*, but treated with fine sparkle by the scenarist, the director, the title writer and Adolphe Menjou in a rôle made to order. (Paramount)

Adventure
One of Jack London's vivid yarns of the South Seas, which ably lives up to its title. A colorful plot, told with suspense and thrills against a picturesque background. Tom Moore, Pauline Starke, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. There's a cast for you. (Paramount)

Any Woman
A very thin story with Alice Terry at her worst. Not much in this picture to recommend. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

As Man Desires
Traces the adventures of English army surgeon in East India and the South Seas. Charged with murder, he becomes a pearl fisher and finds romance and tranquillity. Rather complicated but offering a satisfying hour. (First National)

As No Man Has Loved
An elaborate historical drama of the early days of America founded on E. E. Hale's famous story, *The Man Without a Country*. Strong patriotism propaganda, well handled and well done. (Fox)—E. V. B.

Baree, Son of Kazan
A typical Curwood story with fine atmosphere and many thrilling dramatic situations, with Anita Stewart as good as she ever was. (Vitagraph)—E. V. B.

Beauty and the Bad Man
The 1870 period of California shining best with its atmosphere and acting, for the plot is quite shopworn. The bad man takes care of an orphan girl by disposing of her worthless husband and marrying her himself. (Producers Dist. Corp.)

Beggar on Horseback
A charming fantasy, satire, or comedy of the stuff that dreams are made of. A great picture, but it wont please everybody. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Beloved Brute, The
An exciting melodrama, this—one built around regeneration of fighter who eventually meets his master. Characterization finely developed. Title-rôle colorfully played by Victor McLaglen. (Vitagraph)

Boomerang, The
Not so amusing as the stage version, chiefly because cast lacks light comedians. Well treated and manages to hold up fairly well. All about a doctor who prescribes for "Heart troubles." (Schulberg)

Bridge of Sighs, The
Society comedy with Creighton Hale and Dorothy Mackaill. Hale 100 per cent. in this. Very amusing. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Broadway Butterfly, A
Sets forth the oft-told tale of the rustic maid who strikes Broadway—and after encountering the inevitable "men about town" teaches them a lesson in deportment and morals. Capable cast here—headed by Dorothy Devore. (Warner Brothers)

Capital Punishment
Melodrama of the better kind. George Hackathorne and Clara Bow add to their laurels. Gripping and thrilling. (Schulberg-Preferred)—E.V.B.

Charley's Aunt
A side-splitting farce comedy of the old style, with Sydney Chaplin as the aunt. (Producers Distributing Corp.)—E. V. B.

Charmer, The
Pola Negri, Wallace MacDonald and Robert Frazer in rather a poor story, replete with improbable situations. Well produced but only a fair picture. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Chickie
The stenographer's climb into the lap of luxury. Surely, you've seen this before. But wait for the surprise. It is the hero who disgraces her. He returns to make amends. Gives Dorothy Mackaill fine acting opportunities. (First National)

Clean Heart, The
A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel makes a most compelling photoplay as treated by J. Stuart Blackton and Percy Marmont. Is exceptionally human and perfectly intelligible. Tells of man conquering his worries. Worth your while. (Vitagraph)

Code of the West
Another from Zane Grey which gets away from the beaten track of Western heroics. Is treated with fine naturalness, there being no high-pressure melodrama used. The timid cow-puncher wins the flapper. (Paramount)

Coming Through
Tom Meighan appears again in a conventional melodrama. The star needs the bright human pieces, for there are several luminaries who could put this story over. Obvious and slow—tho convincing in atmosphere. A few good moments. (Paramount)

Confessions of a Queen
Alice Terry every inch a queen and Lewis Stone every inch an artist. An elaborate picture of the *Prisoner of Zenda* order, skilfully handled. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Crowded Hour, The
Bebe Daniels in an emotional war drama. Interesting, but by no means great. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Daddy's Gone a-Hunting
—Doesn't convince because of the arbitrary manipulation of the characters. The father, tiring of domesticity, runs off to Paris—and returns without any *amours*. He comes to his senses after the death of his child. Fails to extract sympathy even with such clever acting as Percy Marmont and Alice Joyce give it. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Dangerous Innocence
"Ann's an Idiot" shapes up pretty well in celluloid form. Features a young girl's awakening to the call of romance. She emerges into a woman during a cruise from Liverpool to Bombay, but discovers the man has had a love affair with her mother. Pleasant diversion. (Universal)

Déclassée
The beautiful Corinne Griffith gives breadth, substance and charm to this Ethel Barrymore play. An effective drama which follows the original pretty faithfully. Cumbersome in spots. Neatly mounted. (First National)

Denial, The
The parental conflict theme, employing a domineering mother who brings tragedy into her daughter's life by compelling her to marry a man she doesn't like. The daughter appears first as having a child of her own—and is confronted with the identical problem. Interesting with its atmosphere, but lacking spontaneity and conviction. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Desert Flower, The
Ingredients of orthodox Western story have been dressed up with comedy trimmings. The result is an entertaining little number, excellently balanced with humor and pathos. Colleen Moore's task is to redeem a young man. She succeeds. (First National)

Devil's Cargo, The
Treats of the California gold-rush days—and treats it in vivid melodramatic style. The central figures are a young editor and a girl who are driven out of Sacramento. They come back in style. Sustained action. (Paramount)

Dick Turpin
Tom Mix hangs up his chaps and bedecks himself in the raiment of a chivalrous knight of Merrie England. Plays celebrated highwayman in the Fairbanks manner. Stirring incident, enjoyable humor—and romance makes this a likely picture. Check it off and see it. (Fox)

Don Q.
The ever-smiling Douglas Fairbanks with all his acrobatic agility and legerdemain in an elaborate production that contains everything that is interesting, much that is laughable and considerable that is thrilling. Not a 100-per-cent masterpiece, but you mustn't miss it. (United Artists)—E. V. B.

Dressmaker from Paris, The
If you like fashion shows, very well. Leatrice Joy in a poor part in a poor show. Ernest Torrence in new garb. Mildred Harris and Allan Forrest supporting. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Drusilla with a Million
Powerful drama with heart interest and human sympathy 100 per cent. Mary Carr adorable, Kenneth Harlan fine, and everybody else and everything equally so. Besides, this picture puts Priscilla Bonner in the front rank of stars. (F.B.O.)—E. V. B.

Crimson Runner, The
Familiar type of melodrama of a post-war atmosphere. Paris backgrounds replaced with those of Vienna. Heroine turns thief to rob rich to give to the poor. Not much to this one. Priscilla Dean is the star. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Enticement
A frank exposition adapted from an equally frank novel depicting the folly of fanning the love of an old affection after one has become married. Emphasizes the "new freedom." Not for the children. (First National)

Eve's Secret
The mythical kingdom romance laid against California's Mediterranean's shores. Secret of Eve is hard to discover, but we know that she rises to high estate. Just fair. Betty Compson has her frolicsome moments. (Paramount)

Excuse Me
Rupert Hughes' story and stage success makes a capital light comedy—one which exploits the adventure of an eloping couple—who when they board a train encounter all kinds of trouble. Plenty of high jinks—and plenty of laughs. Bert Roach as a drunk in an upper berth steals the acting honors. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Fifth Avenue Models
The Cinderella pattern again—done with first-rate sentiment and heart appeal. Working girl discovers a Prince Charming who saves her from disgrace. The human touches make it fairly convincing. Enjoyable. (Universal)

Fool, The
Does not score its points except at intervals. Lacks simplicity, the plot being complicated with capital *versus* labor conflict. Fails to generate the big heart touch. Well produced and acted with sincerity. (Fox)

Forbidden Paradise
A sophisticated modern romance dealing with a fictional queen whose greatest weakness is men. Pola Negri as the alluring queen is the best she has yet been in an American-made film. Well supported by Rod La Rocque, Adolphe Menjou, and Pauline Starke. Fine food for sophisticates. (Ernst Lubitsch-Paramount)

Forty Winks
The missing papers are found in this bright and breezy comedy—found by Raymond Griffith in the rôle of a comic British lord who saves the honor of the family along with the papers. Griffith is immense. Theodore Roberts is back with his cigar. Thoroly amusing. (Paramount)

Friendly Enemies
The war as seen thru German-American eyes at the time the U. S. A. participated. Weber and Fields in their familiar type of comedy offer some amusing moments. Seems a trifle out of date. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Go Straight
Crook melodramas have to carry some relation to logic to be convincing. This one stretches things a bit and shows plenty of gaps. Never rings true. (Schulberg)

Golden Bed, The
Cecil B. De Mille again, with all his taste for opulent display. Story is much too long to trace the human wreckage left by a woman who plays with men for the fascination of the game. Mostly appealing to the eye. Lillian Rich gives her usual dependable performance. (Paramount)

Grass
Fifty thousand Persians crossing mountains and rivers to find grass for the herds. No plot, no cast. Remarkable, but depressing. Better as a one-reel scenic than feature. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Great Divide, The
A Western drama quite above the average, with Alice Terry at her best and Conway Tearle and Wallace Beery also. 'Nough said. Then there is a wonderful flood scene which is a real thriller. Dont miss it. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Headwinds
Misses in not being treated humorously. The strong silent man lures the stubborn girl aboard his yacht and compels her to love, honor and obey. Plot dies out and the hokum is born. Just fair. (Universal)

Hearts and Spurs
A fair Western affording Buck Jones plentiful opportunity to rescue the heroine and overpower the villain. Old stuff, but told with first-rate action. (Fox)

Her Love Story
Smacks of the George Barr McCutcheon school of mythical kingdom romances. Gloria Swanson adopts the rôle of a princess who loves a young captain of the guard. She is forced into an unpleasant marriage with an aging monarch. Below the Swanson standard. (Paramount)

His Hour
Romantic drama is unfolded here—of the pre-war days in Russia. Elinor Glyn is the author and she builds exotic love affair between young prince and an English widow. Affords a pleasant hour. Aileen Pringle and John Gilbert are convincing as the lovers. (Metro-Goldwyn)

His Supreme Moment
Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman in an elaborate production, partly in color, but the story is not a good one nor well told. A fairly good picture. (First National)

I Want My Man
The old story of the blind soldier who marries his nurse, but with a real kick in the last reel. A very fair picture. Doris Kenyon excellent. Milton Sills not at his best. (First National)—E. V. B.

I'll Show You the Town
A jolly farce comedy, bordering on the slap-stick toward the end, with Reginald Denny as star and a mighty good one. Cissy Fitzgerald also scores. (Universal)—E. V. B.

Inez from Hollywood
This was once known as "The Worst Woman in Hollywood." Revolves around famous film actress with publicity complex who is not so black as she is painted. Not especially convincing—and rather trite, but Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson make it interesting. (First National)

Introduce Me
Refined comedy that should please everybody and put Douglas MacLean in the front ranks of light comedians of the screen. (Associated Exhibitors)—E. V. B.

Iron Horse, The
The much-talked-of feature dealing with the late sixties in the West when the first transcontinental railroad was built and completed. Thrilling drama mixed with much comedy. Educational, historic, instructive. (Fox)

Just a Woman
The old story of the husband unable to stand prosperity when he climbs to the top. Is told laboriously and with very little semblance to life. Couple are reunited by the inevitable child. Conway Tearle, Claire Windsor and Percy Marmont in cast. (First National)

Kiss Barrier, The
An unusually fine drama with all the elements of a great picture. (Fox)—E. V. B.

Kiss Me Again
Ernst Lubitsch, the skilful German director, has accomplished fine results from frail story. Points it with deft comedy. Picture has plot of domestic troubles and is seasoned with caprice and humor. Adolphe Menjou is present. Nuf said. (Warner Bros.)

Lady of the Night
A weak drama that starts off like a race-horse and ends like a snail. Norma Shearer, who plays the double rôle very well, is entitled to better stories than this. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

The Lady
An unusually interesting story, full of pathos. This was all that was needed to make Norma Talmadge the "Bernhardt of the Screen." (First National)—E. V. B.

Last Laugh, The
A German film of unusual beauty and artistry. The story deals with old age and poverty, and is a grim piece of realism marred by an unconvincing happy ending. Emil Jannings' work is splendid. (UFA)

Learning to Love
A tiresome society comedy as usual. Constance Talmadge is beautiful and attractive in anything, but she can do more than look pretty and laugh if they will only find her a good story. (First National)

Lena Rivers
Earle Williams and Gladys Hulette in a poorly produced version of the popular old story. Not much. (Arrow Film Corp.)—E. V. B.

Lilies of the Street
Stirring drama treating of the pitfalls for young girls in New York. Not a great picture but exceedingly well done and effective. Johnnie Walker starred, but Virginia Lee Corbin runs away with the picture and she will bear watching. (F. B. O.)—E. V. B.

Little French Girl, The
A weak story beautifully done; fine cast and everything, but poor entertainment. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Lost—A Wife
Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou ably supported by Edgar Norton in an excellent society comedy done exceedingly well. (Paramount)—E.V. B.

Lost World, The
Something entirely different—let us call it a scientific comedy. If you want to see all the strange prehistoric mammalia, some 100 feet long and high, which Wallace Beery, Bessie Love, Lloyd Hughes, Lewis Stone and Bull Montana found on the Amazon, here you are, with plenty of thrills as well as laughter. (First National)

Lover of Camille, The
Tells a tale of unrequited love—and doesn't tell it very well. Adapted from Belasco's *Deburau*, and loses its spark and vitality and atmosphere in the transference from stage to screen. Lacks movement and is mostly characterization. (Warner Bros.)

Madame Sans Gêne
Gloria Swanson's most pretentious picture, but not holding up in story interest along with *Manhandled* and *The Humming Bird*. Fine historical value and truly colorful in its pictorial qualities. Gloria is immense as the laundress who, elevated to high estate, outwits Napoleon. (Paramount)

Man and Maid
Elinor Glyn says women do one of three things to a man—elevate him, degrade him, or bore him to death. She then proceeds to show how they do it. A tiresome, cut-and-dried story. Lew Cody is good. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Man in Blue, The
Place a cop in a foreign quarter of a large city—and you have your romance, made to order. Here Herbert Rawlinson, making a good representation of the Irish officer, wins an Italian belle away from swarthy politicians. Fair entertainment. (Universal)

Midnight Molly
The dual rôle is given to Evelyn Brent in this triangle story. It revolves around a feminine Raffles and a playful wife of the political candidate. The former doubles for the latter and saves the husband from losing votes. Far-fetched, but made very interesting thru the sincere performance. (F. B. O.)

Miracle of the Wolves, The
A thrilling spectacular romance of fifteenth-century France. It is beautifully produced and acted, and Yvonne Sergyl as Jeanne, the heroine, is charming. It is full of impressive and convincing battle scenes, and is thoroly satisfactory. (Société Française d'Editions de Romans Filmés)

Monster, The
A serio-comic drama meant to be very gruesome but in reality very silly. Even Lon Chaney does not save it. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

My Son
Dont miss this. Nazimova at her best, ably supported by Jack Pickford and Bosworth. Good story, well told. (First National)—E. V. B.

Necessary Evil, The
A society drama that leaps back and forth between the tropics and New York, showing the regeneration of a son upon whom has fallen the evil ways of his father. Unwinds rather tediously. Not for the children. (First National)

New Lives for Old
A modern drama, which tho not particularly unusual, gives Betty Compson a chance to be her usual attractive, vivacious self. There are one or two scenes that get over big and the picture as a whole is entertaining. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

New Toys
Richard Barthelmess—supported by his charming wife, Mary Hay, has a triangle story this time. There is a fresh, humorous twist when an old flame comes back into his life. The piece is radically different from anything the star has appeared in before. First-rate. (First National)

Night Club, The
Introducing a new light comedian in Raymond Griffith, who frolics about in a clubman's attire. Too much slap-stick for this star but it is a bright and breezy number. (Paramount)

North of 36
The story of a great cattle drive across the plains in pioneer days. A heroic effort, scenically and photographically. Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence, Jack Holt and Noah Beery are the stars. (Paramount)

O. U. West
The familiar tale of the young bounder who is sent West by his father to make good. What follows is the usual line of Western heroics with youth making good. Lefty Flynn is the hero. (F. B. O.)

Oh, You Tony
Tom Mix busts into politics here when he becomes a lobbyist in Washington for some of the boys back home. Learns "etiket" and gets "buncoed" by Washington flapper. Tony, the pony, figures at the end and saves the day for Mix. He wins the race. Interesting thru its humor. (Fox)

Old Home Week
Thomas Meighan in a corking comedy with wonderful suspense and a fine punch at the end. Lacks class otherwise. Lila Lee included in cast. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

On Thin Ice
A familiar type of crook melodrama which for three reels carries out a first-rate line of action, incident and suspense. Effects a crook's redemption and is a good picture of its kind. Tom Moore is excellent. (Warner Brothers)

One Way Street
Never gets anywhere. Becomes very talkative in trying to show a woman retaining her youth at all costs. Monkey glands refuse to function. Unconvincing and pointless. (First National)

Pampered Youth
A movie title is tacked on Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons." Still it is not enough to destroy the spirit and flavor of story. Carries humanities and realistic atmosphere. (Vitagraph)

Parisian Nights
The apaches again. The customary backgrounds provide a setting for a romance when the sculptress saves a Paris gangster from the gendarmes. Lots of action featuring high-pressure melodrama. Fair. (F. B. O.)

Percy
The story of a boy, trained to play the violin and do esthetic dancing. Circumstances land him at the Mexican border, and, from then on, things keep moving at a fast clip. Charles Ray is at his best and the picture is excellent. (Pathé)

Peter Pan
A beautiful picture, carrying out all the Barrie charm and whimsy. Certainly sustains the spirit of youth. His rich romance and adventure suggested thru fine spirit of make-believe. Betty Bronson an ideal Peter. See this and take the children. (Paramount)

Price of Pleasure, The
A domestic drama featuring a wayward husband, his wayward son and a wayward girl. Father and son love her and mother saves the boy from committing murder. Too morbid, but well acted by Constance Bennett and Irene Rich. (Universal)

Proud Flesh
An enjoyable little number, treated with pointed satire by King Vidor, who refuses to handle old formula—the taming of a haughty girl by a "diamond in the rough"—seriously. You shouldn't take it seriously either. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Rag Man, The
Jackie Coogan at his best. Interesting and laughable thruout. It lacks artistic finish but ranks very high and should please. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Rainbow Trail, The
Zane Grey and Tom Mix—certainly a good Western combination. Cowboy star executes plenty of thrills and excitement in author's story of gunplay, hard ridin', and he-man fights. (Fox)

Recompense
Not so interesting as the novel, the sequel to Robert Keable's novel, "Simon Called Peter." Fails to sustain sympathy for clergyman who is unable to make up his mind on matters of wedlock. A spirited performance by Marie Prevost. (Warner)

Re-Creation of Brian Kent, The
Harold Bell Wright can truthfully say that this is "as I wrote it." Tells a story of a youth's redemption brought about by a kindly, sympathetic school-teacher. She also brings him love in the personality of a former pupil. (Principal)

Redeeming Sin, The
Treats of regeneration of an apache maid of the Paris underworld, portrayed in colorful Kiki-like style by Nazimova. The usual plot. An aristocrat goes slumming and steals her heart—which brings vengeance from the apache lover. He steals from the church—but finds redemption. (Vitagraph)

Remember When
Harry Langdon in his usual funny get-up. Not much of a story (as usual) but he is funny enough without one. (Pathé)—E. V. B.

Riders of the Purple Sage
Tom Mix has put aside his semihumorous rôles, temporarily, at least, and rides Tony in the pursuit of Western bandits who have kidnapped his sister. It is a Zane Grey story, beautifully mounted—and packed with action. Bill Farnum starred in the same story some years ago. (Fox)

Sackcloth and Scarlet
An interesting drama with Alice Terry, Dorothy Sebastian and Orville Caldwell. Above the average but not a great picture. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Saddle Hawk, The
A fair-to-middlin' Western, this—from the Hoot Gibson lots. Affords the actor plenty of hard ridin' and quick shootin' from the trigger finger. Rustlers figure—and a pretty girl conquers the heart of Hoot. Good incidents. (Universal)

Sally
Colleen Moore in farce comedy in which she proves herself of Pickford quality. An elaborate but overdone and unsatisfactory production. (First National)—E. V. B.

Salome of the Tenements
The love story of a Jewish girl of the slums and a wealthy New Yorker. The plot is slight but the background of New York's East Side, and the fine types of old men and women from the Ghetto, make it worth seeing. (Famous Players-Lasky)

Scandal Proof
A picture of the burdens heaped upon a girl who places too much trust in human nature. The theme of self-sacrifice worked out in a fairly effective dramatic manner. Shirley Mason registers wistfulness. (Fox)

Scarlet Honeymoon, The
Affords a pleasant hour of romance on an oft-told theme. The idea is that of sweethearts who run up against parental conflict. But the twist enters when the Argentinian fools his beloved's parents into believing he is of no account. Merely a test to prove her love. A neat little number—the best for Shirley Mason in a long while. (Fox)

School for Wives
The poor artist marries the rich girl and everything happens that has ever happened in an old-fashioned melodrama. Awkwardly told, and players are lost in a mass of broken situations. (Vitagraph)

Seven Chances
The surest cure for the blues we know of. Buster Keaton at his best. He never smiles but he will make your sides ache. Dont miss it. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

She Wolves
What might have been a zestful light comedy, has been spoiled to serve the cause of obvious drama. All about a marital disillusionment that never gets anywhere. (Fox)

Siege
Virginia Valli and Eugene O'Brien are featured in this excellent drama, but the real star is Mary

Alden, with Marc McDermott also fine. (Universal-Jewel)—E. V. B.

Siegfried
A stupendous German production with unknown artists, from the same theme as the Wagnerian opera. A really great picture from almost every angle. (U. F. A.)—E. V. B.

Silent Sanderson
Gives Harry Carey the chance to play a strong, silent man. Plot is weak and skips over much locale and considerable time. One or two punch scenes. The hero melts under the power of love and overpowers villain. Very ordinary. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Snob, The
Another fine picture—made so by its treatment. The director has shown a keen sense of humor. And his characters never strut but appear convincing in their emotions. A story of a fawning worshiper of wealth and position. (Metro-Goldwyn)

So This Is Marriage
The triangle executed with a sense of humor. The old, familiar plot looks brand-new because of its adroit directions. All about a young couple who disagree over debts and flirtations. Characters appear genuine. Well acted. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Soul-Fire
Gives Richard Barthelmess the greatest acting rôle of his career. He is called upon to express every emotion in a story built around four distinct episodes in the life of a young musician searching for expression. Story lacks conviction, but star and Bessie Love hold the interest. (Inspiration-First National)

Spaniard, The
A fast-moving and picturesque melodrama, lavishly mounted and acted in spirited fashion. Features a comic-opera plot of dashing Don whose caveman tactics sweep English girl off her feet. Ricardo Cortez, Noah Beery and Jetta Goudal in leading rôles. (Paramount)

Spook Ranch
Hoot Gibson must solve the mystery of a haunted house or risk going to jail. A weak number for this cowboy comedian. Provides one or two fleeting high lights. (Universal)

Sporting Venus, The
Marshall Neilan, the playboy of directors, has great fun with an ancient triangle plot, treating the old situations with a vein of humor and a good-sized thread of human interest. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman are convincing. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Stop Flirting
Just fair comedy results here. Piece is built around the "give and take" idea that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Husband and wife cure each other of flirting. Some thrills and a few laughs. (Producers Distributing Corp.)

Swan, The
Not much. Some fine sets and scenery, and fairly good story, but Frances Howard doesn't shine as the star and Ricardo Cortez is almost miscast. Adolphe Menjou saves the picture. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Talker, The
Perhaps they talked too long (eight reels), but it is interesting and well done. Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, Tully Marshall fine: Anna Q. Nilsson fair. (First National)—E. V. B.

Teaser, The
A fairly bright comedy-romance of a girl thrust abruptly into high social circles and who gets even with her guardian when latter objects to uncouth lover. Mostly dependent upon subtitles and character sketches to get over. Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley in the leads. Pat is excellent. (Universal)

Three Women
This isn't a very pleasant story, but it is extremely well done. Features the conflict of a woman and her daughter over a man. No scenes are wasted in projecting its plot. (Warner Brothers)

Thundering Herd, The
A Western drama on the order of *North of 36* and *Covered Wagon*, about buffalo and Indians and their hunters. Perhaps the most thrilling picture of recent years, and beautifully done. Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton and a dozen other 100% actors. Dont missit. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

Thundering Hoofs
A Western melodrama, this, showing the stunt rider, Fred Thomson, triumphing against a border bandit and his gang in made-to-order action. Contains typical incident and picturesque scenery. First-rate entertainment. (F. B. O.)

Tides of Passion
Fairly good story with some beautiful, picturesque settings. Mae Marsh is always good. (Vitagraph)—E. V. B.

Too Many Kisses
Here is Richard Dix in a Wallace Reid type of rôle. It is a story of a scapegrace son who brings financial embarrassment to his wealthy dad because of some breach-of-promise suits. The youth is packed off to the Basque country of Spain (a neglected country in the movies) and conquers the heart of a native belle while subduing the emotions of a jealous rival. (Paramount)

Trail Rider, The
Buck Jones has taken his cue from Tom Mix that Westerns must be enlivened with comedy and fresh incident if they are to survive. Here he has one of his best bets. (Fox)

Up the Ladder
All about a young wife who encourages her husband to climb the ladder. Invents a device which, attached to a telephone, enables his wife to see him with the other woman. Trite and dull. (Universal)

Waking Up the Town
Sketchy story of youth who makes good in his own home town. Interesting enough for a little while, but plot soon evaporates into thin air. Jack Pickford is the star. (United Artists)

Way of a Girl, The
Succeeds in becoming an enjoyable light comedy because those who made it kidded the old, old plot—the timid youth who tames a spirited girl. A novelty in that it appears to be written as the story unfolds. (Metro-Goldwyn)

Welcome Home
A domestic drama in which it is shown that the old folks dont belong with the young. Exaggerated view-point, but they prove the case. Well done and interesting enough for this sort of theme. (Paramount)—E. V. B.

White Monkey, The
Galsworthy's novel has not been transferred to the screen very well. It plods along without much animation and is always obvious. A few moving moments. Barbara La Marr hardly the type for the central rôle. Not so good. (First National)

White Wing's Bride, The
Harry Langdon is always funny, but this picture is a sad mess and jumble of absurdness. (Pathé)—E. V. B.

Wildfire
The race-track story told in the same old way which means that the horse must win to raise the debt or mortgage. A lot of villainy which makes characters look stupid. A fair mounting, otherwise mediocre. (Vitagraph)

Wings of Youth, The
Mother and the girls—at war. She would play their game to cure them of "flapperitis"—and beats them. Ethel Clayton is the mother—and the daughters are Madge Bellamy, Kathryn Perry and Marian Harlan. (Fox)

Winner Take All
Larry Evans' prize-fight story shapes up very well as an attraction for Buck Jones. He meets shady gamblers and forsakes the ring, but enters it again on the basis that "winner take all." (Fox)

Wizard of Oz, The
Not the fantasy that the original suggests and fails to reveal any invention. Larry Semon employs his familiar slap-stick and creates some good laughs. Children will have a merry hour here. (Chadwick)

Zander the Great
Marion Davies in a typical Mary Pickford part showing Marion at her best. Capital story, elaborately produced, with fine characterizations and plenty of melodramatic thrills. (Metro-Goldwyn)—E. V. B.

Watch for these Things in the October Number

RICHARD DIX tells you a humorous and human story about the most dramatic moments in his life—including his first spanking and his first love affair.

READ the statements of a group of famous motion picture people about their plans for middle age. You'll be surprised at some of the things your favorites intend to do when they're fifty.

HOLLYWOOD'S best-known cameramen tell of experiments in the use of Kleig lights. According to them, it's the way the lighting effects are arranged that determines the beauty of the stars. Did you know that a certain light can add twenty years to a star's appearance, or make her look thin, or fat?

TRY your hand at criticizing your favorite movie—there's $2,500.00 to be won in prizes in the Your Opinion Contest.

HERE'S a wonderful article! "Mae Murray's Philosophy." You'll learn the secret formula by which she keeps young and beautiful and gay.

IF you think all the hair-raisers are done by doubles, read "Suffering for Their Art" and find out what's really so! This article tells you the seamy side of pictures—the perils and hardships and physical injuries sustained by the stars in the making of dramatic scenes.

LOOK for the contests and pictures for the children in "Motion Picture, Jr." And dont miss the unfinished Mystery Story with a prize of $50.00 for the best solution. And the new department on Numerology where names of the most important stars are analyzed.

DONT forget to look over the gossip departments—all the latest news of the studios and the stars, both East and West, is there.

Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

OUTSIDE NEW YORK

American Film Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Bennett, Chester Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Chaplin, Charles, Studios, 1420 La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Christie Film Corp., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 So. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Coogan, Jackie, Prod., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dean, Dinkie, Prod., 5617 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Garson Studios, Inc., 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Grand-Asher Prod., 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Graf Prod., Inc., 315 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Hart, William S., Prod., 6404 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Laurel Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd, Harold, Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Mayer, Louis B., Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pathé Frères, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Ray, Charles, Studios, 1425 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Roach, Hal E., Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Roland, Ruth, Prod., Culver City, Calif.

Robertson-Cole Studios, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sawyer-Lubin Prod., 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Sennett, Mack, Studios, 1712 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Schulberg, B. F., Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sol Lesser Prod., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Stahl, John M., Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Talmadge Prod., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Tourneur, Maurice, Prod., United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.

United Studios, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Warner Brothers, Studios, Bronson Avenue, and Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Weber, Lois, Prod., 6411 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Wharton, Inc., Ithaca, New York.

Miss Crawford weighed 235 lbs. She gives Wallace credit for her reduction to 150 lbs.

"Can I Reduce?"

Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months!

Miss Crawford used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method:

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. was the date of my awakening. I sent for the free trial record and put in one earnest week of daily use, and that week I lost eight pounds. I kept on, of course. I used the movements faithfully, and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, and lost at least five pounds each week. My present weight is 150. Whenever I find that superfluous flesh is creeping back I take out my Wallace records, use them a few days, and I'm soon back to the 150 mark. It took me only four months to lose 85 lbs. and I spent about a quarter of an hour each day with the reducing movements. I never felt better than since getting rid of all that fat, and what it has done for my appearance you can guess from my pictures."

Anybody Can Reduce By This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with Wallace Reducing records, and in about two months' time. Many more have used them for lesser reductions—those who were but fifteen or twenty pounds overweight. Such cases are ridiculously easy for Wallace; they ordinarily take less than a month. Many letters testify to a pound a day, and five pounds a week is easy indeed.

If you weigh too much, you owe yourself this relief. The method is too well known for sensible people to doubt. Miss Crawford only regrets that she did not heed Wallace's offer two years ago. She is a Chicago lady, her address is 6710 Merrill Ave., where anyone who wishes to confirm her story may write. But a better way is to *start reducing* with the reducing record Wallace will furnish—for a *free demonstration*—read his offer and begin reducing *this week.*

Free Proof to Anyone

Send your name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! Here's the coupon that brings everything for Free trial.

Mail This Coupon to WALLACE

630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 625

Brings First Lesson Free —Record and All!

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name.....

Address.....

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 69-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. Pain stops instantly. Hump vanishes as though by magic. You can have shapely feet and wear smaller shoes with comfort.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Just write and say "I want to try PEDODYNE." -Address

KAY LABORATORIES

186 N. La Salle St. Dept. N-360 Chicago, Illinois

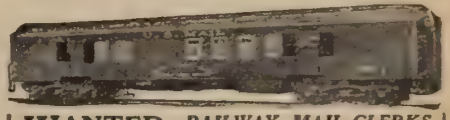
***For* $2.50**

We will send the next 12 issues of Motion Picture Magazine to you

Send your name and remittance today

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, New York



WANTED - *RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS*

$158 to $225 Month. Postal Pay raised. Men, 18 up. Every second week off—full pay. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of U. S. Government positions now open to men and women. *Free sample coaching.*

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. G-258 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Lasting Wave for 10¢

Just Imagine! 15 permanent wave or curling treatments **in a bottle** for only $1.49! At last you can save the high cost of electric waving. NATURAL vegetable liquid leaves your hair in lo ely shimmering, permanent waves or teasing curls, **simply radiant with health!** Pretty hair **deserves** this treat, just as much as dull hair **needs** it.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply pay postman **$1.49** on delivery (plus a few cents postage) for the complete curling outfit. Regular $2.00 value. Stamps accepted in payment.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE that you will be astonished and delighted with this marvelous discovery. NOTE: Do not use for bobbed hobs as waves are not easily combed out again.

Premier Salons de Beaute, 145 Nassau St., New York, Desk M. P.-1

Corinne Griffith in "The Marriage Whirl"

RACING jazz and clinking glasses play a symphony as Marian Hale tries to prove her theory that true love can help a man to overcome temptation. Too late, almost, she realizes that instead of saving, she herself is being dragged into the vortex.

Into such a rôle Miss Griffith casts herself in "The Marriage Whirl" and meets the difficult test superbly, giving the screen her best performance. Kenneth Harlan, Harrison Ford and Nita Naldi support.

The picture's from J. Hartley Manners' successful play "The National Anthem" and was directed by Al Santell and supervised editorially by June Mathis.

Above—Miss Griffith finds true love. At right—the dizzy spin of the marriage whirl before the cataclysm.

Below—Lewis Stone and Virginia Valli and a canal scene from "The Lady Who Lied."

"The Lady Who Lied"

THE boist'rous boulevards of Paris, the liquid lure of Venice and the scorching sands of the Sahara combine to make a thrilling drama of this picture.

Three people are fate's pawns—a doctor, ready to betray his profession to score a point at love; an adventurer, suffering from a deadly snake bite, willing to die in order to shield the woman he loves; and a woman denying her lover to save his life. An unusual situation, you'll say. It is. Edwin Carewe, who extracted every ounce of heart appeal from "My Son," has injected equal human interest in making this an unusual picture.

Robert Hichens wrote the story under the title of "Snake Bite." Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli and Nita Naldi are featured in this Edwin Carewe production.

First National

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Frank J. Carroll presents

"The Scarlet West"

YOU'RE bound to enjoy this epic western with its American historical background. Six months for research work and three months on location with two thousand Indians from the reservations are the story behind this picture.

History lived itself over again, from frontier life to the all-too-real tragedy of Custer's Massacre. It's all in this marvelous picture giving atmosphere to a story of all powerful sacrifice and a romance of outpost days.

Robert Frazer, Clara Bow, Robert Edeson, Johnny Walker, Walter McGrail and Gaston Glass are in this all-star cast.

Custer's last stand. Insert heads: Robert Frazer, Clara Bow and Johnny Walker.

Just a mild flirtation between Miss Talmadge and George Arthur while Ronald Colman looks on.

Joseph M. Schenck presents

Constance Talmadge in "Her Sister from Paris"

WHAT can be funnier than one Constance Talmadge? The answer is two Constance Talmadges; and you'll see them both in this screaming comedy by Hans Kraely wherein the star plays a dual rôle. She reappears on the screen as the same whimsical self that delighted those who saw her in "Her Night of Romance." Again Ronald Colman is the handsome husband. Sidney Franklin directed the picture under Joseph Schenck's production.

Pictures You'll Enjoy

"Just a Woman"—Eugene O'Neill's stage success, produced by M. C. Levee and directed by Irving Cummings, turned into a picture of radiant womanhood. Claire Windsor and Conway Tearle play the leads.

"Soul Fire"—Richard Barthelmess at his best as Eric Fayne, the struggling musician seeking inspiration over three continents. With Bessie Love. From Martin Brown's stage play, "Great Music." A John S. Robertson production.

"The Desert Flower"—Colleen Moore as the spirited scamp who leaves a box car home to make her way in the world. From Don Mullaly's stage play, directed by Irving Cummings.

"The Making of O'Malley"—Milton Sills' first starring picture combining action and romance in the life of Officer O'Malley of the world's finest. From Gerald Beaumont's story. Directed by Lambert Hillyer under Earl Hudson's supervision.

"The Talker"—Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason and Ian Keith in a delightful domestic comedy-drama. Directed by Al Green and produced by Sam Rork, Inc.

"The White Monkey"—Barbara La Marr starred in Galsworthy's famous story of post war youth. Directed by Phil Rosen and produced by Sawyer-Lubin under the personal supervision of Arthur Sawyer.

Pictures

First National Pictures

Cheers and Hisses

Letters from fans all over the world, telling what they love and loathe in pictures, and what they adore and abhor in the players

YOUR opinions on subjects relating to the movies and their players may be worth actual money to you, if you can express them clearly in a snappy letter of one to three hundred words. A five-dollar prize is awarded for the best letter published and illustrated on this page; one dollar is paid for the excerpts printed from others. Write us an interesting letter, giving reasons for your likes and dislikes. Sign your full name and give your address. We will use initials only if requested.

Send to CHEERS AND HISSES, *175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Cut the Cutters!

DEAR EDITOR: I've started a new war-cry, "Cut the Cutters!" Who will join me in it? For they cut out so many delightful scenes from the pictures just because they fancy they have no direct bearing upon the story. Maybe they haven't, but they usually reveal a great deal of character, and the revelation and development of individual character has everything to do with a play, whether on screen or stage.

For instance, that pathetic scene in *The Enchanted Cottage* where Richard Barthelmess stands, a forlorn wreck of a soldier, at the foot of a war monument gazing up at the heroic figures and praying for strength to carry on, was eliminated. Why was the picture-loving public deprived of this exquisite, enthralling scene?

We dont enjoy being deprived of so many scenes and incidents in pictures that would add so greatly to the interest. Our pictures have so much cut out of them that they are skeletonized. We can almost hear the rattle of bones as their scanty lines are hurried across the silver sheet.

The dreary effort is made to make up for the lack of scenes by writing on the screen what has transpired at the most interesting moments when what we longed for was to witness what happened. This is so disappointing! So I say let the directors do the cutting and Cut the Cutters!

GRACE A. WILLIAMS,
San Francisco, California.

This Is for Ernest Torrence

I'M for giving the glad hand to Ernest Torrence. His wonderful acting in *Tol'able David, The Covered Wagon* and *The Dressmaker from Paris* gave me the complete satisfaction I look for in the movies. I think Mr. Torrence should be given every opportunity to display his realistic ability.

SERGEANT F. D. MORGAN,
U. S. Marine Corps, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wants Wallace Reid's Films Re-exhibited

I CANNOT see why Paramount does not re-release some of Wallace Reid's old films instead of searching so frantically for his successor. There are many of us who would rather see an old Wallace Reid picture than almost any new superplay. Wallie's acting in *Forever, Excuse My Dust, The Charm School, Always Audacious,* and many others is more than worth preserving and re-exhibiting. So, why not?

N. F. R.,
Chicago, Ill.

American Films in England

PERHAPS you know that in England there are more than a million unemployed. All of them have a grant of eighteen shillings a week during the time they are out of work. Having nothing to do, they turn to the cinemas for a means of passing the time, with the result that all the cinemas in Birmingham are crowded to overflowing. The admission to a really good-class cinema is very cheap at only 3d. or six cents. This is for afternoons only.

Richard Talmadge is the greatest favorite here, followed closely by Lloyd Hamilton, while Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Louise Fazenda and Lillian Gish are the pick of the women stars.

MALCOLM MACAULAY,
Birmingham, England.

Well Worth Watching

I WAS very pleased to see the attractive picture of Louise Fazenda in your magazine. I have been watching her work with keen interest and I know that many others are watching her, too. In *A Broadway Butterfly,* Miss Fazenda was the entire show. *The Lighthouse by the Sea* was a movie with a flimsy plot, but Louise Fazenda's personality made the picture a really good one.

DONALD BROWN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Appreciation of Cover Portraits

A WORD of praise for the beautiful portraits on the covers of your magazines. I am saving them and hope to frame them some day. They are wonderful.

EVELYN LORENTZEN,
Seattle, Wash.

What Every Actor Works For

NEVER have I seen a more expressive face, registering the various emotions with scarcely the flicker of an eyelid, than Conrad Nagel's in *The Snob.* Fitting perfectly into the part of a high-bred aristocrat, he first registered mild wonder at the petty sycophancy of the snob, changing to silent scorn and finally open contempt. His performance could not be improved upon. Let us hope that this young man will be favored in the future with similarly suitable parts.

S. M. HAGER,
Toledo, Ohio.

"Cut the Cutters" is suggested as a new war-cry

Beauty vs. Acting

IN *The Denial,* Claire Windsor shows that she can act. Until this picture was released she had always seemed like a beautiful, stately lily, admirable for her beauty and ability to wear clothes well.

MRS. E. J. M.,
Schenectady, N. Y.

Zasu Pitts, Do You Hear This?

HAVING just seen *Greed* on the screen after waiting its coming with a marked degree of anticipation, I want to say a word of praise for

Zasu Pitts. I first saw her in a picture with Mary Pickford and she has held my admiration in any part she plays because she is so sincere and natural. Her portrayal in *Greed* was as near perfect as it is possible to achieve in motion pictures.

CHARLES W. DURRANT,
Colorado Springs, Col.

Among the Handsome Young Men

I SAW Lloyd Hughes for the first time in *Sally*. He played his part so splendidly and I hope I may see him again. I think he is the handsomest of the young men on the screen.

E. R.,
Fullerton, California.

What Do You Think?

I WOULD like to say that Mary Brian is far too young and not at all the type to play the title part in *The Little French Girl*. I know she is seventeen but she looks younger and is not old enough to fully grasp the subject.

NICOLETTE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Reason for Norma's Popularity

I JUST saw Norma Talmadge in *The Lady*. Such a beautiful picture. Why dont producers make more like it instead of these terrible sex plays? I am sure other readers will agree with me that we want clean plays like the ones Norma makes. That is why she remains one of the most popular actresses. Parents need not be afraid to take their children to see her pictures.

MARGARET J. MCCLELLAN,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Another Champion for Buster Collier

I HAVE waited in vain to see a letter championing Buster Collier. Is he to be another Jack Gilbert discovered by *The Wanderer* as Jack was by *His Hour*? Couldn't we Collier fans have an interview with him or at least a large portrait?

LILLIAN PARTOS,
New York, N. Y.

You'll See Him in "The Miracle of Life"

WILL you tell that wonderful man, Mr. Percy Marmont, to hasten in making another picture for me to see? I have seen him in many pictures on the screen and I like the way he acts in every picture he has played. He is not the perfect lover type, but he is the lover of emotional, skilful work in the films.

J. L. LIGOURI,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have You Seen "Phantom of the Opera"?

I THINK that a great injustice is being done to one of our most promising actresses on the screen—Mary Philbin. Here is a girl who, when given the proper direction and stories, is capable of great things. We watched her with interest and admiration in *Merry-Go-Round*, but since that time she has been showered with poor stories and poor direction. Mary Philbin is distinctly a Griffith type and she certainly should not be wasted on such perfectly meaningless things as *The Rose of Paris*.

R. L.,
Louisville, Ky.

Heavier Roles for Viola Dana

ONE of the most delightful actresses on the screen is lovely Viola Dana, but I dont think she has been given a fair deal. She is always cast in light, commonplace pictures that require little real acting. Even in these small parts, however, we feel the force of her striking personality and charm. I believe that if she were given the opportunity to act in a truly worthwhile picture, every one would fall down before her and proclaim her one of the greatest of present day actresses.

MRS. GRACIE DENMARK,
Tampa, Fla.

Praises Realism in Greed

ERIC VON STROHEIM, it seems to me, directs types of movies that resemble Ibsen's plays. They are sordid, unpleasant, but realistic. Is *Greed* depressing? Decidedly. But is not depression justifiable when it is the result of being honestly convinced by a realistic performance such as is given in *Greed?* I say it is a good thing to see life's disagreeable side portrayed now and then. We should soon tire of smiling all the time. Furthermore, must not one be able to recognize evil in order to avoid it?

ALICE A. WAKEMAN,
New York City.

This Is for the New Stars

I AM happy to notice in the vast number of pictures now on the market that many new actors and actresses are coming to the front. Among the new stars I especially like Richard Dix. His breezy, cock-sure manner in acting is pleasant relief from the manner in which some of our stars massacred their parts in recent pictures.

JAMES BISSET,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Of Special Interest to Husbands

I AM still enthusiastic over Florence Vidor's splendid acting in *Husbands and Lovers*. She wears a variety of stunning frocks and is a typical young wife yearning for romance. Lewis Stone could not be equaled as the husband who took his wife for granted, and Lew Cody as the villain furnishes considerable material for amusement.

This picture is one that I would heartily recommend to the husband who thinks it unnecessary to court a wife.

EVELYN FRITZINGER,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

A Vote for Scaramouche

I AM delighted that *Scaramouche* was awarded the Adolph Zukor prize for the best picture of 1924. It is certainly the best picture I have ever seen. An interesting story, fine actors and actresses, and Rex Ingram as director combine to make it a wonderful picture.

SOPHIE MACON,
Charlottesville, Va.

Somebody Tripped on This

WHERE were all the black shoes when *The White Sister* was filmed? They took great trouble to change Miss Gish's dress, and cut her hair when she was to be ordained as a nun, but she still wore her bridal pumps.

CATHERINE MCVEY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Big Increases in Salary

Start to Win Them Now!

Why strive single-handed for a "raise" when you can marshal to your aid the largest business training institution in the world?

"My salary has been increased 150 per cent," writes J. O. Clinton, a Louisiana man. "I can honestly and frankly state that my advancement has been largely due to your training, and to the personal interest you have taken in helping me command a bigger salary."

"During the past two years my income has been about 500 per cent greater than it was seven years ago when I first undertook LaSalle training," writes W. E. Keen, a Florida man. "As a matter of fact, on more than one occasion I have actually received as much income in one month as formerly in an entire year. I do not hesitate to attribute my success to the technical and inspirational benefits derived from LaSalle."

Read LaSalle's "Geography of Success"

Typical, the records of these men, of what the LaSalle *salary-doubling plan* is doing for the average man ambitious to get ahead. Read these excerpts from LaSalle's "Geography of Success"—a book sent free for the asking:

"Salary increased $260 in six months."
"Appointed General Manager; 100% increase."
"From $1,500 to $5,000 a year."
"Added $800 to my yearly income."

In this "Geography of Success" are listed the names and addresses of 1,248 LaSalle members who during only six months' time reported salary increases totalling $1,399,507. *The average increase per man was 89 per cent.*

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

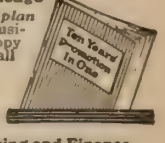
What's to prevent your equalling such records—setting new records of your own? You have the same twenty-four hours in the day—the same ambition to get ahead. Turn time into cash with the LaSalle *salary-doubling plan.* The coupon just below this text will bring you full particulars—without the slightest obligation. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands, without cost, is of very real and definite value.

If a successful career is worth a 2c stamp and two minutes of your time, check the field of advancement that appeals to you, fill in your name and address, and place the coupon in the mail TODAY

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 978 R **Chicago**

Tell me about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.



☐ Business Management
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Traffic Management
☐ Railway Station Management
☐ Law—Degree of LL.B.
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
☐ Personnel and Employment Management
☐ Banking and Finance
☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Business English
☐ Commercial Spanish
☐ Effective Speaking

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....

The Bulletin Board

On which we post some new and interesting items for the fans

THIS department opens with an apology. Last month we said that **Ramon Novarro's** new picture was *True Blue.* We were wrong. The title of the picture is *The Midshipman.* At least, that is the latest information that has come in this afternoon. By tomorrow there's just no telling what name they'll be using. They started production under the title of *True Blue.* They changed the name to *Midshipman Randall.* Then they changed it to *Midshipman Sterling.* Then they changed it to *The Midshipman.* At one time it was called *Messmates,* but we've forgotten where that name fits into the list. We have a real bright idea about it; why not change the title again, just for good measure, and call it *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?*

While we're on this subject, **Marion Davies'** new picture started out as *The Merry Wives of Gotham,* became *The Lights of New York,* graduated from that to *The Lights of Old New York,* and has started life anew as *The Lights of Old Broadway* If our advice is asked we're going to suggest as the final title, *Lead Kindly Light.*

Charlie Chaplin became the proud father of a sensational movie success and an infant son at about the same time. The début of his new picture, *The Gold Rush,* was the most sensational opening that Hollywood has seen in years. It was preceded by a funny prolog in the form of screen play by Hollywood stars. One "act" of this performance consisted of the shooting of **Constance Talmadge** by **Buster Collier.** After the fatality, Buster explained that he did it because she had mislaid the tickets to the opening. **Rudolph Valentino** came rushing down the aisle in a bath-robe which, he announced, he had snatched up in place of an overcoat that had been lost in his impatience to get to the show. Rumors of the birth of Charlie's son drove reporters, who were covering the show, mad with excitement. Both Lita and Charlie, by the way, were disappointed because they wanted a daughter. "Never mind, Charlie," Lita said, "we'll have that girl yet."

John Patrick and **Barbara Bedford** have been added to the cast of *Joseph Greer and His Daughter,* the new picture in which **Lewis Stone** and **Shirley Mason** are co-starring.

We thought we knew our **Conway Tearle** thoroly, but lately he's handed us one shock after another. First he burst out in cowboy costume in *The Great Divide.* Next he played the rôle of a crook in *The Mystic.* Now—crowning surprise—he has shaved all his hair off his head so he will look the part of the Austrian Count in *The Viennese Medley.* The part also required a mustache to be grown, but Conway shook his shaven head and refused to pursue his tonsorial adventure any further. The hairless dome, he announced, will be authentic, but the mustache will be fastened on with glue.

Jesse Lasky has discovered a young girl whom he expects to take another Betty Bronson sky-rocket to fame. Her name is **Margaret Morris** and she is to have the leading rôle in *The Best People.*

Sea stories are very much among those present this season. **Percy Marmont** has been selected to play *Lord Jim,* in Joseph Conrad's story of that name. And **John Barrymore** is to play *Moby Dick,* the Herman Melville story which made a great hit two or three years ago, tho it was published many years before that.

Bebe Daniels is to make her next picture in Hollywood—for the first time in three years. It is titled *Martinique,* which has a Spanish flavor. Bebe said good-by to New York just a few days ago.

The directors are still swapping stars. **Zazu Pitts** has been loaned to Fox to play "Mandy Coulter" in *Thunder Mountain.*

Strauss Peyton

David Belasco says there has never yet been a great Hamlet on the stage, for the reason that the interpreter of the rôle needs to study it from childhood. Feeling that Jackie Coogan can be a really great Hamlet, Mr. Belasco has begun instructing him in the part

Gloria Swanson is about to start work on *Stage Struck.*

Pola Negri is beginning *Flower of the Night,* the story written for her by Joseph Hergesheimer. Then she will start production on *Cross Roads of the World,* **Michael Arlen's** story.

Florence Vidor is to be **Adolphe Menjou's** leading lady in his new picture, *The Grand Duchess.* She was to play with **Jack Holt** in *The Ancient Highway,* but **Billie Dove** has replaced her.

Gilda Grey is returning from Europe some time in September, and her first picture will be *The Talk of the Town.*

Alan Dwan and **Florenz Ziegfeld** are already getting their heads together making plans for their first co-operative production. It has been named *Glorifying the American Girl,* but we wager the title will be changed before it's released.

Mae Murray's next picture is to be *The Masked Bride,* directed by **Josef von Sternberg.**

Lew Cody, who has played every part imaginable already, has dug up something new. In the dream sequence of *Exchange of Wives,* in which he plays with **Eleanor Boardman** and **Renée Adorée,** he takes the part of Nero.

No country is complete until it has its own national anthem and its own **Mary Pickford.** The M. P. of Sweden is **Greta Garbo** and she has decided to come to Hollywood. She is to be starred by Metro-Goldwyn, and brought her own director to this country with her.

Speaking of Metro-Goldwyn, you know the lion that always walks across the screen before their pictures start? He is to be in technicolor hereafter and will look uncannily lifelike.

Monte Blue is being decidedly rushed. He finished *The Limited Mail* one day; began production on *Red Hot Tires* the next morning, and is scheduled to make the same quick leap from that picture to *The White Chief.* He doesn't mind all this work, however, as he has finally achieved the ambition of his life: he's playing regular heman rôles.

Marie Prevost has horticultural ambitions; some day one of the prides of her rose garden is going to win a grand prize at the flower show. The roses in her garden ought to do well—they are fed beef tea instead of water. One of Miss Prevost's friends suggests that, if they grow over large on this fattening food, she had better put them on the old reducing diet—lamb chops and pineapple.

Having broken one rib and been abundantly bruised during the filming of *Bobbed Hair,* **Kenneth Harlan** is about to make another strenuous picture, *Fighting Luck.* Co-starring with him is **Patsy Ruth Miller.**

Colleen Moore seems to be about as good a sailor as we are. There was a big party planned for her on her return from Europe, but her husband, John McCormack, sent a wireless from on board ship that she would not be able to attend. We're a poor sailor, too!

Lucille Upton, the beautiful young sister of **Peggy Hopkins Joyce,** is starting her motion picture career as a flapper in *The Pace That Thrills.*

Mary Astor has been in pictures for nearly five years and during that time she has never been late to the studio. This record is the pride of her life.

Table of Contents for

SEPTEMBER, 1925

(THE IMPORTANT AND NOVEL FEATURES ARE PRINTED IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

Cover——*Alma Rubens*, a painting by M. Paddock from a portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser 5

We're Asking You——Pertinent questions about this issue, addressed to our readers 6–8

A Guide to Current Pictures——Brief criticisms of more than a hundred pictures, shown thruout the U. S. 13

Cheers and Hisses——Excerpts from letters that have been sent to us by our readers 14

The Bulletin Board——On which we post interesting news and gossip about the stars and the studios 17

THE GREATER MOVIE SEASON——
An editorial explaining the big August motion picture drive ..... by *Eugene V. Brewster*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY——Exclusive studies of *Priscilla Bonner, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Virginia Lee Corbin, Kenneth Harlan, Ben Lyon, Norma Shearer, Lloyd Hughes,* and *Myrna Loy* 19–27

THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN——The fight for supremacy between *Gloria* and *Pola* ... by *Harry Carr* 28–29

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER FILMED——Disclosing *John Barrymore's* secret ambition; and describing an impromptu meeting between him and *Mary Astor* and *Lois Wilson* 30–31

MEET THE HANDSOME NEW SHEIKS WHO ARE STORMING THE SCREEN——Portraits of sixteen brand-new leading men, with stories about them ..... by *Dorothy Calhoun* 32–33

3 Interviews——A great deal about *Alma Rubens*, and a little about *Ricardo Cortez* ..... by *M. W. Driver* 34–35

NO! THEY'RE NOT HAPPY, EVEN WITH WEALTH AND FAME——Revealing the hidden sorrows in the lives of *Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Lillian Gish, Mae Murray* and other famous stars ..... by *Harry Carr* 36–37

The Princess Who Loved an American——Presenting *Norma* and *Eugene* in a scene from *Graustark* 38

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS——The third unfinished story in our novel prize contest ..... by *Clare Montaven* 39–41

100 Degrees in the Shade——Pages depicting tested-and-true ways for keeping cool during this month 42–43

THE UNCANNY MR. CHANEY——
An intriguing interview with this star who can read your character ..... by *Homer Currie* 44

This Month's Choice for Our Gallery of the Great——A large portrait and two small studies of *Mary Carr* 45

MOTION PICTURE, JR.——Number 3 of this unique movie magazine for our young readers 46–47

Rendezvous With a Faun——
A lovely portrait of *Sally Rand*, with a descriptive poem ..... by *Francisco San* 48

That's Out——Keen comment by a recognized master of satire and humor ..... by *Tamar Lane* 49

HERE'S THE REASON WHY THEY'RE STILL BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS——Letters from twelve popular unmarried stars who have told the truth about it 50–51

Do You Remember?——A lovely study of *Mae Marsh* and *Ivor Novello* who are playing together again ... 52

The Desert Flower——*Colleen Moore's* latest picture, told in story form ..... by *Gordon Malherbe Hillman* 53–55

INTRODUCING THE QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL OF THE U. S. MOVIES——The story of *Fred Harris*, location hunter for Famous Players-Lasky in Hollywood 56

WHAT IS A STAR?
Proving that a seemingly simple question cannot be answered ..... by *Eugene V. Brewster* 57

Confidences Off-Screen——Chats with *Doris Kenyon, Mae Murray, Ben Lyon, Virginia Valli* and many others ..... by *W. Adolphe Roberts* 58–59

INTELLIGENCE TESTS——Test Number One in a novel pictorial series 60

TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS AGO——Excerpts from the September numbers from 1911 thru 1915 61

New Pictures in Brief Review——Criticisms of twenty-four new feature productions ..... by *Laurence Reid* 62–65

Speak Up!——The latest information about our $2,500.00 Prize Contest 66

Looks or Cooks?——Presenting a Domestic Tragedy in Three Scenes—and pointing a moral 67

On the Camera Coast——News and Gossip about stars and studios along the Pacific 68–70

RAMON STRUMS HIS LUTE AND SINGS A SONG TO HIS LILLIAN——An exclusive study 71

Behind the Fitting-Room Door——The conclusion of the two-part story in which a studio designer tells anecdotes about the stars for whom he creates costumes ..... by *Virginia Penn* 72–73

"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning"——A picture-story page about *John Patrick* 74

The Author's Solution to *The Fangs of the Leopard*——Also, the prize-winning solution to this mystery story which ran in the July number 75

Star Points on Sun and Wind—— *Nita Naldi, Vera Reynolds, Pauline Starke, June Marlowe, Natalie Kingston* and *Alberta Vaughn* disclose beauty secrets 76–77

In and Out of the Eastern Studios——News and gossip about stars and studios on the Atlantic Coast ... 78

The Answer Man——Replies to fans who have asked for information about pictures and stars 80

What the Stars Are Doing——Listing the present activities of the players ..... by *Gertrude Driscoll* 84

THE GREAT CROSS-STAR PUZZLE——We offer you a successor to the Cross-Word Puzzle, and guarantee that it will tax your wits far more and reward you with greater fun 106

FOR THE NEW SEASON WILLIAM FOX WILL PRESENT YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS IN THE MOTION PICTURE VERSIONS OF THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS AND NOVELS.

Tom Mix and TONY, the wonder horse

FRESH from his triumphant tour of Europe and America comes Tom Mix, "The Modern Buffalo Bill," firmly entrenched in the hearts of millions! The new Tom Mix Western pictures represent the very highest grade of photoplay production, and have been staged on a scale never attempted in outdoor pictures. "The Lucky Horseshoe" is the first Mix picture of the new season beginning in August.

FINER, BIGGER, BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

JOHN GOLDEN'S
Greatest Stage Triumph

LIGHTNIN'

The Play that Broke the World's Record!

AT LAST "Lightnin'"!—the picture you have been waiting for. Jay Hunt is the lovable "Lightnin' Bill," the role that immortalized the late Frank Bacon. Do you remember "Millie"? — Madge Bellamy brings her to you; and "The Judge"?—he lives now in J. Farrell MacDonald's droll characterization. You who loved this great play will be amazed to see how John Ford in directing the picture brings out many scenes and incidents impossible to the stage. "Lightnin'"—the last word in screen entertainment—will please everyone.

KENTUCKY PRIDE

THIS is an unusual picture that will live forever in the minds of those who see it. Here unfolds the life story of the racehorse, made among scenes of charm in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky.—You see *Man O'War, Negofol, Morvich, Fair Play* and other race track champions in a stirring romance of the turf, with J. Farrell MacDonald, Gertrude Astor and Henry B. Walthall in the merely human roles. John Ford, the director, has produced race scenes that will thrill you as you never have been thrilled! Be sure to see it!

Fox Film Corporation

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton in 1910—Trademark Registered

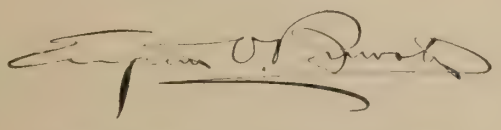
Vol. XXX **SEPTEMBER, 1925** **Number 2**

Florence M. Osborne, *Editor*

Harry Carr, *Western Editorial Representative* A. M. Hopfmuller, *Art Director*

The Greater Movie Season

An Editorial by



Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications

IT is getting to be a world of drives and campaigns. Every week some old or new organization arrests our attention and concentrates it upon that particular line of endeavor. Were it not for these drives we would perhaps never hear of the Y. M. C. A., of Mother's Day, etc., and, therefore, these drives are a good thing. They impress upon us the fact that there are other people in the world besides ourselves, and that all industries and organizations are interdependent, one upon another.

Some ten or twelve years ago the motion picture industry had its drives, but they were quite different. We used to have huge expositions in Madison Square Garden, Grand Central Palace, and in other large buildings, where producers and stars would have booths and tell the world what they were doing.

But this went out of fashion, and not until this year has the tremendous motion picture industry waked up to find that it has been behind the times. Now they have all got together, including the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., of which Will H. Hays is president, and which includes practically all of the big exhibitors, and this month of August is to be the *Greater Movie Season*—all for one, one for all.

NOT only are the players helping in this but so are the newspapers and magazines, and so are the theaters, and now we are all appealing to you, gentle reader, the great public. We want you to come in and help. Here is a paragraph from a long letter I have received from the Hays organization:

> *The point we have made in all our stuff is that in order that this season shall really be a national demonstration—the very first in film history—stars, producers, directors, everyone at the studio down to the extra girl, have contributed their utmost to provide worth-while entertainment during August. The motion picture season, as you know, begins as a rule in September. This year the calendar has been advanced. The Season, so to speak, is a "thank you" from the stars to the fans for public encouragement and support.*

And the principal distributing companies have all agreed to give you better pictures this month, and the theaters are giving you better accommodations, better music and everything.

SINCE the motion picture, as a form of popular entertainment, is about twenty-nine years old, let us celebrate its twenty-ninth birthday during August. Let it be one great, grand birthday party, from Maine to California. Go to the theaters as frequently as possible, talk movies to your friends, read all the movie publications, write to the stars and directors and keep the pot boiling all thru August.

Let the world know that the movie people are alive and wide-awake and that this is their shouting time. We are all proud of our industry and proud to be connected with it. Let us tell the world so, even if we are only a theater patron and a fan.

Just imagine that the country is one big baseball field and that we are sitting in the stands watching a great game. We are all rooting for our favorite team. We are just as enthusiastic as if it were the ninth inning, score tied, bases full, two men out and Babe Ruth at the bat. Excitement and enthusiasm are intense but we know that he is going to knock a home run and win the game for us. But this great game that we are playing in August is one that we are bound to win. In fact, we have already won and the month of August is the time to do the shouting. Let us get together—team-work is what counts.

Let every reader of this editorial consider himself a Paul Revere to spread the news that August is the *Greater Movie Season*—all for one, one for all.

AND dont forget that the motion picture industry is the youngest of all. Only ten or fifteen years ago we had our "nickelodeons," and thought ten cents rather dear for a poor seat in a poor room to see a poor show. Recently, many of us willingly paid five dollars to see a photo show. Beautiful, million-dollar movie theaters are now scattered thruout the country, and a million dollars and more is spent in the making of a picture. Indeed, we are progressing by leaps and bounds, and all the world must now take us seriously. The scoffers have been silenced. They have done their best to belittle us, to impede our progress, but they no longer stand back and throw stones. They are now ready to join our ranks, and this month we invite them in.

And so, we editors, producers, actors, patrons, fans—all stand together this month, proudly acclaiming the fact that we all belong to the greatest industry on earth.

Among Philadelphia Debutantes—

This soap is 7 times as popular as any other - - for the care of the skin

NEW YORK'S lovely debutantes, inimitable for chic, daring, vivacity—

Boston's debutantes, girls with the dazzling freshness and grace of flowers—

Washington's, Baltimore's debutantes—charming descendants of an aristocracy famous for beautiful women—

Philadelphia debutantes, with their old-world beauty and breeding—

How do all these young society girls take care of their skin? What soap do they use to keep their skin soft, smooth, flawless?

An overwhelming majority prefer this one soap

It was to learn the answer to these questions that we conducted an investigation among the debutantes of five leading cities.

We discovered these facts—

Among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other; among Boston debutantes, nearly five times as popular; by the debutantes of Washington and Baltimore, preferred six times over to any other soap; and among Philadelphia debutantes, *seven* times as popular as any other.

"I use it because of its pleasant and softening effect on the skin."

"It imparts a smooth glow to the skin, and relieves an oily condition."

"Mother insists it is the best toilet soap; it makes my skin feel nice and smooth."

"It improves my skin (i. e. blackheads and large pores)."

These are characteristic comments made by the Philadelphia debutantes, in telling why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

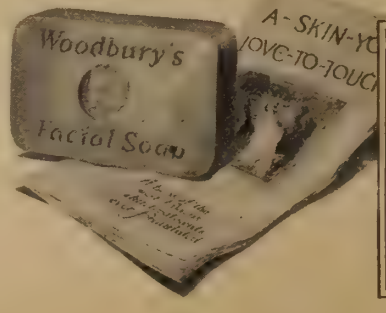
AMONG Philadelphia's lovely young debutantes of the season, Woodbury's was found to be seven times as popular as any other soap, for keeping the skin smooth, soft, and flawless.

HOW TO CORRECT AN OILY SKIN

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and you will see a marked improvement.



FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, *containing the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Cut out the coupon and send for the free set today!*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1309 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Copyright, 1925, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Henry Waxman

Priscilla Bonner

In "Drusilla With a Million," this demure little player went over the top with such a dash that she's become "Priscilla With a Million—Fans." She's just been chosen by John Barrymore as leading lady for his new picture, "The Sea Beast." It's a story of the New England whaling ships of 1840

Melbourne Spurr

Lilyan Tashman

She's passed the test with a grade of 100! If you're ever in doubt whether a girl has really good-looking features or not, put her to the test to which Lilyan voluntarily subjected herself in the large portrait. Hair slicked back; ears on view completely; just an average amount of make-up on eyelashes and eyebrows and lips; a severe gown, and (this is important) no jewelry! At the right you see Lilyan in profile, in a decorative scene from "Pretty Ladies," and we think she isn't one-thirteenth so pretty a lady as is the Lilyan above

Henry Waxman

Edmund Lowe

Do you know that this handsome young man is about the most popular star in Hollywood with the ladies? And here's why: Because he understands them. Every one of 'em says so. And you know ladies would rather be understood by handsome young men than be made love to by them. We're going to give you a special article in this magazine before long, telling all about it. Edmund's just finished the film version of that everlasting best-seller, "East Lynne," and is starting work on "Greater Than the Crown." At the left he's watching his fiancée, Lilyan Tashman, in a scene from "Ports of Call"

Apeda

Virginia Lee Corbin

Above, you'll see a vision that every mother wants to see when she overhears her sixteen-year-old son's cronies kidding him because he's "got a girl." At the left, you'll catch a glimpse of what the aforementioned mother doesn't want to see. And yet they're one-and-the-same girl. This little Miss Corbin is unquestionably a clever child. We believe she must have a dual personality, like the famous Dr. What's-his-name. We're old-fashioned, and much prefer Virgie Jekyll (above) to Jinny Hyde. Which one will she be, we wonder, in "Headlines," her next picture?

Monroe

Kenneth Harlan

We're so pleased that Kenneth's new rôle is that of a real man, instead of a gentleman. He's Ross Cavanaugh in "The Ranger of the Big Pines." Honestly, he's as much out of place in a high-society picture or one of domestic life in the suburbs, as a Royal Bengal tiger would be on the Board Walk of Atlantic City, or in a two-room walk-up apartment in the Bronx. In his last picture, "Bobbed Hair," he played with his wife, Marie Prevost—you'll see them if your eyes turn to the right

Russell Ball

Ben Lyon

Ben told us that he wants to be a grown-up. He likes flappers well enough off the screen; but he wants to quit playing rôles that they o-o-oh and a-a-ah about in the picture houses. He says he knows that he could do Lew Cody rôles to perfection. So, somebody please page First National's casting director and ask him to ask the head of the scenario department to ask the general manager to grant permission for Ben to be a suave, subtle, forty-year-old man-of-the-world in his next picture. We're asking this to please Ben only, not to please ourselves, or the fans. (And if we had the faintest idea that First National would grant this request, you can bet we wouldn't make it.) At the left you see him in a scene from "Winds of Chance," gazing into the eyes of a flapper named Anna Q. Nilsson

Edwin Bower Hesser

Norma Shearer

If you are our age you will remember a song from a musical comedy that was hummed by the whole U. S. A. It was "Alma, Alma, Where Do You Live?" Substitute "Norma" for "Alma" and you'll have the question that hundreds of fans of both sexes ask us every week. The home address of no other star is besought so frequently and persistently as is little Miss Shearer's. But as she wont divulge it to us, we cant divulge it to the fans—so there you are! We can only say: "Write to her in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California. She's just finished making "A Tower of Lies," with Lon Chaney. We reproduce a scene on this page and will reproduce many more of them, and give you the picture in story form, next month

Melbourne Spurr

Lloyd Hughes

They're making him impersonate a frightfully English young Englishman in his new picture, "The Half-Way Girl." Of course, we've never been even a clerk in a casting office, so we dont understand whys and wherefores of placing particular people in particular rôles, but Lloyd Hughes is as American as the Fourth of July or baked beans. And how they can expect him all of a sudden to be as English as a Bank Holiday or Yorkshire pudding, we cant figure out. That chin, however, fairly screams determination, stubbornness and force, so we'll place our bet on Mr. Hughes. At the right he poses specially for you, hand-in-hand with his favorite outdoor companion

Henry Waxman

Myrna Loy

There's a great buzzing and roaring in our ears: It's the thousands upon thousands of readers asking "Who . . . is . . . she? Who Is She? Whoisshe?" Well, she's what Mrs. Rudolph Valentino says is going to be the 1926 flapper model. You'll see her first in "What Price Beauty," Natacha Rambova Valentino's much-talked-about picture. Perhaps the word that best describes her type is "piquant" —or maybe "elfin." She's boyish—but bashfully boyish. She's lithe, and vivacious—but not muscular or "full of pep." She's the essence of grace; she is aloof; elusive; mysterious; sensitive. You dont know whether she's innocent or sophisticated; whether she's a low-brow or a high-brow; whether she's pretty or plain. But you do know that she is very, very young; and very, very fascinating. All you obvious, breezy, tom-boyish 1925 flapper models had better practise changing your type, or on New Year's day you'll find yourselves frightfully out of date

The Fight for the Crown

For months the burning question in and out of Hollywood has been: *Who will be Queen of the Movies—Gloria or Pola?*

OF course, both ladies deny that there is war between them.

Rivals? Why, the idea!

But that is merely the polite gesture of the duelist, as he salutes before running the family cutlery thru his opponent's carcass.

Whatever they may say about it, the fact remains: the most interesting contest in the history of the screen is the struggle for supremacy between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri.

And this is the way the race looks to me:

It is the age-old struggle between the Slav and the Scandinavian.

Russell Ball

There is considerable of the old Norse swashbuckler about Gloria. I can imagine her back in the days of Eric the Red starting out with a big two-handed sword, a crew of roughneck sailors, and an open boat—battling the Seven Seas; battling the storms; robbing and pillaging and fighting anything that happened to get in the way—but without any particular purpose. Just out on a voyage of adventure and achievement.

The thing that always impresses me about Gloria is her avid, eager appetite for life. She fairly wallows in living. Life, to her, is a magnificent adventure. She wants to try it all. She has been starvation poor, and she is now lusciously rich. She has been hit in the face with custard pies. She has been married three times, and she has now married a marquis; and has become a great lady with a title of nobility.

Gloria always seems to be saying to herself: "Well, now I've done that; what'll I do next?"

MANY girls, having achieved Gloria's magnificent marriage, would sit down with a sense of finality and hauteur. They would say: "Well, this is where I wanted to be; and here I am."

But Gloria gives you the feeling that this charming love affair was only a delicious gift of the gods; she must hurry on to other things. There are so many experiences she has not yet tasted.

She wants to be the mother of a huge family and bring them up to maturity. She wants to travel into strange corners of the world; see odd sights; smell curious, exotic smells.

One day Gloria confided in me this fact: that when she has rounded out her screen career as an actress, she wants to become an inventor. She just doesn't know exactly what she wants to invent; but she wants to be a real inventor with a laboratory and a lot of glass bottles; and a workshop with models and steel turning-lathes. She is absolutely serious in this, and takes all the mechanical magazines.

It comes to this:

Gloria goes thru life like a tourist on a rubber-neck tour. She doesn't know whether she will be back this way again; and she wants to see it all. She wants to taste all the funny dishes; eat at all the cafés; see all the cathedrals; stand in the place where Mark Antony preached the funeral sermon over Julius Cæsar.

That is what life means to her.

Harry Carr analyzes the character and genius of Gloria and Pola, so that YOU can decide who will win. HE predicts that both will last forever, as equally great artists, because the Public

Will never stop
Loving Gloria
and
Will never tire of
Looking at Pola

Kenneth Alexander

POLA is a different kind of traveler. She lives her life as tho she were a blasé visitor on an oft-traveled route. It is as tho she took a room in the best hotel in town; had all her meals served in that room; and only looked at rare and long-forgotten masterpieces in the mysterious depths of ancient palaces—hoary with tragedy and story.

Gloria adores old masterpieces and understands them too; but she also adores hot-dog sandwiches.

It is said that the measure of a woman's soul is the way she endures her love affairs; and her misfortunes.

When Gloria comes a cropper, she gets up with skinned knees and hurries on. When Pola trips and falls, she has a grand time contemplating, with Slavic pessimism, her own despair.

To Gloria, the world is an oyster for her to open and gape at with childish wonderment. To Pola, the world is a melancholy symphony of which it is her fate to play one note.

Gloria has a great curiosity about life. She always wonders what is hidden right around the corner. Pola isn't much interested in what is around the corner; but she has a vast and gloomy wonderment as to what it means; and what it is all about; and why.

Both Pola and Gloria have been in love many times. Gloria has, each time, plunged into romance with a passionate consecration. When the little love god tumbles and breaks, Gloria licks her wounds and starts out again.

Pola is usually in love with someone; but she goes into each romance without hope and without illusions. She contemplates her scars with gloomy philosophy and accepts her fate. She regards being in love as one of the crosses that a woman must bear; and why quarrel with the mysterious decrees of Fate?

These two are curiously alike—and yet absolutely dissimilar—in one regard. They can stand criticism the most graciously of any women on stage or screen. But for different reasons.

Once I wrote that Pola was a barbarian—a beautiful barbarian; and she delightedly agreed with me. She has a gift of absolute detachment; she can stand aside and watch herself pass—as it were. Pola is, as a matter of fact, a born spectator on life—she is, to herself, an interesting figure with the others on the stage. Gloria will humbly accept criticism because she really has an inferiority complex.

When Gloria came back to Hollywood this year, she received an unusual ovation. Work stopped at the Lasky studio. All the workmen—the electricians, carpenters and so on—came out to meet her with bouquets of flowers and cheers of joy and admiration. Gloria broke down and cried like a little child on her husband's shoulder.

If that had happened to Pola, she wouldn't have cried on anybody's shoulder—least of all, a husband's. She would have received that tribute like a queen—with flashing eyes and proud graciousness.

If Pola ever gets a husband, he will never have a cried-on shoulder; he will be just among those present.

I would like—from a discreet distance—to see both Pola and Gloria in a real fury of anger. I know just what they would do.

(*Continued on page* 120)

JOHN BARRYMORE has a secret ambition. He wants to bring to the screen the love story that he considers the greatest ever written. It is not the romance of Romeo and Juliet; nor of young Hamlet and Ophelia; but of Paolo and Francesca, who lived long ago, in the days when the provinces of Italy were ruled by tyrants who were ever at war with one another. Francesca is but seventeen, and is the bride of Giovanni Malatesta, the middle-aged cruel Tyrant of Rimini, whose younger brother is Paolo.

It is inevitable that Francesca and Paolo should soon become constant companions in the gloomy castle of Malatesta, for they are both so young and so gentle, and have heretofore been so lonely. And it is inevitable that this innocent friendship should ripen into love; that they should be spied upon; and that their brief romance should come to a tragic end.

THE story is full of golden scenes; full of glamor, and beauty; passion, and power. Small wonder, then, that John Barrymore, to whom such things mean life itself, should long to portray Paolo.

Ever since he played with Mary Astor in *Beau Brummel*, he has felt that she is the ideal Francesca. So, he persuaded her to pose in costume in a scene from the play, which we reproduce here. It is from the last act; when the young lovers feel disaster near.

FRANCESCA SPEAKS:

Oh, Paolo, if we
Should die tonight, then whither would our souls
Repair? There is a region which priests tell of,
Where such as we are punished without end.

PAOLO ANSWERS:

Were we together, what could punish us?

FRANCESCA:

Nothing! Ah, think not I can love you less,
Only I fear——

PAOLO:

What can we fear, we two?

It Will Be the Greatest Love Story Ever Filmed

THIS part of the story really belongs to Lois Wilson. All her life she has hoped to meet John Barrymore. There were so many things she wanted to ask him, questions that had been stored up in her mind since she first became interested in dramatic work. For Lois is quite a highbrow, and keen about futuristic art and impressionistic drama and such things. If only she could once discuss these subjects with her idol, she felt she could die happy. Yet, somehow, for one reason and another, the great event never "came off."

But the other day, she dropped into Albin's Fifth Avenue studio, by the merest chance, and found there—John Barrymore himself! and little Mary Astor; dressed in the beautiful old costumes of Paolo and Francesca.

The moment for which she had dreamed so long had arrived! The introduction was made—*and what do you think Lois said, after all her plans, and dreams, and highbrowed intentions?*

She stammered helplessly for a moment, and then mumbled: "p-p-pleased t-t-to m-m-meet you."

She confessed it to us afterward with tears in her eyes. But Mr. Barrymore was so charming and so friendly that she feels convinced he couldn't have heard her.

SHE was swept into conversation immediately. All the awe and stage fright that had overcome her, vanished into thin air. She caught fire from their enthusiasm over the picture they are planning. She raved about it with them. They all argued, made gestures, laughed and teased each other.

Lois found herself smiling up pertly at the great artist, teasing him gaily and being chaffed in turn. . . .

Finally, Mr. Albin calmed them down, and lined them up before the camera for these informal pictures that caught perfectly the intimate, friendly spirit of the meeting.

After Lois had left the studio walking on air, with her head in the clouds, something about the size of the ZR-3 seemed to drop out of those clouds, and give her memory a great jolt. She stopped short, right in the middle of the Avenue.

What about the important and burning questions she had saved up all these years to ask the great John Barrymore?

She hadn't asked a single one of them—she'd forgotten them completely!

Mr. Albin lined them up before his camera, and snapped two pictures—just for this magazine

All photographs © Albin

Meet the New Sheiks Who

Lawrence Grey

This spring, many of the big producers quietly ordered the directors to sign up some handsome new leading men. And it gives us great pleasure to be the first to introduce these future stars to their future fans; and to give them this story

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

Richee

Richard Arlen

THIS dozen or so young men, whose eyes—blue, brown, hazel, innocent, tumultuous, provocative, bold, and shy—look out at you from these pages, represent the advance Fall Style in Heroes. And they're still rubbing their eyes over their luck. They dont quite believe it yet.

A few weeks ago most of them were haunting the casting offices, begging for a day's work carrying spears; they were tiptoeing past the landlady's door on rent day; they were surreptitiously reading literature entitled *Help Wanted, Male,* for jobs hanging drapes or driving a delivery wagon.

And now!—now they are leading men, with contracts in the pockets of their brand-new tailormade suits! The demon who used to guard the studio gate against them, is incredibly transformed into a genial person who touches his cap as they pass by. Automobile salesmen are suggesting sports models, real-estate salesmen are suggesting marble villas, and the haughtiest bootlegger is proud to shake their hand.

And all they have to do is to make passionate screen love to the most beautiful stars of the pictures!

Their ages range all the way from very young to merely young. There are one or two who would probably be greatly embarrassed if they were asked to raise a mustache for picture purposes. They are well educated, and most of them come from families of social prominence.

They are tall, most of them, and all of them are handsome—from blond, blue-eyed Gardner James, to olive-skinned, black-haired Russell Ritchie. But, besides having faces that will probably be their fortune, they have two exceedingly capable fists apiece. A red-blooded lot, these 1925 model Movie Heroes!

But they are not yet broken to interviews—indeed, some of them confessed, with nice boyish blushes, that this was the first time they had ever talked to an interviewer. And they're all awfully excited over their luck, scared to death for fear the fans wont like them, enthusiastic, eager, *real.*

Lasky has signed up two Unknowns: Lawrence Grey—"Larry" they call him on the lot, for he is the sort of boy one nicknames immediately—and Richard Van Mattimore, whose screen name will be

Witzel

Grant Withers

Gardner James

Doolittle

Hugh Allen

Are Storming the Screen

Richard Arlen, to save wattage when he is famous enough to get his name in electric lights over theater doors. They are both American born, both in their early twenties.

Larry Grey is one of the few players who have got out onto the lot by way of a studio business office. For three years he was working about the Lasky studio without any idea of becoming an actor, but other people, looking at his Irish blue eyes, and Irish black hair, his six-foot-plus and his nice wide

Ernest Gillen

When Lasky finally "discovered" him, the same director was righteously indignant at the way the big companies snapped up all the promising newcomers.

Larry is a San Francisco boy and his parents—tho he doesn't tell you this—are prominent socially. When he was discharged from the Navy after the war, he might

Paul Ellis

young smile, would say to him, "Why dont you try playing in the pictures? You ought to photograph well—have a camera test taken."

One actor friend talked Larry Grey up to his director for two years. "Who's Larry Grey?" the director would sniff; "nobody ever heard of him."

Don Alvarado

the thousands. He's not so romantic as Rod La Rocque, but equally boyish; not so burly as Richard Dix, but quite as wholesome.

RICHARD ARLEN is a very different type. In spite of an all-American ancestry he looks subtly foreign, with his dark hair and eyes, small mustache, and tall, graceful figure—which the directors are going to put into uniform—just see if they dont! He looks so much like Ronald Colman that people are constantly addressing

Charles Farrell

him by that name on the street.

"I tell 'em, 'Sorry, but I dont make that much money'!" Richard Arlen says.

He is a laughing hero, with a smile that flashes out dazzlingly in his dark young face. Tho he comes from the South, he has determinedly cured himself of the betraying

(*Continued on page* 94)

Billy Boyd

Pearsall

Robert Ames

Pearsall

have gone in for the usual thing: exclusive country clubs, etc., a place "among those present." But a Lasky company on location near his home got him interested in the making of motion pictures, and offered him the production job.

Now Larry is a full-fledged leading man, having made his début opposite Betty Bronson in *Are Parents People?* And fan letters are pouring in by

W. F. Seely

Alma Is Ricardo's Dream Girl

IT was only a year and a half ago that Ricardo Cortez was talking about his Dream Girl. He didn't know that she existed then, aside from his imagination.

"She will be gentle—I adore gentleness," he had said, describing his ideal. "She wont care for violent things—the rough sports and boyish play so many modern girls go in for. I like sports myself—golf, tennis, handball, riding, swimming, all of 'em—but I think She wont care to imitate a man.

"And my Dream Girl will be of the profession," prophesied Ricardo, "so that we can live each other's lives, all day and every day, and not just have corners of an evening or so. We'll talk over our characterizations, and ask each other's advice, and work out scenes together . . . or that's my dream.

"For it couldn't be possible for two people who truly love each other to be jealous of the other's work. I know my Dream Girl would be proud of every fine thing I did, and I'd be leading the cheering section for her triumphs. And when we weren't so good or so successful—why, that's just where the best part of love comes in!"

And then Ricardo met Alma Rubens—and his dream came true! She is a hothouse plant of a girl, who likes to take her share of California sunshine under a gay umbrella or on a comfortable porch! . . . tho she confessed to us she's surreptitiously reading books on golf, etc., under that umbrella, so that she can say an intelligent word in the proper place when her fiancé talks about the things that interest him.

3 *Interviews*

1: *Alma Indifferent*

2: *Alma in Love*

3: *Alma in Earnest*

Recounted by M. W. DRIVER

THE first time I met Alma Rubens—on the heavy business of extracting an interview—Ricardo Cortez was there too.

Of course, I had heard rumors about this handsome pair: they were much in love . . . engaged . . . soon to be married. But Alma simply went out of her way to assure me that she and Ricardo were merely good friends or pals or neighbors—whatever you like.

She didn't assure me vocally. But she did it by her manner. So impersonal in her conversation with the young Latin; such coolness in her eyes; such coolness in the shoulder she turned upon him at times.

In truth, Alma overdid it. She was like the Shakespearean lady who gave the lie to the fact that she wasn't thus-and-so because she protested so much that she wasn't.

As for Ricardo: from the mere fact that he was trying to fix Alma's motion picture projecting-machine, I sensed high romance. Nothing short of the most passionate devotion would induce a young man to spend an evening tinkering with one of those demon engines.

Most of the time Miss Rubens and I helped Mr. Cortez with his labors by giving him the most valuable advice. That we were still alive, at the close of the interview, shows that he is a patient and long-suffering young gentleman . . . well worth being betrothed to—or with—or however it is you say it.

IT may have been the great patience or it may not, but the next time I saw Ricardo and Alma there was nothing left to be assured about at all.

They were in love, and they were announcing their engagement, and all was right with the world.

The beautiful Alma was delightful in her happiness.

"Rick doesn't like parties," she said. "I used to go around quite a bit *before*—but I dont care for anything that doesn't amuse him now. Of course, he will go for my sake, but I'd rather do things

(*Continued on page* 86)

Here is Alma standing in her garden in a mingling of sun and shade that matches her own varying, colorful personality. In the oval she is with her mother who, by the way, says she doesn't think either Alma or Ricardo could do the simplest thing before the camera if they hadn't talked it over together first. Mrs. Rubens is almost as fond of her future son as she is of her present daughter

NO! They're Not Happy

HOLLYWOOD is not a city of happiness. It is a city of bitter struggle and envy and disappointment.

I think, on the whole, that the happiest people are the extras—waiting for jobs outside the casting director's office.

Most of the big movie stars lead worried, hectic lives. Most of them are not particularly happy. Most of them are miserable. And miserable because of their fame.

No reference is meant here to their domestic tragedies. That is their own business. Anyhow, the domestic tragedies of Hollywood are very much exaggerated. If the movie people get into the divorce court more frequently than other people, it is not because they are more frequently unhappy. If divorces seem to shower rather thickly in Hollywood, it is due to an industrial reason.

Outwardly, Mae Murray is a gay, happy girl. Inwardly, she is despondent and sad

There are many wives elsewhere who would like to be divorced. But they cannot. They dare not. They have to "stick it out"—or starve. The married movie actress is bound to no such cross. On the whole, I think that the percentage of happy married lives is as high in Hollywood as elsewhere.

I have reference entirely to their professional careers.

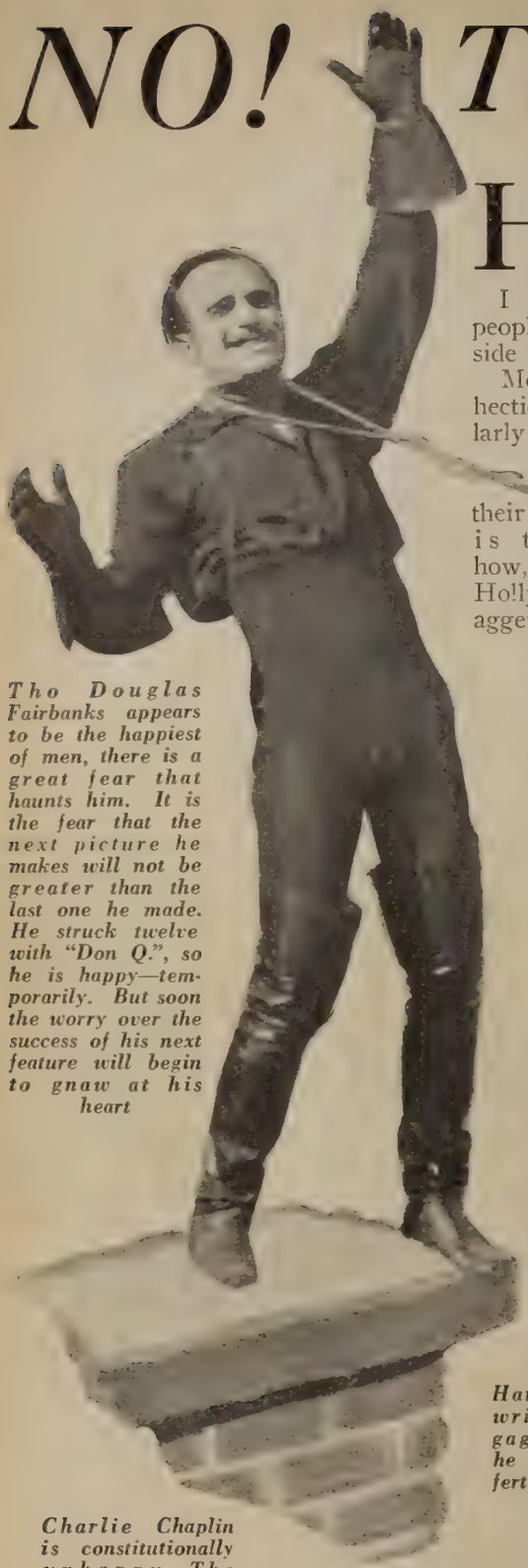
TAKE the case of Mary Pickford. To the outside world, she is a queen—rich, famous, happily married.

To the world outside, it would seem that if a good fairy wanted to do something sweet and nice for Mary, she would be "stumped": she couldn't think of anything new to give her.

Yet, in her professional life, Mary is unhappy. And, I think, very unhappy.

She is facing a peculiar problem which seems to have no answer. No aviator up in the air with a defective machine ever dreaded the fall more than Mary dreads a fall.

Her problem is the problem of all champions—from little girls who have been able to "spell the school down" at



Tho Douglas Fairbanks appears to be the happiest of men, there is a great fear that haunts him. It is the fear that the next picture he makes will not be greater than the last one he made. He struck twelve with "Don Q.", so he is happy—temporarily. But soon the worry over the success of his next feature will begin to gnaw at his heart

Harold Lloyd writes his own gags—what will he do when his fertile mind runs dry?

Charlie Chaplin is constitutionally unhappy. The wistfulness and pathos which have endeared him to his screen public are not qualities that are assumed for a motion picture rôle. They are an expression of Charlie's own self. His intimate friends will tell you that, even when he appears to be happy, it is a happiness that has more than a touch of sadness about it

Even with Wealth and Fame

Numberless fans write us every week, naming their favorite stars, and asking: "Are they really happy?" So we begged Harry Carr to answer this question, with great frankness, because he is a personal friend and confidant of these stars. Here is his answer. It will not make you happy to read it. It will make you sad. But it will make the stars far more real and more dear to you

—The Editor.

Rudolph Valentino lives in an atmosphere of jealousy. His associates have made him miserable

spelling-bees, to prize-fight champions. Having been first, Mary would be heart-broken to find herself second. She would rather be out altogether than to be otherwise than the Queen.

Mary has held a singular position in the movie world. She occupied a throne. This, until lately, has been unquestioned. At the big *soirées* and festivals in Hollywood, all other actresses stood aside for her. No one was jealous of her. Her position was too exalted and too secure. Any other movie actress would as soon have thought of being jealous of the Statue of Liberty or the girl on the silver dollar. Mary reigned supreme.

If Lillian Gish's life were entirely happy, she would not be the great actress she is

But Mary no longer reigns supreme.

Her more recent pictures have not been so popular as those of Gloria Swanson. The public is fickle. The exhibitors who cater to the public are more fickle than the public. They have turned their backs upon Mary to kowtow to Gloria. That's the frank truth about it.

There is a way by which Mary might regain her crown and her throne. But it is a way more dangerous than a Russian counter-revolution.

Here's how the land lies for Mary:

About two years ago, it occurred to her that she was making a mistake in trying to be a child forever. She has slim girlish legs and a slight childish body. Still, Mary realized that the day was coming when people would inevitably say: "Mary is too old for kid parts."

Ramon Novarro is acutely sensitive, and consequently he is far from happy

So, she decided to be grown-up. She engaged the services of Ernst Lubitsch, the great German director: got together a perfect whale of a collection of supporting actors, and made *Rosita*.

It didn't prove to be an especially successful picture. Not that it was such a bad picture. On the contrary, it was rather a good one. But the "Mary Pickford fans" didn't like it. They were dismayed. It was as tho they had seen Calvin Coolidge step into a baseball game and try to bat like Babe Ruth.

That Mary showed herself an exceptionally good actress, did not interest them. The truth is, the art of acting is of very little interest to movie fans. They are interested, rather, in personalities.

All that *Rosita* meant to them was that they had lost their adored little Mary. They didn't like this new grown-up young person. They resented her.

The same was true of Mary's next picture, *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. That was a fairly successful picture. It should have been a riot. To have held Mary on her throne as queen, it had to be a super-riot. But it wasn't.

Mary has accepted the inevitable. She realizes that—dangerous as it is for the reasons I have outlined — she must be a little girl again. And a little Irish tad at that.

(Cont'd on page 110)

To the outside world, Mary Pickford is a queen — rich, famous, happily married. But she is unhappy. She is tortured by doubts

The Princess Who Loved An American

If it were possible to ask every man, woman, and youth in this country to name the greatest romance ever written by an American novelist, we feel certain that George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" would be named by the largest number. The librarian in your home town, whether it's a village or a metropolis, will tell you that no matter how many copies of this famous novel would be purchased for readers, they would always be in circulation. It is the library's "best seller," all-the-year-round, year after year.

Given such a popular story, plus such a magnificent star as Norma Talmadge, plus such a handsome leading man as Eugene O'Brien, plus such a wonderful director as Dimitri Buchowetzki—does it not follow as the night the day that the picture will be well worth seeing?

The fans are already rejoicing that Eugene O'Brien is again to play hero to Norma's heroine. As Grenfall Lorry, the American, he is perfectly cast; and Norma was never more beautiful than as the Princess Yetive

The Seven Sleepers

By Clare Montaven

Illustrated by Frank Hollis

Seven little sleeping figures of jade, beautifully carved and of priceless value—but the curse of death by violence lies upon their owner! Suzon Duchard, the young and exquisite motion picture star, scoffs at the tragic story—but when the sleepers come into her possession, she lives constantly in the shadow of tragedy; and terror and death stalk her.

Will she, too, pay the price of the ancient curse?

That is for you to decide! This third story in our Unfinished Mystery Contest will tax the powers of the most ingenious. Untangle the bewildering threads, and send in your solution.

The rules are on page 115 and we offer a prize of $50.00 for the best ending to this mystery story.

THE strong sun struck down Fifth Avenue and in at the sky-scraper windows, but the room was full of shadows. In the deepest of these sat Suzon Duchard, daughter of a Dijon shoemaker, dancer in a gypsying theater that traveled all up and down the sunny land of France, entertainer in a shabby *café chantant*, then suddenly the favorite of all Paris and the finest film actress on the Continent.

Even in the shadow, Gregory Trask noted, she shone like a flame. Her hair had the burnished glaze of fine old copper, her eyes were darting bits of fire. It was Trask's business to note all these things because, after all, she was practically his property. It was his doing that her name was scrawled at the bottom of a two-year contract with the Parthenon Film Company, of which he was president.

"I wish you'd leave them behind," he was saying. "They give me the creeps every time I think of them."

Suzon shrugged her shoulders. "Monsieur," she said, "your feelings do you credit, but—I shall take them with me to Florida. I, for one, do not believe in the Curse of the 'Seven Sleepers.'"

"That's all rot, of course," agreed Trask uneasily, "but all the same, I dont like the idea. Do you know that aside from yourself and Jacques Thibaut, who gave them to you, all the owners of The Seven Sleepers are dead? All died suddenly?"

"People do die, Monsieur."

"Yes," agreed Trask dryly, "but not from violence. Everyone who has ever owned those accursed bits of jade has come to a tragic end. Murder! Suicide! Accident — maybe. And yet you persist in taking them with you to Florida?"

"I persist, Monsieur!"

Trask's secretary tapped on the door. "Mr. Fox is here, and the Florida train leaves in an hour."

A tall man stooped thru the doorway. He was Roland Fox, one

Now the hall was as dark—as silent—as death. Suzon snatched at her flash-light. Its beam of light swung down the hall, piercing the blackness of the shadows. Then she screamed

s of the best-known younger directors, and it was rumored that he had given up a very good chance indeed in order to have the distinction of directing Suzon Duchard's first American film.

"Ready to start," said he, perching on Trask's desk. "Everyone's here save Miss Carlisle, and she'll turn up at the station. Any last commands, Chief?"

"Do as you please as long as you make a good picture," smiled Trask, and then turned to Suzon. "Miss Carlisle's the girl who'll double for you in the stunt scenes. You saw her the other day, I think."

Suzon nodded. "She is very like me. Shall we start?"

After they had gone, Trask still sprawled in his chair, thinking. "Well, anyway," he said to himself, "I've done all I can, but—I wont breathe easy till she gets back."

But worry had no place in Suzon's scheme of things. True, as her taxi sped southward along the shining length of the avenue, there rested beside her a king's ransom, seven sleeping figures carved in cloudy jade Heaven knows how long ago, carved by a craftsman so fine that collectors had sought them, year in and year out. True, the Russian prince who had sold them, long, long ago—sold them unwillingly and for a song, had cursed their owner and whoever might come to own them thru the ages.

But Suzon could laugh at curses. No one could know The Seven Sleepers had come into her possession, no one save herself, Gregory Trask, and Jacques Thibaut, who had given them to her. For all the world knew, Thibaut's famed collection still held The Seven Sleepers. Yet here they were in Suzon's jewel case, beneath her hand. And no one could know, not even her plump, blonde maid Fleurette, who sat so stiffly opposite!

As they swept into the seething roar of the station, she saw her director standing with a squat little man, whose face was almost lost in a sea of freckles.

"This is Danny Graham," Fox explained, "one of the best cameramen in the business."

Danny's eyes sought out the jewel case. "Can I carry anything for you, Miss Duchard?" he asked.

A small shiver of distrust passed over Suzon. It would be easy—so easy for anyone to snatch The Seven Sleepers and vanish in this noisy station. But no one knew the bits of jade were in her jewel case, least of all this cameraman with freckles and a pug nose.

"No, thank you," she said coldly. "My maid is quite capable."

At the train gate, a tall, incredibly slim woman in mannish clothes stood beside a mound of luggage. "Mademoiselle Duchard," said Fox, "allow me to present Miss Semenov. She plays the villainess in our picture."

Green eyes stared at Suzon out of dead white face. "It is the fate I have," said Olga Semenov, her voice hard and colorless. "Always I play wicked ladies. It is a wonder that I am not a monster in real life."

It was not until Suzon was in her stateroom on the train and the door was safely closed that Fleurette burst into speech. *"Mon Dieu!"* she exclaimed. "That woman gives me the creeps all along my spine."

Suzon, sitting by the window and watching the platform idly, shrugged her shoulders. "The Semenov? She is strange but harmless. See, Monsieur Fox and that person with freckles are still upon the platform. What are they waiting for?"

"It is Mees Carlisle," explained Fleurette. "She has not yet arrive."

On the gray runway, Fox and Danny Graham fidgeted. "Damn it!" said the director. "We cant go to Florida without a double for Suzon! Where is the girl, anyway?"

"Dunno," said Danny. "I've telephoned everywhere. Look, they're closing the gates."

"Miss Semenov plays the villainess in our picture," said Fox. "It is the fate I have," said Olga Semenov, her voice hard and colorless, "always I play wicked ladies"

Suddenly he leaped forward. Down the runway from the upper level came a flying figure, its hair streaming, its face bruised, its clothes torn. Save that the face was broader, the lips less finely molded, the girl might have been twin to Suzon Duchard.

"All aboard!" called the conductor.

The train had already begun to move when the two men hustled the girl aboard. She stood in a corner of the vestibule, sobbing for breath.

"What happened to you, Miss Carlisle?" asked Fox curiously.

It was a strange story that the girl told. Leaving her small and shabby hotel, she had found a taxi waiting at the curb. She got in and, as the car started, the door was wrenched open and two men leaped at her. As one of them snatched her hand-bag, she fought herself free for a second and screamed for help. The taxi slowed down for a street corner, and before she could find breath to scream again, she was flung out upon the sidewalk. Putting on speed, the car disappeared down a cross street. Bruised and bleeding, her baggage gone with the taxi, the girl had trudged to the station.

"Queer!" said Fox, shaking his head. "Lucky you got off no worse. Was there anything of value in your luggage?"

"Not a thing!"

The train swung on a sharp curve, and there was the sound of someone thrown off balance in the long corridor beside them.

As they swept into the seething roar of the station, she saw her director standing with a squat little man, whose face was almost lost in a sea of freckles

"Someone was listening!" snapped Danny Graham.

But when he stole into the sleeping-car, all the passengers were in their seats and Olga Semenov was nodding over a fashion magazine.

THEY came into the Everglades late on a misty evening, and went at once to the hotel. It was a hot night, breathless and overcast, and Suzon's spirits sunk under a vague, heavy oppression. The hotel, itself, did little to help. Once it had been an immense resort, now it had fallen on ill times, was the merest shell and shadow of itself.

Great gaunt galleries ran around it, pitch dark and perilous with rotting wood. Its corridors were narrow, sharp-cornered and endless. Only a small part of the house was in use, the rest had gone to slow ruin. Doors gaped and hung awry, the floor fell away in uneven hummocks, every window rattled, and the blinds whined on rusty hinges in the wind.

Leaving her shadowy cavern of a room that opened on a half-rotten upper veranda, Suzon stole thru the dusky corridors to the office, where Roland Fox, standing in a pool of light from a swinging lamp, was already hiring extras. Fox's leading man, Harrison, was just starting from the Coast, and the director proposed to put in the time before he arrived in taking what scenes he could.

On hearing Suzon, he whirled about. "Oh, Mademoiselle Duchard, I think I've found something! Look at this chap, will you?"

In the full glare of the light stood a shrunken figure like a stupid animal. Its mouth hung in a weak snarl, its shoulders were heavy and almost misshapen, its face was a mask of imbecility. But its eyes fascinated Suzon. Almost red in color: they held the hard glitter of gems.

"He's a half-breed," went on Fox. "Alligator Joe, they call him. I think I'll give him a small part."

Suzon shrugged her shoulders. "An admirable creature," she said.

But on the way to her room, the wave of oppression broke over her again. She thought of the half-breed's eyes and shuddered. Her room was an agreeable haven and Fleurette had laid out her things, even to an evening paper from Jacksonville.

Casually Suzon took it up, casually she skimmed over the first pages. And then her hands went limp in her lap. It was a small blurred notice on an inside page:

Paris: Jacques Thibaut, famous French collector, was murdered by persons unknown while en route here on the Orient Express yesterday. Altho his compartment was left in disorder and had been ransacked from end to end, apparently nothing had been taken. The police——

It was only a noise like a falling leaf, but Suzon knew that someone was listening—or watching at her door. Leaping forward, she whipped it open. Half-way down the hall, and hurrying as if in flight, was Jean Carlisle!

SUZON snapped the door shut, her brain cold with fear. All the owners of The Seven Sleepers were dead! Jacques Thibaut was dead—murdered! And no one knew that The Seven Sleepers were not in his possession. Someone had killed Jacques for those seven shining bits of jade, those seven sleeping figures, that lay before her, spread out upon her bed. A curse was upon them, the curse of death! And already, Suzon knew, she was tracked, watched, spied upon!

Her shade was down: her door locked. Hastily she rummaged in her suitcase: drew forth a black medicine kit, filled with tiny bottles. These were odd bottles, many-shaped and of many sizes. Some of them were so new that they were still wrapped in the druggists' paper and string. These she unwrapped, hurrying like a pursued thing.

The bottles she tossed back into the suitcase, then taking the paper and string, she began wrapping, one by one, The Seven Sleepers. The bits of jade were amazingly like bottles; wrapped in coarse white paper, tied with cheap pink string, and at last, tucked into the medicine kit, they were no longer The Seven Sleepers, but so many bottles of pills, so newly bought that they had not yet been unwrapped.

Suzon tossed the medicine kit carelessly upon her bureau, her half-empty jewel-box she put under her pillow. To it she added a revolver, and then, undressing, lay down to wait.

In spite of herself she had fallen into a light doze, when she woke, tense and startled, at a slight sound. The room was dark with shadow, but even thru the dusk, she could make out something moving close upon her. She raised the revolver.

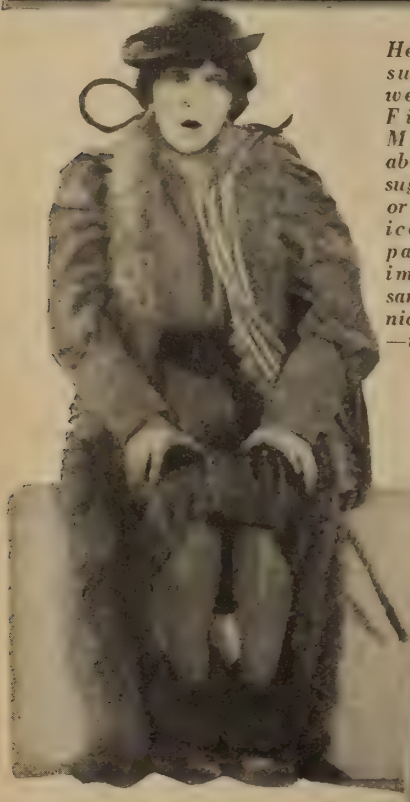
Hands of steel caught at her wrist, sealed her mouth.

(Continued on page 108)

100 Degrees

There's nothing like loafing in a tub of cold water, according to Natalie Kingston, below. Just lay the family ironing-board across the tub; pile up books, cigarets, and writing material—and forget Old Sol and his death rays. If you wear a bathing suit, you can kid yourself into believing that you're enjoying a dip in an ocean all your own

A lot can be said for the sea breezes, and old swimmin' hole, and Niagara Falls; but failing all these blessings, there still remains the garden hose. And Marie Prevost, below, assures you it's not half bad



Here are a few sure-fire hot-weather hints. First of all, Milton Sills, above, offers his suggestion: three or four bottles of ice-cold sarsaparilla pop, all imbibed at the same time in a nice breezy spot—if you can find such

There's an ice ballet in "Pretty Ladies," the ice being a non-meltable, glassy, screen variety. Zasu Pitts, the comédienne, in the ballet scene was dressed for funny purposes in heavy, woolly, furry garments. Which was all right until the mercury flew heavenward. But before Zasu melted away completely, a kind soul provided her with a cake of real ice on which to sit. Now she coolly recommends it to all summer sufferers

In the Shade

The old-fashioned kitchen sink treatment below is not only a red-hot tip on keeping cool, but is also excellent for bad temper. Helene Chadwick and Sam Wood resorted to this means of quelling the ire of Kenneth Harlan on the lot one day—and Kenneth now begs for it when the temperature rises instead of his temper

Malcolm McGregor and his little daughter, Joan, devote their time to cheating the weather by hours of paddling in the surf, and then hours of idling on the beach, doing nothing at all with all their mights and mains

We all know a good swim is a good cooler-off, but Mabel Ballin says it reaches perfection only when you leave your bathing cap at home

Colleen Moore should be appointed our Weather Woman, because when she thinks the country needs a shower, she just turns one on and stands under it. The effect is as good as a real rain—for Colleen

The Uncanny Mr. Chaney

If there is something in your character or in your life that you wish to hide from the world, *keep away from Lon Chaney!* He can read your very soul

By Homer Currie

NO human face can hide any secrets from Lon Chaney.

In mastering the art of theatrical make-up, he has learned what the lines mean—the little telltale lines with which your character is written all over your face.

When the world and his wife walk past Chaney in the street, they might as well have their secret sins and shortcomings printed on a banner.

"I would never trust that man at the next table," said Chaney while we were sitting in a café one night at dinner.

"Why not?"

"He is cruel."

"Cruel? Well, he looks genial. He laughs all the time."

"Yes, that's the trouble. I know him by his laugh. I am distrustful of a man who laughs too readily. Especially am I distrustful of a man whose mouth still stays fixed in a grin after he has stopped laughing; and the man who laughs with a noise but does not laugh with his eyes. You can see at once that this man is laughing, not from merriment, but with a purpose."

I have never studied character reading, but just the same, in Lon Chaney's face I can read strength, honesty, kindness, determination, and a great sense of humor

Another man came by and stopped to speak to us. He was a writer of much ability; but luckless. One of those fellows of whom people say: "Why doesn't he ever get anywhere. You are always expecting him to make a hit, but he never really lands."

"That's easy," said Chaney. "The trouble with him is that he needs a manager."

"How do you know?"

"Well," said Chaney, "let's look him over. He has large and rather gentle eyes; from that I know he has sympathy and kindliness.

"At the corner of his eyes—the outside corner—he has a little full place—almost a lump. If the eyes are level, and not too far apart, I have always found that this signifies great human sympathy. If the eyes are too far apart, or if they slant, this lump is very likely to denote deceitfulness.

"You will notice that this man has a slight impediment in his speech—a wavering of his words: also that he chops off his words as tho he were clipping cheese with a knife. From that I know that he is very irritable; and that his thoughts pour out faster than he can find words to tell them.

"On the other hand, his jawbone isn't hung right. It looks firm and determined in front, but at the corner where it fastens on, it hasn't the square big hinge that it should have.

"That man has ideas that come in absolute gushes; but he lacks the ability to say No; and the ruthlessness to make people pay for his ideas. He scatters his stuff around like bird-seed on a windy day. His ideas come faster than he can dispose of them."

I MENTIONED a certain very famous face. Chaney almost shuddered.

"That man has them all fooled," he said. "He is gentle and mild and suave and cultured when you talk to him. To me his face shows a horrible character.

"His large fleshy nose shows a ruthless sex instinct. He has the puffs at the corners of his eyes which are too large. Combined with small eyes that have a distinct slant they indicate deceit. He has a weak chin and a mouth that is simply a slit in his face. Underneath his polished exterior, he is a voracious and ruthless hunter. He is without mercy and without honesty."

"If you had to make up for the character of a thoroly greedy money-mad man, how would you do it?" I asked.

Mr. Chaney hesitated. "Beyond the fact that I would give him a few straight lines of determination, I dont think I could register this character with make-up," he said. "It is mostly in the manner of acting.

"The man who advertises his greedy and avaricious character, to me, does it with his eyes. They seem to be always hunting for something. I have also noticed that a man avid for money usually has a way of opening his lips when money is mentioned. It is an expression of thirst. I have always noticed, too, that such men have

(*Continued on page* 102)

Here Is This Month's Choice for OUR GALLERY OF THE GREAT

Spurr

Mary Carr

Mary Carr has won her place because she is essentially the mother of the screen. There is no one else who can interpret the spirit of maternity with quite her sincerity, sweetness and power. When just a young girl, she won a distinctive place on the legitimate stage, but she gave up this career when she was married. She has six children of her own, whom she mothers and looks after in much the same way she looks after children on the screen. In her first feature picture, "Over the Hill," she took her own brood of boys and girls with her to play the sons and daughters in the story, and she conquered the public by the very thing that took her away from the public—her love of children and her strength and sweetness as a mother and home-maker

Above is Mary Carr as herself, and across the page she's the happy, unfashionable mother you'll see in "A Slave of Fashion"

MOTION PICTURE JR

VOL 1 - NO. 3 SEPT. 1925

OUR JUNIOR GALLERY

Dickie Brandon

He played the part of
Zander the Great,
Upon the stage; and we're
glad to relate
That very soon he will be
seen
In *Faint Perfume* upon
the screen.

Jane Murphy

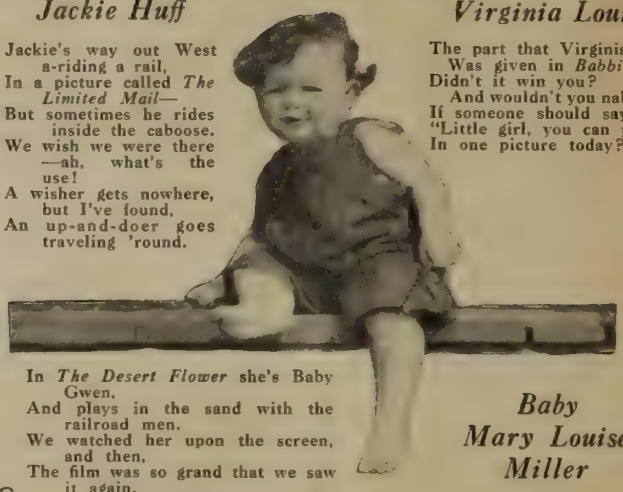
If you saw the picture,
Man and Maid,
In your home town
some time ago,
You will remember
Jane, we know,
For 'twas little Hilda's
part she played.

Jackie Huff

Jackie's way out West
a-riding a rail,
In a picture called *The*
Limited Mail—
But sometimes he rides
inside the caboose.
We wish we were there
—ah, what's the
use!
A wisher gets nowhere,
but I've found,
An up-and-doer goes
traveling 'round.

Virginia Louis

The part that Virginia
Was given in *Babbit,*
Didn't it win you?
And wouldn't you nab it,
If someone should say:
"Little girl, you can play
In one picture today?"



In *The Desert Flower* she's Baby
Gwen,
And plays in the sand with the
railroad men.
We watched her upon the screen,
and then,
The film was so grand that we saw
it again.

Baby Mary Louise Miller

When I Was a Little Girl

My most favorite playmates were animals. I had a lot of pets and I think I loved them more than I did any of the little girls I played with.

The birds! How I loved them! I used to watch their nests and make friends with the parent birds so they wouldn't be afraid of me. They got so tame and used to me that I could sit right down on the grass beside a little field sparrow's nest and the mother sparrow would never even be startled.

Mary Astor and some little Chinese movie children

One day, after a heavy wind storm, I went out to the barn. There was a nest of young barn-swallows that I was interested in. But the storm had blown the nest down and the birds were all lost except one. That one had caught by his foot in the straw at the side of the nest and there he hung, looking so pitiful I nearly cried at the sight of him. I untangled him and carried him to the house and made a new nest for him out of a little box. I didn't know exactly what to feed him, but I tried bread and milk and he just loved it. Every morning, as soon as it was light — long before time for me to get up —he would begin to cheep at the top of his lungs for his breakfast. Then out of bed I'd have to get and sit beside him, feeding him little milky crumbs, when all the time I was drooping with sleepiness. But I loved him so much I didn't mind at all.

No mother bird was ever more devoted than I.

Finally tho, he grew up and flew away and forgot all about me—just like Peter Pan would have done.

Mary Astor

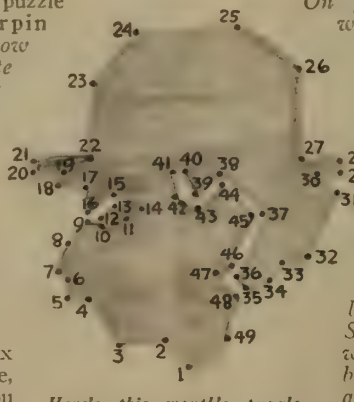
Puzzles and Prizes

Here is a puzzle Ben Turpin sent us: *How can you write 100 without using any zeros?*

And Mary Brian wants to know: *How can you write 100 by using four nines?*

Tom Mix and his horse, Tony, sent you this one:

There were three crows sitting on a fence. A farmer came along and shot and killed one of them. How many were left sitting on the fence after that?



Here's this month's puzzle, and it's a real one this time. Take a pencil and draw from dot to dot just as they are numbered. From 1 to 2, from 2 to 3, and so on, till you have a complete outline. Then take a very soft pencil or crayon and make it all black inside the outline. When you've finished, guess whose picture you have drawn. For the correct guess sent to us before the first of September with the best letter about this star, we will give a prize of one dollar

On page 121 you will find the name of the winner of the prize offered in the July number for giving the name of the motion picture actress drawn by Helen Strand and writing the best letter about this star.

The Roll of Honor is there, too, with the names of everybody who sent us the correct last word to the unfinished limerick.

Next month there'll be another contest.

Ben Alexander wants to know if you can supply the missing letters in the names of these movie stars:

-a-u -itt-	N-r-a -al-a-ge	tes-ie -o-e
-ne L-o-	C-ar-i- -h-pl-n	-ac--i C-o-an
B-l- -ar-	C-l-ee- -o-re	B-b- -eg-y
-o- Mi-	G-ovia -wa-s-n	-a-y B-i-n

The Thing I Love To Do

By Noah Beery Jr

I HAVE been modeling in clay for seven years.

One day, when I was four years old, I was watching my father in a scene that had lots of horses in it. After I'd watched him a long time, I went into my father's dressing-room tent. There was a piece of nose putty on the floor and I began to play with it. Pretty soon, I had made a horse. Of course, it wasn't very good. I had an Indian on it who was bending over and riding hard.

I cant make anything standing still. There wouldn't be any story in that.

Pretty soon my father got tired of never having any nose putty, so he bought me some modeling clay, and I've used clay ever since.

SOMETIMES I read a book and make some of the things that happened in it, an Indian fight, or a bucking bronco or an air-plane, tho airplanes are not so good because they dont look as if they were flying. You cant keep them in the air, or they would, I think.

Sometimes, I go to see a picture, and come home and make some of the scenes. Lately, I've been doing a rodeo, because I've seen rodeos and there are a lot of things you can make from them.

I LIKE to make sets of things. If I make one Indian on horseback, I go on and make an Indian attack. If I make a lion doing a trick, I go on and make a whole circus act. If I make one steer, I do a whole rodeo.

Sometimes, I cant make anything. I have to feel like it.

Usually I have a clear idea of what I want to make, but sometimes I just take up the clay and get to fooling with it and it takes on a shape that tells me what it's going to be, so I go ahead and make it. Once in while, I start to make one thing and it turns out another. Like this: once, I decided to make a stage-coach and had begun to model it when suddenly I saw what a keen camel it could be, so it was a camel!

I use my fingers entirely when I model, except that if there is a place so small I cant get into it, I use a knife to that, but I dont often need a knife.

Here is Noah at work in a corner of his father's studio dressing-room

Noah never likes to make anything that is standing still, and when you look at these little statues you will see that they are all doing something—running or jumping or flying

WHEN my father was doing *The Sea Wolf,* I saw it and made a ship like the one in the picture. It was a ghost ship, deserted by its crew, drifting with a blind captain. That was the biggest thing I ever did.

I think I'll be a sculptor when I finish school. But I'd like to be a cowboy, too. Or I might go into pictures. I *could* try all of them.

Ginger Barks a Welcome

He is the new dog star you'll see in *Time the Comedian.*

"Bow-Wow," says Ginger, "Wow!
I want to tell you how
I'm pleased to meet the children who
Read *Movie Jr.* thru and thru.
When, on the screen, you see me—oh,
Wont you all clap and cry, *'Hello'!"*

Here is my chair at the studio,
And the suitcase I carry to to and fro.
I never miss my director's cue
And I always do what he tells me to:
*'Cause once I didn't—and then that man
Made me stay for an hour in a great big can!*

Hickery, dickery dock,
A mouse ran up the clock!
But Ginger caught him by the tail—
How Mr. Mouse did squeak and wail!

We're Telling You—

THE picture at the bottom of the page is a scene from *The Iron Horse,* with George O'Brien and a group of the boys that played with him in this picture.

A lot of you have seen it—and the rest of you certainly ought to. *The Iron Horse* was the very first steam engine. When it was invented, that was the name by which it was known. The picture has lots of interesting things of past days in it, and there is a very exciting story, too.

Here's something that you have been expecting for a long time. *Ben Hur,* one of the biggest pictures that has ever been produced, has been finished at last. So many things happened to delay it that we all began to think it would never really appear on the screen. But now they are ready to begin cutting and preparing it and some time in October they will show it in New York City.

You know there's a lot of work to do on a picture after the photographic part is done.

When it is first taken, it's ever so much longer than it is when you see it in the theater. That is done so that any part of the film that isn't first-rate can be thrown away. When you finally see a movie, you see only the very best parts of it—all the rest has been destroyed.

There's a brand-new Western picture that's worth going a long way to see. It's *The Everlasting Whisper,* starring Tom Mix.

And here is something to look forward to; little Betty Bronson is going to make a picture called *A Kiss for Cinderella* by James M. Barrie.

Rendezvous With a Faun

A Song by Francisco San Inspired by This Study of Sally Rand

SWEET Sally Rand, the mischief in your eye
Was roused, I swear, by some divine romance—
Never by just a ballroom partner's glance!

Yet, Sally Rand, you poise as if to fly
In young alarm from possible mischance.
Was it a faun who hailed you passing by?

Dear Sally Rand, and are you then so shy?
Well, fauns are very expert in the dance—
Invite the shaggy rascal to advance!

Cecil B. De Mille says that Sally is one of the most beautiful girls in the world, and he has given her a long-term contract

Melbourne Spurr

THAT'S OUT

Keen Comment by TAMAR LANE

Illustrations by Harry Taskey

The Hardships of a Star

SCREEN fans are under the impression that the life of a popular film star is just one round of pleasure. In reality

their lives are constantly beset with all kinds of cares and worries. Just imagine being faced daily with such difficult problems as:

Whether to go to Paris or Nice for the regular semi-annual vacation.

Whether to use the Rolls-Royce town car or the Pierce-Arrow roadster.

Whether to invest last week's salary in government bonds or to buy another house and lot with it.

Whether to take little Fido to the studio or leave him at home with Towser.

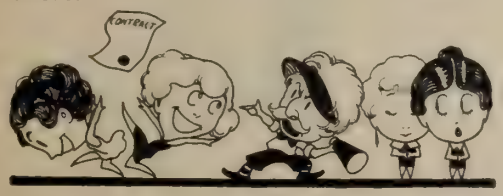
Whether to sign up with the Warner Brothers at $4,000 a week or to remain with Zukor at $3,500.

Oh, it's a hard life these screen stars follow. No wonder so many of them are unhappy.

Stars That Will Shine

MARION NIXON, a charming and talented young actress now playing opposite Reginald Denny, and who should make a big name for herself some day.

Don Alvarado, another one of the Latin recruits to the films. Don is with Warner Brothers, and hasn't done much as yet, but he looks to have all the qualifications for future honors.



Our Own News Monthly

SCREEN styles are radically changing again.

Sleek-haired heroes are giving way to curly-locked lovers.

Innocent and baby-eyed heroines are taking the place of frivolous flappers.

Grandmas have returned to their rocking-chairs to darn socks and will mix no more cocktails nor dance with young bucks at gay parties.

The film era of romance and adventure is at hand.

Police dogs are giving way to wild horses in public esteem.

Another old-time favorite is reclimbing the ladder to screen popularity — Dorothy Phillips.

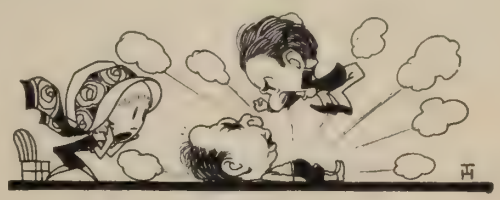
The film colony is also watching Bill Hart in his fight to regain his lost place in the Western field of films. Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Fred Thompson, Hoot Gibson and others will offer him stiff competition.

Opinions differ in Hollywood concerning Doug Fairbanks' latest picture, *Don Q*. Some think it great; others rate it only about seventy-five per cent. good.

It is reported that von Stroheim may return to acting because of his inability to find a producer who is willing to risk money on him as a director.

Harry Langdon and Douglas MacLean are making good on the predictions made for them a year ago by this department.

The bakeries report a very bad business in custard and lemon-meringue pies this month. Screen comedy must be getting refined.



The Things We Love

THE heroine who stands stupidly by while the villain slaughters her lover.

The hero who falls to the ground when he is shot in the shoulder.

Wall safes in movie bedrooms.

The predictions of film fortune-tellers that always come true.

Five-reel pictures with one-reel stories.

The great specialist who always cures the patient in the last reel, after all else has failed.

Famous Remarks

ERIC VON STROHEIM: "Censorship is a vital necessity. There is altogether too much melodrama and realism on the screen. The simple, heart-interest story is the best."

Charlie Chaplin: "I dont know why they call me a genius. Monte Banks and Larry Semon are far better comedians."

Tom Mix: "The public is getting sick of thrills and fights. What they want is a more refined silent drama."

Elinor Glyn: "Dont ask me how to write scenarios. I know nothing about it. My stories are dreadful."

(*Continued on page* 105)

Here's the Reason Why They're

And here's the reason why we're giving you their reasons. It's because an average of one thousand fans ask us—every month!

Rod La Rocque

THE moment I meet a girl who measures up to my ideal, I'll ask her immediately to marry me. Altho I have not made a business of looking for my particular kind of woman, I find she is a rare variety—but I'm not surprised, for I have set my mother up as an example of the type of woman I want to marry.

This ideal of mine has a happy combination of common sense, unselfishness and sense of humor. She must be attractive, not necessarily beautiful, and must love me like the deuce!

FROM the time I was thirteen, I had the support of a family on my hands.

Later, my mother and I were so very close that I didn't feel the need of any other companion.

It is only since I have been alone that I have had time and opportunity to think of marriage and—so far—I haven't found any girl who would think about it with me!

But I'll fool 'em!

I'm going to catch one, one of these days—you'll see!

Janet Gaynor

ASKING me why I am not married is like asking a doctor why he is not a lawyer. Both marriage and acting are for a woman complete careers in themselves, and in attempting to carry on both of these careers one could do full justice to neither.

The duties of a married woman and those of an actress would be difficult for me to reconcile.

While making a picture I am at the studio anywhere from eight to fourteen hours a day, and what man would want his wife away from home so much?

No, while I am an actress I wish to be absolutely free to give my best efforts to my art, and when I marry I will take marriage just as seriously.

Delia Cambridge

PERHAPS the reason I'm not married is that I'm rather young for it. Marriage seems to be a great institution and you'll see me going in some day, believe me!

It's not a case of the "right girl." I've met at least six right ones already, only somehow or other they all got away!

But marriage—I'm for it!

Fredric March

I HAVE known what it means to go thru poverty and hardship.

As a child, I saw my mother struggle to make ends meet. And I vowed then that I would never marry until I could give my wife comfort and security.

I want to be sure of my finances and my future before I take the step.

But I hope to take it.

And I shall—some day!

John Boles

MAYBE I haven't met the right man. But perhaps I should have taken the first man who proposed to me. I was fourteen and he was nineteen, and I felt very important to have him calling on me—until I discovered to my horror that his mother was paying him five dollars a visit!

Our parents were school chums and had dreamed of having their children marry. His mother believed that early marriage kept a young man out of trouble, and she thought that if he called on me regularly he'd fall in love with me.

She was right. He did. But he'd made twenty-five dollars before I found out about the money and sent him off.

Madge Bellamy

Still Bachelors and Spinsters

Of course, not all the letters we received from the bachelors and spinsters are here. We'll print the rest of them for you later on

IF I ever settle down in one place, perhaps I'll find a girl for whom I could care enough to ask her to marry me. During the past few years I have been more or less a wanderer; wherever I have stopped I have met many charming girls, but I have never stayed long enough to become thoroly acquainted with a single one.

Bachelor life has its advantages, but they say that it grows monotonous. I have been so busy in pictures that monotony has never had a chance to catch up with me, and I hope to marry before it does.

Edmund Burns

I HAVE been in love many times.

But I have never married because I have never remained in love with one person long enough to take the fatal leap.

When I find ONE man, with whom I believe I shall be in love until eternity, then I will marry.

And anyhow, a bachelor girl like myself with a career to keep her busy, can find a great deal of charm and interest in single life.

Norma Shearer

IN the first place, I hadn't a fortune; and in the second, I was taking care of my mother and sister. It didn't seem fair to ask a girl to come on in and join the vicissitudes of a struggling actor.

There was a girl, tho, who promised to wait for me—forever. . . . She waited a year, then married somebody else, and has four children! But I'm not going to tolerate this single cussedness much longer. In another year—or at most two—Old Man Dix's son wont be sitting in the smoking-car with another man when he crosses the country. He'll be out on the observation with Mrs. Richard Dix. I've not met her yet, but she's Somewhereand I'LL FIND HER!

Richard Dix

I DONT know why I haven't married, except that I haven't had time. I've been working so steadily and such long hours that no man has a chance to look at me long enough for us to begin to get romantic.

Of course, even with lots of time, I know you have to first find your man. He being found, I should then need more time to walk in the moonlight with him, or discover a lovers' lane or whatever the proper procedure is that leads to the proposal.

Dorothy Devore

I DONT know that any girl is interested enough in me. Perhaps if I find one that is, I will entertain seriously the thought of making her happy for the rest of her life.

But, after all, you know, I'm not so awfully along in years. And my dad used to say that a fellow should think it over until he's thirty. And he also said: "It's easy enough to find a woman to be an entertaining dinner companion, but it's not so easy to find one with whom you can sit down to ham and eggs!"

Robert Ames

WHY dont I get married? Simply because I have not the time now to devote to my husband and home.

In other words, I am too much taken with my work to give consideration, for the present, to matrimony. I dont mean that I'd give up the screen if I married, unless I saw that keeping on meant unhappiness for the man I loved, but I'd have to be very sure I could give it up if necessary!

Yes, I must love the man I marry more than I do my work. I do not feel that such a thing could be possible now.

Later, yes; when the motion picture career is at an end.

Mary McAvoy

© Kesslere

Do You Remember?

WILL any of you who saw David Wark Griffith's production, *The White Rose,* early in 1923, ever forget the wistful appeal with which Mae Marsh played the little village heroine who was misunderstood? But do you remember the handsome, sensitive youth who played the exceedingly difficult rôle of the young minister in search of experience? He was Ivor Novello, an English playwright and actor—both on the stage and in the films—already famous on the Continent. Griffith saw his work in London, and immediately appreciated his worth as an artist for the screen. But, tho young Novello came to this country at the great director's bidding, the lure of the London footlights proved too strong, and he soon deserted America. However, he never forgot the charm and genius of Mae Marsh; nor the strange bond of sympathy that developed as they rehearsed for *The White Rose* the many scenes between the dominie and the girl cast out by the villagers. Consequently, when Mr. Novello desired an intensely sympathetic person to play with him in *The Rat,* in London, he sent for Mae Marsh. It is really America's loss. Let us hope that she soon will return to our screen, and bring Ivor Novello with her.

The Desert Flower

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

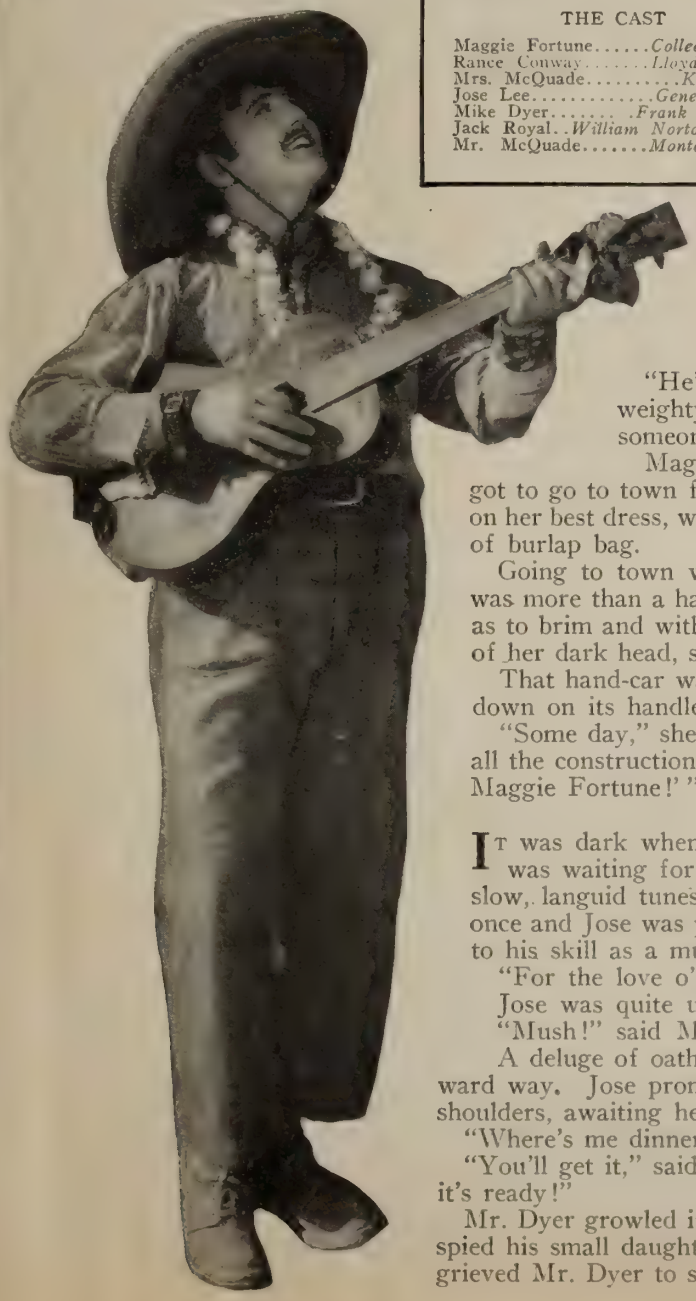
This picture was adapted for the screen from the stage play by Don Mullally. It is copyrighted by First National Pictures, Inc., who also gave permission for this short novelization

IT was only a box-car set in the midst of a broiling desert, but it was house and home to Maggie Fortune. Within its wooden walls she cared for her small stepsister Gwen, and from its battered door she exchanged insults with her burly stepfather, Mike Dyer. Mr. Dyer was foreman of a railroad construction gang, and every time Maggie looked at him, she wished she had been left an orphan with no entangling alliances.

Just at present, in company with Mrs. McQuade, she was beating the dust out of Mike Dyer's best trousers. They beat these garments in a businesslike fashion: They would have beaten them much more enthusiastically if Mr. Dyer had been inside.

THE CAST

Maggie Fortune.....*Colleen Moore*
Rance Conway.....*Lloyd Hughes*
Mrs. McQuade.....*Kate Price*
Jose Lee.....*Gene Corrado*
Mike Dyer.....*Frank Brownlee*
Jack Royal..*William Norton Bailey*
Mr. McQuade.....*Monte Collins*



"For the love of Mike!" called out Maggie, "Cut out the racket!" Jose was quite undismayed. "Ah, señorita," he sighed, "you are beautiful!"

"He's a black-hearted divvil," said Mrs. McQuade, who was a weighty lady enveloped in overalls. "It would do no harm at all if someone fetched him a bat in the eye with a burnt stick!"

Maggie nodded and gave the trousers a final vicious whack. "I've got to go to town for some groceries," she announced, wiping her dusty hands on her best dress, which consisted of something suspiciously like several breadths of burlap bag.

Going to town was a ceremony that demanded a hat. Maggie's headgear was more than a hat, it was an heirloom. Furthermore, it was a derby, dented as to brim and with holes in the top for ventilation. With this perched on top of her dark head, she sought the hand-car.

That hand-car was never built for Maggie's use. When she pumped up and down on its handles, her heels flew into the air.

"Some day," she told herself, "I'll be riding these rails in a private car, and all the construction crews along the line'll wave their hats and yell 'There goes Maggie Fortune!' "

IT was dark when Maggie returned to the box-car, but her devoted admirer was waiting for her. He was Jose Lee, a Mexican boy, who loved to sing slow, languid tunes beneath the box-car windows. Maggie had saved his life once and Jose was properly grateful. Unfortunately, his gratitude was superior to his skill as a musician.

"For the love o' Mike," called Maggie, "cut out the racket!"

Jose was quite undismayed. "Ah, señorita," he said, "you are beautiful!"

"Mush!" said Maggie cheerfully.

A deluge of oaths burst out across the tracks. Mr. Dyer was on his homeward way. Jose promptly took to his heels. As for Maggie, she shrugged her shoulders, awaiting her stepfather's outburst. It came promptly enough.

"Where's me dinner?" demanded Mr. Dyer.

"You'll get it," said Maggie, totally unmoved by her stepfather's scowl, "when it's ready!"

Mr. Dyer growled into the box-car like a bad-tempered gorilla. At one end, he spied his small daughter Gwen, contentedly playing in her improvised cradle. It grieved Mr. Dyer to see Gwen smiling happily. His bad temper, which had been

Mrs. McQuade was Maggie's mainstay in the dull days that followed

at simmering point, abruptly boiled over. Mr. Dyer cursed and kicked the baby's cradle. Having done this, he felt sorry for himself.

"I get nothin' but neglected while you take care o' the dam' kid!" he wailed.

Maggie was perfectly accustomed to being cursed in assorted languages, including Mexican. Abusing Gwen was a different matter. She seized the nearest thing, which happened to be a broomstick, and brought it down across her stepfather's head.

This was nothing unusual in the Dyer family: it happened every day. But this time as Mr. Dyer retired to his bunk to nurse his bruises, he mused: "You're gettin' sort o' pretty, Maggie. You sure are. One of these days, you're gonna be good-lookin'."

The next day, Mrs. McQuade offered sound advice on the subject of Mike Dyer. "You'd better get out before Mike begins actin' any worse than he does now," she cautioned. "Beat it to Bull Frog an' get a job. They need girls in the dance halls."

Maggie shook her head slowly. "Dunno's I'd like to be in a dance hall," she said. "All I want out of life, anyway, is three things: an education for the baby, a handsome husband, an' a ride in a private car. All I got so far is ten dollars saved to send the baby to school."

She retired to the steps of her own box-car and sat staring out over the desert, her chin in her hands. Then, suddenly, she looked up at the sky. "God," she said, "things is gettin' tougher an' tougher! I sure do need help. S'pose you send down one of your angels, if you can find one that ain't workin'!"

Something thudded into the sand beside her. Mr. Rance Conway had just been kicked off a freight train. Young Mr. Conway was not an angel: he was a bum. The first thing he said as he brushed the sand from his unshaven countenance, was, "If either of you ladies would give——"

"Give nothin'!" snapped Mrs. McQuade. "We get a panhandler a minute along here. If we fed 'em all, there wouldn't be nothin' to eat in the State of Nevada."

"Why dont you work on the railroads?" suggested Maggie. "My stepfather'll give you a job."

Rance shook his head, he had tired of jobs long ago. He moved uneasily to the water bucket and drank deep, as Maggie disappeared into the box-car, and came out again, bearing a bowl of soup. Squatting beside the tramp, she watched him eat. Her face grew more and more puzzled. All the bums she had ever seen before had gulped down their food like wolves. This one had good table manners.

"You look like a booze-fighter," she mused, "but you dont act like one. Where d'you come from?"

He showed her a letter addressed to "Mr. Rance Conway, Riverside Drive, New York City," but the girl waved it aside.

"I cant read," she said.

Rance looked up at her with sudden interest, but just then Mike Dyer swaggered across the sand.

"That's my stepfather," said Maggie disgustedly.

Rance stepped forward as the big man brushed by him. "How about getting a job on the construction crew?" he asked.

Once more he clutched at her, and once more she clawed him desperately

THE days that followed were the happiest Maggie had ever known. In Rance's time off-duty he taught her to spell and read. Sometimes he even told her stories about New York, about himself, and how his father, who was a railroad president, had disowned him for being constantly drunk. As for Rance, he was genuinely interested in this girl who so gaily faced the bareness of life in a desert construction camp. She was a queer and oddly provocative person, and bit by bit Rance's liking for her crystallized into something stronger. But even so it was not quite strong enough to offset the dreary monotony of the desert.

One morning while deep in the eccentricities of the alphabet, Maggie looked up to find Rance standing before her. "Ain't it——" she began, and then changed her speech as he had taught her. "I mean, isn't it rather early? You haven't been fired, Rance?"

"No," he told her, his mouth curling in a whimsical smile, "I'm just restless. Got to be moving on."

Maggie's eyes were weary. Her voice was a broken whisper. "Every time I'm happy, something always spoils it," she said dully.

But Rance did not understand. "Good-bye," he said, but Maggie only looked away, too proud to show her tears.

When she looked back, there was nothing before her but the gray rim of desert stretching from sky to sky. Life was like this, she thought, a barren waste of blasted hopes, unending, unchanging. The desert was her life. Remorseless, relentless, it hemmed her in. She could never escape from it.

"Day-dreamin'!" sneered Mike Dyer, and brought her back to even harsher reality.

She stumbled inside and clumsily made preparations for a meal, but her thoughts were with Rance Conway, riding the rods on the Flying Freight. Dyer lay on his bunk, watching the movements of her supple body. Suddenly he rose and crossed the room. When Maggie

(Continued on page 90)

Mr. Harris choosing a Los Angeles home from his wall file of those that can be rented

Introducing the Quartermaster-General of the U. S. Movies

IN the pioneer days of the movies "hunting locations" was simple. Somebody knew someone who knew a cute house that looked like an English cottage, or an East Indian dak bungalow.

It's different now. With all these big Western pictures to make this summer, a location director like Fred Harris of Famous Players-Lasky has a job like an army quartermaster-general.

For instance, one company is down in Arizona making a Harold Bell Wright story into a picture. Harris has to see that all actors get there on the right train at the right time. The director found that he would need several tons of props and scenery. Also he would need some mule wagons for atmosphere. So Harris rented and bought seventy-two mules and their wagons; also he had to scare up professional mule-drivers enough to handle them. As the actors found that their artistic temperament needed good food, he had to send three French chefs.

As preparation for *The Vanishing American,* he had to build a road twenty or thirty miles long to make one of the old Indian cliff-dwellings accessible. Also he had to arrange provisions and transportation for thirty-five thousand Indians.

ONE of the great difficulties of a location director's life is getting electricity where it is wanted. Even on location, lights are now demanded. Therefore, Harris has several "juice wagons," so equipped that they can be sent on motor-trucks to locations in the immediate vicinity of the city; or shipped on flat cars to distant points.

Even the close-in location problem has become difficult. It used to be that any householder was tickled pink to have the movies working on his place. It is now the universal custom to charge a rental—usually about one hundred dollars a day. In Hollywood this is arranged, for the most part, by an association of society women who rent their houses on demand and give the proceeds to charity.

In addition to these house photographs which are on file, the location director has an immense collection of photographs of outdoor locations. Near Hollywood, it is possible to find towns that look like Scotland, New England, Wales, France—even Egypt.

Notably, two of the hardest locations to find are "hick" towns and stretches of open country that do not show automobiles or telegraph wires.

All the location directors lifted up their voices in one concerted wail of woe not long ago when somebody built a modern garage in the middle of a queer old-fashioned little town in Coachella Valley. With one ruthless jolt it was thus yanked up from the days of '49 to 1925.

Mr. Harris, like several of the other location directors, is a civil engineer and bridge-builder by profession. Modern location hunting is a job for an engineer—not an old-fashioned showman.

Mr. Harris points out to Herbert Brenon the route that the automobiles full of props and supplies will have to follow

What Is a Star?

Here's a new angle on an important subject. This penetrating article questions not only the qualities that make a star, but the entire System of Stardom as well

By Eugene V. Brewster

COME to think of it, how is one to say what constitutes a star? There is no dictionary or encyclopedia or Hoyle to tell us what a star is and whether a certain player is a star or not.

If anybody asked the question, "Is Rod La Rocque or Anna Q. Nilsson a star?" where can we go to get a correct, authoritative answer? Nowhere! Nobody has the right to say. It is a matter of opinion.

The word "star" is used in two senses. Buster Keaton is a star, but there are perhaps those who do not admire his work and who will say that he is not a star, and sometimes we see a young man or woman in a very small part who does it so excellently well that we involuntarily say, "He or she is a star"—which is not true in the other sense.

THE producers take it upon themselves to create stars but they often make a sad mistake. They pick out some promising leading man or leading woman, make a long contract with him or her, and announce to the world that they will star this player.

In one sense this person becomes a star, but, after all, it is for the public to say whether they accept this player as a star or not.

And the exhibiting theaters have a lot to do with it. How often have you seen, in the electric lights, something like this: "Lewis Stone and Wallace Beery in *Love and Romance*," with no mention of the person who is supposed to be the star in that play?

The theaters know pretty well what names draw the largest audiences, and they are quick to put these names in their headlines and in their electric lights, regardless of what the producer wants them to put there.

Of course, there are a few stars that always shine out and who never have any rivals in the same cast, such as Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Buster Keaton, Douglas Fairbanks, Colleen Moore, Mae Murray and Lillian Gish. In their respective lines these stars have no competitors and their names have sufficient drawing power not to require any support.

STAR: A luminous body, the recognition of which depends upon its brightness, and if this brightness fluctuates it is called a variable star. There are 4000 of these at present.
—from *The Encyclopedia Britannica.*

STAR: One of many distant celestial bodies, which are classified according to their relative brightness.
—from *Webster's Standard Dictionary.*

Is a star the person who does the best work in a picture?

Or is a star the one who is named in electric lights?

Do you think it is public opinion that makes a star?

Or does a star rise because a producer wills it?

Or do the players win stardom by their own efforts?

But there is a long list of other stars who haven't the box-office appeal and consequently you will find in the announcements such words as these: "With Noah Beery and Mary Astor"; or, "Supported by George Hackathorne and Claire Windsor."

And sometimes the names of the stars are not mentioned at all, the exhibitors believing that the players who are playing minor parts have more drawing power than the star.

VERY often we see a play where the star is entirely outshone by one of the players in a minor part. Take, for example, *The Swan.* Frances Howard was supposed to be the star in this picture, and her principal support was supposed to be the handsome Ricardo Cortez; but, as a matter of fact, Adolphe Menjou ran away with the picture and was the real star. Without him, the picture would have been very bad indeed, and I suspect that the exhibitors thruout the country featured Mr. Menjou rather than Miss Howard in their announcements and electric lights.

It is quite a problem for the producers. They want a picture to sell, and they have many stars under contract at large salaries, and they want these stars to remain stars, but what can they do if some of the minor characters outshine the star?

Players like Lewis Stone, Wallace and Noah Beery, Percy Marmont, Adolphe Menjou and Ernest Torrence certainly add to the box-office receipts of any picture and, therefore, it is well to include one or more of them in a cast. But what about the star? Can they afford to have the star outshone?

Lewis Stone is such a finished actor that all attention is riveted on him and he usually dominates nearly every scene.

What would the wonderful *Tol'able David* have been without Ernest Torrence?

How about *The Devil's Cargo* without Wallace Beery?

Would Jackie Coogan's *The Rag Man* have been so popular if he had not been supported by such an inter-

(*Continued on page* 103)

Confidences Off-Screen

By W. Adolphe Roberts

A Singing Star and a Dancing One

MEETING Doris Kenyon was a pleasure to which I had looked forward for years, in a very special, personal way. I admired her for something beyond the talent and charm she has shown in motion pictures.

Miss Kenyon, you see, is a poet and the daughter of a poet, James B. Kenyon. And when I was editing a certain popular magazine, I published some delicate and singing verse by her. She was on the legitimate stage then—just a name to me, but, of course, I wanted to know her.

After starting this department, I made several appointments with her, all of which had to be postponed. Once, unhappily, because she had been stricken with appendicitis. Then, at last, I went up to her roof apartment near Central Park for lunch.

As I had long had it in mind to do, I identified myself as the former editor of that popular magazine. But the effect was unexpected. She rushed to get her scrap-book, showed me my own letters of acceptance pasted there, and told me that the first poem I had taken was the first she had had published anywhere.

It was news to me. It was more than that. It was the most delightful thing that ever happened to me as an interviewer.

Doris Kenyon is a beautiful girl, with a cultivated mind. We had a talk about motion pictures which I shall not forget in a hurry. She went below the surface of her subject.

"Tho it's the newest of the arts, it's also one of the greatest," she said. "It makes beauty visible in a form that none of the others can parallel.

"The thrill in pictures to me is not so much the story that is told. Nor the emotions of the actors, important tho the latter may be. It's the fairylike use of movement itself to express moods and to give an intense glamour to life.

"Nothing can be more wonderful than to sit in a darkened theater, in absolute silence, and to watch a film reel off the turmoil of galloping horses one moment, and the next the slow embraces of lovers.

George P. Hommel

"I'm converted to the idea of using no make-up for acting," says Ben Lyon. But then, he's young and handsome enough to take chances without a mask of grease-paint

Virginia Valli is a charming mixture of sophistication and romance. She mourns her inability to find a sufficient number of glamourous rôles to interpret in the movies

Freulich

"Time can be speeded up or held back by the motion picture camera. I have in mind those marvelous scientific films which in twenty seconds show the unfolding of a flower, a progress that it actually took nature many days to achieve.

"But even the most banal movie has something of the same magical quality. It overleaps space as readily as it does time. There is a rhythm which is at the same time true to life and more splendid than life.

"The screen has brought romance within the reach of every one, and that is my best reason for being glad I am connected with it."

Miss Kenyon is interested in a great many things. Being a poet, she is fond of books, and knows how to appreciate generously the work of writers of her own times.

She is a lover of music. If she had chosen to seek a career as a singer, it could have been hers; for she has an excellent voice. Her favorite composer is Chopin. She spoke to me with admiration of certain pianists, especially de Pachmann.

And Miss Kenyon is an outdoor girl, too. She likes best to live in a house with a garden and wide grounds, beyond the hearing of city or town. In the winter, she hunts and goes in for snow sports with her brother in the Adirondacks.

Mae Murray showed me the quaint doll given at a special gala in her honor in Paris—and the ever-present photographer snapped us in the act

Doris Kenyon is the poet laureate among motion picture stars. But she has many other interests, including a love of the outdoors

The Last Word in Rhythm

Without doubt, Mae Murray is the most fascinating person to watch on a ballroom floor, whom it has ever been my luck to see. Her dancing is spectacularly good. But it has a quality over and above that. She makes visible like a flame her complete joy in the rhythm.

I followed her, entranced, with my eyes at Pola Negri's party several months ago. I knew better than to show myself up by asking her to give me a number. But I did get her promise for an interview, to take place when she returned from Europe.

The day I called to see her at the Ambassador was one of the hottest of the summer. But Mae looked cool and fresh in a gay, smart gown, and all of her corn-yellow hair showing thru a hat of green gauze.

I must describe the gown: it was so typically Mae Murray. The dominant colors were the yellow and red of the Spanish flag. The embroidered panel in front was a triumph of vivid harmony. I asked her whether she had bought it in Paris, and she said no. She always designed her own gowns and took the idea to a dressmaker for development. But the Parisian *couturiers* worked too slowly, required countless fittings, no matter how limited one's time was. So she had it made in New York.

"What was the nicest thing that happened to you abroad?" I asked.

"Meeting Franz Lehar, the composer of *The Merry Widow*," she answered promptly. "He was in Paris in connection with a revival of his operetta.

"Lehar is simple and untemperamental, as I am beginning to think all real geniuses are. He is wrapped up in his music, and spares time from it only to be charming to people who are trying to be artists too. He was perfectly sweet to me, and I am proud of the memory."

"Was the public abroad interested in your having been the first to do their ever-popular *Merry Widow* for the screen?"

"Flatteringly so. They played the waltz whenever I entered a café. And at the Florida in Paris, they gave a special gala for me. See, this was the favor!"—She picked up a quaint doll—"Let's have a picture taken with it."

A photographer appeared, as if by magic.

Confidentially, Miss Murray told me that von Stroheim at first intended to film *The Merry Widow* without a scene portraying the waltz. He did not want the flavor of musical comedy. But inevitably the waltz was restored as a featured episode.

I hope that many, many feet of film have been given to Mae dancing to the strains of *I Love You So*.

(*Continued on page* 100)

Intelligence Tests

Most of you have watched the stars on this page hundreds of times, for hours at a stretch. But did you really SEE them? Here's your chance to prove that you're as observing as Sherlock Holmes

A

A is a hard one; so we give you a clue: It's J. G., flirting with Renée Adorée

B

B is an easy one. You've seen this flapper over and over again—without the white wig. You've seen this leading man many times, too—without the Indian make-up. Who are they? Make it snappy!

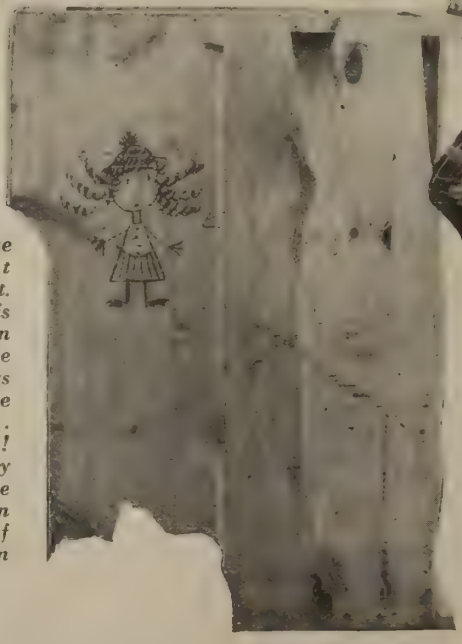
C is a perfect portrait of a well-known comedian. And you cant fail to recognize D's sad eyes—they've made you laugh so often

C

D

In E we give you a most pleasant test. The hero is minus a chin only; but the heroine has neither nose nor mouth. But, oh my! how many times you've seen them in this sort of close-up on the screen!

E



F

If you cant recognize F, you'd better be examined by a specialist in mental disorders

(Watch for Test No. 2 next month—and we'll print the correct answers to this test, too.)

Ten or Fifteen Years Ago

Extracts from the September numbers of this magazine from 1911 to 1915

September, 1911

They Still Pull This

IT is apparently only during the last year that the importance of the motion picture as an educator has been fully appreciated. . . . Its future is beyond calculation.

—From *The Movie Film as an Educator.*

The Price She Paid!

Dear Editor: In your May number I read an interesting article, *A Pleasant Afternoon.* It put me greatly in mind of my eleven-year-old son who used to coax me to attend the motion picture shows. I did not think it proper for a child to go to them until one evening my husband persuaded me to go. It proved to be an excellent show and there was nothing shown that I would not wish my boy to see. After that I often gave him a nickel and told him to go and enjoy himself and I knew that he would be off the street and in a safe place.

—From *Letters to the Editor.*

Some Speed

Ideal, St. Louis.—Yes, it would be very nice if you could see Miss Turner in all the Vitagraph pictures, but they are releasing four a week, and it takes about a week to make a full-reel subject. Sometimes it takes two or three, or even longer.

—From *The Answer Man.*

Modesty, or Mystery?

Biograph Players.—Numerous correspondents are advised that the Biograph Company does not give out any information as to the personalities of its players.

—From *News Notes.*

September, 1912

She's Still Acquiring Them

ALICE JOYCE recently acquired a new leading man. First, it was Carlyle Blackwell, then it was Guy Coombs, and now it is Rube Marquard, the famous baseball twirler. Unfortunately, Mr. Marquard is not on the regular Kalem pay-roll. He prefers to play with the Giants Company.

—From *Green Room Jottings.*

The Good Old Days

The writer has just been informed that the saloon-keepers of Saratoga Springs, New York, are not in sympathy with the motion picture theaters because they "injure the saloon business materially." There are many nickels and dimes that do not now find their way to the saloon cash-register.

—From *Letters to the Editor.*

The Versatile Alec

Alec B. Francis asks that the statement that John Adolfi played Cuthbert in Eclaire's *Living Memory* be corrected. He played the part himself and directed the picture as well.

Where Is Edith Now?

R. J., Cincinnati.—American releases two reels a week. Miss Bush plays in many of them. In Vitagraph's *The Telephone Girl,* Miss Edith Storey and Wallace Reid have the leads.

Still Going Strong!

S. W., Bronx.—Miss Beverly Bayne was Mary in Essanay's *White Roses.* Herbert Rawlinson was Bird in Selig's *The Girl and the Cowboy.* Hobart Bosworth had the lead in the same company's *The Hobo.* No, Marc McDermott is not nearly so cross as he looks in pictures; in fact, he's very genial, tho no "cut-up."

And No Income Tax!

Phyptz.—Some companies now use the cast on the screen. . . . There is no average salary for photo-players, but the majority of them get between $35 and $75. . . . The price of the average film is ten cents a foot. . . .

From *The Answer Man.*

September, 1913

'Twas Ever Thus

MARGUERITE COURTOT, the sixteen-year-old Kalem beauty, made such an impression during her stay at Jacksonville, Florida, that two private launches filled with young fellows followed the steamer on which she embarked for New York and shouted prolonged good-byes.

—From *Green Room Jottings.*

Signs of Early Thrift

Ruth Roland defies the Woman's Exchange. When a rainstorm suddenly stopped work at Kalem's Santa Monica outdoor studio, the young lady hustled home and put up ninety jars of jelly.

Helpful Hint

If J. Warren Kerrigan ever loses his job he will have no difficulty in getting one as a day laborer. His shoveling in *The Scapegoat* was as good as that of the real workmen.

We Are Spared This, Anyway

S. H. Hames, Los Angeles.—I feel just as you do about advertising on the screen, and I mean by this that advertising of tobacco, groceries, etc., in the films themselves is just as bad as slide advertising, and even worse. The practice has diminished of late and it will soon be discontinued entirely.

Wallace Reid and Mae Marsh in a scene from "Moonshine Molly," fictionized in the magazine for September, 1914. Bobby Harron played with them in this picture

It Has Come

Time will come when all companies will have the name of the writer on the screen as does Edison.

The Girl Shows Promise

W. J. C.—Yes, I agree with you about Norma Talmadge; she's a fine little player.

That's Right, Too

E. H., Salt Lake.—You want Lillian Gish to play dressed up parts? Perhaps she will now that she is in New York. She can do anything, and do it well.

—From *The Answer Man.*

My! My!

Charles Haight, Hoboken, says: The unscrupulous directors and scenario writers care naught for the morals of the rising generation. The classics and society drama are demanded by the picture-loving public. Also, light comedies, educational pictures of historical and geographical subjects, anthropology, zoölogy, and kindred subjects.

She Did!

. . . Tho the identities of the Biograph players are not disclosed, I know Mary Pickford and have the greatest admiration for this wonderfully clever actress. . . . It is really bad news to hear that she has left the pictures, but let us hope she will return ere long.

—From *Letters to the Editor.*

September, 1914

They're Still Arguing This

WHEN the motion-pitcure show first entered the entertainment field, many thought they saw in it but "a passing show." But as time goes on and more and more capital is being invested, it be-

(*Continued on page* 99)

New Pictures in Brief Review

Don Q—Romantic Melodrama

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has left the field of fantasy for melodrama—to bring forth a stirring, swinging, rollicking picture—one destined to be among his most popular canvases. He appears as Zorro's son—a Californian, who returns to Spain to brush up his education, but stays to encounter all kinds of adventure. There is a snap and go about this picture. It has a fine pace, excellent humor, plenty of color and atmosphere. It permits Fairbanks, as dynamic as ever, to cut high jinks as an expert of the whip. Exceptional acting is contributed by Warner Oland, Donald Crisp, and Jean Hersholt.—*United Artists.*

The Little French Girl—Romantic Drama

ANNE Douglas Sedgwick's best seller is not so entertaining in its celluloid shape. It has lost much of its charm and sly humor since it does not lend itself well to adaptation. However, it is a faithful transcription of the theme—because of the fine detail injected by Herbert Brenon. The readers of the book need not feel disappointed except in the inability of those in charge to catch the charm—and the failure of Mary Brian to carry out the requirements of the rôle. Alice Joyce is good as the mother and Neil Hamilton and Esther Ralston conduct themselves with fine poise and restraint.—*Paramount.*

The Spaniard—Romantic Drama

THIS romance of Spain against a background of bull-fights, bandits' strongholds in the Pyrenees—and love-making in a grandee's castle, certainly carries out all the color associated with such a type of story. No expense has been spared in transplanting Juanita Savage's popular novel to the silver sheet. Ricardo Cortez, in the rôle of a grandee and bull-fighter, is repulsed by a beautiful English girl during a visit to London. After a series of high-pressure caveman tactics he sweeps her off her feet. Cortez is well cast and so is Noah Beery, but Jetta Goudal is not capricious enough.—*Paramount.*

Beggar on Horseback—Comedy Drama

THAT satiric protest against big business, boobery and babbitry—which entertained New York and its visitors for so many months on the stage, has been transferred to the screen with fine imagination and invention. The hero, a musician, meekly protests against the humdrum conventions. He has a horrible nightmare in which everything is greatly exaggerated—and in which he commits a triple murder. He awakens to appreciate the sympathetic sweetheart. The dream carries the most fantastic sets. Splendidly acted by Edward Everett Horton as the hero.—*Paramount.*

Any Woman—Romantic Drama

THIS is just fair entertainment. It could have been made quite diverting had some attention been paid to appreciating the comedy values. The piece fairly cried for humor. But Henry King, who made it, has gaged it too fine. He has pointed it to bring forth its naturalness — stressing the simple scenes so long that the result invites tedium. It tells of an aristocratic girl compelled to go to work against her will. Of course, she charms her employer—and unwittingly becomes the other woman. But it all ends with the usual reconciliation. Alice Terry plays the lead.—*Paramount.*

I'll Show You the Town—Romantic Comedy

HERE is a bright, zippy picture, thoroly enjoyable in its high jinks. Reginald Denny has never had a more attractive film. It permits him to play the part of a congenial pal to the ladies. In other words, he is called upon to entertain three of them—one being married to a man too lazy to take her out, another being an elderly widow of means who would be youthful again, the third is a rich girl who wants to see the town. There is a lot of laughter accompanying this story of funny situations. Marion Nixon, Cissy Fitzgerald, and Lilyan Tashman are the ladies.—*Universal.*

In which twenty-four recent screen productions are selected and reviewed by LAURENCE REID

***My Wife and I*—Domestic Drama**

YOU'D never guess Harriet Beecher Stowe to be the author of this domestic triangle story. Which shows it has been modernized. It harps home upon the theme of a wife's disillusionment over her wayward husband and keeps so heavily on this key that it becomes tedious. The plot builds to a climax of reconciliation when the distressed wife prevents her son (equally wayward) from shooting his father—the boy being ignorant of the other man's identity. Both father and son are attentive to the same girl. Constance Bennett plays the flirt and Irene Rich extracts sympathy as the wife.—*Warner Brothers.*

***Old Home Week*—Comedy Drama**

TOM MEIGHAN has hit his stride here. This is the kind of yarn in which he excels and George Ade has dashed off an effervescent little study of a young man returning to the old home town—a hero. It is flavored with typical rustic high lights—and has been humanized with honest touches. The hero is a failure, but he is accepted as a successful go-getter because he has returned in company with some of the village's most prosperous old-timers. It is a whimsical study, played in whimsical style by Meighan. Lila Lee, Larry Wheat and Charles Dow Clark render fine assistance. —*Paramount.*

***Drusilla With a Million*—Drama**

HERE is a picture just made for the audience. Suggestive of *Over the Hill* in its characterization, and the different elements which compose it, there isn't a chance of the story failing in its appeal. It may be called hokum by some, but nevertheless it is the kind of hokum which always registers sure-fire. It affords Mary Carr many fine acting opportunities. She is the Drusilla of the title, who, inheriting a million, devotes her fortune and life to caring for abandoned tots—and who is haled into court when she takes in the baby of the wife of the son whose father disinherited him.—*F. B. O.*

***Wildfire*—Melodrama**

ANOTHER familiar type of race-track story is presented here. It hasn't much to sustain the interest because of its obvious plotting and the cut-and-dried incident. You can spot every scene —so that the element of surprise never figures. The heroine is in debt to the villain who owns the stables. Owning the horse she must win. So for much of the action we have scenes of the characters running around in circles. The story is weak—and the acting colorless except for some humor introduced by colored players. Aileen Pringle and Holmes Herbert play the leads.—*Vitagraph.*

***Kiss Me Again*—Domestic Comedy Drama**

NO director could have made this but Ernst Lubitsch. The artistic hand that fashioned such delightful humor from *The Marriage Circle* is very much in evidence again. It's a neat, little domestic mix-up—as fine and frail as silk. There is no plot—as plots are figured in screen stories. It rests upon the direction and acting to make it enjoyable. Lubitsch sees to the direction, and Adolphe Menjou, Monte Blue, John Roche, Clara Bow and Willard Louis see to the acting. It's light, but airy and graceful. It presents a lesson in how to retain the love of a wife.—*Warner Brothers.*

***Parisian Nights*—Melodrama**

THE Paris underworld provides most of the background of this story which runs true to form in its play of romance and conflict as expressed thru the characters of an apache and an American sculptress. She has lacked inspiration to create a masterpiece until the apache conveniently breaks into her home. She saves him from the gendarmes when he consents to become her model. They fall in love. It is exciting even tho it is theatric in development. Lou Tellegen and Elaine Hammerstein play the central rôles, but Renée Adorée gives the best performance.—*F. B. O.*

***Siege*—Drama**

We like this picture. It is something new in character studies—since instead of the central figure being drawn as a stern taskmaster, one sees a domineering woman of middle-age who refuses to give up her belief in the old traditions. She rules the town and everyone in it—including her relatives—with an iron hand. But youth comes along in the personality of her nephew's wife—fresh from the big city—and the old lady's spirit is eventually broken. The pathos is exceptionally fine. But it is Mary Alden as the old lady who makes it so enjoyable. A truly marvelous performance; the picture really mirrors life.—*Universal.*

***The Price of Pleasure*—Romantic Drama**

A pleasant little story has been built from the familiar theme of the shop-girl who, marrying into aristocratic circles, wins the enmity of her haughty in-laws. It is a character that always wins the sympathy. And with Virginia Valli expressing her wistful appeal the task is easy. You can spot the finish from the opening scene, but it succeeds in being a pretty good movie—balanced as it is with pathos and humor. The girl runs away. It is acted with feeling by others in the cast and T. Roy Barnes and Louise Fazenda take care of the comedy moments. An infant prodigy, however, just about steals the picture.—*Universal.*

***Stop Flirting*—Farce Comedy**

This is quite much ado about nothing, but it possesses sufficient laughs to keep you entertained most of the way. The episodes are woven around a flimsy story of a young wife whose flirtations with other men drive the husband to plot a phony disappearance in an air-plane so that he can cure his spouse. Eventually he masquerades as an escaped lunatic who imagines himself the Hunchback of Notre Dame. All of this leads to much merry-making by the principals, among whom are John T. Murray, Jimmie Adams, Wanda Hawley and Hallam Cooley. Dont take it too seriously—and you'll enjoy it.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

***The Crimson Runner*—Melodrama**

The Paris apache backgrounds have been replaced in this picture with the apache backgrounds of Vienna. Otherwise, this picture follows the hackneyed plot. Priscilla Dean is the heroine who vows vengeance against the destroyer of her home. In order to lead him a merry chase she turns into criminal paths—stealing from the rich to give to the poor. But her plans are forgotten when she encounters a sympathetic youth. It is a trite story at best—and Miss Dean's dynamic personality hasn't much chance for expression. Good performances are rendered by Alan Hale and Taylor Holmes.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*

***Just a Woman*—Domestic Drama**

Another story of the poor plodder who, rising to social position thru suddenly acquired wealth, is unable to stand prosperity. There is the other man, an inventor, who is nothing but a friend. The husband tires of domesticity and the story becomes ridiculous when divorce proceedings are started. A monkey figures as Exhibit A. It had frightened the wife in her sleep. The inventor pacifies her. And the husband's spies have the evidence. But the child reconciles them. It is a hackneyed story and the creditable acting by Claire Windsor, Conway Tearle and Percy Marmont is not enough to overcome its faults.—*First National.*

***Are Parents People?*—Domestic Drama**

Because it is handled intelligently—because it expresses a deal of depth and feeling, this shapes up as interesting entertainment. It is a story of incompatibility between a husband and wife whose daughter refuses to take sides. A young man advises her that parents are people—that they can be brought together by giving them a mutual worry. So the girl effects a reconciliation by flirting with scandal and disgrace. It's a simple story, well emphasized with human interest. Betty Bronson of *Peter Pan* fame plays the daughter with charm and authority, while Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor score as the parents. A good number.—*Paramount.*

Eve's Secret—Romantic Drama

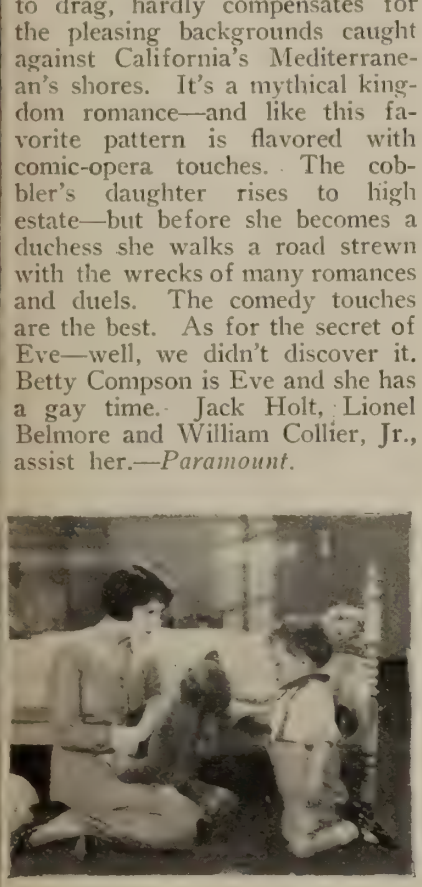
A CONVENTIONAL story, the scenes of which are inclined to drag, hardly compensates for the pleasing backgrounds caught against California's Mediterranean's shores. It's a mythical kingdom romance—and like this favorite pattern is flavored with comic-opera touches. The cobbler's daughter rises to high estate—but before she becomes a duchess she walks a road strewn with the wrecks of many romances and duels. The comedy touches are the best. As for the secret of Eve—well, we didn't discover it. Betty Compson is Eve and she has a gay time. Jack Holt, Lionel Belmore and William Collier, Jr., assist her.—*Paramount.*

The Teaser—Comedy Drama

DUE to the many deft comedy touches, the easy manner in which it is played, and the way in which the story harmonizes with its characters and settings, this little piece of comedy bric-à-brac manages to be quite enjoyable. There is enough romance, divorce complications and conflict of wits to make it sustaining even tho it fails in maintaining its sparkle and speed. We have a girl, thrust abruptly into society, in love with an uncouth cigar salesman who becomes a perfect Beau Brummel at the end of the story. Fairly bright and fairly breezy—with Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley, particularly, giving it the benefit of good performance.—*Universal.*

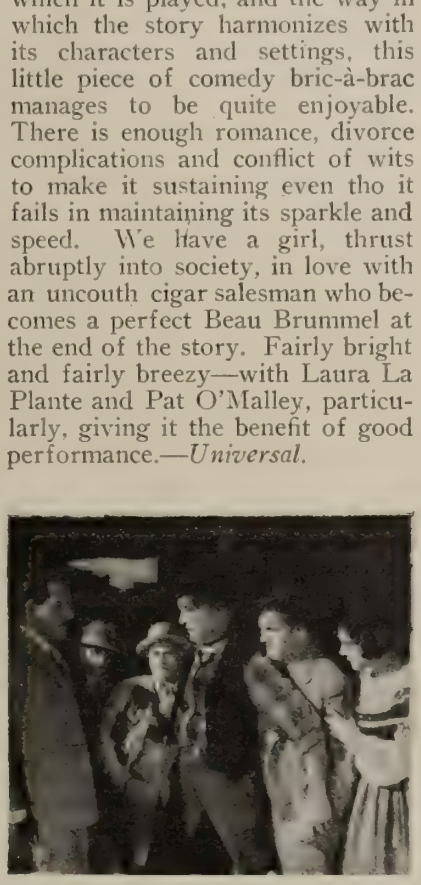
Hearts and Spurs—Melodrama

BUCK JONES has a lively Western which, while covering old ground, surely succeeds in holding the interest with its play of incident and action. There is the romance between the cowpuncher and the Eastern girl who has come to visit her brother at their ranch —and there is the conflict when the villain, a gambler, tries to embarrass the hero, as well as the other youth. Jones puts over his horsemanship, rescues the girl a few times, wins her love and captures the villain. Western plots dont offer much surprise, but if they're lively enough, that's all that really matters. It moves at a brisk pace and keeps you attentive if not in much suspense.—*Fox.*



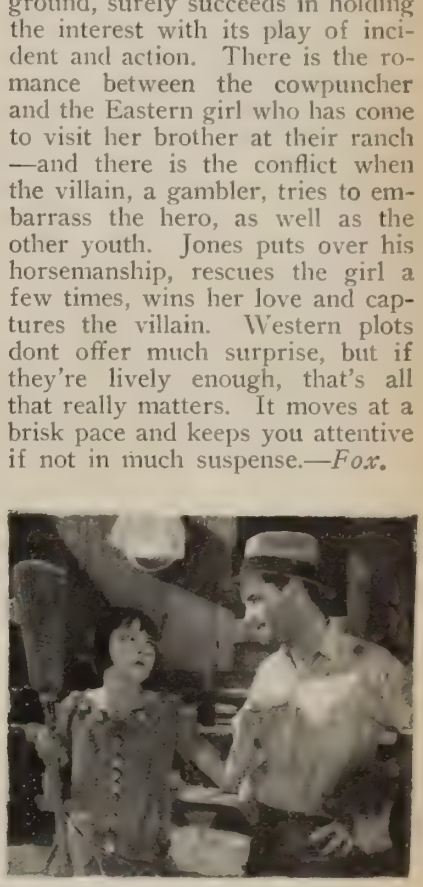
Scandal Proof—Melodrama

ONCE again we have the story of the little girl who performs big sacrifices, but the sentiment is too overstressed to ring as genuine. At that, the picture is the best thing which has come Shirley Mason's way in a long, long time. She foolishly accepts a cad's invitation to a week-end party, where she becomes involved in a murder. Indeed, thru circumstantial evidence, she is tried for the crime, but evidence is brought forth establishing her innocence. She runs away to begin life anew, and runs right into trouble again. But finally her honor is vindicated. In the cast are John Roche, Freeman Wood and Joseph Striker.—*Fox.*



Silent Sanderson—Melodrama

THE strong, silent man again—the man who suffers disillusionment over women. This particular woman had been loved by his brother, but in rejecting him for the man with the mustache, the youth broods over his blighted romance. The other man seizing his opportunity to make the youth's case look like suicide, murders him. The three principal characters are brought together again in the Yukon country. The silent man (Harry Carey) buys the girl from a honky-tonk proprietor after she has left her husband, but he melts under her charm and love. It skips too much ground to be convincing.—*Producers Distributing Corp.*



The Desert Flower—Romantic Melodrama

HAD the director and adapter treated this play seriously—had they followed the stage version in its entirety, it might have spelled old-fashioned hokum and failure. The screen version depicts the old plot being dressed up with humor. The "desert flower" brought up in a box-car by a brutal stepfather, steps into a honky-tonk as a dancing girl and has all the denizens on her side. Her aim is to bring a young wastrel to his senses by calling him a good-for-nothing. Colleen Moore gives it personality with her sense of humor. Lloyd Hughes, Frank Brownlee, and Kate Price are in the cast. A comedy twist makes it entertaining.—*First National.*

Speak Up!

Are you doing it?

Here's your chance to say your say about Pictures and Players and perhaps you'll Win a Prize in Our

$2,500.00 Contest

See page 87 for the Rules

IF you would ask us what the world's greatest pastime is, we would answer without one moment's hesitation "Writing criticisms of the movies." And if you show the slightest inclination to doubt our word, we can show you stacks and stacks of contributions received in *Your Opinion Contest*—evidence enough that our answer is correct.

All of us have been reminded at some time or other that everybody is entitled to his or her own opinion. But think of being entitled to any number of opinions! Why, it's like being shown a jar full of raisin cookies and told to help yourself.

And that's just what our readers are doing. They are helping themselves to the opportunities of a contest that gives them unlimited scope for expressing their thoughts about pictures that impress them.

Of course, in writing an opinion down on paper one has to be concise, explicit and clear if the opinion is to carry any weight; but these qualities are cultivated thru practice and each review you write helps you to write a better one.

The rules for this contest, in which $2,500 is offered in prizes, will be found on another page, but we want to remind you of a few points.

The picture which you criticize may be old or new, good or bad, according to your opinion of it. But regardless of what you think of the picture which you are reviewing, write the name of your favorite picture, your favorite movie actor and your favorite movie actress at the bottom of the sheet of paper.

If you neglect to include this information, you will be disappointed at the showing your favorites make when the final vote is counted.

Again, remember that there is no limit to the number of criticisms you may send in. We make special mention of this because so many inquiries on the subject have come to us.

AMONG those motion pictures for which a great number of reviews have been received is *Isn't Life Wonderful* and most of the writers comment enthusiastically with favor on this picture. The following excerpt from a criticism by Douglas F. Mussinon, of Cincinnati, Ohio, expresses in a pleasing manner the general impression that the picture seems to have made:

The object of the photoplay being to enthrall us with its beauty and entertainment, the creation, "Isn't Life Wonderful," is then a true motion picture.

The gentle story of Paul and Inga, containing pastoral beauty of a rare degree and entertaining with the most human characterization, leaves practically nothing to be desired. The pen may be taken up to lay bare its trifling faults, but the task is heartless when confronted by such a pæan of truth and beauty. It is said that every story has a definite course, an inevitable outcome, and here Griffith has not swerved from the naked tale that life has written.

Paul S. Lippold, of Baltimore, Maryland, while admitting the beauty of the picture, thinks it could be improved upon. He says in part:

There is something beautiful about "Isn't Life Wonderful." Frankly, I was much interested, yet I nearly fell asleep watching it, not because I was especially tired; but rather because the picture just isn't—you know the taste—potatoes without salt, etc.

As I saw it, "Isn't Life Wonderful" reminds me of a neglected rose garden in June; all the pretty roses almost choked by the unruly weeds. I am still burning with the thought of how I'd like very much to have that film, a pair of scissors and a few hours.

FROM the moment *Madame Sans-Gêne* was released, criticisms came pouring into our office from Gloria Swanson fans who find it difficult to separate their admiration for the star from their judgment of the picture's worth. Miss Florence Cisch, of Brooklyn, New York, begins her review with the paragraph that we print below, which summarizes her own opinion as well as the opinions of many others who have sent criticisms to us:

This Cinderella-like story is bound to transport you to other realms, and while there are a few improbabilities and incongruities, the direction is excellent; the theme is great; the cast is exceptional; the settings are not make-believe, but the real thing as the foot-notes hasten to assure us; the photography is remarkable and, if I have not worn out my stock of superlatives, Gloria Swanson is incomparable, charming.

C. M. Faunce, of San Francisco, gives an unprejudiced review from which we quote a part:

There can be no doubt about this picture being Gloria Swanson's most pretentious picture; yet when you have completely unwound its long-drawn-out, tedious

(*Cont. on p.* 117)

Top-Notch Players

Gloria Swanson	792
Ramon Novarro	754
Harold Lloyd	737
Richard Dix	723
Norma Talmadge	694
Colleen Moore	681
John Gilbert	679
Ben Lyon	677
Pola Negri	659
Corinne Griffith	653
Mary Pickford	652
Rudolph Valentino	615
Mae Murray	595
Charles Chaplin	576
Bebe Daniels	556
Alice Terry	550
Lloyd Hughes	539
Rod La Rocque	532
Lillian Gish	525
Norma Shearer	517
Douglas Fairbanks	511
Milton Sills	491
Monte Blue	481
Lewis Stone	479
Ricardo Cortez	462
Florence Vidor	434
Adolphe Menjou	423
Blanche Sweet	420
Marion Davies	408
Thomas Meighan	400
Tom Mix	390
Eleanor Boardman	387
Anna Q. Nilsson	385
Bessie Love	370

Top-Notch Pictures

The Covered Wagon	477
The Birth of a Nation	465
The Ten Commandments	460
Scaramouche	424
The Sea Hawk	423
Monsieur Beaucaire	422
Manhandled	404
Orphans of the Storm	389
Robin Hood	384
Broken Blossoms	383
The Lady	379
The Thief of Bagdad	376
Tess of the D'Urbervilles	362
The Red Lily	354
Peter Pan	352
The Humming Bird	346
Abraham Lincoln	341
North of 36	332
The White Sister	330
So Big	324
The Marriage Circle	322
Forbidden Paradise	321
Hot Water	320
Tol'able David	320
The Thundering Herd	316
The Mark of Zorro	303

Looks or Cooks?

Presenting a Domestic Tragedy in Three Scenes—and Pointing a Valuable Moral

FOREWORD.—*We haven't seen Constance Talmadge's new picture, "Her Sister from Paris," but in looking over the scenes from it, we saw an excellent opportunity to preach a sermon to certain people we know*

SCENE I

Here's Connie, just married. She is beautiful, charming, exquisitely gowned. She is full of noble resolutions. Such as: She is going to be a perfect helpmate for her young husband (Ronald Colman). While he struggles in a dingy office all day, she will sweep and dust, and cook and sew—yes, she'll even do the washing and ironing. And she'll just love to do it! Who said housework was drudgery, anyway? It's absolute joy when you're doing it for HIM! And so on, and so on, and so on . . .

SCENE II

It is six weeks later—not six years, as you might believe from Connie's appearance. You have here proof positive that she has carried out her noble resolutions. She's lost her looks and her style. She's been making her own clothes, and cooking her own doughnuts. And the result is: chronic indigestion for Friend Husband, which lowers his efficiency so he has to bring work home at night. The poor worm! you say; why doesn't he turn?

SCENE III

He does turn. He stamps and swears and scolds, and Connie makes a new resolution—to be a looker not a cooker. She dons her wedding-gown and a picture hat, and they go to a gay cabaret and spend forty dollars and keep on doing it and live happily ever after

(Curtain)

On the Camera Coast

Items of news and bits of gossip about the stars and studios of Hollywood

Irene Rich is a real gardener. Her special pride are the roses that grow and climb all over her home

IN mad and breathless haste, I hasten with this message to the world:

To be a sheik and a devil with women, pin your ears back.

Anyhow, that's how Elinor Glyn made Conrad Nagel into one.

To everyone's astonishment, Mrs. Glyn fixed upon Conrad as the flaming hero of the picture she has just finished—just as she did in *Three Weeks*. This time she made him pin his mild and benevolent ears back to his head: she says it gives him that devilish look. The operation, it seems, is performed every time he makes up by the simple device of putting some glue right behind the ear.

HOLLYWOOD isn't easily startled: but Nita Naldi fairly took the film colony's breath away at the Sixty Club dance last week. She wore the most daring gown ever seen in these parts. I couldn't describe it: I dont know any words that are little enough.

If Nita were to take it into her head to go to Paris, and pull the same line of stuff she does here, she would be a tearing international sensation. Outside the family circle, however, Nita would probably lose her nerve. At heart, she is just a sassy, overgrown flapper.

KING VIDOR speaks sad and doleful words in reference to the divorce that Florence Vidor, after a two years' separation, has filed against him.

He doesn't believe that any marriages are really and actually happy: but certainly not marriages in which the contracting parties are both in the movies. There is plenty of natural antagonism in any circumstances without bringing in professional rivalries.

Back in the mind of every dark-haired woman lies the sneaking conviction that she'd be a knock-out as a blonde. Eleanor Boardman has joined the flaxen procession in "The Only Thing." Doesn't she remind you of Alice Terry?

THE stars of Hollywood are divided between building country houses and buying whippets. Norma Talmadge is building a gorgeous mansion at the seashore. Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thomson, are finishing a country estate near the Ince home in Benedict Canyon. It has nine acres of ground on the top of a hill overlooking Beverly Hills. Among other features it will have a big riding-ring for training Mr. Thomson's horses.

As to whippets—— Every season the style in

Across these pages is a constellation that makes the stars you see in the sky look like two cents. See if you can recognize your favorites. In case you cant, those in the front row, reading from left to right, are: Dale Fuller, Charlie Murray, Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, Claire Windsor, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Mae Busch, Eleanor Boardman, Mathew Betz, Tom Moore and George K. Arthur. In the rear row are: Cecil Holland, Irving Hartley, Nigel de Brulier, Sidney Bracey, Roy Stewart, Evelyn Pierce, Miss Dupont, Ford Sterling, William Haines, Gertrude Olmstead, Sojin, Zasu Pitts, Lucille La Seur, Creighton Hale, Ramon Novarro, Renée Adorée, Pat O'Malley, Sally O'Neil and Roy D'Arcy

dogs changes. Two years ago it was police dogs: last year it was Scotch terriers. Now these little racing hounds.

I never have been able to find out what becomes of the discarded crop of the previous year. Anyhow, to belong, you have to own one of these nervous little black streaks.

MARION DAVIES has a little problem. Now that the Hearst forces have virtually retired from pictures, she finds herself just one of the many stars of the Metro-Mayer-Goldwyn studio. Until now she has been an undisputed queen, BUT—*and this should be announced in a hoarse whisper*—of all the studios, the one where the stars and the directors have to take orders with the greatest meekness, is in the M-G-M. Just how Miss Davies will survive this ordeal is yet to be seen. Luckily, she is a sweet, amiable girl, and a good sport. She is now making her first picture under this new arrangement—a screen version of *The Merry Wives of Gotham,* with Monta Bell as director.

Recently Miss Davies bought a large tract of land back of Santa Monica; and every one supposed that she was about to start one of the country estates which are becoming so popular in Hollywood. When I asked her about it, she did a little pirouette that made her old-fashioned hoop skirts stand out. "Not for mine," she said. "Anyone who yearns for bucolic joys can have them. The little old town has too many fascinations for me."

Miss Davies' best pal in Hollywood right now is Charlie Chaplin. Not a love affair, of course. But they like to go to each other's studios and kid around together like two little children.

Charlie, by the way, can always be depended upon to supply Hollywood with some kind of a thrill. It is gossiped around the studios now that Charles has suddenly begun to court his young wife again. As Mildred Harris has already confided to the world, the business of being married to Charlie is dismaying. Sometimes he wanders away and forgets all about you.

Did you ever see more battered knights of the road than these? The cigar smoker is Willard Louis, above him is Eddie Gribbon and on top is Monte Blue. Watch them in "The Limited Mail"

It's some time since Gloria held a job as bathing beauty, but this picture is proof that she'd still be a success in that line if she wanted to

THE three wretches who plotted to kidnap Mary Pickford and hold her for a ransom, have changed their minds about being penitent. They were expected to plead

Both the picture above and the one at the right should be included in our Intelligence Test on page 60. They're all old friends but you'd never in the world recognize them here. Just out of good nature, we'll put you wise. The absurdly bottoned pair at the top are May McAvoy and Pat O'Malley in "My Old Dutch," and the gentle, saintly-looking girl at the right is gay little Marie Prevost—yes, honest it is!

But there's no doubt as to the identities of the boys in the picture below. It's a family gathering of the Moores—Jo and Tom and Matt. Owen is missing

guilty after their confession, and go to state prison with meekness and contrition. They have now changed their minds and will put up a fight for their liberty. They rely upon the fact that, altho they laid the plot, they never actually did anything.

Mary announced that she was too busy to go to court to appear against them, so Douglas went in her behalf and identified the men.

Little Annie Rooney having been completed, Mary is already getting ready to make another one. This is a story called *Scraps,* where she appears as the manager of a baby farm.

There is some prospect that Mary may appear later in a story written for her by Elinor Glyn—altho Mary's business advisers are a little dubious as to what the public would think of Mary in combination with Mrs. Glyn. The talented Elinor is very anxious to direct the picture herself.

I hear, by the way, that Mrs. Glyn is in the midst of a young rebellion in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She objects to the studio executives' editing her pictures after she has edited them. Her contract has expired and it is very doubtful if she will sign again. She told me that she was becoming discouraged with the whole motion picture business on account of the persistent interference.

THE business of production in all studios was almost brought to a standstill last week during the convention of the Mystic Shriners. As a matter of hospitality, all the studios were thrown open. As many as five thousand visitors a day went thru the principal studios. This, of course, made picture-taking a mockery. The loss in time and money must have been very great.

JOHN BARRYMORE now finds himself in the midst of the greatest grief of picture making. He has arrived in Hollywood prepared to be screened; but at this writing his plans are at a standstill because he cant find a story. He will be directed by Millard Webb, one of the youngest of the Warner directors. The truth is, Mr. Barrymore practically directs himself.

ERNST LUBITSCH has become the champion host of Hollywood. In his Beverly Hills place—next door to Pola Negri's—he has a big swimming-pool. Now that summer has come, he has thrown this open and gives a big party every Sunday. You see all the celebrities of the film colony there.

Another place that has been very popular this season is the ice-skating rink. Ice hockey has been a great recreation this year. For some reason, Shirley Mason and Viola Dana seem to

(*Continued on page* 92)

Ramon Novarro and the famous marble study of Lillian Gish, posed especially for this magazine by Albin

Ramon Strums His Lute and Sings to His Lillian

He told us that he never would have the courage to serenade the real Lillian, tho he has long desired to do just this very thing. For Ramon is a most romantic young soul. He should have lived in the days of the troubadours. And for that matter, Lillian is not of this pushing, practical age either. She was born many centuries too late.

It is strange that two such kindred spirits, and brilliant artists, whose admiration for each other's work and belief in each other's genius is mutual, should have formed a silent screen friendship only. But, so far, the time and the place have never been propitious.

However, they are both to be in Hollywood this fall for several weeks—months, maybe. And perhaps—who knows?—some perfumed moonlit night, Ramon, with his lute, may dare to sing an old Florentine love song under Lillian's window.

Behind the Fitting-Room Door

Here is Part Two of the intriguing article which began last month: Howard Greer has found out a lot of things about the stars since he started designing their costumes, and the stories he has told to Virginia Penn will surprise and delight you

Dorothy Mackaill changes her whole nature with her clothes

"I'VE talked a lot about how difficult the girls are to please," Howard Greer, designer and dressmaker for Famous Players-Lasky, remarked. "And it's true they are very fussy about the kind of clothes they wear and the way they are made. But dont run away with the idea that they're any worse than the men.

"You wouldn't expect it, but men are really the most particular of the two. They have to inspect every stitch on an outfit before they will O. K. it. And, even then, a lot of them go away with an expression of grave doubt on their faces.

"I think they are never quite sure of their own opinions. There's one thing about a girl. She may be hard to please—but, once a thing is finally done the way she likes it, she's perfectly satisfied. With a man, there's always an awful suspicion that he's going to get out in front of the screen and then find that he looks simply terrible after all."

Mr. Greer gave a hearty laugh that made him seem absurdly young to be one of the most successful costume designers in the motion picture game.

"The way they fuss about their waistlines and the fit of a coat!" he exclaimed. "I never saw a woman who could equal them.

"Wallace Beery is the hardest man to please. He keeps saying, 'Of course, I'm no dressmaker, and I dont really know a thing about it—but I dont think this can be right. I seem to stick out too much here, and it looks awfully funny there.'

"Antonio Moreno is perfectly happy so long as I give him plenty of gorgeous fabrics and gay colors.

"Men say to me: 'You lucky dog! Up here with all those beautiful women! Pretty soft!' But sometimes it doesn't seem all luck to me!"

The first thing to do, according to this sage of the costume department, when dealing with either stars or lesser lights, is to make them feel that a fault in figure doesn't matter.

If they are built like lathes, he will say: "You know, Irene Castle made the boyish figure fashionable."

"I dont think this can be right," Wallace Beery keeps saying. "I seem to stick out too much here, and it looks awfully funny there"

According to Howard Greer, Constance Bennett has a native ability to make her costume charming—just by the style and grace with which she carries herself. The way she ties a sash, the air with which she wears a hat, these are the things that make her one of the smartest-looking girls in Hollywood

Do you know that Wallace Beery is the hardest man to please with his costumes?

Antonio Moreno doesn't like to wear anything but gay colors?

Jetta Goudal is the most temperamental woman fitted?

Constance Bennett has the greatest flair for dress?

Anna Q. Nilsson is the most perfectly proportioned star?

Dorothy Cummings beats even Gloria Swanson on style?

Kathlyn Williams is the Grande Dame of the fitting-room?

Louise Fazenda doesn't know how stunning she looks?

Gorgeous fabrics and gay colors for Antonio Moreno!

If Jetta Goudal could be rendered temporarily dumb, so that the costumes for her pictures could be designed with no back talk, Mr. Greer says he would be able to die happy

Louise Fazenda is convinced she cant wear clothes well. "God made me this way," says she. "I cant help it!"

If they resemble the Gibson ideal, he will remark that, after all, the beauty that appealed to the Greeks is the beauty that lives on, and curves are really feminine!

Mr. Greer is not being merely diplomatic in this, however, for, if a woman loses her self-consciousness, and can be made to see that what she considers a drawback can be so treated that it will become an asset, she is made.

"THE woman who inspires me with the most fascinating clothes ideas—aside from Betty Compson and Pola Negri"—the designer confessed, "is Jetta Goudal—and she has proved to be the most disappointing woman I ever dressed. She is, you see, a very difficult person. She is so particular about tiny details, and we work so long and so hard over one seam, that we lose perspective on the dress.

"Jetta is forever taking hold of the fabric and saying: 'We must have a seam here—I'll pin it!'

"The thing is presently all seams, and we dont use 'em any more, you know. A garment is cut with as few openings as possible. She is so exasperating sometimes that you forget she is beautiful!

"I feel that actors are engaged to act, directors to direct, scene-painters to paint, and that *I am engaged to create clothes.* While the suggestions of the

(Continued on page 88)

Mr. Patrick was christened John, and he's never been called Jack. His kid nickname was Pat, instead. But since he's become a best bet as a box-office attraction, his special cronies have taken to calling him Saint. They give three reasons for this. First: To emphasize his nationality—could any combination of names be more Irish than Saint Patrick? Second: Because he has high ideals and principles and sticks to them. Third: Because five out of every six of the dozens of women fans, who write to him daily, say that they worship him

Saint Pat is music mad. His Japanese servant wakes him in the morning by playing a record: Something haunting by Kreisler or another violinist if the sun is out; and the latest jazz by the jazziest orchestra if the day is gloomy

And, of course, he possesses a marvelous concert grand piano, and, of course, he plays it very well and very often. He sings, too; and has a complete collection of rare old Irish folk-songs

It goes without saying that the radio is a great influence for happiness in his life. He tunes in for a private concert every morning before he goes to the studio. And he'd rather stay home in the evening, all by his lone, and experiment with the music in the air, than go to the theater or a dance or a gay party

"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning"

The Author's Solution to

The Fangs of the Leopard

The Unfinished Mystery in the July Number

Here it is at last! The winner in our Unfinished Mystery Story Contest! The solution of the author, Gordon Malherbe Hillman, is given first, and we follow it with the solution which, in our opinion, was the most original and cleverly expressed

There's another Unfinished Mystery in this month's magazine on page 39—so get busy! There's a prize to be won, and everybody's eligible!

"AND now, Monsieur," said Gaillard, turning to Ted, "you will accompany me to the Prefecture of Police!"

During the short ride to the Prefecture, Ted protested violently at Rutledge's arrest, but the Prefect only nodded during intervals of apparently going to sleep.

"But," said Ted, when at last they were seated in the Prefect's office, "it would have been impossible for Mr. Rutledge to have entered the studio without being seen by the detectives."

"*Mais non!*" cried the Prefect, rubbing his hands. "That part of the mystery was solved last night, Monsieur. There is, as you will remember, no exit visible from the interior, save the front door. So, Monsieur, we searched the *outside* of the studio with field-glasses. Far up under the gargoyles of the roof, we discovered a small and shuttered window. Above that a wisp of rope hung from the head of a gargoyle. At once, the problem solved itself. The Leopard entered the top story of the next building, flung a rope about the head of this certain gargoyle, and with the aid of it, ascended the almost perpendicular roof. He then entered the secret window. . . ."

"But I have been all over the studio and there was no window!" protested Ted.

"It was concealed beneath the framed map of the Battle of the Somme, which hung upon the wall. The Leopard, let us say, entered, and left in this manner. *Voilà!* It is simple, is it not?"

'But Mona?" cried Ted.

Illustration by August Henkel

Mona was drugged and cruelly bound—but alive

The Prefect shrugged his shoulders. "The Leopard must have carried her down the roofs on his shoulders. It is impossible that any man could bear a full-grown woman with him down a roof he could hardly descend alone, but it is the only solution. If Monsieur will wait an hour, I think we will have further news for him."

The clock's hands seemed to crawl, but when they had reached the three-quarter mark, the door was suddenly flung open. There, between two gendarmes, stood Lalou!

"The Leopard!" cried Ted.

"Ah, no, Monsieur," said the Prefect, "Merely the finest detective in all France!"

Lalou bowed. "The Leopard," he said, "is in the trap!"

The Prefect's eyebrows raised slightly. "Ah! And the lady?"

"——Is quite safe!"

The Prefect sighed and patted his stomach. "Very well. Have a chair and give us your report, *Mon Brave!* It should be interesting!"

"As you know," began Lalou, "we began with the theory that the Leopard had carried off his prey over the roofs. Doubting this, I spent the night near the studio, trying to reconstruct the crime. At dawn I was called to the Morgue by the discovery of the body of the Marquis. By this stroke, the suspects were reduced to two, you, Monsieur Dawson, and Monsieur Rutledge. I advised the Prefect that your friend should be arrested and you detained, while I continued my investigations.

"On my return to the studio, I found that the Marquis'

(*Continued on page 96*)

Nita Naldi uses an aureate shade of powder when her skin is tanned

Star Points on Sun and Wind

In which favorite movie actresses give you timely beauty hints

Nita Naldi says:

GIRLS and women who find most of their enjoyment in being out-of-doors during the summer months are often proud of what they call a healthy coat of tan. They are proud, that is, so long as the sun is high. But when evening comes and the time arrives to lay aside sports clothes for a dinner gown or dance frock, then any one of them would give a great deal to be rid of her coat of tan.

The only solution, of course, is to cover up the tan, since it cannot be removed instantaneously. The usual method of hiding tanned skin is to use a heavy liquid powder. That is an effective way, too, but I think I have a better one.

I use a face powder in aureate shade which blends in with the tan color of my skin and I think the results are more pleasing than the liquid powder treatment. I apply the powder carefully to my face, neck, shoulders and arms after I have used cleansing cream and astringent and I have no difficulty in keeping it on.

If your face is inclined to be very red, you can neutralize its color by mixing a tiny bit of green powder with your own particular shade.

"I hate freckles," Vera Reynolds exclaims, and then tells of her cold-cream preventive treatment

Vera Reynolds says:

ONE or two freckles placed conspicuously on the nose might add to one's attractiveness, but did you ever try to convince a girl of this fact? All of us abhor the brown patches, regardless of how very tiny they are, and when they appear any of us would be willing to peel our face to get rid of them.

My secret lies in protecting my skin against freckles. The treatment is simple and consists of applying cold-cream and face powder on my face, neck and arms before I step out of the house in the morning. I use a large amount of each and work it well into the skin.

There is one precaution to be taken in following this suggestion. You must remove this mask carefully in order to prevent enlarged pores. Use warm water and pure soap, a good cleansing cream and an astringent.

If freckles have already made their appearance on your face and arms, I know of nothing better than a freshly cut lemon rubbed over the skin.

June Marlowe says:

If there is anything less attractive than hair that has become lifeless from lack of sun baths, it is the other extreme of hair that has become sunburnt from too constant exposure to the strong rays of a summer's sun.

The color begins to change as the sunburn takes hold and we do not know from one day to the next what color it will be. The effect is much the same as that caused by hot curling irons. The hair is dry and crisp and falls out.

June Marlowe has learned how to protect her hair from the deadly effects of sunburn

I wear a comfortable hat when I am in the sun, if it is at all possible. Sometimes, however, I am not as careful as I should be and I notice that my hair has an inclination to change color. Then I run for my glycerin and water.

I use one teaspoonful of glycerin to a pint of water and apply it night and morning by putting a little on the palms of my hands and then patting my head evenly. The sun will not penetrate this protective covering.

Alberta Vaughn (right) keeps her complexion lovely in summer because she drinks six glasses of cool water daily and eats green vegetables and fresh fruits. She also drinks a great deal of buttermilk and frequently bathes her face, neck and arms in it

Natalie Kingston (above) never suffers from burning feet because she has learned how to alleviate this discomfort by using two home remedies which she tells you about

Alberta Vaughn says:

It seems so easy for every one to have a lovely complexion during the summer months because it is then that we are likely to eat more vegetables and fruits, which are beautifiers of the first rank.

I never let a day go by without drinking six glasses of cool, fresh water—not ice-cold, mind you, nor insipidly warm, but cool enough to be palatable. Then I eat all I want of spinach, carrots, beets, string beans and other seasonable vegetables.

(Continued on page 120)

In and Out of the Eastern Studios

THE filming of *The Knock-Out*, Milton Sills' new picture, being finished, Lorna Duveen, his leading lady, is waiting in a state of suspended animation for its release. This is her first real part in pictures and if she makes good in it there's a marvelous contract ready for her to sign.

WE didn't know, until Dick Barthelmess told us this story, that there was anybody left on earth who didn't know all about motion pictures. Some of the scenes of *The Beautiful City* were taken in an Automat Restaurant down in lower New York. It's a story of the underworld and the cast was badly in need of a down-and-out starving tramp, who could eat an indefinite amount of food registering wild surprise and enthusiasm.

They found the man they wanted—found him on a park bench with an authentic appetite and a hard-luck story. Explaining nothing, they walked him into the Automat and gave him all he could eat. No trained and seasoned star could have equaled the performance that followed. He had never seen a movie and had no idea what it was all about, but he ate without question or comment. After he had finished they gave him ten dollars salary—which completed his bewilderment. It took him some time to find a pocket sound enough to keep a ten-dollar bill from falling thru.

AMONG many other admirers, we waved an enthusiastic good-bye to Bebe Daniels yesterday afternoon. She's off to Bermuda to shoot scenes in *Quarantine*. The cast, including Harrison Ford and Alfred Lunt, have gone with her.

Having waved good-bye to Bebe, we dashed madly across town just in time to shout "Hello!" to George Hackathorne, who has just come back to New York after finishing *His Master's Voice*.

DAGMAR GODOWSKY almost made a speech at the opening of Loew's Coney Island Theater recently. The entire performance was impromptu, and someone spied Miss Godowsky in the audience and dragged her up to the stage. However, that was as far as it ever got. Beyond smiles and blushes and an imploring "No!" Miss Godowsky refused to perform. A feature of the opening was a large dinner-party which was attended by a great many motion picture stars and members of the press.

When Pauline Starke became the owner of a whippet, one of these nervous, excitable and unbelievably fleet racing dogs, she certainly started something. Without a moment's hesitation everybody in Hollywood rushed out and brought home a little whippet of his own. And now the racing dogs—or rather the vogue for them—has dashed clear across the Continent, and Long Island threatens to become streaked and criss-crossed with whippets in flight. In this picture Pauline is holding back her champion, "White Prince"; while Conrad Nagel holds "Paris"

AFTER the recent outburst of fashion pictures, Leon Errol says he feels that it is up to him to produce one all his own. The title he has chosen is *Clothes Make the Pirate*. Somehow we feel that the sight of Leon all dressed up in a pirate's outfit is a thing worth living for.

POOR Ramon Novarro! He seems doomed to travel from spot to spot without even having time to unpack his trunk. However, he appears to be thriving on his wanderings, and when we talked with him in New York, just before he left for the Coast, he was all full of enthusiasm over a new picture which involves another trip abroad.

The picture ought to be a knock-out; it's an adaptation of the famous *Old Heidelberg* which has thrilled audiences for many years. Just what the lasting charm of this story is would be hard to say, but no number of new plays seems to be able to steal its popularity.

When that is finished, Ramon intends to take a long jump to the South Seas and make a picture called *Tongo*. This is the story of a white boy who is brought up among savages. After he is a grown man he meets and lives with his own kind for the first time. It is the effect of civilization upon his character that makes up the interest of the story.

There's just one thing that Ramon insists shall never happen to him. Never, never, declares this earnest youth, will he become a type. Each new picture that he makes must strike a new note, touch an entirely new side of life. Wherein he shows a most remarkable wisdom.

ANN CORNWALL is in New York playing, not in motion pictures, but in the shops and stores. In other words, Ann is laying in a supply of new clothes. With her, paying bills, carrying bundles, etc., is her husband. Ann has just finished a picture, *Keep Smiling*, which was made on the Coast.

THIS is certainly the age of inventions. In Glenn Hunter's new picture, *The Pinch Hitter*, they invent a machine that should keep Babe Ruth awake nights—namely, a mechanical baseball heaver and bat.

THE most thrilling and harrowing tale we've heard lately is one that Doris Kenyon told us on location a few days ago. During the filming of *The Half-Way Girl* they wanted to shoot scenes of a sudden fire on board ship. So they soaked a lot of waste in gunpowder and gasoline and put it in the hold of the yacht and then touched it off. The idea was that there would be a sudden burst of flame, the picture would be shot, and the fire would be over and done with before the yacht actually had time to start burning.

Miss Kenyon was standing well back out of reach of the fire they expected to produce. But among earth's wild and untamable animals, gunpowder and gasoline are about the least amenable to reason. The flames shot out—in fact, they continued to shoot many feet farther than anyone had expected. Miss Kenyon was suddenly enveloped in the conflagration.

Robert Ryan, one of the assistant directors, sprang to her thru a sheet of flame and flung her to the deck, shielding her and beating out the fire that had already started in her light summer dress. Miss Kenyon was barely scorched, but Bob landed in the hospital so badly burned that it will be many days before he'll be free of his bandages.

"SHOT thru the air like a bullet out of a gun," may not be such a powerful statement hereafter. The Eastman Kodak Company have made a discovery whereby camera plates can be speeded up one hundred per cent. It will be possible by this process to make the flight of the bullet resemble the ambling of a tortoise.

HERE's a bit of both good and bad news. Tom Meighan and Norma Talmadge are going to make a picture together. That's the good part of the news; the bad part is that it means

(*Continued on page* 98)

As Mrs. Livingston Fairbank of Chicago sees it

"Today women are better groomed, just as they are healthier and more efficient than ever before. Their skins, particularly, are kept clear, fresh, youthful. Pond's two delightful Creams are responsible for thousands of lovely complexions."

Miriam Fairbank.

ONE may always recognize Mrs. Livingston Fairbank's winsome smile in her box at the Chicago Opera. One sees her at the Twelfth-night Balls which mark the height of the social season. And her Sunday evening musicales, at which one meets and hears a distinguished company of artists and musicians, mingling with the music-lovers of Society, are occasions of rare delight.

Mrs. Fairbank had just returned from Palm Beach when I encountered her on the Boulevard one March morning.

"How could you leave blue sea and oleanders for this—dust, soot and gales?" I asked her, gesturing at the atmosphere. "They're disastrous to one's skin. But you seem to thrive!" I added. "You're like a Dorothy Perkins rose this morning. Did Palm Beach teach you a new secret?"

"When you've lived in Chicago as long as I," laughed Mrs. Fairbank, "you'll know you can have a perfectly good complexion—even a lovely one—right here in spite of unfriendly elements."

"What *do* you do," I begged her, "to keep so unblemished in the midst of soot and dust?"

"I JUST use Pond's Two Creams," she answered, "the very same two that I found so many of my friends were using. A simple method—requiring only a few moments each day." And then she told me how: *Every day, and more frequently than once if you have been out a great deal,* cleanse your face, neck, throat, arms and hands with Pond's Cold Cream. Let it stay on a few moments. Remove every vestige with a soft cloth which reveals how much dirt the pure oils of this delicate cream have brought from the depths of your pores. Do it all over again. Now close the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with ice.

If your skin is dry, use more Pond's Cold Cream after cleansing, before retiring, and leave it on all night. Your skin will be softened, yet toned to elasticity, too. And how white and soft your hands! If your skin is oily, Pond's Cold Cream will free the pores from all accumulated oils.

THE *complementary step in the Pond's Method of skin care* is to smooth over the skin of your face, throat and hands a gossamer of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a soft even-toned finish, a new lustre. It protects it—denying the power of wind and sun to coarsen and burn, of soot and dust to mar the fineness of its texture. And it keeps the soft whiteness of your hands! Now, too, your powder and rouge go on with smoothness and blend with natural charm. So always use it before powdering and before going out.

Try Pond's for yourself. The unfailing results which have commended this method to Mrs. Fairbank and the loveliest, most perfectly groomed Society leaders everywhere, will also endear these Creams to you.

Free Offer

Mail coupon for free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J
143 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....Street.....

City..... State.....

MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK

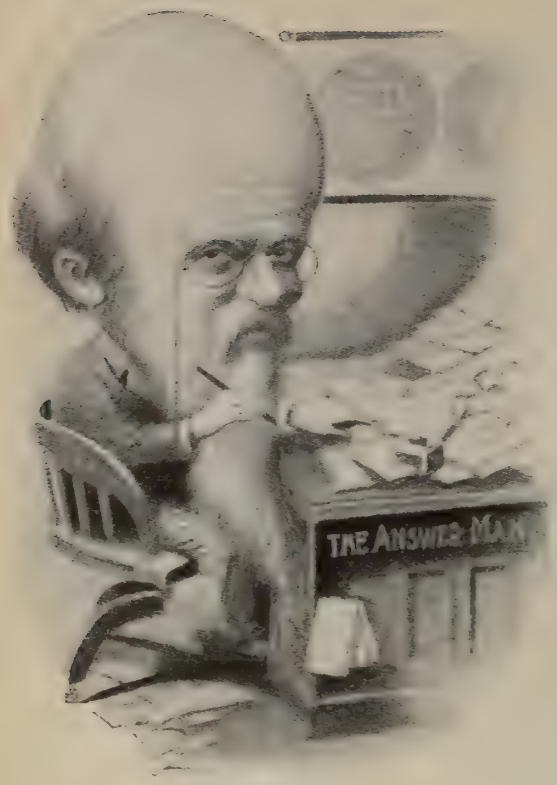
of a Chicago family whose wealth and prominence date from pioneer days. She is a leading favorite in Chicago's most exclusive social set, because of her social charms and her lovely lyric soprano voice.

To the right, the music-room of her apartment at 999 Lake Shore Drive, which commands a superb view of Lake Michigan. On her dressing table, Pond's Two Creams.

Among the other women of distinguished position who have expressed enthusiasm for the Pond's method are:

Her Majesty, Marie, The Queen of Roumania; The Lady Diana Manners; Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop and Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.

THE TWO CREAMS society women are using today



The Answer Man

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? here for the last fourteen years and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me, The Answer Man, care of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, ***175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.***

DORIS.—Here we are once more "In the Good Old Summertime." That was Jack Joyce as Jean in *New Wives for Old*. Johnny Hines is playing in *The Live Wire*.

B. E. R.—So you dont think I am a business man. See here, young man, the first rule of business is not to spend more than you take in. I know I dont, therefore you are right—$12 a week is my limit. Anna May Wong was born in Los Angeles, California. Irving Cummings is directing now. Robert Gordon was Erik in *Main Street*.

CONSUELO M.—No, I'm not an M.D. but I am an A.M. Anyway, eat plenty of fruit, because it improves the quality of the blood and prevents acidity, one of the chief causes of rheumatism. And dont forget that I am a strong rooter for buttermilk. Yes, you can get the August, 1922, magazine containing the interview with Ramon Novarro, by sending twenty-five cents to our circulation department.

B. B.—No, I am never too busy to answer you. There are 525,600 minutes in a year, and I dont mind spending a few of them with you. Elsie Ferguson played in *Peter Ibbetson*. Cullen Landis in *The Fighting Coward*. Yes, and there is a Lois Weber. Why, Buddy Messenger is playing in Century Comedies. Marguerite Leahy opposite Buster Keaton in *The Three Ages*. Run in again some time, Bee Bee.

DON D.—Sorry I cant help you. Norman Trevor has been added to the cast of Thomas Meighan's *The Man Who Found Himself*.

CLEOPATRA.—That's another story. You think Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert were crazy to get divorced. That's out of my line. I keep out of the domestic troubles. Elliott Dexter is playing the lead with Mary Philbin in *Stella Maris*.

EDNA M. E.—So you think I am a happy old man. Well, it is nice to be happy, but nicer to let others see that you are. Jane Lee is about twelve and Virginia Lee Corbin is sixteen. The latter is certainly making rapid strides towards stardom.

BOOMERDAY.—I travel in high speed all the time and never skid. You should see the desk full of letters I have before me. Oh, yes, David Powell died some time ago. Harold Lloyd has again changed the title of his next and it is to be released as *The Freshman* instead of *The Rah Rah Boy*. Hope to see you next month.

LOUISE E. B.—You say you want to get acquainted with The Ole Lady. I'll see what I can do.

TEDDY.—Well, if you cant say "No" occasionally, you must take the consequences. William Collier, Jr., was Michael and Billy Carpenter was Silver Heels in *Cardigan*. I didn't see the picture.

LOLLYPOP.—You're right, money talks to some people, but it only whispers to me. My $12 per doesn't talk very loud. I still live in my hall room—no ocean view for me. Alma Bennett in *The Silent Watcher*. And you think I have a generous amount of patience? I need it dealing with so many fans. (Fans come in very handy these days.)

STENOG.—When a man begins to bring home groceries instead of flowers, the honeymoon is ended. Virginia Lee Corbin is sixteen, as I have already observed. "What is it that occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years?" Yes, the answer is "M." You get the nice red apple. Jane Novak was the girl and Robert Gordon the lover in *The Rosary*.

H. P. STELLON.—Yes, and jumping at conclusions is about the only mental exercise some people take. Richard Dix is thirty-one. Little Sunshine Sammy lives in California.

VIOLA DANA FAN.—Well, a friend of mine asked me the other day if I thought I would recognize myself if I saw myself coming down the street. I dont think I would. To see ourselves as others see us is a pretty hard task. Yes, Dorothy Mackaill had her hair bobbed for *Chickie*. She is to get $2,000 a week under her new contract, which ought to keep the wolf from the door. Pierre Gendron in *Three Women*.

JAMES S.—So the Movie Club and the Richard Barthelmess Club have combined—just like magazines do. Write to James Snyder, Jr., Flandreau, South Dakota, for membership therein, all ye, etc.

MERRY.—Yes, I can cook, but listen to me: home cooking often sounds better than it tastes. I know! Yes, Mary Pickford adopted her sister's child, Mary Pickford Rupp.

DEMOSTHENES' GRANDDAUGHTER.—Well, you must be pretty old. The Naiads were beautiful nymphs of human form who presided over springs, fountains and wells. They resided in the meadows by the sides of rivers. Gilda Gray has signed a contract to play in a series of Famous Players pictures at the mere trifle of $6,000 a week. Will we see Gilda flicker on the screen?

BROWNIE P.—Right again. And you know Ramon Novarro personally. I never have met him, but he is coming over to see us soon. Betty Compson is five feet two and weighs 115 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. So you want to see her in a real pretty dress. I'll do my best.

COLLEGIATE.—And you think I am a collegiate sheik. Not much! My collegiate and sheik days are over. Your letter sure did sparkle.

THE PIKER.—No, I'm not a poet, but leonine verses are verses which rhyme at the middle and at the end. Lionel Barrymore is married to Irene Fenwick. He is playing in pictures, and his brother John is playing for Warner Brothers. John is also married.

BROWN EYES.—Labor Day means nothing special to me; every day is labor day for me. E. Phillips Oppenheim says that his favorite hour for writing is in the morning, but that is also the time when he likes best to play golf. My favorite hour is in the evening. No, I dont play golf—not old enough for that yet. Alice Brady is not playing right now. May Allison is with First National. I should say not. Fire away—I'm always glad to answer questions.

HELEN M. P.—You're quite welcome. Anything else?

C. A. F.—Well, if you get a copy of *Movie Monthly* you will

A Ventriloquist, a Giant *and* a Dwarf

DON'T miss "THE UNHOLY THREE", featuring Lon Chaney, with Mae Busch and Matt Moore. Directed by Tod Browning.

Lon Chaney rings the bell again—this time as a ventriloquist in a dime museum, who recruits the Giant and Midget for an amazing career of intrigue and adventure. A swift-action story that holds you breathless from the first flash to the final fade-out—packed with suspense, thrills, violence, jealousy and *love.*

And this is only *one* of the fifty-two great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures to be released this coming year. The greatest galaxy of stars ever gathered together under the banner of one producer! Directors who know how to make a picture jump into throbbing life! A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture is always a sure-fire evening's entertainment. Watch for announcement of the releases.

More Stars than there are in Heaven

Lillian Gish
Marion Davies
Norma Shearer
Ramon Novarro
Lon Chaney
Buster Keaton
John Gilbert
Jackie Coogan
Mae Murray
Eleanor Boardman
Lew Cody
Aileen Pringle
Pauline Stark
Mae Busch
Conway Tearle
Claire Windsor
Conrad Nagel
William Haines
Renee Adoree
Zasu Pitts
Bert Roach
And many more

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures are made in the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, Cal.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Pictures with Personality"

To be shown starting this month:

A SLAVE OF FASHION—Norma Shearer's big starring vehicle, with Lew Cody. Hobart Henley, the director. Samuel Shipman, the author. ROMOLA—Lillian Gish stars. Dorothy Gish featured. Henry King, the director. George Eliot's classic novel. An Inspiration Picture (Chas. H. Duell, Pres.). NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—A Cosmopolitan Production from Peter B. Kyne's best-seller, with a distinguished cast.

Following these productions will be many other outstanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photoplays, including "The Merry Widow" (directed by Von Stroheim), "Mare Nostrum" (Rex Ingram's successor to "The Four Horsemen"), "The Big Parade" (The "What Price Glory" of the screen), "Lights of Old New York" (A Cosmopolitan production, starring Marion Davies). Fifty-two productions in all will be presented under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.

see pictures of your favorite serial players, cowboys and Westerners. George Hackathorne, Marjorie Daw and Mary Carr have the leads in *His Master's Voice*, a Gotham production.

ESTELLE R.—You ask "Can you tell me why a black cow gives white milk that makes yellow butter? And why blackberries are red when they are green?" Whoa there, Estella—it's movies we're talking about. You go ahead and use the typewriter any time you feel like it. Alfred Lunt is to have one of the leads in Bebe Daniels' *Lovers in Quarantine*. Harrison Ford is also in the cast.

ALLIERITE.—You got your wish; Norma Talmadge was on the July *Classic* cover.

JACQUELINE G.—Why, of course, youth must be served. What will you have? Raymond McKee was Phillip and Cullen Landis was Hart in *Girl of the Limberlost*. Richard Barthelmess is thirty years old. Yes, Adolphe Menjou has settled his difficulties with Famous Players and is to play the title rôle in *The King*, from the stage play which starred Leo Ditrichstein. It is to be released as *The King on Main Street*.

FRITZIE.—I should say I nearly died with the heat this summer. My whiskers were anything but cool. Still I wouldn't part with them. What would I do in the winter-time without them? I kin see no objection t' whiskers when ther properly raked an' pruned an' undermined at regular intervals. Rudolph Valentino is thirty, Ramon Novarro is twenty-six, and Ernest Torrence, Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are six feet three each. So long, Fritzie.

RICHARD PELL.—Enjoyed your verses very much. Glad to hear they have been published. So you really saw Dorothy Bernard. Remember me to her next time. I knew her well some ten or twelve years ago. Your letters are always a treat.

JOSEPHINE S.—So you dont believe that I am eighty and that I am old and bearded. Well, you just think of me as you wish. You know beauty originates in your own thought, and I'm really very beautiful to look upon. Jane and Katherine Lee, the former Fox Baby Grands, are in Hollywood ready to re-enter pictures as ingénues. Why, Alice Mary Moore is the child from the marriage with Tom Moore. There is one Dressler and that is Marie, the famous old-timer, who played in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. Of course, there is Louise Dresser, who is not playing now.

HYPATRA.—Well, since the postage rate went up last April, the stars have to put more postage on their photos when mailing them. Instead of using a one-cent stamp on a five-by-seven photo, it is necessary to use a one-and-a-half-cent stamp. If you want a photo of Patsy Ruth Miller, Jacqueline Logan, Ricardo Cortez or Harrison Ford, just write to Menifee I. Johnstone, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, but be sure to enclose the necessary postage. If you want an autographed photo, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents.

AGONY.—So you have a puzzle, too:
Luke had it before,
Paul had it behind;
Matthew never had it at all,
All girls have it once.
Boys cannot have it,
Old Mrs. Mulligan had it twice in succession.
Dr. Lowell had it before and behind,
And he had it twice as bad behind as before.
Old Mrs. Mulligan had it, as well as Luke and Paul,
But she married Mike Murphy—then she didn't have it at all.

ROSE J.—Grace Davison in *Atonement* and in *The Splendid Lie*. Katherine MacDonald in *The Power of Darkness*. Samuel Goldwyn has a new discovery in the person of Lois Moran, who is to play the rôle of Laurel in *Stella Dallas*. Miss Moran is sixteen, was born in Pittsburgh and educated there and in Paris.

HARRY.—Sorry, but I dont know where you could obtain that photograph.

LAURA V.—Do I live in Brooklyn?—I should say I do. Robert Frazer is thirty-four; he was born June 29, 1891, at Worcester, Massachusetts. Address him at 6356 LaMirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

THE OL' LADY.—Guess you know now. You sure do write a clever letter to the O' Answer Man. Glad to hear the news, and I wish you luck.

SEE.—Well, Mendelssohn was born in Hamburg in 1809 and his compositions consisted of symphonies, operas, oratorios and church music, the foremost of which are his oratorios of "St. Paul" and "Elijah." He died in 1847. Why, Miriam Cooper is married to Raoul Walsh and Vivian Martin is on the stage. No, Jane Novak is not married. Joseph Schenck has not abandoned the idea of Norma Talmadge and Rudolph Valentino playing opposite each other in *Romeo and Juliet*. He has also secured the services of Thomas Meighan to play opposite Norma Talmadge in *My Woman*, but this will not be until the expiration of his contract with Famous Players later on this year.

SORRY GIRL.—*We're pleased to tell you that it wasn't Jack Pickford who fell off a roof and broke his arm. If you dont mind, we'll ship all your sympathy to the poor boy to whom it really happened—young Hugh Allen, who was to have been Mary Pickford's leading man in the picture she's just finished. You can see another picture of Hugh and can read a longer story about him if you turn back to the article, "Meet the Handsome New Sheiks Who Are Storming the Screen," on pages 32 and 33*

VIRGINIA.—Muchee thankee for the cherries. They were great! I ate some and put the remainder on my window-sill for a few minutes. Alas, when I returned, a pet sparrow had disposed of the whole lot. He was a fast worker. You see he took a peck at a time. Again, much thanks, my dear. You might try November, 1921, and October, 1922, magazines for that picture. So you think our magazines are better with each issue. Righto!

JOHNNY CANUCK.—Hello, there! I should say I have been watching the Dodgers this season. No, I dont use a cane—I'm not that old. From your description of me, you must think I'm a freak. There are bunches of them at Coney Island. Glenn Hunter in *The Pinch Hitter*. Strongheart is not playing now. Thanks for yours.

THE WIFE OF THE CENTAUR.—So you think this department is a fake. Far from it. Run in some time and I'll disabuse your mind and I wont abuse you.

LESTER D.—So you are outa woik. I wish you luck. In 1840, after working in a cotton mill, Elias Howe invented the sewing machine. At first, capital laughed at his inventions and infringements were made. Ultimately he sustained his inventions in the higher courts. Howe was born in Spencer, Massachusetts, on July 9, 1819, and died October 6, 1867. Are you thinking of imitating Elias?

EDITH F.—Some people think that honesty relates only to the handling of money and forget that it also includes loyalty, integrity and a steadfast purpose to work for the employer's interest. That's the first thing a girl should learn when she starts out in business. Put that in your smoke and pipe it. That is Percy Marmont's real name. Address Ralph Graves at Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

FEONSAY.—Some men are natural grouches—others cultivate a grouch in self-defense. Which is yours? Why, the correspondence clubs are organizations the fans of which exchange postal cards and write to one another about their favorite plays and players. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason both have dark-brown hair.

E. L.—Certainly, I want to keep on the right side of you—particularly, if you are hard of hearing in the left ear. Your

(*Continued on page* 112)

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Perfectly Natural

APPLIED carefully, PUM-KIN ROUGE defies detection. And the one shade of PUM-KIN ROUGE blends perfectly with every complexion.

At all Owl Drug Stores and nearly all good drug and department stores; or by mail prepaid for 75c.

Address The Owl Drug Company,
611 Mission Street, San Francisco;
6th and Broadway, Los Angeles;
Clark and Madison, Chicago;
53 West 23rd Street, New York.

One shade for all complexions

75¢
with mirror and puff

PUM-KIN ROUGE

The Owl Drug Co

REG U S PAT OFF

SAN FRANCISCO NEW YORK
CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

What the Stars Are Doing

Conducted by Gertrude Driscoll

Adams, Claire—playing in *The Wheel.*
Adorée, Renée—playing in *The Big Parade.*
Agnew, Robert—latest release, *Lost—A Wife.*
Alden, Mary—playing in *Faint Perfume.*
Alexander, Ben—playing in *Haunted Hands.*
Allan, Hugh—playing in *Joseph Greer and His Daughter.*
Allison, May—playing in *The Viennese Medley.*
Arthur, George K.—playing in *Her Sister from Paris.*
Astor, Mary—playing in *The Scarlet Saint.*
Ayres, Agnes—playing in *The Awful Truth.*

Banky, Vilma—playing in *The Dark Angel.*
Bara, Theda—playing in *The Unchastened Woman.*
Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *A Man of Honor.*
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Beautiful City.*
Baxter, Warner—playing in *A Son of His Father.*
Bedford, Barbara—playing in *Joseph Greer and His Daughter.*
Beery, Noah—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa.*
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Rugged Waters.*
Bellamy, Madge—playing in *Lazybones.*
Bennett, Alma—playing in *The Light of Western Stars.*
Bennett, Constance—playing in *The Pinch Hitter.*
Blue, Monte—playing in *Red Hot Tires.*
Blythe, Betty—in Europe, playing in *Jacob's Well.*
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Only Thing.*
Bosworth, Hobart—playing in *The Half-Way Girl.*
Bow, Clara—playing in *The Keeper of the Bees.*
Bowers, John—playing in *Off the Highway.*
Brent, Evelyn—playing in *Lady Robinhood.*
Brian, Mary—playing in *The Street of Forgotten Men.*
Bronson, Betty—playing in *Not So Long Ago.*
Brook, Clive—playing in *The Pleasure Buyers.*
Burns, Edmund—playing in *Hell's Highroad.*
Busch, Mae—playing in *The Miracle of Life.*

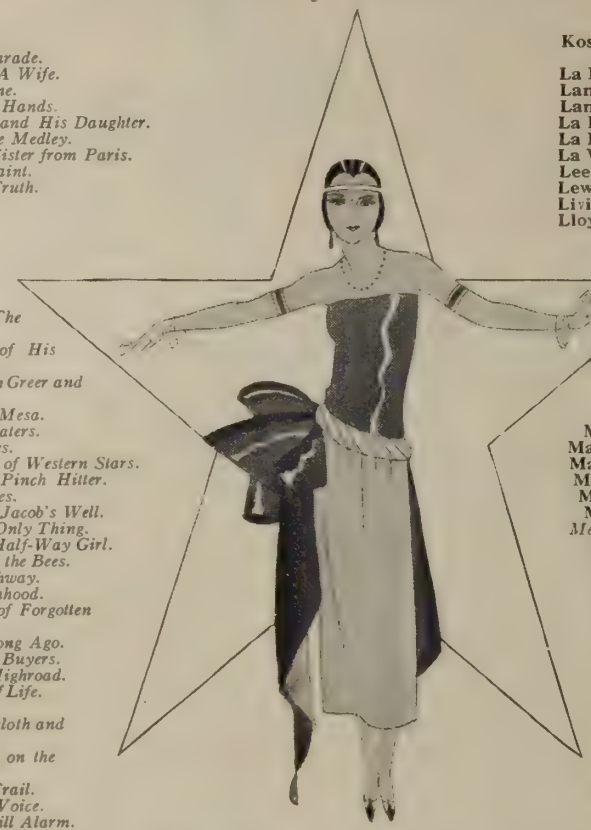
Caldwell, Orville—latest release, *Sackcloth and Scarlet.*
Calhoun, Alice—playing in *The Man on the Box.*
Carey, Harry—playing in *The Texas Trail.*
Carr, Mary—playing in *His Master's Voice.*
Chadwick, Helene—playing in *The Still Alarm.*
Chaney, Lon—playing in *The Tower of Lies.*
Chaplin, Charles—playing in *The Gold Rush.*
Chaplin, Sydney—playing in *The Man on the Box.*
Clayton, Ethel—playing in *Lightnin'.*
Clifford, Ruth—playing in *The Titans.*
Cody, Lew—playing in *Time, the Comedian.*
Collier, Buster, Jr.—playing in *The Wanderer.*
Colman, Ronald—playing in *Stella Dallas.*
Compson, Betty—playing in *Paths to Paradise.*
Coogan, Jackie—playing in *Old Clothes.*
Cooley, Hallam—playing in *Seven Days.*
Corbin, Virginia Lee—playing in *Headlines.*
Cornwall, Ann—playing in *Shine Inside.*
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Not So Long Ago.*
Crane, Ward—playing in *Classified.*

D'Algy, Helena—playing in *Pretty Ladies.*
Dana, Viola—playing in *Winds of Chance.*
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Lovers—in Quarantine.*
Davies, Marion—playing in *Lights of Old New York.*
Daw, Marjorie—playing in *East Lynne.*
Dean, Priscilla—playing in *The People vs. Nancy Preston.*
De la Motte, Marguerite—playing in *Off the Highway.*
Dempsey, Jack—playing in *Manhattan Madness.*
Dempster, Carol—playing in *That Royle Girl.*
Denny, Reginald—playing in *Where Was I.*
De Vore, Dorothy—playing in *Three Weeks in Paris.*
Dexter, Elliott—playing in *Stella Maris.*
Dix, Richard—playing in *The Vanishing American.*
Dove, Billie—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa.*
Dresser, Louise—playing in *The Goose Woman.*

Earle, Edward—playing in *The Lady Who Lied.*
Eddy, Helen Jerome—playing in *Marry Me.*
Edeson, Robert—playing in *Hell's Highroad.*

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *Don Q.*
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa.*
Faire, Virginia Browne—playing in *A Hero on Horseback.*
Fawcett, George—playing in *Peacock Feathers.*
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Seven Days.*
Fellowes, Rockcliffe—playing in *Without Mercy.*
Ferguson, Casson—playing in *Cobra.*
Flynn, Maurice B.—playing in *High and Handsome.*
Ford, Harrison—playing in *Lovers—in Quarantine.*
Forrest, Alan—playing in *Rose of the World.*
Francis, Alec B.—playing in *The Coast of Folly.*
Francisco, Betty—playing in *Faint Perfume.*
Frazer, Robert—playing in *The Sea Woman.*
Fuller, Dale—playing in *Ben Hur.*

Garon, Pauline—playing in *Where Was I.*
Gendron, Pierre—playing in *What Price Beauty.*
Gibson, Hoot—playing in *A Hero on Horseback.*



Gilbert, John—playing in *La Bohême.*
Gillingwater, Claude—playing in *The Coming of Amos.*
Gish, Dorothy—playing in *The Beautiful City.*
Gish, Lillian—playing in *La Bohême.*
Glass, Gaston—playing in *Sunset Limited.*
Gordon, Huntly—playing in *The Love Hour.*
Goudal, Jetta—playing in *The Road to Yesterday.*
Gowland, Gibson—playing in *The Phantom of the Opera.*
Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Classified.*
Griffith, Raymond—playing in *Are You a Mason?*

Hackathorne, George—playing in *The Night Life of New York.*
Haines, William—playing in *Little Annie Rooney.*
Hale, Creighton—playing in *Seven Days.*
Hamilton, Mahlon—playing in *The Wheel.*
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Golden Princess.*
Hammerstein, Elaine—playing in *Everyman's Wife.*
Hammond, Harriet—playing in *The Midshipman.*
Hampton, Hope—playing in *Lovers' Island.*
Harlan, Kenneth—playing in *Bobbed Hair.*
Harris, Mildred—playing in *A Man of Honor.*
Harron, John—playing in *Satan in Sables.*
Hart, William S.—playing in *Tumble Weed.*
Hatton, Raymond—playing in *A Son of His Father.*
Haver, Phyllis—playing in *Rugged Waters.*
Hawley, Wanda—playing in *Graustark.*
Hearne, Edward—latest release, *As No Man Has Loved.*
Herbert, Holmes E.—playing in *The Wanderer.*
Hiers, Walter—playing in *Oh, Bridget.*
Hines, Johnny—playing in *Lazybones.*
Holmquist, Sigrid—playing in *The Cracker Jack*
Holt, Jack—playing in *Wild Horse Mesa.*
Hopper, Hedda—playing in *The Teaser.*
Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *The Beggar on Horseback.*
Hoxie, Jack—playing in *The White Outlaw.*
Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *The Half-Way Girl.*
Hunter, Glenn—playing in *The Pinch Hitter.*

Johnston, Julanne—playing in *The Prude's Fall.*
Jones, Charles—playing in *Lazybones.*
Jowitt, Anthony—playing in *The Coast of Folly.*
Joy, Leatrice—playing in *Hell's Highroad.*
Joyce, Alice—playing in *Stella Dallas.*
Joyce, Peggy Hopkins—playing in *The Sky Rocket.*

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Go West.*
Keith, Ian—playing in *The Only Thing.*
Kennedy, Madge—playing in *Scandal Street.*
Kenyon, Doris—playing in *The Half-Way Girl.*
Kerry, Norman—playing in *Lorraine of the Lions.*
Keye, Kathleen—playing in *The Midshipman.*
Kirkwood, James—playing in *That Royle Girl.*

Koslcff, Theodore—playing in *The Beggar on Horseback.*

La Marr, Barbara—playing in *The White Monkey.*
Landis, Cullen—playing in *My Old Dutch.*
Langdon, Harry—playing in *His First Flame.*
La Plante, Laura—playing in *The Beautiful Cheat.*
La Rocque, Rod—playing in *The Coming of Amos.*
La Verne, Lucille—playing in *Sun Up.*
Lee, Lila—latest release, *Old Home Week.*
Lewis, Mitchell—playing in *The Mystic.*
Livingston, Margaret—playing in *The Wheel.*
Lloyd, Harold—playing in *The Freshman.*
Logan, Jacqueline—playing in *Thank You.*
Long, Walter—playing in *Bobbed Hair.*
Louis, Willard—playing in *Three Weeks in Paris.*
Love, Bessie—playing in *Son of His Father.*
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *East Lynne.*
Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Pace That Thrills.*
Lytell, Bert—playing in *Sporting Life.*

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Thank You.*
Mack, Charles—playing in *The White Monkey.*
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Shore Leave.*
MacLean, Douglas—latest release, *Introduce Me.*
Marlowe, June—playing in *The Pleasure Buyers.*
Marmont, Percy—playing in *The Street of Forgotten Men.*
Marsh, Mae—latest release, *Tides of Passion.*
Marshall, Tully—playing in *The Half-Way Girl.*
Mason, Shirley—playing in *Joseph Greer and His Daughter.*
Mayo, Frank—playing in *The Unknown Lover.*
McAvoy, May—playing in *My Old Dutch.*
McDonald, Wallace—playing in *The Lady Who Lied.*
McGrail, Walter—playing in *Havoc.*
McGregor, Malcolm—playing in *Headlines.*
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Once to Every Man.*
Meighan, Thomas—playing in *The Man Who Found Himself.*
Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The King on Main Street.*
Merriam, Charlotte—playing in *Steele of the Royal Mounted.*
Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *Red Hot Tires.*
Mills, Alyce—playing in *My Lady's Lips.*
Mix, Tom—playing in *The Everlasting Whisper.*
Moore, Colleen—latest release, *The Desert Flower.*
Moore, Matt—playing in *Three Weeks in Paris.*
Moore, Owen—playing in *The Sky Rocket.*
Moore, Tom—playing in *Troubles with Wives.*
Moreno, Antonio—playing in *Mare Nostrum.*
Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Classified.*
Murphy, Edna—playing in *The Fire Patrol.*
Murray, Mae—playing in *The Merry Widow.*
Myers, Carmel—playing in *Ben Hur.*
Myers, Harry—playing in *Grounds for Divorce.*

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Lights of Old New York.*
Naldi, Nita—playing in *The Miracle of Life.*
Nazimova—latest release, *My Son.*
Negri, Pola—playing in *Crossroads of the World.*
Nilsson, Anna Q.—playing in *The Viennese Medley.*
Nissen, Greta—playing in *The Wanderer.*
Nixon, Marion—playing in *Where Was I.*
Novak, Jane—playing in *Lazybones.*
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The Midshipman.*

O'Brien, Eugene—playing in *Graustark.*
O'Brien, George—playing in *Thank You.*
O'Hara, George—playing in *The Pace-Makers Series.*
Oland, Warner—playing in *Don Q.*
Olmstead, Gertrude—playing in *Time, the Comedian.*
O'Malley, Pat—playing in *My Old Dutch.*
O'Neill, Sally—playing in *Dont.*
Owen, Seena—playing in *Faint Perfume.*

Patrick, John—playing in *Dont.*
Percy, Eileen—playing in *Cobra.*
Peters, House—playing in *The Storm Breakers.*
Philbin, Mary—playing in *Stella Maris.*
Phillips, Dorothy—playing in *Everyman's Wife.*
Pickford, Jack—playing in *The Goose Woman.*
Pickford, Mary—playing in *Little Annie Rooney.*
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Pretty Ladies.*
Prevost, Marie—playing in *The Burglar Alarm.*
Pringle, Aileen—playing in *The Mystic.*

Ralston, Esther—playing in *The Lucky Devil.*
Ralston, Jobyna—playing in *The Freshman.*
Rawlinson, Herbert—playing in *Everyman's Wife.*
Ray, Charles—playing in *Some Pumpkins.*
Reynolds, Vera—playing in *The Road to Yesterday.*
Rich, Irene—playing in *The Pleasure Buyers.*
Rich, Lillian—playing in *Seven Days.*
Rin-Tin-Tin—playing in *The Silence of the Desert.*
Roche, John—playing in *The Love Hour.*
Rubens, Alma—playing in *East Lynne.*

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *The Road to Yesterday.*

FREE! Velour Table Scarf Free With This 8 Piece Suite
Table Drawer Fitted with Writing Desk Top and Ink Well — An Exclusive Spear Feature
Built of Solid Oak Throughout
Sturdy Superior Honest Construction. Your Choice of Golden or Fumed Finish.

HERE is your Complete New Living Room Suite all ready to be sent on 30 Days' Free Trial. Here is the suite that will make your living room more inviting, more comfortable; a pleasanter, a more home-like place for family and friends. You will take great pride in the dignified design of these 8 big pieces. The high-quality construction will serve you for many years. Just $1.00 with order brings the entire suite, and the Free Scarf right to your door. The monthly payment is so small that you will never feel the outlay. My Bargain Price is lower than cash-down prices in your home stores. You will make a big mistake if you don't take advantage of this offer NOW! You cannot lose, you cannot be disappointed. My Money-Back Bond protects you to the limit.

8 Solid Oak Pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial

Use this suite for 30 days at my risk. See how stunning it will look with the background of your draperies and rugs. If you are not perfectly satisfied after a month's trial you may return it. I will refund your first payment and all transportation costs. The trial will not cost you a penny.

FREE! Velour Scarf With Tapestry Ends

Send your order for the library suite QUICKLY. I will send you absolutely Free a Handsome, rich blue Table Scarf. It is made of a good velvety quality velour enhanced by an edge of gold braid and floral tapestry ends, with silky tassels. It is 12" wide and 55" long, just the right size for the table. Scarf is absolutely free if you send promptly Your Free Trial Order for Library Suite.

Outstanding Points of Excellence

(1) Kiln-dried and air-seasoned Solid Oak throughout; (2) Strong Construction, Upholstered Full Length Backs and Seats covered with Rich, Brown Spanish Artificial Leather, and very well padded with rest-giving, upholstering materials (3) Wide, roll arms on Arm Chair and Rocker; Sturdy Posts on all pieces; (4) Every piece of large, full size: The Library Table is 24 x 36 inches with Writing Desk Drawer and big lower shelf, a table of striking beauty, Rocker and Arm Chair are both 37 ins. high and 25 ins. wide, with seats measuring 19 x 19 inches. Sewing Rocker is 34 inches high and 17 inches wide; Side Chair is the same size. The Taborette is 16 inches high. The Waste Basket is 14 inches high. The 2 Book Ends give a desirable and artistic touch. **Writing Desk Drawer, An Exclusive Spear Feature.** The Library Table is equipped with a desk drawer which when pulled out can be used as a writing desk. It has a pen and pencil groove, ink well receptacle and ink well. The lid is removable; writing supplies can be kept in the drawer. This special feature makes the table serve a double purpose—a library table and a desk. *NATHANIEL SPEAR, Pres.*

Former Price $55

Sale Price $39.95

Easy Monthly Payments

You have your choice of two finishes: Nut Brown Fumed Oak or highly Glossed Golden Oak. Be very careful to State Your Choice of Finish in Ordering. Complete 8-piece Suite, order No. SA625, Price $39.95. Terms: $1 with order, balance $3 monthly.

Home Furnishing Guide FREE!

My New Catalogue is a treasure house of Home Furnishing Ideas, a delightful guide to happy home making. It shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves, etc. Write for it Today. My Prices are the lowest. I Give the Longest Time to Pay. Everything sent on 30 Days' Trial.

$1 With Order

→ **Spear & Co.** ←

Dept. M-301, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers for the People of America

SPEAR & CO., Dept. M-301, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once 8 piece Library Suite and Free Velour Scarf as described above. Enclosed is $1 first payment. It is understood that at the end of the 30 days' time I decide to keep it, I will send you $3 monthly. Order No. SA625, Price $39.95. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also. Print or write name and address plainly.

If you want Nut Brown Fumed Oak put an X in this ☐

If you want Golden Oak put an X in this ☐

Name..... Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....

Post Office..... State.....

If shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send shipment to.....

FREE CATALOG } If you want Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here ☐ and write your name and address on the above lines

© 1925, Spear & Co.

Suppose It Were Said About YOU!

How hideous! How embarrassing. Yet—*you* have heard it said about others! Many women are pitifully unaware of their ruined daintiness—and it is so unnecessary!

That is why fastidious women *take no chances*. For over two centuries *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* has been a necessary and enchanting feminine deodorant. It *neutralizes*—but does not check natural perspiration—and preserves daintiness, the most entrancing of all charms.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

In the bath *Eau de Cologne-No. 4* is a delightful and refreshing addition; a touch of finesse after. It cleans each tiny pore—removes all excess of oils and leaves the skin soft as silk . . . a perfect base for powder. The alluring fragrance, subtle and frail, will delight you.

Send for This Sample!

At Your Dealer's
2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.

USE THIS COUPON

Service Laboratories, Inc., 1926 W. 18th St., Chicago

I am enclosing 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the GENEROUS SAMPLE of Eau de Cologne-No. 4 at once!

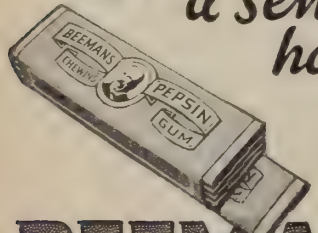
Name .....

Address .....

My Druggist is .....

(Please PRINT in Pencil) MP-8

Steady! Beeman's quiets nerves—keeps you calm—its use is *"a sensible habit"*



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *Winds of Chance.*
Semon, Larry—playing in *The Cloudhopper.*
Shearer, Norma—playing in *The Tower of Lies.*
Sherman, Lowell—playing in *Satan in Sables.*
Sills, Milton—playing in *The Come-Back.*
Starke, Pauline—playing in *Sun Up.*
Stedman, Myrtle—latest release, *Chickie.*
Sterling, Ford—playing in *Troubles with Wives.*
Stewart, Anita—latest release, *Baree, Son of Kazan.*
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Joseph Greer and His Daughter.*
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *The Coast of Folly.*
Sweet, Blanche—playing in *The Sea Woman.*

Talmadge, Constance—playing in *Her Sister from Paris.*
Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Graustark.*
Talmadge, Richard—playing in *The Isle of Hope.*
Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Seven Days.*
Taylor, Estelle—playing in *Manhattan Madness.*
Tearle, Conway—playing in *The Mystic.*
Tellegen, Lou—playing in *East Lynne.*
Terry, Alice—playing in *Mare Nostrum.*
Thomson, Fred—playing in *The Wild Bull's Lair.*
Tilden, William T. 2nd—playing in *Haunted Hands.*
Torrence, Ernest—playing in *The Wanderer.*

Valentino, Rudolph—playing in *The Untamed.*
Valli, Virginia—playing in *The Man Who Found Himself.*
Vaughn, Alberta—playing in *The Adventures of Masie.*
Vidor, Florence—playing in *Troubles with Wives.*

Walker, Johnny—playing in *Children of the Whirlwind.*
Walsh, George—playing in *Blue Blood.*
Walton, Gladys—playing in *Anything Once.*
Welch, Niles—playing in *Scandal Street.*
Whitman, Gayne—playing in *Three Weeks in Paris.*
Williams, Kathlyn—playing in *The Wanderer.*
Wilson, Lois—playing in *The Vanishing American.*
Windsor, Claire—playing in *The White Desert.*
Worthing, Helen Lee—playing in *Night Life of New York.*

3 Interviews

(*Continued from page* 35)

we can both enjoy. We read and we drive together, and I hope we shall go on doing both as blissfully afterward as we do now."

THE third time I saw Alma I managed to have a real talk with her. And I found that love hadn't dimmed her good sense or undermined her ambitions.

We discussed the picture business earnestly, and it was then I discovered what it means that Alma Rubens has wide-apart, level, patient eyes. She is a downright, practical, intelligent girl.

She contributed more sound sense to our discussion about motion pictures than I have heard for some time.

"This picture business," she said, "is a funny business. It seems to proceed in a series of little panics.

"First, they will not hear of costume pictures. Then somebody puts on *Passion*, and they wont have anything else but. If all the men are not in silk hose and knee pants, with lace fringe in their sleeves, all is lost.

"Then they suddenly discover Latin Lovers. And then someone learns in a wild panic that the day of the Latin Lover is past. Then they must have Western cowboys: then they wont have Western cowboys: then they take it all back and will have Western cowboys or nothing."

"Well, and what about it?" I asked.

"Well, of course, these panics are all unnecessary," she said.

"Well, do they like costume pictures or dont they? Do they like Latin Lovers—painful question in the peculiar circumstances—or dont they?"

"They like anything—and they dont. It doesn't matter what kind of a story you tell—just so it's a good story and you tell it well.

"They have always liked costumes and they always will. The trouble is, somebody puts on a good costume picture and makes a fortune out of it. Then everybody else makes a mad gallop to put on more costume pictures. Naturally, most of them are rotten pictures. The result is, the public will have none of them. Then the producers decide that they dont like costume pictures after all.

"The same is true with Latin Lovers. The truth is, the public has no predilection for or prejudice against Latin Lovers—in their hearts. They like men of high character and fine courage and delicacy and chivalry. It doesn't matter whether they are from India or Indiana.

"I think that you writers are the ones mostly to blame for this fashion of pigeonholing people. Or trying to.

"There is nothing so deceptive or misleading as this attempt to catalog races and men, like animals. As a matter of fact, you cant even catalog animals. I have seen bulldogs so cowardly that you could almost see their yellow back-bones thru their hides. I have seen little lapdogs who would fight a bull elephant.

"You have to look each individual man in the eyes to see his soul—whether he's Greek, Argentine, Irish or Arab. Their souls and their characters aren't turned out in costume-made lots, like patent overalls.

"If you ask me what I think of Latin Lovers, I will answer: Which Latin Lover? And just so of the Irish and the Dutch and the New Yorkers—who are a race all by themselves."

AND finally, as we sat talking of this and that, Miss Rubens spoke of her own ambitions.

Somewhat surprisingly she doesn't think so much of herself in *Humoresque*, which made her famous. She says she didn't have anything to do in that picture.

She has absolutely set her heart on doing a part in any one of the John Golden-Smith plays which Fox has bought and which he is starting to produce—*Lightnin', The First Year, The Wheel,* etc. She thinks they give the finest insight into the American heart of anything as yet offered to the movies. She doesn't care which one: but she's got to play in one or perish.

The Girl on the October Cover

You'll see beautiful Mae Murray on the next number of this magazine, with her pale-gold hair posed against an orchid background. And we've a new kind of interview with her. She discloses to you her philosophy—the plan by which she rules her life.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Do You Know That
YOUR OPINION
May Be Worth
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
? ? ? ?

What do you think of the motion pictures you have seen? Did you like one better than another? WHY DID YOU LIKE IT BETTER? Because of the story? Or the direction? Or the setting? Or the cast? COULD IT HAVE BEEN MADE BETTER? What were its flaws? How could it have been improved?

We want you to write about these pictures to us. We want to help you to become CRITICS and to reward those who are most successful.

We Have 105 CASH PRIZES and MEDALS for You
$2500.00 in All

The Grand Prize	**$1,000.00**
1st honor, a gold medal and	**100.00**
2nd honor, a silver medal and	**75.00**
3rd honor, a bronze medal and	**50.00**
4th honor	**25.00**
50 prizes of $10.00 each	**500.00**
50 prizes of $5.00 each	**250.00**
Medals to contestants and stars	**500.00**

And Dont You Want to Give a Medal to Your Favorite Star?

We want you to present a medal to your favorite actor and actress—"from the readers of Brewster Publications"—and at our expense! These medals will be emblematic of their popularity. In addition an issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actress and an issue of *Motion Picture Classic* will be dedicated to the most popular Motion Picture Actor.

Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief and President of our Company, has written a little book entitled "How to Criticize a Picture." In it are twenty-eight charts for twenty-eight Motion Picture Reviews, with blanks to be filled in by you. This book will be very helpful to you, altho it is not necessary for you to have one for the contest. (We will be glad to mail one of these books to you for ten cents in cash or stamps. Six books for fifty cents.)

There is no entrance fee to the contest. Anybody may compete—except employees of Brewster Publications and their families or professional writers. The judges will be a competent board of editors presided over by Mr. Eugene V. Brewster.

Rules

1. *Write a criticism, not more than 250 words, of any picture you have seen. Also vote for your favorite star and favorite picture.*
2. *Sign your name and address at the bottom of the page.*
3. *Send in any number of "opinions" either in one envelope or separately.*
4. *No entries will be returned, and we reserve the right to publish any we receive whether it wins a prize or not.*
5. *This contest will end December 1st, 1925.*
6. *For every book, "How to Criticize a Picture," sent in completely filled out with twenty-eight criticisms, we agree to mail to the sender another copy of the book, free. All favorable ratings of players in the books will count as votes. These books shall not be entered as prize criticisms. However, each of these criticisms will count as a ballot in favor of the players mentioned.*
7. *The best criticisms of pictures will be decided by the judges, but the Motion Picture Actress and Actor receiving the greatest number of votes will be declared the most popular.*
8. *During the contest* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *and Motion Picture Classic will print each month some of the criticisms received.*
9. *The picture that is the subject of the "Opinion" winning the first prize will be fictionized in Movie Monthly, if permission can be obtained.*
10. *Vote for your favorite picture.*

Address: "Your Opinion" Editor,
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 DUFFIELD STREET BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Taylor
MADE TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASURE
Hand Tailored
Guaranteed Caps Rain-Proof

MEN!
Buy Your Caps New Easy Way

Your Taylor Cap—like the stylish, full-cut Taylor caps of Milton Sills, Jack Hoxie, Bert Roach and other prominent actors—is made and sold a new and better way.

Many Special Features

First, Taylor Cap Factory Representatives offer you a selection of 20 rich, all wool fabrics and four popular styles—80 combinations to choose from! Every fabric is rain-proofed by a special process that defies water. Linings are pure silk. Visors are made of solid leather. Quality in every detail. And in addition your Taylor Cap is made for you, alone—cut and fashioned to your individual measure. You would expect such styles, such wide choice, and such perfect fit to cost far more; yet actually, Taylor Caps

Cost Less

Because they are sold direct from factory to you, you get the finest cap you ever had at the lowest price you ever paid for such quality. A postcard will bring a Taylor outfit to your door absolutely free.

DOUBLE YOUR EARINGS—SPARE TIME
AGENTS WANTED

Write for Taylor agency and see how amazingly easy it is to make $10 to $15 a day extra in spare time. No limit to what you can do. S. W. Allen, California, made $40.80 in one day's "joyful work." No experience required. J. N. Greenia, N.Y., a beginner, writes, "Saturday was out for one hour and sold three; was out this evening and sold six. It's real pleasure."

OUTFIT FREE

Just wear free cap. Show friends. Take orders. Deliver and collect. You get cash profits in advance. Complete selling outfit absolutely free. Mail coupon. Make big money the very first day—$50 to $75 extra every week. Not one cent to pay, either now or later. Act at once.

TAYLOR CAP MANUFACTURERS
Dept. M-53, Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. W. Taylor, Pres.
Taylor Cap Manufacturers
Dept. M-53, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me by return mail your wonderful sample outfit absolutely FREE. Also details of your free cap offer to agents.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Behind the Fitting-Room Door

(*Continued from page 73*)

person being clothed are appreciated, after all, you must be allowed to show them your own idea and see what it will look like!

"I said to Jetta the other day:

"'If a magician came to me and asked: "What would you like to do before you die? You may have one desire—what is it?" I'd answer: "Kindly make Jetta Goudal temporarily dumb when I design the costumes for her pictures, so I'll get no back talk!"'

"She laughed. I think she liked it—but it didn't do any good!

"Jetta adores soft things, stuff swathed around her head and hair. She thinks it's the acme of bad taste to have form-fitting clothes, but she would almost go to the other extreme."

The young artist in silk and velvet sighed, and then pursued the sad topic.

"Suppose," he said, "you were an artist modeling in clay. How would you like it if the clay suddenly said to you: 'See here, I dont like this nose. I'll make my own. You can make the eyebrows if you want to.' How would you take that?

"If I follow out my own ideas, and I am any good at all, the result ought to be good. But if I follow out several people's ideas, the result will be a hodge-podge. The trouble with Jetta is that she wants to make the nose!"

CLOTHING the famous has a bright side, and Trixie Friganza provides the light.

"She's a riot!" cried Mr. Greer. Her very name brought him to his feet with a grin. "The other day I had made a gown for her that had a sort of bertha of lace on it. Well, you know Trixie's size. Her waist measures fifty inches. I said something about rearranging the lace in front and she retorted: 'You do it. You're nearer to it than I am!'

"Once I made a velvet bodice for Trixie, but after I had tried it on, I didn't like it, so she said: 'You can make a whole set of costumes for somebody else out of that!'

"Trixie likes very pretty things. She has a young girl's idea of clothes—which goes well with the sweetness and youngness of herself. Everybody likes Trixie!"

MANY of the girls who come to the fitting-rooms, Mr. Greer finds, have the fixed notion that they cannot wear what he calls "real clothes"—meaning something extreme, elegant, and expensive.

Lillian Rich was one of these, oddly enough.

"When she first appeared, she had been working with Rin-Tin-Tin and other animals, and had worn only outdoor things. For a long time, she didn't believe she looked well in clothes, and now she is considered as doing nothing else quite so well!

"Mr. De Mille had Lillian wear a blonde wig, because he felt that she was miscast by Nature when she was given dark hair. She used to come in with the wig to get the clothes, but when she arrived for fittings she'd be without it, and you cant imagine what a difference that made!

"Hair is the color scheme of the person. The color of the eyes is overdone, I think. They dont matter especially.

"The girls who wear clothes best are those who have had training in musical comedy. They have mastered the rhythm of the body and know how to carry off what they put on. They know how to walk. Nita Naldi came up from the chorus. Mae Murray was in the *Follies*.

"LOUISE FAZENDA is another girl who has hypnotized herself into believing she cant wear clothes.

"'God made me this way—I cant help it!' are her first words upon entering the wardrobe department. 'I know nothing about clothes and I never shall. I cant wear 'em.'

"She has an utter, trusting faith in me when it comes to taking whatever I put on her, but she wont see that she is quite as stunning as a lot of girls who put on the airs of grace and beauty!

"Dorothy Mackaill is an odd girl. She doesn't inspire you at first. You dont think of anything when you see her. But she is like a chameleon. Whatever the part is to be, she becomes it with the putting on of the dress. She played a hussy here first, and I almost staggered when I saw her in the clothes."

He laughed again to think of it.

Howard Greer keeps a regular army of seamstresses busy carrying out his designs for lovely frocks and gowns for the stars of Paramount Pictures

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Tho he looks like a young college athlete, Howard Greer is a true artist

HEIGHT is a problem of the screen designer.

Mr. Greer finds it difficult to dress Viola Dana because she is so small and because she must wear "flapper clothes," which are, of course, very short and bouffant. If he could dress her in long, clinging, straight gowns, such as the equally diminutive Gloria Swanson wears, the problem would be solved.

Anna Q. Nilsson is the tallest woman Mr. Greer dresses, but he says she is so perfectly proportioned that she does not look so tall. She can wear anything—plain or extreme—and look charming in either.

"Agnes Ayres will stand without saying a word while you try on a dress and get it the way you have dreamed it," he told me. "You begin to think: 'We'll just take this off and *that's* done!' And then she will say: 'Is that the way you want it? . . . Now, I think I'd like to try it this way!'

"But she lets you try it on first, and very often she goes back to your idea and admits that you were right. Other women will suggest from the beginning, so that you are never able to show them what it is you are creating."

He digressed to speak of what he calls "camera luck," which is the way people photograph—a plain girl frequently appearing on the screen far more beautiful than her lovelier sister.

"Dorothy Cummings is a victim of camera luck," he said, "and she is a girl who can beat them all wearing clothes! Even Gloria Swanson!

"VERA REYNOLDS is one star who doesn't come in saying: 'I cant wear this and I never wear that!' but occasionally she will regard a garment I have designed for her and announce: 'This is too rotten for words. Give it to somebody else.' She wouldn't be so frank if we weren't good friends.

"When Mr. Brenon first had her in a picture, we made her a smart little French dress that he didn't like and wouldn't let her wear. Vera begged me to keep it for her for another picture, and I did. I'm still keeping it. She has never had a picture with a scene in which that dress could be worn!

"Florence Vidor is the type who should only wear lovely, soft, feminine things. Street clothes make her another person. Thank heaven, everything she wore in her last picture, *Are Parents People?* turned out to be on the negligée order, so I could dress her right!

"Clothes hamper Pauline Starke. She is essentially an actress. You could never make a clothes-rack of Pauline.

"Kathlyn Williams is the *grande dame* on and off the screen. She has great dis-

(*Continued on page* 119)

FREE
10-Day Tube
Note Coupon

Maybe your teeth, are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Dazzling White Teeth

Why you may already have them—and yet not realize it

Make this unique test. Find out what beauty is beneath the dingy film that clouds your teeth

DO you seriously want dazzlingly clear teeth? — teeth that add immeasurably to your personality and attractiveness?

You can have them, if you wish. That's been proved times without number. But not by continuing with old methods of cleansing and of brushing.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A radically different principle from old ways; and based on latest scientific findings. This offers you a test, free. Simply mail the coupon.

How to gain them—quickly

There's a film on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. *Beneath it are the pretty teeth you envy in others.* Ordinary methods won't successfully remove it.

That is why this test is offered. For when you remove that film, you'll be surprised at what you find. You may actually have beautiful teeth already—*and yet not realize it.* Find out.

What that film is

Most tooth troubles now are traced to film. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

That film, too, absorbs stains . . . stains from food, from smoking, from various causes. And that is why your teeth look "off color."

New methods now remove it

Old-time dentifrices could not successfully fight that film. So most people had dingy teeth. And tooth troubles increased alarmingly.

Now new methods have been found. And embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent.

It acts to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it. No soap, no chalk; no harsh grit dangerous to enamel.

It proves the folly of ugly teeth. It gives better protection against pyorrhea, of tooth troubles both in adults and in children.

Ten days' use will prove its benefits. And that 10 days is offered to you as a test. Why not make it then —*have* prettier teeth, whiter teeth? Send the coupon now.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 878, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family. 1928

Free from odor all day long

—with this cream deodorant

Of course, every woman means to be immaculately dainty but soap and water alone cannot protect you from ever present underarm odor.

The underarms *must* have special care—which you can give now so easily and quickly. Creme Odorono scientifically corrects perspiration odor without checking moisture. A morning application keeps you fresh and clean all day—free from any trace of odor.

Creme Odorono is so soft, smooth, fragrant; vanishes instantly and has no grease or color to stain clothing. It is such a joy for quick use and traveling. At all toilet counters, 25c large tube. If unable to obtain from your dealer, send the coupon and 25c for full-size tube.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company
69 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me full-size tube of Creme Odorono, for which I enclose 25c.

Name .....

Address.....

Photoplay Ideas Wanted

Don't send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form: revised, criticised, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
260 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave. Hollywood, California

Publishers Popular Scenario Writer *Send for free sample copy*

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Just at present, Maggie, in company with Mrs. McQuade, was beating the dust out of Mike Dyer's best trousers—and they would have beaten them much more enthusiastically if Mr. Dyer himself had happened to be inside

The Desert Flower

(*Continued from page* 55)

turned, she was too late. In Dyer's hands was the china teapot, and he was taking from it the ten dollars she had saved for Gwen's education.

She leaped at him like a wildcat, clawing, biting, scratching, her face a mask of fury. Dyer only caught her the closer, held her to him, laughing.

"This fightin' business has got to stop!" he roared. "You're goin' to learn to love me instead. D'you hear?"

Maggie heard and her hands went to his face. Dyer tripped, whirled and fell, a flurry of arms and legs, down the box-car steps. Maggie fell with him, fighting tooth and nail as she went. As they landed, she sprang free, but Dyer charged her like a wild animal. A half brick sailed lightly out Mrs. McQuade's door and caught the astounded Mr. Dyer amidships. He gave one grunt and sat down suddenly, as Maggie fled to the protection of her friend.

"Didn't I tell you to beat it for Bull Frog?" asked Mrs. McQuade, as Mike Dyer stumbled off into the desert massaging his midriff.

Maggie looked meditatively on a flour sack that lay on the desert sand. And the flour sack said to her in letters of six-inch size, "Eventually, Why Not Now?"

She rose, shaking her fist at a small black blot that was Mr. Dyer's fast disappearing back. "Bull Frog or Bust!" said she.

BULL FROG was a boom town. It was surrounded by gold fields, prospectors—and dust. Burros bounced up and down its main street. Sometimes they were laden with gold, more often they were not. But sooner or later, they always found themselves hitched to the rail outside Jack Royal's House, while their masters danced, drank and played poker inside.

Mr. Jack Royal, himself, was a straight gambler, but a good one. He had just drawn two cards to a straight flush, when the double doors blew open, and in burst a dust-covered object in a derby hat.

Before Mr. Royal's eyes had become accustomed to this unusual apparition, there was a loud thud on the table before him. There, sitting in the middle of what had been a stack of poker chips, was Baby Gwen. Mr. Royal poked a finger at it, and Gwen gurgled.

Meanwhile, Maggie was thumping on the bar with the baby's rattle.

"Milk!" said she.

By the time the dazed barkeeper had recovered sufficiently to bring forth a can of condensed milk, there was a crowd seven deep about the baby. Royal's House had not had such a sensation since Mr. Michael Muldoon and Mr. Aloysius O'Kelly had debated the Irish question with intense damage to innocent bystanders.

As Maggie swept thru the mob, bottle in hand, she found Baby Gwen placidly playing with a revolver, a diamond-studded watch, three gold nuggets and four poker hands.

"Gug—gug!" cooed the Belle of Bull Frog.

"Now," said Maggie, after she had given Gwen her bottle, "I want a job. How about it?"

Jack Royal looked at the whimsical little figure before him, the absurd shoes and stockings, the strand of rope that seemed to be doing service as a garter, the burlap dress, and last of all the derby hat. "Sure!" he said. "Hang up your hat, Stranger, and stay awhile!"

In a shadowy corner, a sodden figure stiffened momentarily, then slouched forward on the table again, its head in its hands. But Maggie had seen.

"Rance!" she cried, standing over him. "Hello, Princess Desert Flower!" Rance lifted blood-shot eyes to her. "Drunk? Sure, I am! I've been drunk ever since I got here."

Over on the smooth-polished bar, Baby Gwen was gurgling into the loud-speaker of a radio. "Bedtime stories," said Jack Royal with a grin. "Dont miss this one, boys!"

The big black horn whirred out words. "'Who's eaten my porridge?' said the Littlest Bear."

Maggie put a cool hand on the man's head. "Buck up, Rance!" she said.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"You've got to quit drinking. I'll help you."

THE next few days were a whirl of bewildering happiness. Baby Gwen was sent to California in charge of a nurse, Maggie was a fixture in Royal's House, and—this was the greatest wonder of all—she had new clothes for the first time in fifteen years. Jack Royal had donated a soft-brimmed Stetson, the bartender had offered a fancy vest of amazing brilliance, and a raffle which Maggie won, had yielded up the crowning touch, a pair of bearskin chaps, which, while a little warm, were undoubtedly stylish.

As for Rance, he had stopped drinking, worked more or less steadily, and had written home to his family. It was a week afterward that Maggie found him staring at a letter in his hand.

"It's from Dad," he explained. "He's forgiven me and sent me a check for a thousand dollars."

Maggie clapped her hands joyously, then said slyly, "I reckon a millionaire's son wont have much use for a dance-hall girl!"

"Wont he?" cried Rance, leaping up. But she danced thru the doorway, blowing him a kiss.

Rance called for just one drink to celebrate. Of what happened after that he had only the dimmest idea, until, two days later, he found himself staggering up the main street of Bull Frog, his head splitting, his pockets empty.

On the broad veranda of Royal's House, the burly sheriff was arguing with a Mexican boy. "Git out!" he bawled. "We dont want no Greasers here! Git!"

A girl in bearskin chaps glided out the door like a slim shadow. "Hello, Jose!" she cried. "Leave him alone, sheriff! He's a friend of mine and as good as anyone else."

Rance rocked toward the veranda, his eyes red-rimmed, his face unshaven.

"'Lo," he said unsteadily, "'Lo, Desert Flower!"

Maggie drew back. "Keep away from me!" she cried. "You broke your promise, Rance! You got drunk! I'm thru with you!"

Rance staggered weakly. "B-but, Maggie—"

"Go away!" she snapped.

Listlessly Rance turned, his shoulders slumped, his head hanging. Wearily, he walked away thru the dust.

(*Continued on page* 116)

"All I got so far is ten dollars saved to send the baby to school," laughed Maggie

Women especially may well be thankful for it

EVERY enlightened woman is aware that the use of powerful poisons in feminine hygiene is fraught with many dangers. Prominent physicians everywhere are discouraging the employment of bichloride of mercury as well as compounds of carbolic acid.

These and other powerful chemicals are actually a menace to house and home. The pity of it is that science has been in the past unable to offer other means of securing real protection against germs.

But now, women may well be thankful that this old order of things has passed. No longer is the "skull and crossbones" danger necessary in the home. For Zonite, the remarkable new antiseptic, though more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the body, is absolutely *non-poisonous*.

Zonite has been investigated and endorsed by prominent authorities. It is used by hundreds of hospitals, and by specialists. Its results are most satisfactory. It gives *real* protection against germs and, in addition, its action upon sensitive tissues is mildly stimulating and healthful.

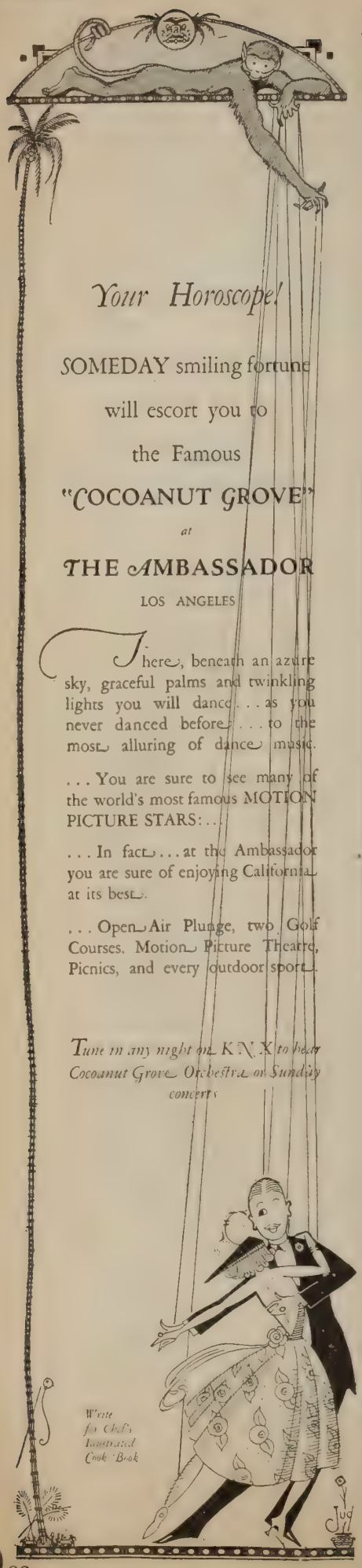
As a woman, you will be interested in reading the booklet offered below—written expressly *for* women. Thousands have sent for it and have been grateful for the helpful information which it contains. Simply fill out the coupon and address it—Women's Div., Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

Zonite, despite its great germicidal power, is absolutely non-poisonous. This form of antiseptic can be used freely in the mouth, nose and throat to kill the germs that cause sore throat, colds and other respiratory diseases.

In bottles at all druggists
50c and $1.00
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite Products Co., *Women's Div.*
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite Feminine Hygiene booklet. (A-A-2)
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....


Your Horoscope!
SOMEDAY smiling fortune
will escort you to
the Famous
"COCOANUT GROVE"
at
THE AMBASSADOR
LOS ANGELES
There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance . . . as you never danced before . . . to the most alluring of dance music.
. . . You are sure to see many of the world's most famous MOTION PICTURE STARS: . .
. . . In fact . . . at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.
. . . Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, Motion Picture Theatre, Picnics, and every outdoor sport.
Tune in any night on K N X to hear Cocoanut Grove Orchestra on Sunday concerts
Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 70*)

have been the leaders of this sport and are usually the queens of the rival hockey teams.

Viola made a killing in real estate this spring. A few years ago, she bought a garage on Hollywood Boulevard—principally in order to help her secretary and chauffeur who wanted to get on in the world. While they were getting on in the world, the garage increased in value. Viola recently sold it for $75,000 cash.

PROBABLY no actress in Hollywood has so many troubles or so many friends as Mabel Normand. When Mabel signed a contract with Al Woods the other day to appear in a New York musical comedy, Hollywood straightway proceeded to give her a big party of congratulation. Mrs. Thomas H. Ince was hostess. Mabel, it must be confessed, does not seem especially jubilant at the prospects. She has moved to Beverly Hills from her old Seventh Street apartment where she lived so long, and is living the quietest life imaginable.

Mabel's charities are endless. She must have saved a great deal of money in spite of all her tragedies, for the money she spends in kindness amounts to a young fortune. She practically supports a home in Italy for orphan children. Her beneficiaries in California amount to a young army.

By the terms of contract with Woods, Mabel will get $5,500 a week and work part of the time in pictures.

A LITTLE sister of Sally O'Neill couldn't stand it when Sally blossomed out as a movie star. You will remember that Sally was a little girl named Chatsie Noonan whom Mickie Neilan discovered. Well, little sister decided that Sally didn't own the movies and there must be room for another. So she and a kid brother started out on a career of adventure and achievement, just as Jack and Lottie Pickford did years ago when Mary came home and lorded it over them.

They stopped at the first studio they saw—which was Hal Roach's. About fifteen minutes after poking her little Irish face in at the casting director's window, she had a job. Before the day was over she had a five-year contract. I understand she will also take the name of O'Neill. Altho it has always been a puzzle to me why any producer should force a girl to discard a name as piquant and interesting as Chatsie Noonan.

International Newsreel

Suzanne O'Neill, sister of Sally, has entered the movies too, having signed a five-year contract to play in comedies

IT looks very much as tho this were to be a little girls' year. The girls who are regarded as having the most brilliant promise of any in the movies right now are very small—Betty Bronson, Clara Bow, Mary Brian, Greta Nissen.

After changing their minds several times about the actress to play *A Kiss for Cinderella*, the Lasky people have selected Betty Bronson. They say they did this because Sir James Barrie absolutely insisted; but I have a terrible suspicion that Sir James was asked if he would be so very, very kind as absolutely to insist. Little Miss Bronson is really learning to act, and her work in *Not So Long Ago* and *Are Parents People?* indicates that she is one of the best bets to come to the screen for many, many years.

I have always observed that people make good in groups. For instance, Jack London, Frank Norris, the two Irwins, and several others, fought their way up together.

Just so, the little group in this picture, *Are Parents People?* have started to climb the ladder at the same time. The director was Malcolm St. Clair, who had been a newspaper cartoonist. It was his first really big-league picture. He is regarded by Paramount as the most promising of all the young directors. He has the gift of narrative, sympathy and charm.

Florence Vidor, who had the lead in this picture, has suddenly emerged as a real actress, having apparently cast off her self-consciousness.

FOR the first time, the heirs of the estate of Oscar Wilde have been induced to allow one of his plays to be filmed. Ernst Lubitsch wanted to film *Lady Windermere's Fan*, but the heirs of his estate almost fainted with horror at the idea. Some agent of rare diplomacy had the happy thought of showing them *The Marriage Circle*. They took a look at this and capitulated. Mr. Lubitsch is now preparing the scenario for the picture, but has not yet selected Lady Windermere, or any other members of the cast for it.

ANN PENNINGTON came to Hollywood with her famous dimpled knees; and the first picture engagement she found was with Tom Mix, where it would appear there would be small scope for said famous leg hinges. After the Mix engagement, she is to go with Julian Eltinge to play in *Madame Lucy* at Christie studio. Mr. Eltinge, by the way, is building a big tourist hotel on his ranch back of San Diego.

I HAVE never known any star to come to Hollywood under just the conditions under which Lillian Gish is starting her work at Metro-Mayer-Goldwyn studio. She is allowed to bring her own scenario writer; to name her entire staff, including the director. Wherefore she has brought Madame De Gresac from New York to prepare the screen version of *La Bohême*. She is the goddaughter of Sardou, the famous French dramatist. Miss Gish has chosen King Vidor to direct. She and her mother have decided not to take a house during their stay here, but will live at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It is very likely that their stay will be brief, as Miss Gish expects to go to Germany to make a picture with Emil Jannings under the direction of the man who made *The Last Laugh*.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Elinor Glyn made Conrad Nagel glue his ears back as the hero of "Four Flaming Days." She says it gives him such a devilish look!

MAE MURRAY has returned from Paris, a lady without matrimonial ties. For the sake of diplomacy, her next picture will be directed by Josef von Sternberg, replacing Bob Leonard, her late husband, who, however, still works at the same studio. In the end, I will wager Leonard directs her again, divorce or no divorce. No one has ever been able to handle her peculiar problems so well.

WITH the most charming simplicity, Gloria Swanson and her marquis have settled to the life of Hollywood. You see them around at the beach clubs and the little parties. Gloria says, in explanation of their loverlike chumminess: "You see, Henry and I have decided that we are not going to be one of the married couples that observe the customs of good taste. We are going to hold hands." And so they do.

Highbrow note: Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim* is to be produced by Lasky. John Russell has come West to write the scenario.

Smart crack: Kathleen Key says: "We can choose our friends; but the casting director gives us our husbands and relatives."

WELL now, this was real suffering for an actor. In answering his wife's charges in a divorce suit, Cullen Landis says his wife agonized him by insisting upon keeping Rudolph Valentino's photograph on the family piano in their apartment. If that wasn't fiendish cruelty, then, oh gosh, what is cruel?

CLAIRE WINDSOR'S little son, Billie, was found unconscious on the sidewalk in front of her home on Third Avenue. It was thought he might have fallen from his bicycle, but he was unable to explain. Altho threatened with concussion of the brain, he will recover.

ED FAUST and Arlis, the brothers who own the dog Peter the Great, are in a lawsuit, both claiming him. Arlis has asked the court to make a Solomon decision, putting the dog down in the courtroom: then both will call to him and see which call he answers. The court is dubious.

—H. C.

Your Beauty In the Morning

Is your complexion parched, aged and dead appearing? Do you see signs of wrinkles and flabbiness slowly creeping into the smooth, firm skin you once knew?

Then it's time to pause and think—to realize something must be done NOW to bring back the fresh, vivacious appearance of youth. No matter what you are now doing for your skin and complexion it evidently is not bringing results. Let—

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

show you the way to a new beauty. A skin and complexion that will be soft, fresh and lovely twenty-four hours of the day. A radiant, fascinating appearance which seems imbued with the life and fire of eternal youth. Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts an exceptional antiseptic action. Blemishes and complexion ills are effectively concealed while being relieved. Wrinkles and flabbiness generally yield to its astringent properties. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in compacts.

Send 50c. for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10c. for trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream

M-5-5

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, 430 Lafayette Street, New York City

Ideal Summer Vacations

BERMUDA

Only 2 Days from New York

8-Day Tours—$90.00 and up

9 Days—$96.00 and up
Including all Expenses
Longer Tours in Proportion

All Outdoor Sports
Sailing, Bathing, Golf, Tennis, Crystal Caves, Sea Gardens, etc. Bermuda is cool in Summer. Average Summer temperature 77 deg.

No Passports Required—Sailings Twice Weekly
Via Palatial Twin-Screw, Oil Burning, Transatlantic Liners

S. S. "FORT VICTORIA" and S. S. "FORT ST. GEORGE"

Canadian Cruises 12 Days
NEW YORK HALIFAX QUEBEC

2 Delightful Yachting Cruises
Leave New York August 8-22
via Palatial Twin-Screw S. S. "Fort Hamilton"
Stopping One Day (each way) at Halifax and Two Days at Quebec. Magnificent Scenery. Smooth Water, Cool Weather, Orchestra for Dancing.

For Illustrated Booklets on Bermuda Tours or Canadian Cruises write

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
34 Whitehall St., N. Y., or Any Local Tourist Agent

Miss Helen O'Shea Premier Danseuse "Moonlight"

I Can Teach You Classic Dancing At Home

Only **$5.00** A Month

Yes, my remarkable new method makes classic dancing easy and fascinating to learn at home. Under *personal direction*, you learn dancing technique that few outside the great cities have ever had opportunity to master and at a mere fraction of the cost of studio instruction. The simple charts, clear photographs, easy text, and phonograph records make this a delightful way to gain better health—greater beauty—slenderness—increased poise and charm.

Complete Studio Outfit Free

I will send you, with your lessons, a dainty practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and a dancing bar—everything necessary for a practice studio in your own home, all absolutely without extra charge.

Write! Whether you dream of a career as a professional dancer, or wish to dance for charm and grace, write today for full information about my wonderful new home instruction method. No obligation. Write today!

M. Sergei Marinoff School of Classic Dancing
Studio 12-66 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

To get the effect you want

Dress your hair with Glo-Co

GLO-CO Liquid Hair Dressing makes your hair easy to arrange, and keeps it in place all day. It's a tonic and dressing too—better by far than brilliantine.

Use Glo-Co Hair Dressing before a curl or marcel. Prevents split and broken ends and keeps your hair curled longer. Remember to use it on the children's hair too. Keeps the most unruly hair in place all day. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is good for the scalp as well as the hair. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth and lessens dandruff.

Use it on the scalp before a shampoo. Then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather frees the scalp from scale and bacteria and makes the hair like silk.

Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. Send 10 cents for samples of both.

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

NORMANY PRODUCTS CO. Dept. B
6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed find 10c for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

HOW TO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!

M. Trilety's new lipshaper together with its thick lip astringent lotion, will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick unshapely lips to normal and thus improve your facial features 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfortable, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and eliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.
Write for full information, testimonials etc., without any obligation on your part.

M. TRILETY
Dept. 103-SP Binghamton, N. Y.

STINGING PAIN of BURNS
promptly soothed by bandaging with cooling, healing
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
MentholatumCo.,Buffalo,N.Y.,Wichita,Kans.

Gayne Whitman *Russell Ritchie* *William Powell*

Meet the New Sheiks Who Are Storming the Screen

(*Continued from page* 33)

accent, or perhaps it has rubbed off in his wanderings.

Richard's people, one gathers, are well-to-do, but he has been on his own by choice since the time when, at fifteen, he and two schoolboy friends ran away to New York City and decided to enlist in the Flying Corps—not so much from a zeal for war as from a yearning to wear the uniform.

"Most of us in the Corps were under eighteen," he says. "We couldn't raise a beard, tho we tried hopefully."

After the war there was more wandering: then a season in the Texas oil-fields; then truck driving; then California, where he found a job delivering movie film from a laboratory to the different studios.

That was four years ago. Burning to show his incredulous family that he could succeed without financial assistance, Richard became a movie extra and drifted from lot to lot, now and then getting a "bit" but, as he confesses, usually being fired before he could finish them because he objected to playing a cheating gambler, or a fop in a yellow wig.

He was on the point of quitting the game when the call went out for new leading men, and before he quite knew what was happening he had signed on the dotted line.

You will see Richard Arlen in *In the Name of Love*, but if you were in Hollywood you probably wouldn't see him at all. He lives on top of a mountain, and keeps out of the limelight.

"If you're seen around at road-houses and restaurants, people will talk about you," he says with wisdom remarkable for his twenty-four years. "Of course, if you *aren't* seen around such places they'll talk about you too."

IT was Lasky's that gave Ernest Gillen his first chance by signing him up to play leading man to Alice Terry in *Any Woman*. This striking-looking young man comes from Mexico City, where he was Ernesto Guillano, a boy of the upper class. Love of adventure led him to join Pancho Villa's forces and fight with him, escaping when the cause was lost, and fleeing to America, with Carranza in hot pursuit. For a year or more he lived in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles, working as a screen extra, before Lasky picked him out to play dashing film lover to Alice Terry.

OF course, one of the new film heroes is an Elinor Glyn discovery, tho it seems that it would be rather difficult for Grant Withers to remain undiscovered very long, with his spectacular six-foot-four of height, topped with a head of waving blond hair. But he had had nothing better than bits up to the moment that Mrs. Glyn happened to see him crossing the Goldwyn lot in his uniform as an officer of *Graustark*. Uttering a rapturous shriek of delight, she dashed from her office and seized him by the sleeve.

"Oh you're so splendid!" she cried—so onlookers say—"You must play in my next picture. Positively! I wont take 'no.'"

But Grant Withers had recognized her, and was just as likely to say "no" to Elinor Glyn, as a lost soul hanging round the pearly gate would be likely to refuse a kindly invitation from Saint Peter to step inside. And so you will see him in *The Only Thing*.

Women with a tendency to a double chin would find looking up at Grant a good exercise. Atop his remarkable height he has a strongly featured face, with a square chin reminiscent of Bert Lytell, laughing blue eyes and a winning smile. Grant is only twenty, and comes from a prominent Colorado family. He has the social background that the screen needs so badly, and an athletic record. Hidden away in the depths of his trunk is a medal he received for saving lives at the time of the Pueblo flood two years ago. In order to become a movie actor he sacrificed an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis—thereby doing more for his country, as a million lady fans will testify in the course of the next year.

GARDNER JAMES' slight, boyish physique is deceptive, as various persons have had occasion to discover from time to time when they roused the Irish in him. There is something wistful and young in his eyes, his sensitive mouth, and chin, that makes a woman want to put her arms around his shoulders and tell him not to mind, it will be all right by and by.

Born almost within hearing of the roar of Broadway, Gardner James has been an actor ever since he could remember, but—because he is Irish, and therefore a dreamer and a rover, restless, haunted by old voices in the sea wind—he has run away from the stage many times in his career to ship as a seaman on some freighter, outward bound for the far places.

When he came back from these voyages, there would be the search for a job. Broad-

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

way forgets so easily. A telephone to his family on Staten Island would have settled his difficulties, but Gardner's pride always kept him away from home except when he was successful.

"They dont show hunger right in the pictures," he grins, "you know the scene—where a fellow stands and stares into a restaurant window? When you're really *hungry*, you dont dare look in—you go by with your head turned away, as quickly as you can."

He knows all about sleeping in subway entrances too—with newspapers over one to keep out the cold—some of it. Then going every morning to early mass at the Cathedral, where it was warm. He learned to sleep soundly for two hours, kneeling in the pew.

Gardner James came to Hollywood several months ago to try his luck in the films, working his passage on a Canal freighter. He is playing in his third picture now.

"MOST of the Spanish lovers in Hollywood cannot speak Spanish," Manuel Grenado says with a shrug. Tho he has every right to the romantic rôle of Latin lover, he prefers to start his movie career as Paul Ellis, and that is the Babbittical name that appears on his five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This company needed a bull-fighter for *The Bandelero*, and when Manuel Grenado came forward, claiming to be one, he was accepted and sent with Renée Adorée to Cuba, where he proceeded to fight a bull which tore a great gash in his side. It kept him in the hospital for a month.

Anyone who wants to get into the pictures as badly as that surely deserves to get there.

FIRST NATIONAL considers handsome young Hugh Allen one of their best future bets. He's one of California's native sons, and after graduating from the Oakland High School, went to Hollywood and became a "prop" boy in a studio, and later an assistant cameraman.

Mary Pickford saw him last spring, and chose him for leading man in *Little Annie Rooney*. But the radio forbade it. He was fixing his set on a roof one day, fell to the ground and broke his arm, and lost his Big Chance. It was not long lost, however. The First National contract arrived, and you'll see him in *Joseph Greer and His Daughter*.

CECIL B. DE MILLE has signed up two new leading men in his stock company. Robert Ames is blond, debonair and handsome, and celebrated not only for his stage work as for being the husband of the prima donna of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, Vivienne Segal. He consented to be coaxed away from the stage on a recent

(*Continued on page* 118)

Raymond Keane

The telephone door

More people enter our homes and offices by telephone than in person. Through the telephone door, traveling by wire, comes a stream of people from the outside world on social and business missions. Important agreements or appointments are made, yet the callers remain but a few seconds or minutes and with a "good-bye" are gone. We go out through our telephone doors constantly to ask or give information, buy or sell things, make personal calls and on dozens of other errands.

None of the relations of life is more dependent upon co-operation and mutual consideration than these daily millions of telephone journeys. It is the telephone company's part to furnish the means of calling and to place courteous and intelligent employees at the service of the public. Good service is then assured when there is a full measure of co-operation between users.

Only by mutual care and consideration can everyone enjoy the full pleasures and benefits of calling. Telephone courtesy is for the good of all who use the telephone door.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS $3.25

PEOPLE ADMIRE DAINTY ANKLES

Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special processed rubber.

Lenor Ankle Reducers
ANKLES ACTUALLY LOOK THIN WHILE GETTING THIN

Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. Send $3.25 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

LENOR MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 9-S, 503 Fifth Ave., New York

THICK ANKLES SPOIL YOUR APPEARANCE

$100 a Week FOR CARTOONS

GET INTO THIS ATTRACTIVE FAST-GROWING FIELD *NOW*

Learn to Draw Cartoons at Home

A wonderfully simple method makes it amazingly easy to become a professional cartoonist right at home in a few minutes daily spare time. Enjoy easy hours—freedom from routine—and make $100 a week or more. Write for Free Book which tells all about this easy method. Mail card TO-DAY.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 189C, 1113-15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

I II III

Beauty that Lasts All Day!

One—two—three—happy moments before your mirror and you need give no thought to your complexion! The perfectly natural color of your cheeks and lips lasts through the day—lasts all evening long. *Never again* will you be content with one rouge on cheeks and another on lips!

How does this happen? The *new* MOIST rouge, JARNAC! A brilliant, but true blood-red—one shade for any complexion, any lips—and with such perfect spread and blend it may not be detected a few inches away.

You must JARNAC cheeks and lips to realize what is wrong with your most careful attempts with crayon-like rouge. JARNAC, of pure solidified oils and pure color, is really waterproof and its youthful film of color *does last.*

JARNAC is really excellent for the skin, not to be compared with old-fashioned dry rouge compacts, the dust from which is rubbed into the helpless pores countless times daily—and, oh, how the soiled rouge puff revolts dainty feminity.

Your druggist must have JARNAC by now! A dainty but generous box is 50 cents—look for the red counter card, or order direct from JARNAC, 540 West Randolph St., Chicago.

JARNAC
Cheek and Lip Rouge

Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start. In a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' trial and easy payments arranged. (173)

Free Saxophone Book Shows all Buescher models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
666 BUESCHER BLOCK ELKHART, INDIANA

Mary Brian and Neil Hamilton Were Married in New York in the Little Church Around the Corner!

But not really, you know—just a screen wedding for "The Street of Forgotten Men." There's a very charming Mrs. Hamilton already; we'll give you a picture of the two, next month if you'd like it. And Mary Brian is much too young even to be engaged

Solutions to "The Fangs of the Leopard"

(*Continued from page 75*)

furniture had just been removed, as had been arranged for. By a mere chance, the detectives commented on the heaviness of the pieces, and in particular that of the Florentine couch, which it took three men to lift to the van.

"Suddenly it flashed thru my brain that the couch was *not* heavy: I had seen it moved about the studio by two small porters. At once the crime was clear to me. With my assistants I pursued the van. Luckily, we found it lumbering along a boulevard toward the residence of the Marquis. Suddenly, it turned into a dark courtyard in a villainous district, and stopped before a disused warehouse.

"Sure enough, three men lifted out the Florentine couch and prepared to carry it into the warehouse. My men and I were on them in an instant. The gendarmes were attracted by the commotion, and surrounded the block. And then, why, we examined the couch, found a hidden spring, and upon pressing it, the couch flew open, disclosing a secret compartment. Within this was Mademoiselle Mona, drugged and bound, but quite alive!

"Meanwhile, in the warehouse my men had cornered the Leopard!"

"But who is the Leopard?" asked the bewildered Ted.

"Monsieur le Marquis de la Brie," said Lalou. "And now——"

"But he is dead!"

"So it seemed, Monsieur, but one mutilated body greatly resembles another, and tho this was dressed in the clothes of the Marquis, and the papers of the Marquis were found upon it, it was not the Marquis.

"We have been after the Leopard for a long time, and for days I have had some suspicion of the truth. De la Brie is a homicidal maniac of the worst type. He planned this crime with consummate cunning—and then, so that he would not be suspected, arranged his own death by having some other man murdered and flung into the Seine.

"Again, he arranged that the Florentine couch should be taken into the warehouse only for a moment—then removed, empty, and transported to the town house of the late Monsieur de la Brie. If it were traced and found, if the secret compartment was discovered, it would incriminate no one. And meanwhile, the Leopard would have made his kill!"

"Quite so!" said the Prefect, smoothing his goatee as calmly as tho nothing had happened. "And now, naturally, you and Monsieur Rutledge are quite free. You will find Mademoiselle at her hotel. Give her my compliments. And now is there any other way we may be of service to you?"

"Sure!" said Ted. "Tell me when the next ship sails for America. We're going home!"

The Prize Winner

This month's prize is awarded to L. W. Darrah, M.D., of Ellwood City, Pa.

His manuscript was chosen because of its cleverness and brevity, and because he made no attempt to imitate the style of the author but concerned himself solely with solving the mystery. It is, in our opinion, the most original and worthy of all the entries.

THE Prefect's men seize Rutledge, believing him to be somehow connected with the Marquis's death. Besides, Rutledge was last seen with the Marquis.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Here a stranger hurries into the studio. He is Phillip Darnell, an American sightseer. On the previous night Darnell rose because of inability to sleep, pending his return to the States within a few days, and went for a stroll. Ahead of him, on the bridge, was a man walking moodily, and accompanied by an immense mastiff. Suddenly—and for no reason visible to Darnell— the man struck the mastiff with his cane. Darnell, himself a lover of dogs, sprang forward to protest. The dog, however, then had the man by the throat and the two were struggling furiously on the dimly lighted bridge. Finally the man, unable to conquer the enraged dog, sought to save himself by scrambling over the bridge-rail, and leaning away from the mastiff. But the animal climbed also, and tore more savagely than ever at the terrified man. Then both fell fighting into the Seine, before Darnell could interfere.

The affair left Darnell in a quandary. He did not care to risk missing his boat, because his temperamental fiancée had postponed their marriage on two other occasions. Besides, he felt that no worth-while man would beat a dog without good reasons; so it seemed that the man only got his just deserts.

Later he began to worry, and had almost made up his mind to report to the police when an extra came out, announcing the finding of Monsieur le Marquis's body in the Seine. The paper also mentioned who was last seen with the Marquis. Darnell decided to go to Rutledge and tell what he had seen; but the police are already there. Darnell tells his story. The Prefect is impressed and Darnell is at once taken to the Marquis's body. There, experts quickly decided that dog's teeth caused the Marquis's death. Darnell is released, and Rutledge is free from suspicion.

But Miss Wright, the star, is still missing!

The Prefect's men make a few half-hearted attempts to locate Mona. She is not a Frenchwoman, obviously they are not so interested. They shrug their shoulders. They have no clues but the little scraps of paper that might mean anything, or nothing! Better give her up for dead. Or else—and they wink significantly at one another—it may be but an American advertising stunt! . . .

Ted Dawson, the director, is panic-stricken; low in funds; without a star; so he sails for the States to face the directors and explain his losses. On the same boat is Darnell, altho Ted sees little of him. As the boat reaches New York, Darnell hunts up Ted, hands him a sum of money—equal to his Monte Carlo gambling losses. Ted is amazed. How did Darnell know—unless Mona told? Ted reluctantly accepts the money, determined to repay it some day, somehow; and asks Darnell what he knows of the missing Mona. But Darnell only shakes his head.

Darnell drives off in a taxi and none but the chauffeur knew that a woman was within, heavily veiled. Mona, the missing star!

Darnell folded her in his arms. How happy they were! And they owed their happiness to good old Lalou, the supposed "bad egg" of Montparnasse.

For some time Mona has realized that, altho she is still beautiful, she is no longer a young star. She has had suspicions that her producers are on the alert for a younger woman—the fate of all stars. But Mona is hypersensitive and has many agonized moments as she contemplates her future. Who was it had laughingly said: "Never mind, my dear, you, too, will hit the toboggan like the rest of us!"

Blue-jay is the efficient way to rout a corn. It leaves nothing to your guess-work. You do not have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each plaster is a complete standardized treatment, with just the right amount of the magic medication to end the corn. Simply put on the plaster—it does the rest.

Could you confess a Corn —without embarrassment?

There isn't anything unnatural in one's desire to hide a corn. A corn is undainty. One feels instinctively that it is not a possession a well-bred woman should have. . . . A dainty woman will not tolerate a corn. She is as careful of her feet as of her face. She feels that it is unpardonable to neglect those parts of her body which are usually unseen. . . . Anyone may acquire a corn. . . . But it is bad form to keep one. Especially when Science has provided the way to get rid of it so swiftly, surely and pleasantly. 45,000 druggists have Blue-jay.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© 1925

Clear-Tone

The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly and permanently removing

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ACNE

Eruptions on the face or body, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, skin specialists, barbers, and over

100,000 Men and Women

test cases, who succeeded with Clear-Tone after failing with everything else. Write today for my Free booklet, *"A Clear-Tone Skin,"* telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E. S. GIVENS, 222 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Reduce Your Limbs with DR. WALTER'S Medicated Rubber Stockings

The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber anklets and stockings [illegible] will not only reduce [illegible] excellent support and a neat and trim appearance. They relieve swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly.

Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep [illegible] They stimulate the circulation and are a great protection against cold and dampness.

Anklets, per pair $7.00
Stockings, per pair $12.00

Send ankle and calf measure

WRITE FOR BOOKLET 10

DR. JEANNE M.P. WALTER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

Free Trial Bottle

Gray Haired People

—Learn my story!

It can't be told in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for **free trial bottle and test** on a single lock of hair.

It proves what I did for all gray haired people when I perfected my restorer—to renew the color in my own prematurely gray hair.

The single lock test proves how easy is application, how perfect results. That my restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for absolutely Free Trial Outfit and learn my wonderful story and what it means to you. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in letter.

Please print your name and address

MAIL now

MARY T. GOLDMAN
493-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name .....

Street..... City.....

After Sun, Wind and Dust—*Murine*

When EYES become blood-shot from the irritating effects of wind and dust, use *Murine*. It quickly relieves this unattractive condition, as well as eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun. *Murine* is particularly soothing and refreshing after motoring or outdoor sports.

If used night and morning, *Murine* will soon promote a clear, bright, healthly condition of the EYES. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

END OILY HAIR

The Method of New York's Famous Specialist

No more oily, scraggly locks. The treatment of the Dr. Frank Parker Trichological Institute—patronized by fashion leaders—is now offered to you.

HERBEX OILY HAIR CORRECTANT

acts scientifically. Prevents loss of hair, dandruff and scalp disorders. Makes waving easier and more lasting. Pleasant to use. Satisfaction guaranteed in ten days or money freely refunded. Sold by beauty parlors and drug stores. Or postpaid for $1.00. Address Dept. A.

PARKER HERBEX CORP.
47 West 49th Street
New York, N. Y.

FREE
a seven day cake

The Secret of a Skin that's Always Young

Known to millions of beautiful women, stage and film stars. It is Sem-pray, the "Always Young" complexion cake. Contains precious aids to beauty which cannot be put up in jars. A super-fine cleansing creme, skin food and base for powder—combined! **Guaranteed safe, pure, reliable.** Endorsed by skin specialists. Sold everywhere, 60c. Trial cake, with beauty booklet, free. Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay, 652-K Sem-pray Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Just Say SEM-PRAY

Cuticura Talcum
Unadulterated
Exquisitely Scented

Darnell has urged her, frequently, to give up the screen and marry him. Each picture she vowed would be "her last"; but she kept on, with the persistence of a Bernhardt, and likely with the same tragic end awaiting.

No wonder she listened eagerly to Lalou's astounding scheme. Had he not rescued Gloria Poynton, the Australian pianist, from the fate that may some day overtake Mona Wright herself? Also, there was the glorious Rubinka, the Hungarian actress—her glory had begun to fade. But he, Lalou, had saved them from oblivion. The two former public idols suddenly disappeared, at the height of their fame. People believed them dead; but ah! they had sought happiness in obscurity with the one they loved, content that their fame would live untarnished.

Such, in brief, was Lalou's plan that was broached to Mona. While publicity men worked their brains for methods to bring greater fame to their clients, the public idols, Lalou worked in a different fashion—preserving the fame of the idols by mysteriously removing them when they were high in popular favor, thus leaving no chance for a "let-down" for posterity to groan over. Mona, after much deliberation, accepts when persuaded to by Darnell. Lalou's warnings, which he sends to all clients, are merely blinds to arouse suspicion in other quarters and make the disappearance seem eventually like a murder. Mona, at first, is rather frightened by Lalou's zealousness, but she finally consents to play the part urged by Darnell and Lalou. All goes as they had planned; they reach America. Now for the remainder of their scheme. They marry in New York City, and the public, under the impression that Mona Wright, the screen star, is dead, witness the wedding without a soul even imagining that the exquisite Mrs. Phillip Darnell is none other than their missing and believed-to-be-dead idol! . . .

In and Out of the Eastern Studios

(*Continued from page 78*)

Tom will go out to Hollywood. In the opinion of most New Yorkers, that's something dreadful. New York looks on Tom as one of her native sons, and an exceptionally popular one, at that. And when people get to running out to Hollywood to make pictures, there's no telling where the matter may end.

One of the members of our staff, by the way, was in the South when Mr. Meighan was there recently, and he told her that Florida would undoubtedly be the next big motion picture center. His reasons were that it was so much nearer New York and that it has every possible advantage of climate and ocean. Tom didn't add that the wonderful fishing to be had was one of its chief inducements, but anybody who has seen him with a rod in his hand can supply that information easily

One of the busiest sounding schedules that we've heard about is that of Allene Ray. She is the star of an unbelievable number of motion picture serials.

At present she is finishing the eighth episode of *Play Ball*. It was while they were shooting scenes in the Alamac Hotel, that she told us about it.

"Each episode," said she, "is like making a separate movie. There are ten episodes to a serial. I have made six serials in two and a half years. In other words sixty pictures in thirty months." This startling fact was allowed to sink in, then she continued: "This serial will be finished in about six weeks and then I'm going to take the first vacation I've had in goodness knows how long. I'm really quite tired."

She might well be. This kind of picture is strenuous, to say the least.

Here you see Charlie Chaplin riding his hobby as hard as he can. He really wanted to be the conductor of a great symphony orchestra, but Fate said: "Charlie, your feet will shuffle you into fame a lot quicker than your arms can, brandishing a baton"

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Ten or Fifteen Years Ago

(*Continued from page* 61)

comes apparent that we have in the motion picture a potent and a permanent force in modern life.

—From *Dame Fashion and the Movies.*

A Too Real Comedy

Rex and Don have had a bitter fight to a draw. Rex is Mae Marsh's English bull-terrier, and Don is Dorothy Gish's pedigreed Airedale pup. The owners and others tried to stop the fight, and the cameraman was clever enough to film it all, which will now be used as part of a comedy.

—From *Green Room Jottings.*

The Beginning of Censorship

Hathe N. R.—Perhaps it is not the manager's fault that his theater is so brightly illuminated as to make the picture appear dim. In some cities, like New York, the law requires that all motion-picture theaters be well lighted at all times.

News Item

Dal W. P.—Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters. So are Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

Ditto 1925

Pansy.—. . . I am sure Mary Pickford would like to write to you, but you know she cant write to everybody.

—From *The Answer Man.*

She Still Has It

I consider Blanche Sweet the greatest artist because of her ability to portray characters with sympathy, and because of her facial expression.

—From *The Great Artist Contest.*

September, 1915

Long, Long Ago

EULALIE JENSON was the stunning widow, Mrs. Talcott, in *The Time, the Place, and the Girl* in 1908.

Sidney Olcott was Mike Dooly in *From Rags to Riches* in 1904.

Thomas Ince was Hud Bryson in *The Ninety-and-Nine* in 1903.

Herbert Brenon was playing with the Lyceum Theater Stock in 1903.

Screen History

The Edison Company consider themselves very fortunate in procuring a contract with Mrs. Fiske to play Becky Sharp in *Vanity Fair.*

This Still Goes

May we beg and entreat the heroines of motion pictures not to paint their lips so heavily? It is very inartistic and disillusioning to see a beauteous maiden in a "close-up" with her lips oozing grease-paint.

—From *Green Room Jottings.*

But Wouldn't That Be Extravagant?

Facts, Calexico.—Mary Pickford answers her own letters, but she could afford to hire a secretary if she wishes.

Is That So?

J. T. N., Washington.—So you have often noticed Anita Stewart, Edith Storey and Norma Talmadge wearing the same dresses? This may be so, because every studio contains a large wardrobe from which the players may make selection, but every player has a number of gowns of her own.

—From *The Answer Man.*

Glorious Freedom from unwanted hair—gain it quickly and thoroughly with the dainty cream, Neet. Then you are certain of lovely satin-smooth skin without any suggestion of former presence of hair.

Not the slightest trace to suggest its removal—that, today, is as important as removing hair that offends. To meet the standards of daintiness that good taste demands you simply must avoid any suggestion of the former presence of hair. Your first use of Neet will show why hundreds of thousands depend on this velvety smooth cream to bring thrilling beauty of skin where unwanted hair had been. With it you simply rinse the hair away. No other method so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearm takes but a few minutes. Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your drug or department store, today. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving. Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Neet is 50c per tube and is always sold on the basis of complete satisfaction or money back. More than 35,000 Druggists sell Neet. Every Drug and Dept. Store has Neet or will gladly get it for you.

Hannibal Phar. Co., 667 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Neet

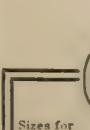
The Hair Removing Cream

Very Special

Ask your Neet dealer for IMMAC also. IMMAC is the dainty, snow-white Cream Deodorant that rids underarm perspiration of all odor and insures personal fragrance.

BEAUTYPEEL "UNMASKS YOUR 'HIDDEN' BEAUTY"

CREATES BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION BY PEELING OFF tan, freckles, blemishes, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, wrinkles, acne, muddy, oily skins. NON-ACID (Fat) lotion. Painless, harmless. Effects astounding. **TRIAL COSTS NOTHING** Write today for Special Offer and "The Art of Face Peeling" FREE.



Newlyn Chemical Company, Inc.
235 Newlyn Building Los Angeles, Calif.

Sizes for all types of noses. Free Demonstration if desired

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The GENUINE (Patented)

Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a **Genuine** and most **Comfortable Nose Supporter.** Absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by Physicians.

Write for FREE booklet, "Nature's Way To Happiness"

The ANITA Co.

Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23 Dept. 932, Anita Building, 655 High St., NEWARK, N. J. BEFORE-AFTER

Tomaroff's Home Study Course of Dancing and Body Building

Four Newly Created Books for Home Study

Book No. 1—Postpaid, $1.60.
Body Building, Stretching, Limbering.

Book No. 2—Postpaid, $1.60.
Simple and Advanced Tumbling, such as Cartwheels, Hand Stands, Splits, Limbers and Somersaults.

Book No. 3—Postpaid, $2.85.
Taps, Musical Comedy, High Kicks, Character Dancing.

Book No. 4—Postpaid, $2.10.
Bar Exercises a Fundamental Study for Ballet, Toe and Classical Dancing.

ENTIRE SET OF 4 BOOKS, POSTPAID, $7.00.
Send stamp for particulars. All books are fully illustrated.
Make your selection and send cash (registered) or money order. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ARON TOMAROFF
110 West 47th St., Dept. 15. NEW YORK.

no more scrubbing

No MORE scouring. No more dipping out water. Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl for you. Simply sprinkle in a little Sani-Flush—follow directions on the can—and flush. It leaves the porcelain sparkling white—and the entire toilet clean and sanitary.

Sani-Flush quickly removes all marks, stains and incrustations. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors.

Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Makes Birds Sing

MOULTING SEASON
Is the most critical in your bird's life. When not properly cared for he may lose his song for good or for a long time.

Max Geisler's Song and Moulting Food will protect your bird's health and save his sweet song.

Testimonial: *"As soon as I began to feed your canary food again he began singing beautifully."* Mrs. Ira St. Myers, Versailles, Ohio.

At all druggists or direct from us Postpaid per package **18c**

Max Bird book FREE for dealer's name.

GEISLER BIRD CO.
EST. 1886
Dept. 106 Omaha, Nebraska
or 28 Cooper Sq., New York
Largest and oldest mail order bird house in U. S.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

REMOVES DANDRUFF
STOPS HAIR FALLING

Has been used with success for more than 40 years

RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

60¢ & $1.00 at all druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

The four-thousand-ton boat, the "Mandalay," being towed out to sea to be blown up for First National's "The Half-Way Girl"

Confidences Off-Screen

(*Continued from page* 59)

Make-Up, or No Make-Up?

HANDSOME, boyish Ben Lyon was a visitor at the office this month. He broke all records in the way of thrilling the girls who work on the Brewster magazines.

Sitting at my desk, his chance remark that none of the actors in his latest picture, *The Wings of Chance*, had used make-up, led us into a discussion his feminine admirers will surely be of two minds about.

"It was a Rex Beach story of the gold rush to Dawson in '98," said Ben. "In most of the exteriors of rough-and-ready life, grease-paint would have been ridiculous. So director Frank Lloyd got the idea of shooting us all the way thru in the realism of the faces God gave us.

"I wont deny I was dubious of the result. But when I saw the first reel in the projection room, I promptly became converted. I realized that, up till then, I'd been masking out my face and painting in an artificial one. It's lines and hollows that give character to one's expression. Under the glare of the footlights on the legitimate stage, make-up may be necessary; but in the movies I'm now opposed to it."

"That's all very well for a young actor," I argued. "For a definitely old one, too, since making the most of his age is the latter's best bet. But during the in-between period, it might prove a severe test."

"Maybe," nodded Ben, in no great alarm at the prospect of a distant day when he'd be wrestling with Father Time.

"Did you have a good time on location?" I asked, as he rose to go.

"Great! We worked in Oregon and Canada. We were out more than three months, and we traveled by Pullman car, day coach, freight-train, hand-car, automobile, boat, horseback, dog-team and on foot—nine different means of conveyance. I enjoyed every minute of it."

Wanted: Romantic Roles for Virginia

IT was the tag-end of the week at Famous Players' studio, and no one seemed to be working. I thought I'd made a useless trip, when a voice spoke up:

"There's Virginia Valli. She's just arrived from Chicago, and has gone to her dressing-room."

I begged to be taken there, and let it be said right now that tho I'd heard plenty of nice things about Miss Valli they'd fallen short of preparing me for finding her such a sweet and interesting little star.

She was tired after her long journey from the Coast, broken in Chicago to visit her family. The weather was stifling. She knew little about the part she had come to play with Thomas Meighan.

But such details didn't matter. She gave me something better than a regular interview. She allowed me a confidential glimpse at her personality.

It's a charming mixture of sophistication and romance. One minute she was telling me about her love of books that were never written for infants, and the next she was mourning her inability to find sufficiently glamorous rôles as an actress.

"What would you think ideal?" I asked.

She glanced aside dreamily. "Well, *Lilac Time*. Do you remember it?"

Who doesn't? It was the comedy of wistful romance in which Jane Cowl made a success on the stage. Suddenly, I realized that Virginia Valli had just the elusive quality to put that sort of thing across in pictures and that she hadn't been given enough of it to do.

The Scuttling of the "Mandalay"

LITTLE does the public know how the great movie thrills seem in the making. First National pictures gave me a chance to know, and I pass my experiences on to the fans.

The Half-Way Girl was nearing completion. Some of the big scenes had been shot on a four-thousand-ton boat, the *Mandalay*, lying sixty-five miles off Sandy Hook. The script called for her destruction by an explosion, as a grand finale.

With a party of fourteen, including two cameramen and a group of writers, of whom I was one, Earl Hudson, production director of First National, put to sea on the *Alicia*. We were to cruise all night,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

and early next morning stand by to see the *Mandalay* sent to the bottom.

It was summer-time, and the trip seemed like a pleasure jaunt with a magnificent spectacle thrown in for good measure.

But we were no sooner clear of New York harbor than dirty weather blew up. The *Alicia* is one hundred and fifty feet long, yet has a displacement of only one hundred and nineteen tons. She is intended for the calm waters of Long Island Sound.

Out in the choppy waves of the Atlantic, she reeled drunkenly. The chief cameraman was the first to succumb to seasickness. He collapsed on a lounge in the tiny saloon, and maintained to the end of the voyage the greenest complexion and the most bleary eyes I have ever seen at sea. Three of the guests followed in quick succession.

I have always considered myself a good sailor. On ocean liners I have lasted on my feet thru more than one rampaging storm. But the *Alicia* was a wilder proposition. She dropped into the hollows like a stone, and shipped water on either deck at every roll.

I stood the first evening pretty well, but the next day immediately after breakfast, I, too became a casualty. At that time, only Earl Hudson and a newspaper reporter were not ill. These two survived to the end.

We reached the *Mandalay* about 10 A. M. Six tons of dynamite had been planted in her hold and at different points in her upper structure. She was then being wired by experts, so as to make it possible to touch off the charges by electricity.

The plan was to stage the big thrill before noon. But there was a hitch about the wiring. We were obliged to lay to and wallow in the appalling ocean troughs until late in the afternoon. Nevertheless, a few feet of film were exposed on the *Alicia*. The sick cameraman tried to operate, and fainted at the task. A substitute leaped to his place.

We were ready, at last—and then: well, the interruption was as sensational as any deliberately worked out in the movies. The United States cutter, *Seneca*, hove into sight and peremptorily ordered us to cease action. She ploughed straight between the yacht and the doomed *Mandalay*. The latter must be towed twenty-five miles farther to sea, where her wreckage would be less of a danger to shipping, or there could be no show.

The *Alicia* could not make the additional trip. It was impossible to transfer anyone to the tugs, because of the heavy weather. So we turned about and staggered back to New York harbor. At sunset, we heard far in the distance the roar of the dynamite that had finally done its work.

Mr. Hudson told me that First National paid fifty-seven thousand dollars for the *Mandalay*, only to destroy her, but the building of sets to convey an illusion similar to the real thing would have cost three times as much.

NEXT MONTH

W. Adolphe Roberts has an extra-confidential interview with **Ramon Novarro**, *for you. And he chats with* **Mary Astor**, **Colleen Moore** *and other stars.* ***Dont Miss This!***

Prompt relief from Insect Bites

Absorbine, Jr. counteracts the tiny drop of poison and cleanses the wound. It soothes the irritation and promotes rapid healing.

Absorbine, Jr. is a dependable antiseptic and a powerful liniment — nowhere else can you find such an effective combination.

With Absorbine, Jr. at hand you can enjoy outdoors anywhere. A few drops applied to the skin will act as a preventive. You will be spared the annoyance and discomfort of insect bites.

The magic bottle is just as effective for sunburn, ivy poisoning and to guard against infection from cuts and bruises.

At all druggists', 1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

"I am never without Absorbine, Jr at home, in camp or at the hospital," writes a trained nurse.

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Freckles Removed
Secretly and Quickly

NO matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white.

One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sallowness, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. Pores are refined. It has a double action. Freckles are gently bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. The fact that it has been used the world over for 35 years is its best recommendation.

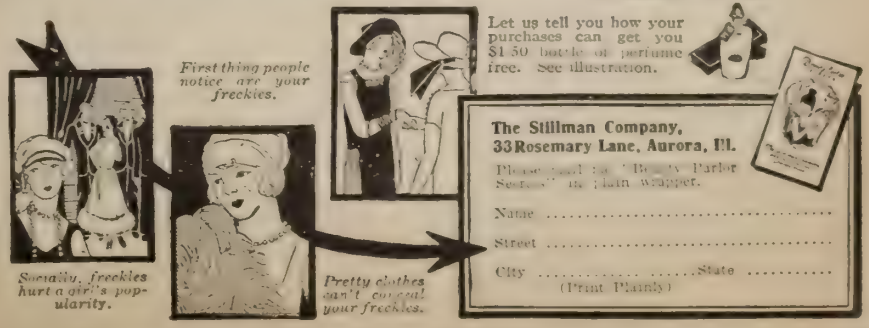
Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. You've heard it said that blondes "age rapidly." This is the cause.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Pleased

You were not born with freckles—why put off regaining the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and 50c at druggists and department stores.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your type needs to look best. Let us tell you how your purchases can get you $1.50 bottle of perfume free. Mail coupon now.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN


First thing people notice are your freckles.
Socially, freckles hurt a girl's popularity.
Pretty clothes can't conceal your freckles.

Let us tell you how your purchases can get you $1.50 bottle of perfume free. See illustration.

The Stillman Company,
33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" in plain wrapper.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
(Print Plainly)

Says

Mme. la Marquise:

From a letter written by Mme. la Marquise d'E.—

"We women of Paris, City of Light, keep our hair always brilliant with a touch of henna in the shampoo.

"Our hairdressers have proved to us that a touch of henna in the shampoo—*just a touch, remember—means beautiful hair, whether the hair is blonde, or brunette. The secret is in how the shampoo is prepared."*

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO gives you the secret of the French hairdresser. It makes the hair lustrous by the magic of just the right *touch of henna,* scientifically blended with cleansing vegetable oils.

Hennafoam SHAMPOO

TRADE MARK REG.

If you cannot get Hennafoam Shampoo from your dealer send 50c to Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd St., N. Y.

HERBERT'S FACIAL BALM

Is an exquisite preparation for those who desire a clear and softly textured skin. It has proved to be remarkably effective for Pimples, Blackheads, Acne eruptions, Oily and Shiny skin and other forms of eczema on the face or body. Many, many women and girls, and men too, have found relief from their skin troubles by using Herbert's Facial Balm. It is more than an ordinary face cream because it draws out the waste and impurities. Used by people of refinement. Results guaranteed. Restores youthful freshness. A sure way to regain the charm of a clear complexion. Special offer, $2.00 size for $1.47 for a short time only. Pay postman on arrival plus a few cents postage. Order direct. Address,

The Henson Laboratories
Dept. B-47, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet giving full particulars

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 1241 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

Its cleansing and invigorating action relieves

ITCHING SCALP

and the discomforts of dandruff.

AT DRUGGISTS, Barbers, Hairdressers.

Send for GLOVER'S HAND-BOOK on the Scalp and Hair; *free* on request. It will tell you many things you should know.

Address: Dept. S-5,
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.,
119-121 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Uncanny Mr. Chaney

(*Continued from page* 44)

a nervous way of hitching up their chairs closer and closer to the person to whom they are talking when money is mentioned."

I told him that I always thought the great money kings were supposed to have very tight-shut mouths.

"That," he said, "is true. It is true because they are not greedy men. It isn't money they want; it is power. In another age, they would have been knights on horseback swashing around the world with big two-handed swords. Our conditions of life being what they are, they use the weapon they have at hand—money."

JUST then there passed a young actress whose future is problematic. I asked him if she would ever get anywhere in the world.

"I am afraid not," he said. "She is a love child—not a determined woman."

"Where does she show it?"

"She has a cute little pug nose; this shows both a sense of humor and a volatile disposition—fond of excitement and joy. She has wide-open, soft dark eyes: that shows she has a very tender, warm heart. She has a kissing mouth, with full, soft, red lips of passion. Her jaw lacks firmness; her long artistic hands indicate a lack of steadfastness."

Mr. Chaney qualified this. "The long hand," he said, "is likely to denote either the occult or the artistic disposition. Unless these instincts are coupled with other hand qualities, they are likely to make anyone a straw blown about in the wind of impressions. Unless an artist has a business man concealed in his character, he is never steadfast."

I asked him how I could know a villain the next time I saw one.

"Are there really any villains?" he countered.

"What about Fagin in *Oliver Twist*: you make a great character of that part."

"Fagin wasn't a villain. He was a very warm-hearted man. He loved Oliver Twist with a true and beautiful tenderness. He did all he could for him—according to his own lights—which was to make him a great thief. There is something wistful and beautiful about Fagin.

"He was a man of strong character too. He ruled Bill Sykes by his superior brain and his salesmanship."

"Salesmanship?"

"Certainly, salesmanship. That was the key-note of his character. He had the ability to convince the brutal Bill Sykes of his superiority; and that is the heart and soul of salesmanship. He made Bill accept his ideas. He sold Bill his superior mind."

"What about Bill Sykes? Wasn't he a villain?"

"He was a man of terrific physical force—used in the wrong way. All the Bill Sykes of this world are not big brutes, however. Some of the men of overpowering brutality are small and weak-looking. The far-famed brutal jaw is not a sign or guide.

"Take, for instance, Bull Montana, who has the roughest face in Hollywood. Bull is a big, tender-hearted baby. He has the softest heart and gentlest nature of almost any man I have ever known. Bull simply couldn't force himself to do anything mean or cruel. On the other hand, one of the cruelest criminals I have known—a killer by instinct—has a delicate face."

"Suppose," I said, "that a man offered you a tremendous business proposition which meant a huge, towering success for you if it succeeded; and failure and ruin if it didn't. What would you look to see in that man's face?"

"It wouldn't be so much in his face," he said; "I would pay more attention to his manner.

"If it meant as much to me as you say, I would want to be sure, first of all, that he had an absolutely definite idea that was completely and soundly thought out.

"If he took a long time to tell it; or if he began to pull papers out of his pocket and scribbled on them; or if he began drawing figures on his hands to illustrate his points, I would draw back. I would want him to look me straight in the eyes, and tell it in a few direct sentences, and not gesture too much.

"If he got that far, I would look to see if he had honest, open eyes, coupled with a determined jaw."

I ASKED Chaney if it was true that a man who couldn't look you in the eyes was a rascal.

"I dont claim to be a psychologist," he said, "I only can judge from my own experience. I think that is the biggest pipe dream in the world. Many men are very self-conscious and do not look you in the eyes for that reason. Other men have learned a trick of confusing you. If you want thoroly to throw someone off his balance, look him straight in the eyes as he begins to talk; then shift your eyes to his mouth or his head."

He went on to say that he had been studying the eyes of the Chinese. "They have a curious characteristic. A Chinaman sees, but he does not look. You never have the sense of his eyes traveling over to meet you—as you often do with a white man.

"I think this is due to racial training. For centuries the Chinese have practised the arts of indirection. They do everything in a roundabout way. If they come to buy a horse, they begin by inquiring for the health of your honorable family. They speak of their best loved children as little brats, and so on."

"WHAT about walks?" I asked. "What does a man's walk tell you?"

"The opposite of what it seems to tell many people. I have always learned to believe that a man who walks with a snappy, quick, flat-footed walk is not a determined character at all—he is seldom sure of himself. The man of determined character comes down on his heels."

We spoke then of a famous star who has the most peculiar eyes on the screen.

"Did you ever notice," he said, "that they never seem to be in focus; she never seems to be really looking at you—always beyond you; on the other hand, you seem always to be looking into her eyes—and seeing nothing.

"They are, however, deep-set eyes. And they are a little close together; they always give you the impression of listening.

"To me they tell this: that she is not thinking for herself—altho she is a shrewd, self-contained girl. That listening look in her eyes tells me that she is under the influence of someone—possibly her family. There is a cautious look there—as of a something withheld. And a look of pain. Just as a guess I should say that she has had a bad time with some love affair; and has resolved both to take warning next time; and to be very sure there isn't any next time."

"But," he added ruefully, "women are so hard to guess."

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Aileen Pringle's new head-dress of silver cloth, made specially for her by the French designer, Erté

What Is a Star?

(*Continued from page* 57)

esting and clever actor as Max Davidson?

The Thundering Herd was a very great picture, but what would it have been without Noah Beery?

It is a grave question indeed whether some of the stars can afford to have such artists as these playing in their pictures. From the public point of view, yes, by all means; but from the producer's point of view it is a question.

We often wonder why all of these players are not made stars themselves, just as Lon Chaney has finally been made one. Would Wallace Beery, for example, have sufficient drawing power as a star? Lon Chaney proved his right to stardom by his marvelous work in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, but if he has many more pictures like *The Monster*, it is a question if he can remain a star without the support of other players with considerable drawing power.

THERE are dozens of excellent players who might be called stars but who, perhaps, haven't the drawing power at this moment to be featured as such. Jack Holt, for instance; and James Kirkwood, Lew Cody, Elliott Dexter, Mahlon Hamilton, Gareth Hughes, Conrad Nagel, Tom Moore, Percy Marmont, Lloyd Hughes, Cullen Landis, Agnes Ayres, Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackaill, May Allison, Ann Forrest, Louise Fazenda, Mildred Harris, Anna Q. Nilsson, Myrtle Stedman, Kathlyn Williams, etc., etc.

John Gilbert has been featured so much lately and is getting so popular that he is considered a star, and yet he is not, in the true sense of the word.

Excellent players like Bert Lytell, Eugene O'Brien, Agnes Ayres, Betty Blythe, Pauline Frederick, Dorothy Gish, Betty Compson, May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Elaine Hammerstein, Ruth Roland and Bessie Love have all been starred, and they are called stars, but sometimes they haven't the drawing power in themselves to remain in stardom without the support of equally excellent and equally popular other players.

Even the very charming and clever Constance Talmadge needs a popular leading man, such as Antonio Moreno, or Ronald Colman, to put her pictures across. But this can hardly be said of Mae Murray.

A great effort has been made lately to boom Norma Shearer as the coming great star, but it remains to be seen whether this talented young lady will ever reach the heights without strong support.

THERE are a few players, like Monte Blue, Ben Lyon, Richard Dix, Douglas MacLean, Betty Compson, Marie Prevost,

Read the *Opinion Contest Announcement* on Page 87

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick
Director

BOSTON, MASS.
Established 1867

Year Opens
September 17, 1925

Pianoforte, Voice, Organ, Violin, Violoncello and all other Orchestral Instruments; Composition, Harmony, History of Music, Theory, Solfeggio, Diction, Chorus, Choir Training, Ensemble for Strings, Woodwind and Brass.

Department of Public School Music
A three year course leading to Conservatory Diploma.

English, Languages, Psychology and Education.

Degrees of Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of School Music, Granted

Operatic Department
Dramatic Department
Orchestra of Eighty-Five
Free Privileges
of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practise and appearing before audiences with orchestral accompaniment.

Dormitories for women students.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS
General Manager

She Could Afford to Forgive!

HER vivid freshness still glowed at the end of the long hot drive. So her rosiness was her own! He had been a brute to suspect her radiant loveliness.

She blushed at this new PERT victory. Its youthful bloom would only fade at the touch of cold cream or soap, for it is waterproof. Yet her moistened finger had instantly spread its fluffy greaseless base.

She had heightened the healthy warmth of cream Pert by using Pert compact Rouge! When used without cream Pert, it is applied before powdering to make it waterproof.

Pert cream Rouge may be had in light and dark orange and in rose. Pert compact Rouge comes in blush tint and in rose. And there is a Pert waterproof Lipstick to match. Rouge or Lipstick, 75c each, U. S. and Canada.

Mail 12c today for a sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another 12c brings a sample of WINX, the waterproof liquid lash-darkener.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street New York

Pert Rouge

FRECKLES

Don't hide them with a Veil; Remove them with Othine — Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back proposition.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Nita Naldi and Rod La Rocque, who have become stars thru the process of popularity and progress, and it remains to be seen whether they will remain stars on their own merit or whether their companies will find that additional drawing-power support must be given them.

Popularity is an uncertain, fleeting thing and the public is fickle. Besides, a great deal depends upon the kind of stories these stars have the misfortune or good fortune to be starred in.

Thousands of people all over the world are great admirers of Glenn Hunter, Bert Lytell, George O'Brien, Ralph Graves, Gareth Hughes, Kenneth Harlan, Wyndham Standing, Jack Mulhall, Raymond McKee, Walter McGrail, Cullen Landis, Pauline Frederick, Corinne Griffith, Virginia Valli, Enid Bennett, Betty Bronson, Mae Busch, Marjorie Daw, Jacqueline Logan, Mary Philbin, Ruth Roland, Gladys Walton, etc., etc., and they will go to see any picture in which these players are to appear. All of these players are stars, in the opinions of their admirers.

Leatrice Joy, Barbara La Marr, Eleanor Boardman, Irene Rich, Alma Rubens, Carol Dempster, Virginia Brown Faire and a host of others have their admirers galore, and these admirers wonder why they cannot see these favorites in star parts. Thousands upon thousands can see only one star, who, in their opinion, outshines all others, and it may be Tom Mix, Ramon Novarro, Rudolph Valentino, Thomas Meighan or Jackie Coogan.

There is no accounting for tastes. Some can see nothing in Leatrice Joy and Marion Davies and Bebe Daniels and Viola Dana, yet others laud them to the skies. Some adore Mabel Ballin and Alice Joyce, Norman Kerry and Edmund Burns, and perhaps just as many are not interested in them at all.

AND so it is a great problem to say who are stars and who are not. The situation dissolves itself into this: Producing companies try to keep their fingers on the public pulse and, with an elaborate jury of experts and scouts, try to determine who are worthy of stardom, and these they announce as stars; but, after all, the public is the court of last resort and no producer can keep a star in stardom any longer than the public wishes. The moment these stars lose their drawing power, the producing companies must do one of two things: cancel the contracts or add sufficient support to the star to make the pictures draw well.

All this leads to the conclusion that possibly the star system is coming to an end. Even the great and much-beloved Mary Pickford may find in the near future that her pictures will not draw well enough to warrant the colossal expenditure necessary to the making of them, and she may find it wise to add a Lewis Stone or a John Gilbert and possibly a Louise Fazenda or an Ernest Torrence to her cast.

Since it has become the fashion to spend a million dollars or so in the making of a picture, the star must certainly have enormous drawing power to bring back a fair profit on the investment. We have today only a few stars who can do this.

ON the other hand, we have another element that enters in and which is almost as powerful as popular supporting players: lavish sets and spectacular display.

Taking a picture like *Ben Hur,* which will cost close to $6,000,000, it goes without saying that the producers could never get their money back with simply Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman and May McAvoy to advertise the picture.

Ramon Novarro, one of our most promising actors, is not a star, and his drawing power has never been fully tested. He may be very popular, but any company would hesitate to spend even $1,000,000 on a picture in which he was the only star.

Thus, the producers depend upon the publicity which they will give to the story and picture itself rather than to the stars. Dazzling effects, marvelous scenes of splendor, with thousands upon thousands of "supers" in the cast, and the fact that the picture was made abroad at enormous expense, will draw crowds—not the stars.

In the future, there will perhaps not be enough real stars to go around, and, with the exception of a very few stars of the first magnitude, we will probably see important pictures featured with several stars, or players who, in the eyes of the public, are stars because of their popularity.

We present the flapper (Betty Bronson), the beau, and the Rolls Royce of Colonial days. You'll meet them all in "Not So Long Ago"

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL, DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD., AT MICHIGAN AVENUE

Unlimited Luxury at Limited Cost

1200 Rooms With Bath
475 Rooms at $4 and $5

Exceptional facilities both in number of guest rooms and in the wide variety of restaurants allow an unusual combination of quality and low price.

Sample Rooms
$5 and $8 per day

Special $1.25 Luncheon and $2.00 Dinner served in English Grill and Blue Room. Club Breakfast, 85c and $1. Eighteen shops and brokers' offices in building; Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor operated by Terminal Barber Shops; Private Conference Rooms.

The
Book-Cadillac
HOTEL COMPANY, DETROIT
ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*

Good News For Picture Fans

Covered Wagon	☐	Beautiful books, 9 by 12, in color, which have been sold along with these pictures when they played in World's foremost theatres. They contain the story and autographed photos of the players. Describes the making and taking of the most stupendous productions ever made. Books are now offered to the general public. Price 15 cents each or entire set $1.00. Place cross next to books desired.
Way Down East	☐	
Orphans of Storm	☐	
Hunchback of Notre Dame	☐	
Romola	☐	
Three Musketeers	☐	
Grass	☐	
Thief of Bagdad	☐	

AL GREENSTONE
1547 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY
Genuine Full Cut Diamond (No Chip)

No. 6598
$15.00

Genuine Black Onyx Ladies' Ring

No. 6598
6 Mo. to Pay
Terms if Desired
$15

(Outside U. S. cash with order)
14kt. White Gold

Any initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K of C emblem instead of initial if desired.
Send size of finger and initial desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

This ◄► Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds.

Ask For Free Catalog.

Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co., Dept. 101
"The Mail-Order House" 501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

JOIN THE Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre UNIVERSITY

DIRECTORS
Alan Dale
Wm. A. Brady
Henry Miller
Sir John Martin Harvey
J. J. Shubert
Marguerite Clark
Rose Coghlan

Courses for Acting, Teaching, Directing
DRAMA, OPERA, ELOCUTION
RUSSIAN and MUSICAL
COMEDY DANCING PHOTOPLAY
SINGING and SCIENCE of putting songs over, Art Theatre and Stock Co. Appearances while learning develop Personality, Poise and Power essential for any vocation in life. Careers stressed. (Diplomas) Advise study wanted to Secretary, 43 W. 72 St., N. Y. Ask for Catalog No. 12

That's Out

(Continued from page 49)

Merely a Suggestion

ISN'T it about time that some press-agent revived the old argument as to "Who is the best dressed woman on the screen?" It hasn't been done for nearly a year. Personally, we'd vote for Mae Murray or one of the Mack Sennett bathing girls.

The Art of the Movies

WHO says there is no art in the silent drama? What about:

Lewis Stone's mustache?
Barbara La Marr's eyebrows?
Ronald Colman's indifference?
Dick Barthelmess' smile?
Nita Naldi's back?
Gloria's profile?

$1,000,000 Films at Reduced Prices

FILM studios have started an aggressive campaign to reduce production expenses. Several producers have ordered that in future their million-dollar pictures must not cost over $198,000 or somebody is going to get fired. A "Special" is now anything with a fire or flood in it that has not been bought from the news weeklies.

What Would Become of the Movies?

IF there were no:

Rich uncles,
Drunken fathers,
Innocent country maidens,
Cruel stepmothers,
Crooked brothers
And upright district attorneys?

Business Note

NOWADAYS every film must have a close-up of a hand knocking on a door. They dont have bells in movie homes. They're not dramatic enough. But a close-up of a big fist slowly pounding, always three times, on a door—ah, that's different.

It seems to me that this opens up a good avenue of revenue for some enterprising young fellow. Why not go into the business of making nothing but close-ups of fists knocking on doors? With a good selection of fists and doors a man could no doubt get all the door-knocking business in Hollywood, thus saving the directors a lot of inconvenience and at the same time make a snug little income for himself.

Your hair *quickly trained*

Dry or wiry hair that won't lie trim and smooth, needs special care.

For this difficult kind of hair, try the new, delicate cream—Stacomb.

Just smooth a little Stacomb on your hair in the morning. No matter how unmanageable your hair has been before, Stacomb instantly, magically smooths it.

With only a touch of this wonderful cream, you can make your hair look exactly as you want it from morning till night.

Kept in better condition, too

Stacomb does not dry out your hair as water does. Nor leave it unpleasantly greasy as the old pomades do.

It gives your hair just the evenness and the slight lustre that well-groomed people demand. And it actually helps prevent dandruff.

Try this marvelous cream that the best-dressed men and women are using.

Use Stacomb for ten days and see if it does not make your hair look better and healthier than ever before. Get Stacomb today at any drug or department store. In jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

* * *

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Stacomb
KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. O-22
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name.....

Address.....

25¢
SAMPLE OFFER
REGULAR PRICE $1.00

ODEURS
Narcisse
Jasmin
Chypre
Bouquet

CHARMET
PARFUM
Rare as a Jewel

An odor so delicate, so subtle, you think of moonlit gardens and summer winds lifting fragrant flowers with soft caresses . . . the lilt of a songbird . . . the words of a poet. Created in France by masters of the Parfumer's art—the odor you like best. Brought to you in an exquisite gilt and crystal flask—amber liquid embodying the very soul of the rarest flowers that bloom—that is Charmèt!

SPECIAL OFFER
to acquaint you with CHARMÉT

Send 25 cents in coin or money order with the coupon below and get a three inch bottle of this marvelous French perfume—regular size, $1.00. It is not a sample—but one dollar's worth of genuine Charmet for 25 cents! But remember, only one bottle to a person—if you want an extra bottle send $1.00. *Money back if not fully satisfied.*

MAIL THIS COUPON
JUNET, PARFUMER
3323 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 10, Chicago
Enclosed find $.. ..., for which send me the following: *Check the odor you wish*
Special offer, 25c ☐ ☐ Narcisse ☐ Jasmin
Extra bottle $1.00 ☐ ☐ Chypre ☐ Bouquet
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
Enclose coin or money order

Genuine DIAMOND

WRIST WATCH
Simply send $2.00 and this 14 Karat Solid White Gold Rectangular Wrist Watch set with four perfect cut, Genuine Diamonds comes to you all charges paid. Highest grade 16 ruby and Sapphire Jeweled Movement. Life time guarantee. Price, only $42.50.
Sent for $2
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
If not satisfactory or if you can duplicate this watch for $70.00, your deposit will be refunded.
$4.05 PER MONTH
After trial pay balance $4 05 a month for ten months.
FREE ROYAL CATALOG
Illustrates and describes thousands of special values in diamonds, watches and jewelry—send for your copy at once. Address
ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
Dept. 1415 170 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Great Cross-Eye Puzzle

EVERYBODY has been wondering what form of amusement is to take the place of the waning Cross-Word Puzzle. Here's the answer right here—the Cross-Eye Puzzle. This one will keep you busy for hours—perhaps for days—unless you are very smart (or lucky). You may hit upon the solution at once, but it is not likely. You all know our famous cross-eyed friend, Ben Turpin. Below, we have Ben Turpin in four parts. The thing is to produce a perfect Ben Turpin in only one part. First, you are to take a pair of scissors and cut out the four pictures below, on the dotted lines. Next, you should paste these on four pieces of cardboard to make them more convenient to handle. Finally, you are to lay the four parts on a table and arrange them so that there will be only one Ben Turpin, with no extra heads or canes or feet or anything laying around or showing anywhere. *Every one of the four parts must be used.* It looks impossible, but it isn't!

We will give a year's subscription to this magazine to the reader who first mails the solution to us. The postmark on the envelope will be counted—not the date of receipt by us.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

MOVIE MONTHLY

The Newest of Popular Fan Magazines

William Desmond in "The Meddler"

PICTURE PLOTS IN STORY FORM

Neil Moran has taken "The Meddler," the latest and one of the most exciting William Desmond movies, and given it to you as a corking Western story. There's a banker in it who decides to become a bandit. Doesn't that excite your curiosity?

Also—"The Happy Warrior," a plot from a Vitagraph picture, and now told briefly and snappily as a short story.

WHAT BABE RUTH THINKS OF THE MOVIES

He tried appearing in them once, and his account of the experience is full of interest. Also he tells why he—the great baseball star—is not seen more often on the screen. This is an interview by Ben Conlon, who last month, got Jack Dempsey, the other great athlete-hero of America's youth, to give his views of motion pictures.

The serial picture has staged a come-back, as we told you in August. In a second feature article, Clement Douglas reveals more fascinating facts about this popular form of entertainment, and also explains the inside workings of film stories that are put out in series rather than in episodes. Follow Laurence Reid's "Sign Board of the Popular Pictures" and be able to pick the best show in town. Many other Features.

On Sale At All News-stands August 15th

The most thrilling issue to date of

September Number **MOVIE MONTHLY** *Twenty Cents*

A BREWSTER MAGAZINE

A New Way to Get Thin!

A delicious, refreshing chewing gum which takes off several pounds a week

"CHEW 'SILPH' AND BE SYLPH-LIKE"

"Did you hear about the latest discovery to reduce?" one fat woman is whispering it to the other — "It is called 'Silph' and is making a hit because it does take off FAT in the easiest and most agreeable way. What is there to do?—Simply chew two or three pieces of a refreshing and pleasant gum—it is as good as eating candies."

Through a most marvelous recent discovery scientists have been able to incorporate the extract of sea plants and herbs known for years as wonderful reducers into a delicious, refreshing chewing gum called, "Silph" — Doctors — medical authorities and grateful users, who had been burdened with obesity for years, are amazed at the quick and astonishing results produced by "Silph" in most obstinate cases where everything else seemed to have failed.

If you are suffering from excess fat you should *today* get a package of SILPH Reducing Gum which sells for 50c —That is enough for one week or you can send in a dollar bill and get a full two weeks' supply which is a sufficient amount to see wonderful results. If your druggist cannot get it for you send direct to the Silph Medical Company, Dept. 19, 9 West 60th Street, New York City. Silph is also recommended for stomach troubles. BEWARE of the imitations which are bound to spring up—Remember that to "CHEW SILPH IS TO BE SYLPH-LIKE," that's New York's latest slogan.

Ten Reasons

Why You Should Read Motion Picture Magazine

1. *Because it is the oldest movie magazine in the world.*
2. *Because it pointed the way, which all others have followed.*
3. *Because many of the same writers and editors are with it today who were with it in the beginning—and they ought to know.*
4. *Because it has the best artists, writers and news-hunters in the business.*
5. *Because it is authoritative, authentic and reliable.*
6. *Because it prints the latest news gathered from reliable sources.*
7. *Because it is dignified yet snappy, engrossing without being sensational.*
8. *Because it has the oldest, wittiest, wisest and best Answer Man in all the world.*
9. *Because its policy, criticisms and news are unbiased, and unprejudiced, and not influenced in any way by affiliations with producing companies, players or advertisers.*
10. *Because for these and many other reasons it is the best movie magazine in the world.*

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Develops Bust Like Magic!

During the past 17 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development

Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. **Mlle. Sophie Koppel, Suite 62, 503 Fifth Ave., New York**

The bottles she tossed back into the suitcase, then, taking the paper and string, she began wrapping, one by one, The Seven Sleepers!

The Seven Sleepers

(*Continued from page* 41)

The revolver went whirring from her hand. Suzon was surprisingly strong, she fought desperately against the Dark Terror. Her hands found flesh: seized it. There was the rattle of breath in a bruised wind-pipe, a clamor of boards as the two tight-locked figures went crashing to the floor.

Suzon found herself flung clear, clung again for one desperate instant, then was whirled over and over across the floor, as a shadow sprang for the window, slipped thru it—and disappeared. Suzon, two seconds later, looked down a stretch of veranda, blank and empty in the moonlight.

Her hand was still tight clenched as for struggle. Opening it, she saw she still gripped a button, a small black button from a man's coat. Hastily she slipped it into her pocket, as a frenzied pounding sounded on her door.

Roland Fox was there in pajamas and dressing gown, behind him stood Olga Semenov, her dark hair whipping over pajamaed shoulders. In the distance, Jean Carlisle was just slipping from her room.

"What's the matter?" asked Fox, his voice quivering with anxiety.

Suzon flung open the door. "Enter! All of you!" she said. "And I will tell you the story."

And so she did—save for a trifling detail. She utterly neglected to mention either the existence of The Seven Sleepers or her possession of one small, black button.

THE mist was gone with morning, and Suzon brought with her to breakfast a surprisingly good appetite and a pair of keen eyes. Her first observation was fruitless: each of the males present had his full quota of sleeve buttons. And then as a sudden streak of sunlight danced on Danny Graham's arm, Suzon caught her first clue. On his sleeve were two buttons —black buttons, but not precisely the same. One of them had been recently sewed on.

Suzon's forehead creased as she called to her maid: "Fleurette, my pills!"

Obediently the maid brought the black medicine kit.

"Out of the blue bottle, Fleurette," said Suzon calmly.

BOOKS

BY

Eugene V. Brewster

What's What in America. Essays on the various isms of ologies and so-called occult sciences, including phrenology, osteopathy, physiognomy, Christian Science, superstitions, etc. $1.50.

Success Secrets. Essays on Culture Habits, On Time, Courtesy, etc., including 100 helps to Live 100 years. $2.50.

The Passing of Woodrow Wilson. Being excerpts from various newspapers and magazines gathered at the time of the death of Woodrow Wilson, with an introduction and bibliography by Eugene V. Brewster. This beautiful edition, printed on hand-made paper which was made specially for this book, is limited to 385 copies, each signed and numbered. A choice item which will some day be rare and priceless. $3.50.

Napoleon. Being three essays on "The Man of Destiny" by Charles Phillips, Robert G. Ingersoll and Hudson Maxim, with an introduction by Eugene V. Brewster. This beautiful little brochure is handsomely gotten up and printed on hand-made paper. The edition is limited to 234 copies, each signed and numbered. $1.25.

Mah Jong. The fascinating game is here simplified so that a child can learn. Also includes "One Hundred Winning Points," which are so exhaustive that even a beginner can learn at once all the scientific points of the game and hold his own with the expert players. 25 cents.

Any of the foregoing books will be mailed post-free to any address on receipt of price.

Brewster Publications, Inc.,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The company peered curiously. They saw only rows of tiny bottles, some of them still done up in paper and string.

"Always I have it at hand," said Suzon swallowing her dose. "It is a very convenient thing to have, particularly perhaps in this swamp country. Have you also my jewel-box, Fleurette?"

"*Oui,* Madame!"

Suzon gave a searching look along the line of faces opposite her. In none was the slightest shadow of more than polite interest. But suddenly turning toward the door, she saw the half-breed, Alligator Joe, poised on the door-sill as if for a spring. His eyes were on the jewel-box and they glittered like evil fires.

Suzon turned away, shuddering. "Since last night," she said to no one in particular, "I take no chances of losing my poor little jewels."

As she left the dining-room, she came suddenly upon Jean Carlisle and Danny Graham, whispering. When they saw her, they stopped abruptly and stood as if in confusion.

But that was all.

FOR three nights, Fleurette slept in Suzon's room, and a night watchman stood guard in the hall outside. For three days work on the film went smoothly on. In some of the scenes Alligator Joe went hazily thru his part, in others the action was only between Suzon and Olga.

On the fourth day, Fox proclaimed a vacation, hired a car and motored his company to Miami. By night they were back again, ready to shoot a scene. Suzon was on the ground early, chatting with Fox, watching Danny Graham at his camera. Somewhere in the shadows sat Fleurette, the jewel-box safe in her lap, the medicine kit carelessly laid beside her.

"Where's Miss Semenov?" asked Fox impatiently. "Miss Semenov! Miss Semenov!"

The Russian was as swift moving and silent as a cat, but Suzon saw her in the shadows, bending over Fleurette, her fingers almost on the jewel-box. In another second she had stepped out of shadow and was coming calmly toward them.

"Dont be so slow, please," snapped Fox. "We want to finish this scene tonight. Mademoiselle Duchard, you and Miss Semenov are talking together—then you see Alligator Joe in the distance. Try it over, please!"

Olga moved closer to Suzon, her lips opened as if to repeat the words of her rôle. Instead, she hissed. "It's dangerous to own The Seven Sleepers! Dont you know they mean certain death?"

Suzon stared in amazement; then her glance darted to Fleurette. There, safe beside her, she could just make out the outline of the black medicine kit.

"All right!" called Fox from the shadow, "Ready! Camera!"

ON the way back to the hotel that night, Suzon shivered as she thought of Olga's words. Were they a threat? Did Olga know The Seven Sleepers were in her possession? Tomorrow, Suzon thought, she would wire Trask for a detective.

But now she was careful to keep a distance between herself and Danny Graham. As they entered the hotel, she was some yards behind the cameraman, and Fleurette was at her elbow. The others had scattered about their varied business.

Down the dusky corridor went Suzon with Fleurette close behind. She turned a sharp and jutting corner, then a feeling of

(*Continued on page* 115)

Gray Hair?

Don't Have It!

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color

"Why let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often want to ask.

It is such an unnecessary handicap, when restoration is so simple and easy. And—it costs nothing to learn how.

I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural, youthful color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even natural, exact shade of early youth.

Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—you do it yourself, without help. You simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear.

No interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy—lovely when waved and dressed.

Absolutely free trial—mail coupon

Remember the trial offer is absolutely free—we even prepay postage. Just mail the coupon—you will receive by return mail my special patented free trial outfit with full directions.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and just what it will do, get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If you prefer it, you may order direct from me.

Fill out coupon carefully, stating exactly natural color of hair. If possible enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.

FREE BOTTLE

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

---- Please print your name and address ----

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
493-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Address.....

The September Classic

A striking issue of filmland's most interesting and beautiful screen publication, featuring

"The Making of a Motion Picture"

A sensational and satirically humorous article by

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

the celebrated American novelist and author of "Balisand," "The Three Black Pennys," "Java Head" and other best sellers.

The presentation of this remarkable article by Mr. Hergesheimer is in line with THE CLASSIC'S *policy of presenting the best authors obtainable in the whole literary world.*

HARRY CARR has just been conducting a search for the most beautiful girl in HOLLYWOOD, the Mecca of the whole world's beauty. His search has carried him to all the celebrated studios and his findings—the opinions of the stars, directors and casting directors — will be of striking interest. Mr. Carr has discovered much of the beauty of Hollywood hidden among the ranks of the extras and his article in the SEPTEMBER CLASSIC will probably point the way to fame for a number of now unknown young players.

Absorbing articles by Eugene V. Brewster, Frederick James Smith, Robert E. Sherwood, H. W. Hanemann, Harriette Underhill and others will appear in the September CLASSIC. It will touch a new high-water mark in cleverness, newsiness and beauty.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

The New September Issue

At all news-stands

A BREWSTER MAGAZINE

No! They're Not Happy Even With Wealth and Fame

(Continued from page 37)

So she made *Little Annie Rooney*. But the whisper that sobs at Mary's heart is this:

"Will they come back; or have you lost them forever?"

Personally, I feel that Mary will never lose them. She has too strong a hold; and her personality is too remarkable.

But my belief doesn't console Mary any. She is tortured by doubts. She is unhappy. She knows she can make a good picture. With her knowledge and experience, she is sure of that. But can she make one good enough to pass all these other new stars again; a picture that will compel the illustrious Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray (who was Gloria Swanson) to acquire a stiff neck from looking upward?

AND Gloria, I imagine, isn't any happier than Mary. Gloria is sitting on the top of the world professionally. She gets a salary that would make a real queen dizzy. Her pictures are all successful. She rests easy in the assurance that she is without doubt the biggest box-office attraction the world has ever known.

But she is unhappy for other reasons. Gloria, strange to say, is very sensitive to criticism—to gossip. She has almost a complex. She is in torture to know that unkind, lying tongues are shooting their venom upon her. She told me with angry tears one day: "If it were not for my baby, I would give these Hollywood gossips a scandal that would give them something to talk about the rest of their lives."

IT would be hard to imagine any young man with more to be happy about than Rudolph Valentino: but he is the last man I would pick out to pose for a statue of bliss.

Rudolph, in fact, lives in an atmosphere of jealousy and pulling and hauling. His associates have made him miserable because of their jealousy of the professional activity of his wife, Natacha Rambova. She is a woman of great genius, and Rudolph naturally depends upon her advice and opinion. Her influence with Valentino makes the commotion that might have been expected in his studio. He has an additional reason for unhappiness. His pictures, since he set up motion picture housekeeping for himself—on his own—have not been successful. This naturally fills him with humiliation. Lastly, he has quarreled with June Mathis, who "discovered" him, and the breach was not a pleasant incident.

RAMON NOVARRO is naturally an optimistic, happy young fellow: but he is acutely sensitive. Until his *Ben Hur* engagement, he had worked mostly with Rex Ingram—in one small producing unit where Rex was king. Life there was fairly peaceful. In a big studio filled with directors and stars—a veritable factory—his shrinking, supersensitive nature falls foul of an inharmony which does not make for happiness.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is constitutionally unhappy. I doubt if real genius is ever happy. Pola Negri tells me frankly that it isn't possible to do big creative work and be happy. She says with her appalling, revealing candor, that she is unhappy most of the time. With Pola there isn't any particular reason: merely a million rea-

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Tho Louise Fazenda seems to be the merriest soul in pictures, she is one of the most unhappy

sons. She is subject to the most horrible moods of depression and gloom.

Douglas Fairbanks has something eating at his vitals. It is the fear that his next picture will not be greater than the last one. A star in the position of Fairbanks is under the commercial necessity of "topping" each picture with a better and bigger one. It is not enough just to make *The Thief of Bagdad* as good as *Robin Hood*: as a matter of pride, it must be better.

Louise Fazenda is apparently the merriest soul in pictures. I think she is one of the most unhappy. She is the greatest girl comedian in the world: but she doesn't want to be a girl comedian. The ambition of her life has been to play tragedy. And they will not let her. Louise once told me that she never saw Lillian Gish in a big tragic picture that she didn't go home and cry her eyes out to think it could not be she doing it. And Lillian Gish, in the face of all these lawsuits, cannot be said to live a life of uproarious happiness.

Norma Talmadge—well, I dont know. She is very happy, domestically speaking. If she is unhappy, I imagine it is the sorrow of satiation. After all, could there be a more poignant sorrow than to have everything? Norma has wealth, fame and position. What has she to live for?

Mae Murray is obviously miserable. Nazimova's career is a tragedy. A tragedy the more distressing in that she has brains enough to sound its depths.

I KNOW other stars who are filled with sorrow because they cannot have children: others who have a horrible fear of growing old. Most of them are the victims of a gnawing envy.

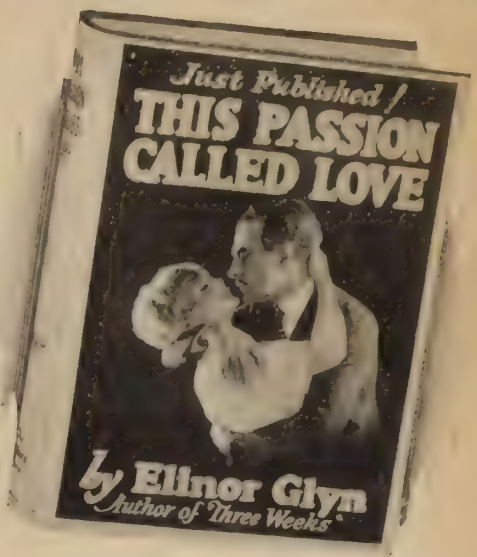
If someone should ask if there were not one happy star, I would venture a guess: the guess would be Harold Lloyd.

No doubt he has some secret sorrow: but I dont know what it is. He hasn't enough vanity to worry about his career as an actor. Harold knows he is no Edwin Booth. On the other hand, he just about tops the list as a box-office attraction. In the early thirties he has made himself a millionaire by his own efforts: he has every prospect of being a multi-millionaire. Yet, when I came to think of it, he has something gnawing too.

His whole career depends upon comedies which are filled with new gags. And every year, it becomes more difficult to think of new gags. Thus far, he has never found himself in a tight corner where he could not rake a gag out of his mind to fit an emergency. But I imagine Harold dreads the time when his fertile, ingenious mind runs dry. Just being a millionaire will never satisfy him.

The Vital Truth About THIS PASSION CALLED LOVE

Why Do Most Wives Fail to Keep Their Husbands in Love? What Is the Secret of Attracting the One You Admire? Do You Know How to Make People Like You? What Should a Man Do to Captivate a Woman? How Can a Single Girl Attract the Man She Loves? How Can a Husband Keep His Wife a Sweetheart? What Makes Men Unfaithful? Can a Dying Love Be Revived? How Can Both Men and Women Remain Lovable Always, Regardless of Age?



ELINOR GLYN, famous author of "Three Weeks", has just published a wonderful NEW book entitled "This Passion Called Love", which fully answers these precious questions—and countless others even more vital to your happiness. This new book is not a novel—it is a priceless solution of the most perplexing problems of love and marriage, about which most of us know so little until it is too late. Read below how you can get "This Passion Called Love" *at our risk*—without advancing a penny!

Ask Yourself These Questions Frankly

Do you know how a wife can keep her husband home nights? What are the results of "petting" and drinking? Do you know how to put obstacles in a man's way and make him want you all the more? What kind of women do men love? How can a woman control the polygamous nature of man? Why do most people lose their charm at 30, when they still could be fascinating at 50?

Would you like to be the kind of man all women admire? Do you know how to say the things that captivate a woman? Will you win the girl you want—or will you take the one you can get? Do you know how to keep a woman in love? Do you know the little things that make a woman like you?

What does the modern young girl do that disgusts and repels men? Why are some girls so unpopular? What are the three ways women may attract men? What should be done when the one you love becomes infatuated with someone else? Do you know how to choose a mate who will bring you lasting happiness?

Do you know the cause of all this unrest and discontent in marriage? Are most people eager to enjoy your society—or are you generally a "wall-flower"? Do you know how to make yourself attractive to a man? How to acquire manners that charm?

Vital Truths Everyone Should Know

In "This Passion Called Love", Elinor Glyn gives the answers to the most vital questions about love and marriage. She devotes a special chapter to petting, drinking, and other modern tendencies, and explains their peculiar effect on love. She shows how love may be controlled, to bring lasting happiness. She tells the unmarried girl how to be attractive—the wife how to hold her husband's love Shows women how to "manage" men, but not seem to. How to attract people you like. How to dress to please the opposite sex. She tells men how to keep women in love—warns women about the things that drive desirable men away—explains why so many marriages end in indifference, disillusion, or despair. And best of all, she reveals the complete psychology of successful love, and gives countless fresh suggestions that should enable all men and women—both married and single—to find the divine happiness of perfect mating and to get more joy out of it than was ever dreamed of!

SEND NO MONEY

Simply mail coupon below

You need not advance a single penny to get "This Passion Called Love". Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent on approval. When it arrives, pay the postman only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. Then read the book from cover to cover, and if you are not more than pleased, simply send it back and your $1.98 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books sell like magic—by the million! "This Passion Called Love", being one of the most helpful books she has ever written, will be in greater demand than all others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before too late. Afterwards you'll be glad you did.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 707, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's new book, "This Passion Called Love". When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

De Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Green Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold, with Gold Tops and Green Silk Marker. No expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition—as most people do—simply sign below, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only $2.98 plus postage. ☐

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

IMPORTANT—If you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition, $2.14. Leather Edition, $3.14. Cash with coupon.

Diamond Import Sale

$2.00 down — 10 months to pay

Just Arrived! Direct from Antwerp To You

HURRY!--or You may miss this unusual opportunity to buy A Diamond at a remarkably low price. Through a lucky deal on the part of our Antwerp Buyer, $50,000 worth of genuine AA1 sparkling, brilliant, blue-white Diamonds were obtained at a figure far below the market price. The quantity is limited and we are extending the advantage of this lucky deal to our friends. "First come--first served"--be one of the first!

SEND ONLY $2 TODAY

Your choice of these remarkable values will come for your approval and 15 Day Trial. If you can duplicate it for less money elsewhere, send it back and we will gladly refund your deposit. If satisfied, pay the balance in 10 Equal Monthly Payments.

No Red Tape-Prompt Delivery-Transactions Confidential

Regular $50 Value

A-15 This Ladies' 18k White Gold Dinner Ring looks like platinum--ordinarily sold for $85. 7 AA1 quality genuine blue-white Diamonds. Examine it! Sales Price $64.50
Terms $2 Down
6.25 A Month

A-16 Beautiful 18k White Gold hand-engraved ladies ring set with 3 sparkling, blue-white Diamonds. Special Sales Price $37.50
Terms $2 Down
3.55 A Month

A-17 Ladies artistically hand-carved 18k White Gold ring. Heart and Arrow design. AA1 quality genuine blue-white Diamond. Sales Price $67
Terms $2 Down
6.50 A Month.

A-18 Gents 18k White Gold Ring, hand-carved and pierced design. AA1 quality genuine blue-white Diamond. Regular $75 Value. Special Sales Price $57
Terms $2 Down
5.50 A Month

A-19 This Ladies 7 Diamond Cluster Ring looks like a big solitaire. Beautiful 18k White Gold mounting with genuine AA1 quality blue-white Diamonds. Sales Price $55
Terms $2 Down
5.30 A Month

A-20 Genuine AA1 quality blue-white Diamond set in attractive 18k White Gold hand-carved mounting with regular-cut Diamond on each side--Shank Would sell for $75. Special Sales Price $52
Terms $2 Down
$5 A Month

3,000 Other Big Bargains

Send for our complete Booklet--IT'S FREE! This book contains 3,000 Other Big Bargains in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, made possible by direct importing. 10 MONTHS TO PAY ON EVERYTHING.

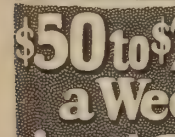
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL $1,000,000

L.W. SWEET INC.

Dept. 315-P 560 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

MIDGET NAME CARDS

THE LATEST NOVELTY **50c. Per Book**



Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¾x¾, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*

64 MAIN STREET — **MIDGET CARD SHOP** — GREENE, R. I.

$50 to $250 a Week in ART!

Learn Quickly at Home!

Right now there is a tremendous demand for trained commercial Artists. Salaries range from $50 to $250 a week and over. Without any previous ability YOU can now enter this interesting "big-money" field. Free booklet tell how you learn quickly through a remarkably easy home-study method and how you can earn even while you learn. Write for the book and details of our special free offer today—NOW!

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Room 189-C 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 82*)

suggestion is a good one, but it would take a great deal of time to catalog the addresses of the players, and then, they change addresses so often that the list wouldn't long be accurate.

PUNY.—You want to know why they did not put a fig leaf on the baby in that picture? Oh, naughty, naughty! May McAvoy is with Universal. Bert Lytell is playing in Maurice Tourneur's *Sporting Life* for Universal, in which he also played on the stage. He gave up his honeymoon with Claire Windsor in order to take this part.

CHIC. — Of course, I'm over eighty years old. Right now I have a pitcher of buttermilk before me, trying to keep cool. Irene Rich's two daughters are Jane and Frances. Rupert Hughes is writing the adaptation of *The Untamed* for Rudolph Valentino.

GUREZ.—Why ask me about suppressed books? It seems that the one thing to make a book sell is to have it suppressed. Then everybody will want it. Such a world! That was the late Lucille Ricksen in *Idle Tongues*.

ROMEY.—By the way, have you heard the one about the egg and the coffee? No? Well, that settles it. I can see you are all for Ronald Colman. I note that he's coming along fast just now.

C. N. F.—You're right, and woman is like a clock, which may have a pretty face, but whose value depends upon its works. No, I dont know where Sessue Hayakawa is. He was on the stage last. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been signed to play opposite Lois Moran in *Stella Dallas*. Belle Bennett will play Stella, and Ronald Colman will play Stephen.

PATSY PRIDE.—Your letter was newsy and chatty, and I'm glad to hear from you always. No??? Perhaps you know everything.

TESSIE. — Well, one is obliged to keep one's word — when nobody else will take it. Roderique La Rocque is his full name. It is pronounced La Rock. Yes, Ben Lyon was in to see us, and he is a fine young man. He liked the old Answer Man and the Answer Man liked him. I predict a great future for that lad.

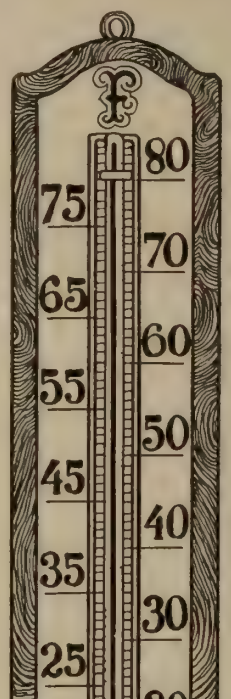
MISS N. L. S., NEWARK.—Thanks very much for the cigars. They were my favorites. How did you know it? Write me soon again.

SUSIE V. MC.—Oh, boy—you ask the addresses of about thirty movie stars. Well, I'm sure I cant tell you whether Marie Prevost has a father living in the town of Biggs. It's all I can do to keep track of Marie without knowing where her father is.

KATHERINE G.—Never mind; it's better to be a witty fool than a foolish wit. So you are for the "Greek God from Mexico." You refer to Frances Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin.

ROUGE ET NOIR.—That's right—let well enough alone, but to be satisfied and con-

Watch Them Rise!



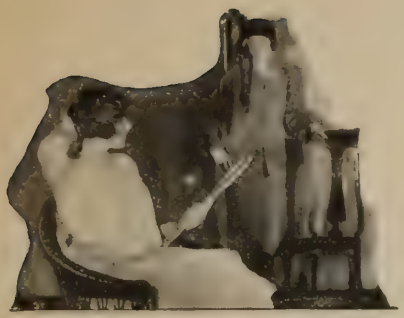
MEN

RICHARD DIX	51
BEN LYON	41
LLOYD HUGHES	40
RAMON NOVARRO	31
RUDOLPH VALENTINO	28
Ricardo Cortez	24
John Gilbert	23
Richard Barthelmess	22
Tom Mix	20
Thomas Meighan	18
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	17
Harrison Ford	17
Conrad Nagel	14
Rod La Rocque	13
Fred Thomson	13
Clive Brook	13
Douglas Fairbanks	12
Lew Cody	11
Jackie Coogan	11
Hoot Gibson	10
Milton Sills	10
Buster Collier	10
Cullen Landis	10
Ronald Colman	10
Malcolm McGregor	10
Jack Holt	10

WOMEN

GLORIA SWANSON	54
MARY PICKFORD	35
NORMA TALMADGE	29
COLLEEN MOORE	29
Mae Murray	24
Pola Negri	23
Betty Bronson	22
Norma Shearer	22
Mary Brian	21
Betty Compson	21
Bebe Daniels	18
Barbara La Marr	17
Viola Dana	17
Constance Talmadge	15
Corinne Griffith	15
Marion Davies	14
May McAvoy	13
Alice Terry	13
Virginia Lee Corbin	12
Alberta Vaughn	12
Claire Windsor	12
Aileen Pringle	12
Doris Kenyon	12
Marie Prevost	12
Lois Wilson	12

Last month Ben Lyon registered the highest point on the thermometer among the men, and Gloria Swanson among the women. But this month Richard Dix was mentioned the greatest number of times in letters to the Answer Man, received between June 13th and July 13th, so up he goes; while Gloria still holds her high place among the women. Watch who'll climb up in the months that follow



"Your Fat
Will go as mine did"

For 18 years women have told women about Marmola Prescription Tablets. Told how easily, how pleasantly they ended excess fat. No exercise, no dieting required.

Mark the result today. Countless women keep slender with Marmola. You meet them in every circle. Over-fat figures are the exception now. People are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

You know that Marmola must be safe and efficient, else it never could have gained such a place. Then let us tell you the ingredients, also how and why it acts. Also what it has done, what it will do. Investigate Marmola in fairness to yourself.

Excess fat is a blight to beauty, to health and efficiency. Let us tell you how to easily and quickly reach the weight you want.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for 25c Sample **Free**

256

BE AN ARTIST

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mailer Local Classes. Easy method. Write for terms and List of successful students.
ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, Dept. A, 100 W. 23rd St., New York

SEND No More ONLY 10¢ To Pay

TO HELP COVER COST OF HANDLING, WE WILL SEND YOU A FULL CUT, ONE CARAT

CoroditeDiamond

NO C.O.D.—NOTHING TO BUY OR SELL
NO STRINGS ATTACHED TO THIS OFFER

We make this remarkable offer so that every lover of beautiful jewelry can have the opportunity of comparing a **Corodite Gem** *side by side* with a **Genuine Diamond.** We want you to see with your own eyes the **fiery flashing beauty of this Gorgeous Gem. CORODITE DIAMONDS** are *double polished* and have the *true diamond* (32 facet) cut. So closely do they resemble the genuine that even lifetime experts are astonished. *The illustrations above show how beautiful a CORODITE looks when mounted in a ring.* **Send your name and address and 10c in coin or stamps (to help cover cost of handling) to us Today. Your Corodite will come Fully Prepaid by return mail.**

E. RICHWINE CO. Dept. A-57 19 W. Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

tented is a sign of smallness. Lillian Gish is to be loaned to Ufa to appear in *Faust* in Germany, but before this she is slated to play in *La Bohême* and another for Metro-Goldwyn. Emil Jannings will play Mephisto and it is not unlikely that Ramon Novarro will appear as Valentine. Then there is Siegfried. Looks like grand-opera movies. Your letter was a humdinger. Write me again.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—I'm sorry, Lily. Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs?

TOPSY.—So you like my bald pate. Nothing will ever grow there. Yet it is such fertile soil. The reason Time is always pictured as bald is because so many people have taken it by the forelock. Betty Compson was born March 18, 1897, and Cullen Landis was born July 29, 1895.

HERTIE AND CHICK.—I may have a bald pate, and not be a fashion plate, but I'm still looking for a mate. No, I've never been married. Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter in *His Buddy's Wife.*

MISS VESTA.—You know the surprise was the new heading. Didn't you like it? It is just like me, and if you like it, you like me. I wish my readers would tell me which heading they like best of me. Ramon Novarro's story taken in Annapolis is titled *Midshipman Sterling,* but I doubt whether this will be the permanent title.

DIZZY DEE.—From observation, someone should use the slogan, "Down with the Knees." June Caprice is married and has twins. Yes, Theda Bara will soon play in *The Unchastened Woman,* and Gladys Brockwell, Eileen Percy and Harry Northrup also in the cast.

DOROTHY K.—Of course, Mary Pickford entertains at her home. They have a magnificent estate at Beverly Hills, California. And dont forget that men are more interested in what is on the table; women, in what is around it.

ALL'S WELL.—You say, "If a fellow could only be romantic and be a good provider at the same time, he would have the world by the tail." You're asking for too much. Yes, that was Cullen Landis in *The Fighting Coward.* Harrison Ford in *Little Old New York.*

DAMFINO.—So you think I am a bit conceited. Well, there is nothing like blowing your own horn, if nobody else will. No, I dont wear Arrow collars. In fact, shh—it's a secret—I dont wear any kind of a collar. My beard does the trick. Leatrice Joy is playing in *Hell's Highroad.* Monte Blue and Vera Reynolds in *The Limited Mail.*

RAY W. S.—So you want Thomas Meighan on the cover.

ANNA K.—I'll try, Anna, but most men prefer to advise others how to be good than trying to be good themselves. House Peters is with Universal.

G. B. F.—That's Greek to me, but the Furies were the three daughters of Acheron and Nox, supposed to personify rage, slaughter and envy. Ben Lyon is twenty-four; Richard Dix, thirty-one, and Conway Tearle is forty-five. John Bowers was Patches, Marguerite de la Motte was Helen and George Hackathorne was Joe in *When a Man's a Man.*

RUTH.—When you read or hear of such expressions as this, "ran six months on Broadway," you are not to understand that it actually means Broadway. There are only a few theaters on Broadway. There are a whole bunch of them on Forty-second Street off Broadway, and they are scattered all along on Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and all the way up to Sixty-third. And, of course, there are the smaller theaters all the way up to Albany and all the way down to the Battery, which is the lower end of New York City. So when

Her Honeymoon Letter Continues

".....and everywhere you go in Vienna—the tea dances, the opera, the fashionable Night Clubs, you see this gorgeous new rouge—so brilliant, so absolutely glowing with the joy of living! In Paris it is the same—everyone is wearing it. I tried to get some. But it wasn't the shade. Not until I got to London was I able to get the right shade. It is called PRINCESS PAT Rouge Vivid. Do try to get some. With your eyes it will be wonderful."

Affectionately,
Doris.

Princess Pat ROUGE VIVID, the fashionable new rouge. This marvelous shade introduces a new vogue in rouge, now reaching its height in the fashion centers of Europe, and just making its debut in New York, Buenos Aires and Hollywood, where it is swiftly becoming the rage. It is made by the makers of PRINCESS PAT English Tint, the original orange rouge. If your favorite shop is not yet stocked with PRINCESS PAT Rouge Vivid, we will be glad to send a generous sample, entirely free of charge.

Princess Pat
ROUGE VIVID

Princess Pat., Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Free

You are invited to try this wonderful new shade of rouge on your own complexion entirely without expense. We are glad to send a generous trial supply for thorough test with various gowns in both day and evening light. You will find no other rouge ever brought out your beauty so emphatically.

JUST MAIL THE COUPON

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 29,
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago
In Canada, address 167 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me entirely free, a sample of your new VIVID Rouge.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

$500.00 in one Month for Drawing

Careful, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women—

Earn $200 to $500 a month and more

The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.

The Federal Course is a Proven Result Getter

THE FEDERAL AUTHORS include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs and over fifty others. Exclusive, original lessons especially prepared by these famous artists are included in the Federal Home Study Course.

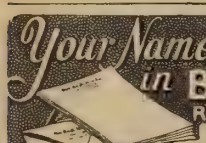
SEND TODAY FOR "A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS"

Every young man and woman with a liking for drawing should read this *free* book before deciding on their life's work. It is illustrated and tells all about illustrating as a profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. It also shows remarkable work by Federal students. Just write your name, age and address on the margin, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

Federal School of Illustrating

909 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

Your Name and Address in BAS-RELIEF RAISED LETTER PROCESS on PERSONAL STATIONERY



at little more than the price of *ordinary printing*. And at a fraction of the cost—and in half the time—of die-cut engraving. A remarkable new method that is winning the unqualified approval of **Socially Prominent** men and women everywhere. Gives your stationery *individuality-distinction and prestige*. Only **Strathmore** and **American Writing Paper** Companies furnish paper for **BLUE QUILL** Boxes. This is a guarantee of excellence of quality and good taste.

SOCIAL SIZE (6 x 7) **Style A**, 100 single sheets and envelopes with name and address and 100 plain sheets or, **Style B**, 100 Double Sheets and envelopes with your name and address $2

MONARCH SIZE (7 1-4 x 10 1-2) **Style C**, 100 sheets and envelopes with your name and address. $3

Your letter if written on **Blue Quill Personal Stationery** will be socially correct and will create a favorable impression at its journey's end. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

S. C. HOUSTON CO., 122 High St., Boston, Mass.

MADAME X.—What luck! Here's a picture that answers your question about Betty Blythe and the one about Carlyle Blackwell, too. They're in Europe, playing together in the film version of Rider Haggard's "She." Betty looks the same as ever, but d'you recognize the handsome Carlyle?

you see the word "Broadway," it does not necessarily mean Broadway only. It is really another word for "New York." Yes, Ernest Torrence is married.

HELEN S.—Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles in 1893. No, Mary Pickford has not released her picture as yet. You should have seen *Don Q* with Douglas Fairbanks in all his splendor.

LILLIE.—I'm not much of a business man myself, but I do know that the man at the head of every business enterprise should know the value of team-work—for it was team-work that put him there and team-work only will keep him there. You are right, Estelle Taylor instead of Virginia Valli in *The Alaskan*. You refer to *Revelation*, with Viola Dana and Monte Blue—Nazimova played in it some time ago.

LULU J.—Heave ho, my lads, these sure are pretty warm days. Norma Talmadge was born May 2, 1895, and Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1897.

FARMER.—Why, Ben Alexander is twelve.

CORA B.—I thank you on bended knee.

ROSETTA REE.—So you think I am a wise old owl. I dont happen to know the origin of walking-sticks, but perhaps it dates back to when Eve presented Adam with a little Cain. The directors are not always responsible for mistakes like that. Usually, there is a man who looks up all the facts, habits and customs of the period and he tells the director whether a cane, etc., was used at that time. Bert Lytell is now at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California. You're welcome.

ETHEL MC.—Glad you are enjoying our magazines more and more. But that's quite natural, because they are getting better and better. You can obtain back issues by writing direct to our circulation department at this address.

I. M. ME.—Well, so U. R.! Yes, Betty Bronson had a boyish bob all right in *Peter Pan*. Julanne Johnston was the princess in *The Thief of Bagdad*.

THE DANCING DREAM GIRL.—Dont fool yourself. Civilization does but dress men . . . inside the civilized man stands the savage still in the place of honor. Yes, I'm one of them. Virginia Lee Corbin is about sixteen or seventeen. Why, Jane Novak has been signed by Whitman-Bennett to do a series for Arrow. Frank Keenan, Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen in *East Lynne*.

MISS FEWLOCKS.—Something like myself, eh? How many times must I tell you people that I am not an authority on love matters? Howsomever, I'll answer you this time. The best way to retain his love is not to return it. This is really not good advice, because he will probably love you all the more. Buck Jones is about thirty, John Gilbert is thirty and Hoot Gibson is thirty-three. Hoot is married to Helen Johnson. I'll say I'm over eighty and swear to it.

PUSS IN THE BOOTS.—I wouldn't say that. My definition of a bore is a fellow who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself. And you say you dont understand why the flappers are all crazy about Ben Lyon. Then you are not a flapper. No, I wouldn't say Lew Cody was ruthless. He is not married to Ruth Roland, either.

ADELYN M.—Yes, there is a Jamaica on Long Island, and a Jamaica Plain near Boston—unless they have abolished it since prohibition. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. Bessie Love is five feet.

DADA AND P.—This is much too much. William Collier, Jr., is twenty-three years old and not married. So you think I am quite a jolly old fellow. You are quite right, and I admire your keen powers of discernment.

ADELINE O.—Fire away; I'm all set for you! Bessie Love is playing in *Son of His Father*, from Zane Grey's novel. Richard Talmadge in *Twenty Years After*. Well, the exteriors for Milton Sills' *The Comeback* are being filmed in the lumber country around Ottawa. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in *The Road to Yesterday*. And last, but not least, Evelyn Nesbitt is back in the profession, singing and dancing at a cabaret in Detroit. She is receiving $1,500 a week for six weeks. Selah! And good night!

DOLORES.—You are quite a poet—wish I could print the verse you wrote asking for Ramon Novarro on the cover. Keep it up.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

He never knew what that word "AIN'T" told her!

One incorrect, clumsy expression may stamp you as a person of poor education. Errors in English hide your real abilities from others. Your conversation and letters may be full of mistakes that you don't know you are making, for the average person is only 61 per cent efficient in using our language. Are you better, or worse?

Get this "How you talk" test FREE

Mail a postal now for Sherwin Cody's amazing new "15 minute English Test." It will reveal the errors you may be making. We will also send Mr. Cody's book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," describing his wonderful invention that quickly gives you the HABIT of speaking and writing correctly and forcefully. No rules to memorize. No hard study. Fascinating as a game. Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars. Learn where you stand. Send now for the test. Write

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
409 Searle Building Rochester, New York

Peel Off Your Skin

if you don't like it, and have a beautiful new skin.

Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel

A Scientific Discovery, harmlessly and painlessly peels off the old skin and removes surface blemishes; tan, discoloration, sunburn, blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, pimples, freckles, etc. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from acids and mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. D. 30 E. 20th St., New York

AN ILL-SHAPED NOSE IMPAIRS BEAUTY

M. Trilety's Latest Nose Shaper, Model 25, U. S. Patent, enhances Beauty. Testimonials and free illustrated booklet which gives full details as to how disfigured noses of Men, Women and Children can be reshaped without cost if not satisfactory, from:

M. TRILETY, 2478 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

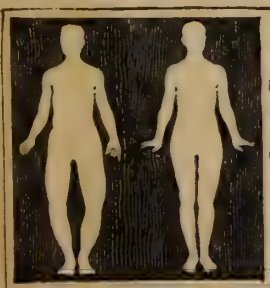
Engel

5 Styles "Art Corners" 9 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 23W, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

10 of Buys 100



PERSONAL Appearance

is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 3 years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
1322 L, W. U. Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Seven Sleepers

(*Continued from page* 109)

icy horror clutched her senses. Wheeling in her tracks, she spoke!

"Fleurette——"

There was no one behind her. Where Fleurette had stood, there was only emptiness.

Swift as a cat, Suzon spun back around the corner of the passage. A second ago a light had glowed there. Now the hall was as dark—as silent—as death. Suzon snatched at her flash-light. Its beam of light swung down the hall piercing the blackness of the shadows. The passage was utterly empty—but at her feet lay a black bundle—the medicine kit.

Mechanically, she opened it and then she screamed!

The Seven Sleepers were gone!

LIGHTS gleamed down the dark corridor. In a moment, Olga Semenov was at her side. In another, Jean Carlisle, Roland Fox and Danny Graham were grouped about her. None of them had heard a sound until her scream: none of them had seen Fleurette. Olga and Jean Carlisle were walking together, Fox had been in his room for some time, and Danny swore he had reached the threshold of his door, when he heard the scream.

Suzon trusted none of them: believed none of them. While Fox rushed off to rouse the sheriff, she sent a telegram to Trask in New York, then, going to her room, changed her dress for riding breeches and boots. Her brain seethed with questions.

What had happened to Fleurette?

Who had stolen The Seven Sleepers?

One minute the girl had been behind her, the next she had vanished without a sound. The jewel case had gone with her, the medicine kit was cast aside. Where was Fleurette? Where were The Seven Sleepers?

When the sheriff and his posse swept up to the front steps, she was ready to join them.

Fox stepped toward her, his eyes snapping with excitement. "Alligator Joe's gone!" he cried. "Disappeared! We're going to search the swamps!"

All night they swept the misty reaches of the Everglades.

Of Fleurette, they found no trace, but just at dawn Suzon and the sheriff came upon a huddled bundle of rags, half hidden in a winding stream.

"There's a knife thru his heart," said the sheriff. "He's dead, ma'am!"

As he turned the body over, Suzon stepped back in horror.

It was Alligator Joe!

Can you unravel this web of tragic events. The prize goes to the cleverest solution.

Contest Rules

FOR the best, and most concisely told solution we offer a $50.00 prize. For any other solutions we publish we will pay $5.00. The winning manuscripts will be published in the November number and the solution of the author will be printed at the same time. Send them to us by August 20 and put your full name and address on your solution. No manuscripts will be returned. Address "Mystery Contest Editor," 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York.

WURLITZER

Girl of 13 Makes $75.00 a Week!

Alice Higgie, a 13-year old Chicago girl, made $75.00 a week in vaudeville last summer. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15 minute act she receives $15.00—*a dollar a minute!* Read what she says—"Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higgie.

New Offer

Learning to Play Made Easy

Free We now furnish free with every Wurlitzer instrument a Special Scholarship in a nationally famous school of music. This school has taught thousands to play by a special home study method. Many of its graduates are successful professional musicians. Whether you want to play for pleasure or for profit, choose your favorite instrument and send for this New Offer now! Use the coupon below.

Free Trial in your own home on any Wurlitzer instrument. Easy payments if desired.

Send for Free Book

Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 3000 articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

We also give you our Free Trial, Easy Payment plan and special Free Scholarship Offer. No obligation.

Send Coupon Today

Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1526
117 E. 4th St. Cincinnati 329 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago
120 W. 42nd St. New York 250 Stockton St. San Francisco

Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also your Free Trial Easy Payment plan and special Free Scholarship Offer. No obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Instrument .....

WURLITZER

Copyright 1925, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

"Shame on women who are always weak and ailing"

—Annette Kellermann

WHEN I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure, the champion woman swimmer of the world, starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight, or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home. Is it any wonder that I say "shame on women who are always weak and ailing"?

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you—and by only a ten-day trial—that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside; how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, busts, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once and without charge my interesting, illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Just tear off the coupon now, and mail it, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address Annette Kellermann, Suite No. 389, 225 West 39th Street, New York City

Annette Kellermann,
Suite No. 389,
225 West 39th St., New York.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in

☐ Reducing Weight ☐ Body Building

Name.....
(Kindly print name and address)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Those outside U. S. send 10c with coupon to help pay postage.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Hundreds of big paying opportunities for you in this fascinating profession. Earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Study how under a leading photographer right in your own home. Write at once for my special offer of Professional Camera FREE. Open for limited time. Internat'l Studios, Inc., Dept. 1266 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Insure Your Shoes for 24c

SENTRY SHOE TREES

For Men or Women

Will keep uppers looking like new, prevent toes of shoes from curling up while you sleep. Made of steel, finished in hard black enamel. Will fit any width shoe and can be easily adjusted to any length. A high grade article for 19c per pair. Postage 5c extra. Send money order, check or stamps. Order a pair today. For Men's shoes order 76D9954. For Women's shoes order 76D9955

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.

Chicago, Ill., Philadelphia, Pa., KansasCity, Kan., Dallas, Tex., Seattle, Wash.

The Desert Flower

(*Continued from page* 91)

"Maggie!" said Jose Lee, shaking the girl's arm. "You no send fine fella to hell like that. Go chase heem, pretty dam' quick!"

Maggie hesitated, then dashed down the dusty street. "Rance! Rance!" she called. "I didn't mean it!"

The man turned to her listlessly. "What's the use?" he said. "I'm no good!"

Maggie seized him by the shoulders, spun him around. "Listen, Rance. I'll stake you to an outfit, if you'll go out to the gold-fields. You cant get anything to drink in the desert. And—and, when you come back, I'll be waiting for you!"

EARLY the next morning the Bull Frog stage paused briefly as a cloud of dust blew before it. Out of the cloud a brown and bulky burro emerged slowly, followed by a thin young man. The young man was singing cheerfully to himself.

"Huh!" said Mrs. McQuade, who was sitting atop the stage. "There goes Maggie's bum! Wonder what made him turn into a desert rat all of a sudden? Singin' too! There ain't nothin' to sing about in this heat. He must be crazy!"

"Yep," agreed the driver. "Giddap, mules!"

Mrs. McQuade was Maggie's mainstay in the dull days that followed. Mrs. McQuade, so she said, was sick of life in a section camp. She wanted excitement, and she sought it at Royal's House to the great delight of the patrons. But the long weeks dragged into months, and still there was no word from the gold-fields. Maggie would seek out the old prospectors and ask if they had seen Rance. She got no news from any of them. So at last, there dully crept over her the inevitable conclusion. Rance had broken his promise, sold his outfit for drink—then disappeared, ashamed to face her again. But even so, she never quite gave up hope.

THERE came a bold, blustery evening when the wind sang around the corners of her tiny shack. Mrs. McQuade sat with her, and the lamp flickered in the wind. Suddenly, the room echoed with the rapping of someone's knuckles against the door. Maggie stepped to it, suspiciously, a pistol in her hand. Then Mrs. McQuade saw the door swing slowly open, a look of utter amazement sweep over Maggie's face. A pair of arms locked about the girl's waist, a face bent down to hers.

"Bedamn!" said Mrs. McQuade. "It's Maggie's bum come back."

There was much to tell, but it was late for Maggie to hear more than the barest outline of how he had fought and struggled and won, how he had found gold and sold his mine at a pretty profit. Then, at last, he left her, and she stood in the doorway, looking up at the stars, his kiss still warm on her lips.

She had just shut the door again, when someone blundered against it. Unhesitatingly she swung it open to Rance. But it was not Rance who stood there. It was Mike Dyer, bleary-eyed, his mouth curved in a brutal snarl.

Without a word he sprang at her, caught her to him. Maggie's hands thrust at his face. Lightning-quick, she broke loose, ducked under his arm. He followed, furious. A tin pan struck him, a kettle, the broom lashed across his face. But, he was far too strong for the girl. Once more he clutched her, once more she clawed at him. Back, he pushed her, against the wall. And there beside her, lay a revolver. His lips crushed down on hers, there was a sudden flash, a spurt of smoke, and Mike Dyer pitched forward and lay still.

First on the scene was Rance. Without a word, he snatched the gun from the girl who still stood above the body of Mike Dyer. On his heels hurried the sheriff and the rest of the town.

"H'm," said the Law, "You shot him?"

"Yes," said Rance.

"He did not!" flared Maggie. "I did it myself."

A slow moving shadow detached itself from the wall. It was Jose Lee, calm as ever. "I keel heem myself," he said cheerfully. "I see him from outside shoot once. That's plenty."

The sheriff scratched his head. "Well," he said slowly, "seein' as you all say you shot him, I reckon it's just a plain case of suicide!"

There was a sudden noise behind them. They whirled to see the corpse sitting up and scratching his head.

"Mike Dyer," cried Maggie, "ain't you dead?"

"Dead nothin'!" said Mrs. McQuade, who had elbowed her way in. "He's dead drunk, he is. Pitch him out!"

It was not so many days afterward that a construction crew, working on the desert division, stepped out of the way as the Southwest Special roared down upon them.

"Carryin' a private car, today," grumbled the foreman, dodging a shower of sand from the whirling wheels.

"Think o' the high-tone swells ridin' on it while we dig in the dirt," growled his right-hand man. "Would they speak to us? Not much! I'd—"

"Hey! Hey!" yelled the foreman. "Look! There on the rear platform! *There goes Maggie Fortune!*"

You'll Find Out Next Month

HAVE you ever realized that nearly every star who has played the rôle of a bad woman on the screen has in a short time wrecked her career?

Harry Carr tells all about this in the October number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, *and gives you striking examples that prove, in spite of your own clear-headed reasoning, that it is fatal to be the wicked heroine of a motion picture.*

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Wash Away Your Fat Before It Hits You Here

Forty pounds of fat is as heavy as forty pounds of lead and to carry it constantly is just as hard on your heart.

There is now no excuse for being fat. With La-Mar Reducing Soap you can wash your fat away and get quick relief. No dieting, no exercises, nothing to take internally. Reduce any part of the body or all over at will.

La-Mar acts like magic on double chin, big abdomen, ugly shapeless ankles, wrists and arms, large breasts or superfluous fat on any part of the body.

La-Mar Reducing Soap is sold direct to you by mail on a money-back guarantee. Price 50 cents a cake or three cakes for $1.00, postpaid. One to three cakes often enough for the purpose. Send cash or money order today. Results will surprise you.

LA-MAR LABORATORIES
504-T Perry Payne Building, Cleveland, Ohio

DIAMONDS

FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN

Your Spare Pennies will pay for this Diamond Ring

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Don't send a single penny. Ten days *Free Trial.* When the ring comes, examine it—if you are not convinced it is the *Greatest Bargain in America,* send it back at our expense. Only if pleased, pay 20% as first payment—then send $1.50 weekly at rate of a few cents a day. This bargain Cluster Ring with 7 Blue-White Perfect Cut Diamonds can be yours. No Red Tape. No Risk.

FREE

Million Dollar Bargain Book FREE Send for it today. It pictures thousands of Bargains. Address Dept. 1526

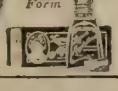
J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. *75c at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Liquid Form



Solid Form

PIMPLES

REMOVED Send no money. Write today for my guarantee offer.
Quincy Laboratories, 47 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 259 styles of Bass, 684 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Chime, Movie and Café Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Slurs, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Playing. 133 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School, 1830 West Adams Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Speak Up!

(Continued from page 66)

story of a washerwoman's climb to high estate and the triumph over Napoleon, there still leaves a feeling that it is not her best.

It is episodic, this story; merely a series of beautiful bits that have not much continuity, but each fascinating in itself. Withal, it's the best thing Gloria Swanson has undertaken, but not the best acting.

Marion Cunningham, of Evansville, Indiana, is, so far as we know, the youngest contributor to Your Opinion Contest. She is ten years old and we want you to read a part of her criticism of *Peter Pan:*

I like "Peter Pan" because Betty Bronson acted the part so well and because of the plot and so many thrills and excitements in the Never-Never-Land. And yet it is so suitable for children and adults alike.

After seeing "Peter Pan" one can really believe in fairies. Peter Pan was so realistic and Wendy so sweet and motherly, like I have always imagined Wendy to be. Little Michael was so sweet and Capt. Hook so piraty, and Smee, he was so funny.

I have never seen a movie I liked better. Quaint little Peter, darling Wendy, jealous Tinker Bell, ferocious Capt. Hook, cute Michael! They shall remain with me forever. Tho I will see many more pictures in my life, as I am only ten years old, I know I will never see one I like better.

NEXT month we will publish some more excerpts from criticisms we have received. In the meantime, we are waiting for Your Opinion.

Criticisms deserving special mention were received during the month from the following readers:

Pat Morrissette, Marion Demorest, N. W. Houk, Delbert Mosher, Kenneth F. Boyd, Elizabeth Goethe, Dan Rohrig, Marie Warner, Ada Mae Hoffrek, B. F. Nelson, Madeline Glass, Clarence H. Frick, Margaret M. Toepp, A. L. Shands, R. Vinson, J. A. Ashton, Mrs. M. Mueller, Mrs. Annie McDonald, Miriam Allen de Ford, Henry P. Gumm, Anne B. Fisher, Ruth Overton, June Elizabeth Day, Doris Kessler, Bernard Kelly, Norman Merrill, Grace de Frank, Ione D. Swindler, Dorothy Newton, Winone Dreben, Mrs. S. C. Watson, Ida Ruth Derrick, Stephen Miller, Nellie Doran, Mrs. Ella A. Smith, Germayne Jonson, Theodore A. Baxt, Leonard J. Allen, Mrs. J. Rutherford and Hugh F. Balme.

Here's the latest fad in jewelry. Hedda Hopper started it going. It's a little Swiss watch as a pendant for your ear; it's attached to a spring so you just pull it toward your eyes when you want to know the time of day. Note the large view of the watch in the lower right hand corner of the picture

Caruso's Secret Revealed!

A post-mortem of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle—the basic reason for his tremendous vocal power.

Strengthen your Hyo-Glossus

-and YOUR Voice will be Powerful, Rich, Compelling

YOU have a Hyo-Glossus muscle in your throat. But you never use it because the nerve center in the brain controlling this muscle is dormant.

This great vocal secret was discovered by Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., famous European musician-scientist, who has now made his simple scientific method of voice development available to everyone. It is ideally adapted to correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are sure.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

In fact, we guarantee to refund your tuition if your voice is not improved 100% in your opinion. You alone are to be the judge.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Book FREE

You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Enter Your World." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 12-66 Chicago

Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

.....Age.....

OWN A TYPEWRITER

$3 and it's yours
if you clip this now

The ace of writing machines—at a bargain price! A *free* trial, and easiest monthly payments if you buy! This Underwood No. 5—rebuilt from top to bottom—*five-year-guaranteed*—removes the last reason for not owning your own machine. Get our proposition with new and valuable Typewriting Manual, *free*.

FREE! Typewriting Manual, large catalog, and full particulars of free course in touch writing, if you mail this to SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO., 2026 Shipman Bldg., *Chicago*.

Name .....

Address .....

HOW TO CRITICISE A PICTURE

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER,
President of Brewster Publications, Inc.

Here is a booklet that every theatergoer should have. Not only will it teach you how to see all the fine points in a motion picture, but it will greatly add to your interest and enjoyment. It also contains 28 charts or records which you may fill in after the theater, giving you a complete record of the plays you have seen and of your impressions. Later on you will enjoy looking these over and in comparing your criticisms with those of the editors and professional critics.

Price 10c a copy, 6 for 50c, 12 for $1.00

You always read what the critics say of the plays, don't you? Why? Well, you know they are professionals and experts, and you wonder what they have to say. Do you wonder why they know more about it than you do? Perhaps this book will teach you to know as much as they do.

Learn to be a critic. Form a Theater Club and discuss the plays and players. This booklet will be worth ten times its price to you in less than a month. Better order more than one copy now—you will need them later. Postage stamps accepted.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858
DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT

SEND FOR CATALOG

Over 2,000 bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, etc. Sent prepaid for your FREE Examination. Catalog explains everything.
Money back if not satisfied.

No. 27
Dazzling, Blue White perfect-cut Diamond. Solid 18-k White Gold. Price $100. Pay $10 down, then $2.50 A Week

18-K Solid White Gold, 17 J. $27.50
14-K Solid White Gold, 16 J. $22.50

WEDDING RINGS
All Platinum, $25 up. With Diamonds: Three Diamonds, $65; five Diamonds, $80; seven Diamonds, $95; nine Diamonds, $110; Surrounded by Diamonds $225. Solid White or Green Gold, $5 up.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. National Jewelers
Dept. D615 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

RADIO FANS—Listen in on WHT every Monday night from 7 to 7.30, every Friday night from 9.30 to 10, central standard time.
Loftis Bros. & Co.'s hour of music

Meet the New Sheiks Who Are Storming the Screen

(*Continued from page* 95)

theatrical tour with *The Dark Angel*, not so much on account of a desire to become a film star as because in California he can play golf—according to the Chamber of Commerce booklets—all the year round, instead of only half the year.

William Boyd, the second De Mille novice, is a conspicuously American, unsheiky type rather like Wallace Reid. Enlisting for the war in 1917, he was discharged a little later on account of athletic heart. He picked his way to Los Angeles thru the orange groves. Then, finding it hard to get out of the habit of eating he had contracted as a child, he became a grocery clerk; after that an oil driller, and then an auto salesman, while waiting his chance in the films.

OVER at Warner's they have three new screen lovers under contract. One of them was so much like Valentino in coloring and type that he acted as understudy to him in *Cobra*, the first movie understudy on record. His duty, however, was not to act for Valentino but to save him the trouble of standing while the lights were being arranged and the camera focused for him. Donillo Jose D'Alvarado—shortened to Don Alvarado—is almost the same size as Valentino, with waving black hair, swarthy complexion, and smouldering dark eyes.

A true Latin, he speaks broken English as he tells of his year's discouragement at the studio. "Many times I sink I get a part. They say—'You dark fellow—what's your name? Mabbe I got a part for you in my next picture,' but w'en I come they have forget."

Harry Beaumont, the Warner Brothers director, noticed the romantic-looking youth with the charming manners as he was playing a "bit" in *Deburau*, and suggested to the producers that they start grooming him for bigger things. Now, six months later, at twenty-two, he is to play his first leading-man rôle. Like Ramon Novarro, he has many brothers and sisters. One younger brother is playing extra in the pictures now.

GAYNE WHITMAN, the second Warner "find," made his way to the screen in the footsteps of Richard Dix, Warner Baxter, David Butler and Douglas MacLean, from a local stock company in Los Angeles. He is tall, suave, well groomed, a man of the world, and has a wife and two children.

His name was changed according to the science of Numerology, and since then he insists his luck has also changed for the better. Tho he doesn't talk about it, Gayne Whitman is a firm believer in Astrology, and the life of the Whitman household is regulated by the heavens. Long ago he read in the stars that he would leave the stage and go into pictures.

But one does not need a telescope and a chart of the constellations to look ahead and predict that Gayne Whitman will become a movie idol of the type of Conway Tearle, with a dash of Adolphe Menjou.

THE third Warner white hope is Charles Farrell, a young fellow who hails from Cape Cod, Massachusetts. He was bitten by the stage bug at an early age, but managed to stave it off with amateur theatricals while going thru college. After graduation he took a fling at the three-a-day, which led to a place on the Keith Circuit, which finally led to Hollywood, where he made the rounds of the studios.

He played in a succession of mobs or ballroom crowds, and finally landed on the Warner lot with a lot of others for *Thin Ice*, and then was given a small part in *The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted*, which resulted in his contract. Now he's being groomed for big things.

RUSSELL RITCHIE played several parts in Paramount Pictures which by an odd trick of fate were afterward cut out, by the elimination of entire sequences from the film. His first leading-man part was with Hal Roach—he was to play a sheik in an Arab picture, and then the foot-and-mouth disease prevented the moving of the horses to location, and the picture was given up. This was enough to discourage any aspiring leading man, but Russell stuck it out, and his reward has come. He is to play an important rôle in June Mathis' picture, *The Viennese Melody*, and also the second lead in Valentino's next picture—which ought to put him on the movie map to stay.

WILLIAM POWELL has been in the films for some time, but it is only in the last two pictures that he has won the girl. As the villain he has always been foiled, but in *Romola* he made such a charming, romantic rascal out of Tito that the producers saw that here was a leading man disguised only by a mustache, had him shave it off—and presto! a hero instead of a villain! Shakespeare was right when he said that a hair perhaps divides the false and true.

It is to be hoped that he will give us a screen hero with a seasoning of human faults and vices instead of the lay figures of all the virtues the hero has had to be in most pictures. A perfectly delightful and devastating sense of humor which can laugh at himself and all the world is one of William Powell's best qualifications according to my point of view, but from the fan's standpoint it is perhaps more important that he is tall, with flashing brown eyes, strong features and a figure which is made for costumes. There are as many lady fans who will remember his shapely legs in *Romola*, as there are those who will remember his excellent acting.

AT Universal they are very proud of their latest find. He is Raymond Keane—young, handsome, cultured, athletic, charming. He's of the Valentino type—dark and aloof. He'll make his screen début this fall.

And at the Fox studios, everybody's elated because Leslie Fenton, one of the world's best, handsomest, and cleverest young men, has been promoted to the top. He'll be seen first as Babe in *Havoc*, and then as Richard Hare in *East Lynne*.

THESE, then, are the new film lovers, the handsome movie heroes whose pictures will soon be adorning the dressers of romantic schoolgirls all over the United States. And soon from all over the United States will be flowing a new stream of fan letters, palely tinted, perfumed, addressed in feminine hand describing the cardiac disturbances which the sight of them on the screen has caused.

They are nice boys, handsome boys,

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

LESLIE FENTON

charming boys. Perhaps I, too, will write a fan letter . . . but I shall not tell you to which one of them it will be addressed!

Behind the Fitting-Room Door

(*Continued from page* 89)

tinction and poise. While she is being fitted, we discuss books and other countries and travel. I have learned more about China in fitting Kathlyn Williams than I would have done if I had read all the books written on it!

"Norma Shearer, on the other hand, concentrates on clothes.

"While Constance Bennett is being fitted, she usually converses about Paris and the smart set and what the Prince of Wales said to her. She has an inborn flair for dress. She likes simple things, and she makes the costume by the way she wears it and the way she ties the sash.

"Connie always looks as tho she had just walked out of the smartest club in New York, and I think she always will. She hasn't become tropicalized like the rest of us."

A private superstition of Mr. Greer's concerns Agnes Ayres' frocks. He has never done a picture for her that he did not begin with a dress in beige, maize or corn color.

But he is not the only one on the lot with a superstition.

"Most people have a superstition—or what amounts to one—that red-haired girls cant wear red," remarked Mr. Greer, "but I find that most redheads look stunning in that color. And if you dress her in raspberry with a vermilion cloak, you'll find the result will be a vivid picture—barbaric, of course, but arresting. You can sort of stand it until you get used to the idea and then you'll like it!"

The October Gallery

The nine exclusive photographs that comprise Our Portrait Gallery are going to be the most beautiful that we have ever published. You will want to cut them out and frame them.

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

Big Money—Fast sales; everyone buys gold initials for their auto; sell $1.50, profit $1.44; ten orders daily easy. Samples, information free. World Monogram Company, Dept. 18, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—200% profit, wonderful little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Manager, 2586, American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Why not sell us your spare time? $2 an hour, $19.70 daily easy for full time introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. 57 styles, 40 colors. No capital or experience required. Just write orders. We deliver and collect. YOUR PAY DAILY, also monthly bonus. We supply samples. All colors, grades, including silks, lisles, chiffons. Macochee Textile Co., Station 2389, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—Twelve dollars daily in advance taking orders for distinctive rubber specialties; twenty-dollar sample outfit free. BeeGee Rubber Mfg. Co., Dept. 819, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents—Write for Free Samples. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn $100 weekly and bonus. MADISON CORPORATION, 501 Broadway, New York.

Rummage sales make $50 daily. Offer wonderful values. We start you. "Wholesale Distributor," Dept. 196, 609 Division St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Ladies Earn $6-$18 a Dozen decorating Pillow Tops at Home; experience unnecessary. Particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 126, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies wanting home work; any kind; spare time; write us; enclose stamp. Eller Company, Dept. 26, 296 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Girls, women, 16 up. Learn gown-making at home. $35.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-538, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—Mail clerks to handle mail on trains (travel), forest rangers, guard forest reserves; special agents, make investigations. Big pay. Write Ozment, the Coacher, 294, St. Louis, Mo., quickly.

Detectives Earn Big Money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, George M. Wagner, Former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, New York.

Be a Detective—Earn big pay: cities, towns; easy work: open to all; we show you; particulars free. Write Chief Wagner, 188 East 79th St., New York City.

U. S. Government Jobs. Railway mail clerks, mail carriers, post-office clerks, $1,700 to $2,700 year. Men, 18-45. Common education sufficient. 25 coached free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-93, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 431 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

PATENTS

INVENTORS—Write for our free guide books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of the invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Victor J. Evans Co., 833 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventions commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. In business 24 years. Complete facilities. References. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 513 Enright Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS

Photoplays, short stories, novels, poems sold, criticized, revised. FREE details and advice. Have successfully handled thousands of manuscripts. Advance Publishing Company, P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

Send to-day for free Copy Writer's Digest. Tells how to write and sell short stories, photoplays, poems, songs. Writer's Digest, B-22, East 12th St., Cincinnati.

Stories and Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 companies; big pay. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 532, St. Louis, Mo.

$ $ $ FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS. Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 205 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Avenues, Hollywood, California.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Our new book, "Successful Photoplays," gives full instructions for writers. Send for free copy. Successful Photoplays, Box 43, Des Moines, Iowa.

RATES

THESE ADVERTISEMENTS are read by thousands of people each month. Some of these advertisers use this section every month to increase their business. Write for rates to Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STORIES WANTED

Story Ideas Wanted for photoplays and magazines. Big demand. Accepted in any form. Revised, typed, published, sold on commission. Send manuscripts for free criticism. Universal Scenario Corporation, 300 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hannibal, Mo.

Short stories, novelettes, articles, etc., revised and typewritten in proper form and placed on the market. Send manuscript or write H. L. Hursh, Dept. 2, Box 1013, Harrisburg, Pa.

TYPEWRITERS

Underwood Typewriters—Only $3.00 down. Easy monthly payments. Low prices at less than manufacturers. 10 days' free trial. Rebuilt, all worn parts replaced. Just like a new machine. Five-year guarantee. Write for big free catalog 3654. Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., 3652 Shipman Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

Agents: $10 a Day

Get started at once selling this wonderful Perfection Pie Filling. Makes the most delicious home made tasty pies ever—in just a jiffy. No eggs, no milk, no butter needed. Everything in the Filling. Just add water, then bake. Perfection is always ready and never fails to delight.

Work Spare Time or Full Time

Sell to housewives, restaurants, bakeries, hotel keepers, etc. Everybody buys Perfection. A trial order means a steady customer. Put up in four varieties, Lemon, Cocoanut, Chocolate and Boston Cream. Each package makes from 5 to 6 pies. Not sold in stores. Write for money-making proposition.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 1357 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Peel Off Freckles with Mercolized Wax

It's the sensible way. Better than trying to hide or cover up such disfigurements. Simply apply the wax at bedtime and wash off in the morning. This actually peels off the freckled cuticle, gently, gradually, without harm or inconvenience. Unveils the young, healthy, beautiful skin underneath. Unequaled as a blemish remover and complexion rejuvenator. Successfully used by hundreds of thousands the world over. Mercolized Wax, 95c a box at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

Write for free copy "Beauty Secrets Revealed."

DEARBORN SUPPLY CO., 2350 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

BATHASWEET

The Favorite Luxury of Gentlewomen

To step into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and limpid it seems to caress the body! Bathasweet brings this luxury to you. A sprinkle of it fills the room with fragrance, makes the water soft and soothing, and leaves about you that indefinable, "scentless" perfume that is the very height of daintiness. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at Drug and Dept. Stores. *Send for free can.*

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. MK NEW YORK CITY

How You Can Insure Real Love in Marriage!

You Cannot Ignore This Most Important Revelation!

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Don't commit a crime against the woman you love! Have a heart to heart talk with yourself. Look into the mirror of life and size yourself up Can you honestly say to yourself "I fully measure up to the highest standard of efficiency in manhood"? If so, then you have learned the most valuable secret in life. If you are not certain that you measure up to the highest standard, here is a most important message for you.

Your own self is too valuable to be trifling with by neglect. How long can you keep secret to yourself alone, your intimate weakness and bodily abuses? Throw the search-light of truth upon yourself and see your naked self. Let the seriousness of the waning of your youthful powers, vigor and vitality, dawn upon you NOW. Tomorrow may be too late.

Make Yourself Fit For Marriage!

When you experience that buoyant feeling of supreme joy, happiness, vim, vigor and vitality, which a red-blooded he-man experiences, then and only then, can you consider yourself fit for the marriage state.

Absolutely Free!

Strongfortism will rebuild and recreate you and restore to you the spark of life, the bloom of youth and that supreme feeling of being fully alive, vital and fit. Bury your past! No matter how dissipated you may have been and no matter how unfit you may now feel, remember Strongfortism can and will restore you to perfect manhood. Thousands have received absolutely free this wonderful knowledge of the promotion and conservation of health, strength and energy. It has proved to be a revelation to them as it will to you.

A New Realization!

A newer and higher realization of the successful expression of life in every function and every action, awaits you just as soon as you obtain this marvelous information on the promotion and conservation of health, strength and energy. This knowledge is absolutely free. You have simply to make a request for it. If you do not delay, this sensational information will positively be sent to you. This information will astonish, amaze and electrify you—it will revolutionize your whole existence!

Reserve for yourself your share of the blessings of life which others are enjoying, by filling out your request now.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist for 25 Years

Dept. 7, Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

FREE CONSULTATION

MR. LIONEL STRONGFORT,
Dept. 7, Newark, N. J.

Please send me absolutely free, enlightenment on the *"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Energy."* I enclose a 10 cent piece (1 dime) to help cover postage, and have marked (X) before the subjects I am most interested in.

..Colds	..Increased Height	..Poor Circulation
..Catarrh		
..Asthma	..Insomnia	..Manhood Restored
..Hay Fever	..Impotency	
..Headache	..Short Wind	..Round Shoulders
..Thinness	..Constipation	
..Rupture	..Indigestion	..Vital Losses
..Lumbago	..Nervousness	..Muscular Development
..Flat Chest	..Rheumatism	
..Youthful Errors	..Weak Eyes	..Great Strength
	..Weak Heart	
..Pimples	..Lung Troubles	

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

The Fight for the Crown

(*Continued from page 29*)

Pola would stand at a distance and scream the most elaborate sarcasm and bitter, flashing insults at you. Gloria would cry; and wade into you with both fists; and beat the everlasting tar out of you.

No one ever got anywhere in this world without a measure of egotism. In these two women it crops out in different ways. Gloria is self-absorbed; Pola is arrogant.

Gloria's conversation is very likely to turn in upon herself; Pola is nearly always impersonal. Strange to say, they are both very good listeners.

Gloria will sit like an eager child, listening to your story. Pola drags it out of you.

Now this is talking to Pola: Ah, you were a war correspondent: and in Warsaw? And you spoke not Polish? No? German perhaps? Ah, not German either? Who was your interpreter? What was his name? Did he know English well? Where did you stay at night while at the front? Ah, yes! and how did you get your newspaper dispatches to the telegraph office? Ah, yes! And was your copy badly censored? Ah, indeed! And just what would they let you say in reference to the German Kaiser? Etc., etc.

You see it's this way. Gloria wants to try everything once; Pola wants to hear everything and find out everything.

Gloria likes to read, of course; but her library is life. Pola's refuge is in books.

Pola is a very lonely figure. I doubt if she has ever really taken anyone into her innermost life. In a way, Gloria takes every one into her innermost life.

One of the most accurate and interesting ways to contemplate human character is to consider people in relation to animals.

Pola is a tiger—aloof, elegant, dangerous.

Gloria is a white bull-terrier . . . friendly, full of fight, undismayed, affectionate, and incurably optimistic.

Pola takes her lickings from life with proud dignity—growling in her throat—unbeaten and unconquered—but with a terrible acquiescence.

Gloria takes hers like a bull pup; she yelps a little just by way of enthusiastic co-operation; but when it is over, she jumps up; shakes herself, and goes bounding down the street—upsetting garbage pails and getting into joyous fights on the way.

Pola would go to her doom like a tiger with a grand gesture—and a sublime despair.

Like a game, fighting bull-terrier, Gloria would tackle odds without counting them and get a grand time out of the last fight. And she would die with her jaws full of somebody else's flesh.

I feel no doubt, nor any misgivings, when I say that the two are destined to be the two greatest actresses the screen has ever known—perhaps may ever know.

They come to their art by different routes. Pola is introspective; Gloria instinctive. Pola is the essence of an old, sophisticated civilization; Gloria is America — a new hopeful, exuberant land.

Pola is a great actress because she is a woman of high intelligence, and a superb, finished, practised technician. She is a great artist. Gloria couldn't tell anybody else how to act; but she can act. It is as instinctive with her as the song of a bird.

Both of them will last forever as great artists, for this reason:

No one ever stopped loving a bull-terrier.

But nobody ever tired of looking at a tiger.

Gloria's hold on the public is due to her warm gift for intimacy.

Pola's to her dazzling, gorgeous aloofness.

Both of them are great actresses and great women.

Star Points on Sun and Wind

(*Continued from page 77*)

At meal-time, and between meals, too, I find buttermilk most refreshing, and no food has such a marvelous effect on my complexion. Not content with drinking buttermilk, I bathe my face in it and find it especially healing if my skin has been exposed to the hot sun.

Natalie Kingston says:

People with tender feet cant be expected to smile during hot weather unless they have learned how to alleviate the burning pain that excessive heat brings to tired feet.

Two remedies, which have been used in our families for years, I am always glad of the opportunity to pass on.

Soak the feet for five minutes night and morning in hot water to which an ounce of powdered alum is added for every two gallons of water. Dry the feet thoroly and then dust them with baking-soda. If the friction of your stocking seems to irritate your skin, rub your feet with cold-cream before applying a thick coating of soda.

I have never known these simple remedies to fail to bring comfort to those who have suffered from aching feet.

Pauline Starke says:

As much as I like summer, I am the most miserable person in the world unless I take special care of my eyes. The glaring sunlight has a tendency to cause a heavy, droopy feeling very much like the pain caused from eye-strain. Sometimes, the lids become inflamed and then one's looks, as well as comfort, are at stake.

Happily, there is a remedy so simple that it is available to all of us who want to be spared the discomfort of smarting eyes. It is nothing more or less than sweet milk.

To use it, I warm the milk just a little and apply by soaking a small piece of old linen in it, which I in turn place on my closed eyes. If possible, I lie down for fifteen minutes while I am using this milk treatment and when I am ready to dress, my eyes are again bright and rested.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

NORIDA

A Wish Come True

HOW often have you wished for a Perfect Vanitie! It's a wish come true—no more gritty cake powder! The Norida Vanitie was invented to carry your Favorite Loose powder wherever you go without spilling. Enjoy always a velvety, radiant beauty that only loose powder can bestow. Just right to slip in your purse, exquisitely engraved, gilt or silver, and filled with Fleur Sauvage [Wildflower] Poudre. Refill it with your Favorite Loose Powder.

Worth many times its cost. Buy one at any toilet goods counter. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from Norida Parfumerie, 630 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Single, Powder only $1.50

Double, Powder and Rouge, $2

Easiest to play

Paul Biese, famous saxophone star, uses a Conn

YOU master popular tunes in the shortest time with a Conn saxophone; exclusive features make it the *easiest of all wind instruments to learn.* Simplified key system and improvements in mechanism give you quick mastery. Beautiful tone wins instant admiration. Foremost saxophone stars use and endorse the Conn as supreme.

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument for band or orchestra. With all their exclusive features *Conns cost no more.* Write for details, mentioning instrument.

Send for handsome new saxophone catalog explaining reasons for Conn superiority.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
925 Conn Building, Elkhart, Indiana

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Concerning the Prizes

HERE are the two Limerick Liners that caught the boat this month. They are from the June number. On page 5 is another set of limericks to be finished and more prizes to be won.

That Wild Western hero, Bill Hart,
In the movies has not taken part
For one year or more,
And it makes the fans sore,
For Bill fills the bill with his art.

—Alfred Kew, New York City.

The first time we saw Clara Bow,
We thought she was quite the whole show.
She's now our pet flapper,
And if critics rap her,
They're blinded by starlight, we know!

Mrs. Dorothy H. Craig,
Old Hickery, Tenn.

HERE is the prize-winning letter in the Pola Negri Cartoon Contest, that ran in the July *Motion Picture Jr.* It was written by Helen Mahler, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE picture drawn by Helen Strand is Pola Negri. She is one of my favorite stars, not only because she is a very good player, but because she is of my nationality. That is why I never miss one of her pictures.

The first play I saw her in was "Bella Donna" and the last was "Forbidden Paradise."

I love Pola Negri so much that I just had to find out more about her. She was born in Poland and her real name is Appollonia Chalupez. When she was a little girl she was fond of the writings of Ada Negri, an Italian poetess, and I believe that is why she chose that name. She loves poetry and horseback riding and so do I—especially the latter.

—Helen Mahler

NOTE.—We have 240 names on the *Junior Roll of Honor,* on file in our office, and we're very proud of you children!

Directions for Cutting Motion Picture, Jr.

CUT along the dotted line that divides pages 1 and 2 from pages 3 and 4. Next, cut along the line that divides pages 5 and 6 from pages 7 and 8. You now have four pieces, each containing two pages. Fold each of these pieces along the dotted line that runs down the center. Now paste the back of page 3 to the back of page 2. Paste the back of page 5 to the back of page 4. Paste the back of page 7 to the back of page 6. Here you have the *Movie, Jr.,* complete in magazine form. Just a little paste along the edges is enough.

Line Up! for the Limerick Liner!

HERE'S good news for all who have sailed our Limerick Liner in the past, and for the new passengers, too. We're enlarging her decks and increasing the number of cabins, so that many more of you can take the trip, and try for the reward offered.

The first trip of this Liner-de-Luxe is scheduled for October. Ticket offices open September first.

Get in line that day; or ask your newsdealer, today, to make a reservation.

These pictures show Mr. Shirley's improvement in drawing. Read his letter.

From Drudgery to $3800.00 a YEAR for - DRAWING

Just a few years ago Lloyd Shirley had a small-pay clerical job with no future. It was drudgery. He liked to draw, but could not quit and go to art school. One day his wife read a Federal School ad, and sent for "Your Future," telling about the Federal Course.

Mr. Shirley enrolled, studying evenings. *In just a few months* he accepted a position as artist for a paper company, at a better salary. He's been climbing steadily since—read his letter:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning $3,800.00 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time, and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Send for "Your Future"

Mr. Shirley is typical of hundreds of Federal Students who have gotten out of the rut, doubled and tripled their incomes in a short time. If you like to draw, and have a little ambition, read "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make *with the right art training.* Use the coupon now.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

1476 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

I enclose 6c stamps for "Your Future."

Age.....Present Occupation.....

Name.....

Write your address plainly in margin

Genuine Italian Mosaics, $1.00 Each

Americans touring Europe bring back these beautifully colored genuine Mosaic Pins and Brooches made by Italian Artists

Wear one or give one for a birthday gift, etc. Appreciated by women.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send $1.00 for one. Money refunded if not satisfactory

MOSAIC IMPORT CO. DES MOINES, IA.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-658 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

Read What the Stars Say!

For over fourteen years MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has spread its good influence in the Motion Picture Industry. Alert to progress it stands for clean pictures, truth and advancement of technique. Our editors are personally acquainted with the players, directors and producers. Our long years of contact in the industry have given us great experience. What MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE gives you in its pages is reliable information. Read what the great Motion Picture Stars have to say:

"Motion Picture Magazine is undoubtedly one of the finest and most artistic of any the public is privileged to buy. Its articles and illustrations are both edifying and entertaining."

CHARLES CHAPLIN.

"Motion Picture Magazine always interests me and I enjoy reading it each month. Let me take this opportunity to wish you continued success."

CORINNE GRIFFITH.

"Motion Picture Magazine has grown up with pictures. It has remained a wise and friendly counselor of the motion picture people. It has never exploited the cheap and sensational, but has always maintained a conservative and dignified standard." MARY PICKFORD.

"In its fourteen years of existence Motion Picture Magazine has acquired the wisdom of experience, but manages to keep the enthusiasm of youth."

NITA NALDI.

"When Motion Picture Magazine came into the field many years ago, it gave great promise. That promise has since been fulfilled. It is most vital to the progress of the Cinema."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

"I offer you my sincere congratulations. You have always kept Motion Picture Magazine at a top-notch plane. You treat the motion picture industry and its people in a dignified and wholesome manner, always upholding a high journalistic standard."

HAROLD LLOYD.

Subscribe to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE today

Brewster Publications, Inc.
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the next five issues. I enclose one dollar.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

We want you to receive the next five big issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, so we offer you a five-month subscription for one dollar. Fill in the coupon and mail to us today with a one dollar bill and we will promptly enter your subscription. Do it now.

Every advertisement in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Thin..crispy..sugar shells "*stuft*" with pure..luscious fruit-jams.. ..nuts *and* Marmalades!.....

DIANA "Stuft" Confections are the sweet-dispositioned traveling companions. Great to have along on picnics, motor trips and every summer occasion that calls for luscious, crispy candy.

We originated Diana "Stuft" Confections just to fill this summer need. Those cool, crispy sugar shells are purposely thin—"stuft" with imported nuts and pure fruit-jams and marmalades which we make ourselves of fresh selected fruits. Every ingredient measures up to the Bunte Golden Quality Creed. For almost 50 years we have made candy this way—always remembering that the 1200 Bunte Golden Quality Candies are something to eat.

Good stores everywhere carry Diana "Stuft" Confections in 2½, 4, 9 or 16 ounce purity jars and 2, 3 or 5 pound tidy tins. The packages are air-tight. The candy reaches you as fresh as the day it was made. Each package contains twenty-one varieties. Keep some on hand at home always. Be sure it's made by Bunte.

BUNTE BROTHERS, Established 1876, *World-Famous Candies*, Chicago

DIANA "STUFT"

Confections

Bunte
Golden Quality
CANDIES

"Doubles" *the beauty of your hair*

Try this quick and simple method of shampooing, which thousands now use.

See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.

See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly, with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find that your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children —fine for men.

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Br[illegible]ho. Co., N.Y.

Motion Picture

JANUARY

25 CENTS

Valentino's Unknown Love

The Men In *Their* Lives

NILS ASTHER'S *Impressions of* WOMEN

Edna Wallace Hopper's

GIFT

To readers of Motion Picture...

Vivacious, gay, and generous Edna Wallace Hopper!

She has given the whole world of women her amazing beauty secrets. Now, she tempts you to try them—with an offer no woman can resist!

Are you willing to accept a loose powder vanity—with this famous actress' compliments—its design as smart as ever issued from a jeweler on the Rue de la Paix?

Will you accept this exquisite vanity, the only practical loose powder container that gives *all* the powder you want *all* the time—yet cannot spill?

Then mail your name—now—on the coupon which brings seven other beauty aids Miss Hopper has used to keep her youthful beauty at a grandmother age. *She has been a stage star more than forty years.* Living proof of what these French formulas can do. These super-cosmetics were once an expensive habit. You can thank Miss Hopper that they are available at American toilet counters today, at surprisingly moderate prices.

To help defray the cost of the complete beauty outfit, please enclose fifty cents. The beautiful vanity will be included without added cost—it is Miss Hopper's gift to readers of Motion Picture.

Special Gift-Vanity Offer

Please enclose 50c (stamps accepted) to help defray cost of complete Beauty Outfit.
Edna Wallace Hopper M.P.M-1
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago: D-58
Send complete outfit as pictured, and the special (☐ red ☐ green) Vanity, to—

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

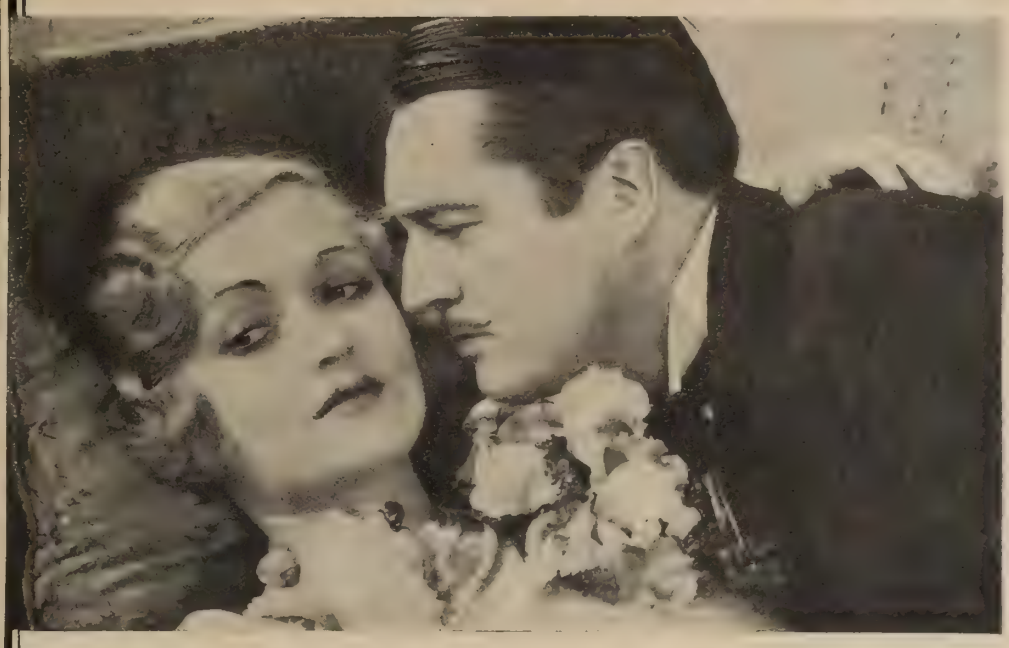
*City*_____ *State*_____

NOTE: Do not mistake this for the ordinary offer of meagre samples; the beauty case contains liberal packages of everything.

They tried to be modern
—but they couldn't escape

"THIS THING CALLED LOVE"

with EDMUND LOWE
and CONSTANCE BENNETT



Ann and Robert weren't going to have the usual kind of marriage with its petty quarrels and hampering jealousies. So they tried a new plan—Ann drew a salary for her services as a homemaker—Bob could have all the girl friends he desired, she all the male admirers she wished. It worked fine until the green-eyed god elbowed his way in in spite of them! Rich in humor, full of clever dialog, penetrating in its satire on "modern marriage." THIS THING CALLED LOVE is grown-up entertainment, with a brilliant cast including Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty and Stuart Erwin.

ALL MUSIC-ALL SOUND-ALL DIALOGUE

Pathé Picture

DIRECTED BY PAUL STEIN

RALPH BLOCK PRODUCTION

Watch for these other Pathe hits!

INA CLAIRE in
THE AWFUL TRUTH
The talking picture debut of Broadway's favorite star in her greatest stage success.
Directed by MARSHALL NEILAN
Supervised by MAURICE REVNES

ANN HARDING in
HER PRIVATE AFFAIR
A picture of marital complications that both starts and ends with a reunion
Directed by PAUL STEIN

ROBERT ARMSTRONG in
THE RACKETEER
with CAROL LOMBARD
The downfall of a gangster who loved outside his class. A dramatic tale, grippingly told.
Directed by HOWARD HIGGIN
Associate Producer RALPH BLOCK

WILLIAM BOYD in
HIS FIRST COMMAND
with DOROTHY SEBASTIAN
Action, thrills, laughs and romance against an authentic military background.
Directed and Adapted by
GREGORY LA CAVA
Associate Producer RALPH BLOCK

The New Show World is PARAMOUNT!

The Greatest Name on the Talking, Singing Screen!

TODAY, a new world of entertainment is yours—better than Broadway, greater than the screen was ever before—THE NEW SHOW WORLD—with the best of Stage, Screen, Music, and Radio combined. And it's yours to see and hear and enjoy right in your own neighborhood—*but at its best only when it's a Paramount Picture!* ¶ Because The New Show World is Paramount! The greatest stars of stage and screen are with Paramount! The foremost authors. The leading showmen and directors. The greatest music composers, song writers. And behind all is the greatest name in entertainment—with the resources, organization and man-power to produce the world's greatest talking, singing pictures. That's why the name *Paramount* is your guarantee of the highest quality in talking, singing entertainment, just as it has been for 17 years. ¶ In The New Show World, as always before, *"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"*

TUNE IN! *Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, each Saturday Evening, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System. Hear your favorite stage and screen stars!*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

Volume XXXVIII, No. 6 January, 1930

Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait of Laura La Plante by Marland Stone from a photograph by Irving Chidnoff

The Hot Spot ..... Herbert Cruikshank 8
Dramatic Actress—Jeanne Eagels Was, In Life—And Death

The Men in Their Lives ..... Gladys Hall 28
Classifying Hollywood's Famous Women, From Greta Garbo To June Collyer

Her Face Isn't Her Fortune ..... Helen Louise Walker 30
To Get Along In Hollywood Now, A Girl's Got To Have Plenty Pluses

What Her Every Fan Should Know ..... As told by Leatrice Joy to Ruth Biery 32
Leatrice Joy Answers A Few Questions, Including "And What About Jack"

Mamma and Papa's Boy ..... Cedric Belfrage 35
Rudy Vallée's Parents Comment Upon Their Gift To Women

True Hollywood Ghost Stories ..... Gladys Hall 40
VII—The Actor Who Knows That He Died

Bridge 41
As The Stars Play It

He Got the Jobs ..... Charleson Gray 42
Hugh Trevor Is One Harvard Man Who Never Sold Bonds

Women: By the Great Lovers of the Screen ..... As told by Nils Asther to Gladys Hall 44
Nils Asther Hopes Never To Understand Them

Canned Chorines ..... Cedric Belfrage 48
Will A Flesh-and-Blood-Fed Public Ever Enjoy Them

He Breaks His Own Heart ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 50
An Actor Must, Dennis King Asserts, If He Would Break Others'

The Test of a Lover ..... Herbert Cruikshank 52
In These Talkie Days, It's Not How He Acts But How He Speaks

Motherless Martyrs ..... Dorothy Manners 55
Goodness, Goodness, What Sacrifices A Career Exacts Of A Woman!

Valentino's Unknown Love ..... Ruth Biery 59
To Katherine Lewis He Was Always A Man, Never A Name

Home Town Boys and Girls ..... As told by Betty Compson to Dorothy Donnell 64
It Was Once One Of Betty Compson's Ambitions To Return in Triumph To Salt Lake City

"I've Got a Face!" ..... Gladys Hall 66
Lawrence Tibbett, Grand Opera Star, Makes A Disquieting Discovery

Christmas Shopping With Louise Fazenda ..... Marie Conti 68
One Of The Many And Systematic Searches She Makes For Gifts

Great Lovers Are Book Lovers ..... Dorothy Splensley 70
Many A Hollywood Library Holds More Than The Telephone Directory

The Hand-Kissing Bug ..... Cedric Belfrage 74
Lebedeff And Schildkraut Have Inoculated Every Hollywood Male With It

The Business of Being a Lady ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 82
June Collyer Believes In The Refinement Racket

Belts on the Nose ..... Helen Louise Walker 84
Robert Montgomery Describes All of His, In Detail

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1929 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries $3.00. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*

There's an air of hospitality that you'll like

AT THE HOTEL

PICCADILLY

227 WEST 45th ST. at BROADWAY

NEW YORK

ADJACENT TO EVERY ACTIVITY
600 BRIGHT SUNLIT ROOMS
EACH WITH BATH,
ELECTRIC FAN, ICE WATER
SINGLE ROOM AND BATH $3.00
DOUBLE ROOM AND BATH $4.50

EXCEPTIONAL RESTAURANT AND GRILLE

WIRE AT OUR EXPENSE FOR RESERVATIONS

F. D. SOFIELD - MANAGING DIRECTOR

Lost 12 Pounds In 14 Days!

That's what Mrs. E. M. J. writes. Another woman states: "Lost 35 pounds and feel years younger."

Thousands of delighted users endorse **O. B. C. T.**

Convincing Proof In Two Weeks

Only two weeks to prove that **O. B. C. T.** will start taking off the fat! Only one box to convince you, or your money refunded without question.

No exercise. No diet. Positively harmless prescription made under supervision of licensed practicing physician. Thousands of women have reduced this safe, easy way.

Simply do this: Write us to mail you a **two weeks' Trial Treatment.** Pay postman $1.50 when package arrives. We guarantee that you will positively lose weight on first box or we will refund your money. Two weeks' treatment will convince you that **O. B. C. T.** is the most successful fat reducer in the world. Results guaranteed. Write today. **Start reducing right away.**

Notice: Until all drug stores have been supplied, we will ship O. B. C. T. (Obesity) direct.

O.B.C.T. LABORATORY, 4016 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 195 Chicago, Ill.

LEARN **Face Lifting** $5 SKIN SMOOTH—SOFT—RADIANT—NO BANDAGES

WITHOUT COSMETICS . . . ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS

Broadway Actresses haven't a Double Chin, Scrawny Neck, or Wrinkles. Why should you? Why have Gray Hair? Men and women write today.

Lillian Pyms, Hotel Manager, 771 7th Avenue, New York City

New Photographs of All the Motion Picture Stars

Actual photographs of any of the many Motion Picture Stars—for your collection or den or for framing—size 8x10 inches. New poses constantly being stocked.

25 cents each
5 for One Dollar
12 for Two Dollars

Postage prepaid

The Answer Man

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.

1501 Broadway New York City

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal—also portables—prices smashed to below half. (Easy terms.)

SEND NO MONEY!

All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. *Guaranteed* for ten years. **Send no money**—big Free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offer. Amazing values—send at once.

Free Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 105 Chicago

TWENTY DOLLAR LETTER

Oh Variety

NEW YORK CITY.—I wonder why we get such a lot of the same kind of pictures running so closely after each other. I mean pictures of sea stories, crook stories, and trial scenes. A while back, every time I went to a movie theater, I saw one of those terrible, rough, sea pictures, where the men were all beaten and ill used. To me, they seemed revolting. I was sick of them before a change came. Then a bunch of crook pictures came along, and I saw so many of them, one after another, that I was afraid to see any more of them, so I stayed away from the theater, until a change came about. Then what do I find? A regular series of Court Room scenes—Trial pictures. They were all excellent pictures, but they became so monotonous. After seeing so many of them, I felt as if I were going to Court instead of to the theater. I saw "On Trial," "The Bellamy Trial," "The Letter," etc., all close on each other's heels. I sincerely hope we will get something different soon. I enjoy pictures such as "White Shadows in the South Seas." "The Awakening," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and others I have no space to mention here, but which I have seen, and have been delighted with. *Mrs. Kate Gloster.*

TEN DOLLAR LETTER

Wise Words

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I, as one of the present generation, can not help feeling a liking for jazz pictures, college romances, etc., but as E. C. Furtick said in his letter, the majority like variety. Such pictures as "The Wild Party," "Our Dancing Daughters," etc. are enjoyable to the extent that they are not overdone. There is something finer than the spirit of jazz.

MP'S motion for a Repertory Week is an excellent idea. I am sure everyone would be enthusiastic over it.

It is true that the talkies are one of the finest accomplishments in the history of motion pictures, but let us also keep the silent drama. As yet, talkies belong only to special kinds of pictures. The new pictures require new types. A good historical romance portrayed with able actors is like an opera. It is never tiresome. Why not let us have some more pictures like "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and others? Even a revival of the same films would be a treat for movie fans. Let us not eliminate our greatest cinema artists by allowing the talkies to place them in the background.

Gertrude Li Mandri.

FIVE DOLLAR LETTER

From "The Open Road"

OAKLAND, CAL.—I thought this might be interesting inasmuch as I belong to a different world from most of your contributors. I'm a tramp. No excuse. But:—

Here's the way it seems to me
A Tramp's no thing to be.
But if your goin' to follow that trade,
Be the best one ever made.

As a boy I used to stand in the Kremlin at Moscow and watch the beggars in the snow, little dreaming that fate intended a similar rôle for me. I have seen the Gipsies dancing and singing along the Danube—friendly folk and pretty too—like fairies in a dream.

Yet many's the time I have gone and many's the time I will yet go hungry to see a good picture. And that's why I'm hoping this wins a prize—so I can see a few more. I always was a boy at heart and always will be and damn any man who isn't—no matter how ancient on the outside.

I am writing this amid the ruins of an old cabin where the good lady who owns this place allows me to sleep. And in one corner is a stack of motion picture magazines a mile high, dating back to the beginning of the industry and, take it from me, I'm sticking around a while.

I don't think most people realize what a comfort motion pictures are to us outcasts. Sooner or later we can always see the finest pictures produced at prices we can afford: whereas the legitimate drama is out of our reach by several dollars

(*Continued on page 118*)

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE will award cash prizes for the three best letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. Anonymous communications will not be considered and no letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Can YOU Answer "Yes" *to all of these questions?*

Is Marriage Necessary to Love?
Do You Know Your Best Colors and Lines?
Do Men Compete for Your Favor?
Do You Want to Grow Old?
Can You Compete with the "Other Woman"?
Have You Perfect Poise?
Have You the Voice of Loveliness?
Are You *Sure* of Your Husband?

NOW you can laugh at all those uncertainties that every woman thinks about if she does not fear. Fading charm, old age, lost loveliness and insufficient understanding of the male mind! Fortunate, indeed, is the woman who understands all these things perfectly in *relation to herself*—who knows how to develop all the allure that is dormant within her—who knows how to circumvent the tell-tale lines of age—who knows how to develop her magnetism and attractiveness to obtain and hold the admiration of both men and women.

These are the things that DARÉ gives you in her fascinating new books. DARÉ shows you the way to supreme personal loveliness—the way that many famous beauties of history and of the present day have used to place happiness and womanly success at their finger tips!

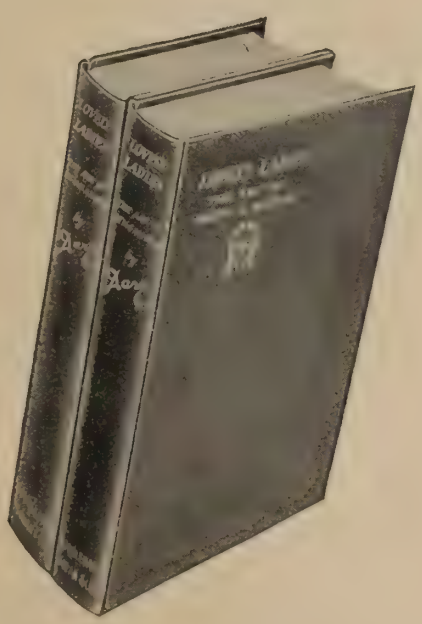
Ten million women have been waiting for these two startling books! Women who have read DARÉ'S newspaper articles and who have heard her invaluable radio talks, *demanded* that these books be published! And here they are—two amazing *textbooks of loveliness*—containing all the subtle secrets of being the woman you wish to be; of all the famous beauties of stage, screen, and society. Here, too, are a vast number of new and heretofore unpublished ideas and unfailing methods in charm-culture—conceived expressly for the woman of today!

Lovely Ladies are *text books* of loveliness. Two delicately beautiful volumes, exquisitely bound in orchid cloth and stamped in gold, they have been designed to keep company with the daintiest accessories of the boudoir. They are profusely illustrated by DARÉ herself. You will treasure them always for they will show you the sure, unfailing way to make all your dreams of lovely and entrancing womanliness come true! Mail the coupon today. It will not obligate you in any way.

Daré

A Few Chapter Titles

- Sex Appeal
- Eating for Beauty
- Brunettes and Blondes
- Divorce Problems
- Feminine Daintiness
- Clever Make-up
- "Carrot-Heads"
- *Our* Men
- The Other Woman
- Motherhood
- White Haired Types
- Amusing Exercise
- Our Careers
- Wardrobe Economy
- The Business Woman
- Occupation—Housewife
- And Many Other Equally Interesting Chapters!



You Can Read Them FREE!

The coupon will bring you *Lovely Ladies* to read on approval—at your leisure. You may keep and read them one entire week—FREE—before you decide whether or not you wish to own them. One glance at the chapter titles should be sufficient to convince you that you want to see them, at least, more than any books you have ever heard of before.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Inc.
Dept. L-851
Garden City - - New York

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.,
Garden City, Dept. L-851, New York.

Please send me DARÉ'S *Lovely Ladies—the Art of Being a Woman*. I will either return the books or remit $3.50 in full payment within a week.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

The Hot-Spot

Dramatic Actress—Jeanne Eagels - - - - - - Was, In Life—And Death

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

NOTE: Each month there are certain things that happen in the lives of movie stars which are news stories. The daily papers all over the country recount them. But do they tell the whole story? Do they give the inside dope, the real bits of human interest? Each month, hereafter, Motion Picture *will pick out the most interesting news item of the month and tell you in brief form the lowdown on the situation.* Motion Picture *has trained reporters working for it—people who started on dailies as cubs and worked up to magazine feature writers. These reporters are determined to delve to the bottom of each story. They will give you the story exactly as it happened. It may be a new love affair, an engagement, a marriage, a birth, a death or even a murder. Watch this Hot-Spot and get the inside truths of the sensations in filmland in* Motion Picture.

ATOP Loew's Lincoln Square Theater a hundred lights gleamed through the haze of an autumn evening, "Jeanne Eagels in Jealousy," they spelled. Just opposite, across the canyon called Broadway, Jeanne Eagels lay dead. A bright flame strangled by the cold ashes of life. For life itself killed Jeanne Eagels.

Life—not love. Too many men meant too many things to her for her courageous heart to break over any one—or any dozen—of them. The only love to which she yielded wholly and utterly was the love of life. In return it gave her fame, which—like the jewels on her dead, white neck—was paste. And in the end it stabbed her with a rusty dagger.

When at last she recognized life's perfidy, she sought to forget in a search for the sleep once scorned, now denied. She found it, tragically. "An overdose of chloral hydrate, nerve sedative and soporific," so the doctors said. But to her—just sleep. Sleep to mask memories. Memories of a lover upon whom she had prodigally, gladly, lavished all she had to give. A lover who repaid her in—paste.

From the beginning she was marked for a tempestuous career. Her mother was Irish. Her father a Spaniard. Her real name was Aguilar. Jeanne's beauty, Jeanne's genius were the family's only riches. Poverty was her earliest bedfellow.

At seven she plunged into the maelstrom of show business. At fourteen she rode at the head of a carnival playing the dreary wastes of the Mid-West. Three years later she was reading two lines in a Broadway theater for thirty-five dollars a week. It was a Billie Burke play, and naturally Flo Ziegfeld saw her. His offer of a place in the "Follies" met with the response:

"I am a dramatic actress."

Dramatic. Yes, Jeanne was right. She was a dramatic actress—to the end.

Fame and Fables

HER first big break came through George Arliss. She worked with him in seven plays—among them "Disraeli," which like Arliss and Jeanne, herself, has since transferred to the talking screen. In 1922 when she was twenty-eight, life gave her fame in "Rain." The heady wines of success and adulation, applause and flattery, were spilled at her feet. The flood became a torrent that passed beyond her control.

Bull *Abbe*

Toward the end and at the start of her career: Jeanne Eagels—at the right—when she had a two-line part in a New York play; and—at the left—as she appeared just after completing "Jealousy" for the screen

Strange stories broke. She met and parted with Whitney Warren. In a later affair Sonny Whitney's father stormed her apartment after the boy's entanglement with Evan Fontaine. Instead of his son he discovered Ted Coy the football idol. And so her secret marriage burst into print. She commuted daily from the theater to their home in Ossining. Soon there were rumored quarrels. Rumors that were confirmed by guests who found host and hostess not on speaking terms. Rumors that were confirmed when she abruptly dismissed her guests and fled to town.

She held curtains. She failed to appear at all. She arrived for rehearsals of "Her Cardboard Lover" a month after the appointed time. She walked off stage in the middle of a scene "to get a drink of water" or just walked off and didn't return. She accepted a Hollywood offer—then—presto!—she vanished. She loathed posing for pictures, but spent from midnight to eight in the morning having 350 taken for use when she opened in "Chicago." But she never appeared for rehearsals.

(*Continued on page 123*)

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S GREATEST SCREEN TRIUMPH

DYNAMITE

ONCE again Cecil B. DeMille has done the phenomenal! Director of a hundred outstanding hits, he has added one more name to his long list of successes. This time he has made what will surely be considered his *greatest screen achievement.* Never did Mr. DeMille have a more thrilling story, finer performers or better technical resources than in *Dynamite,* the most exciting picture he ever made!

Dynamite tears down the camouflage of "high society" and exposes its seamy side—its parasitic women—its weak-kneed men—its shameless flouting of decency—its feverish chase after money and forbidden thrills...A thrilling story of an heiress who learns of true love from a sturdy son of toil, a miner—entombment in a mine—almost certain death—the offer of two men to sacrifice their lives for her safety—and finally escape with the man she really loves! Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson in the leading roles give the best performance of their careers. Don't miss *Dynamite!* ALL-TALKING. (Also a silent version.)

Dynamite digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

She is yours Master!

SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this strange man whose face none had seen?

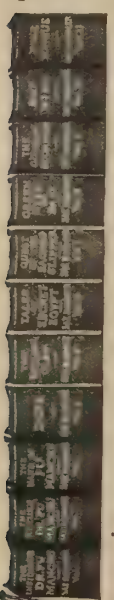
Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this mysterious emissary?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting Oriental tales ever told, read these

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 Superb Volumes by SAX ROHMER

THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in Malay to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.



11 Thrilling Volumes

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again.

Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of pleasure at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. They cast your worries into oblivion, increasing your efficiency many times over.

Special Bargain Offer

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't wait! Send the bargain coupon today!

Free on Approval

Just mail the free examination coupon today sure and receive the entire 11 volumes. Read them **Ten Days Free.** If not delighted, send them back. **Act today!**

This rare PREMIUM YOURS for promptness

This famous Gurkha Kukri of solid brass, 6½ in. long, is an exact replica of that used by the Hindu soldiers in the World War and so graphically described by Kipling. A rare curio to have and useful as a letter-opener, a paper-weight, or a protection on occasion. A limited quantity on hand, will be given without added cost as a premium for promptness—but you must act today!

MAIL TODAY, YOU RISK NOTHING

McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie Dept. 42 114 E. 16 St, New York

Dept. 42 12-29

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE 114E.16St.,N.Y.

Send me for free examination, charges prepaid, your set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsome cloth volumes. If after 10 days, I am delighted, I will send you $1.00 promptly and $1.00 a month for only 14 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me the Gurkha Kukri without extra cost. Otherwise, I will return the set in 10 days at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Age: Over 21?..... Under 21?.....

FOR CASH DEDUCT 5%

By MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Flesh of Eve*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *It's a Pleasure*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—playing in *Half Way to Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

• • •

Bakewell, William—playing in *Playing Around*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Banky, Vilma—playing in *Sun-Kissed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bancroft, George—recently completed *The Mighty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, John—playing in *The Man*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Son of the Gods*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—recently completed *Romance of Rio Grande*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Son of the Gods*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Broadway Vagabond*—United Artists Studio, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Blackmer, Sydney—playing in *Strictly Modern*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Blane, Sally—playing in *The Vagabond Lover*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue, Monte—playing in *Isle of Escape*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *Mamba*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

Borden, Olive—playing in *Dance Hall*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Station S-E-X*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *Officer O'Brien*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *A Lady in Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—recently completed *The Marriage Playground*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brice, Fannie—playing in *It's A Pleasure*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *The Laughing Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Brown, Johnny Mack—playing in *The Come-On Girl*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

• • •

Carol, Sue—playing in *The Lone Star Ranger*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Flesh of Eve*—Paramount studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cecil, Nora—playing in *Medals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chandler, Helen—playing in *The Girl Who Wasn't Wanted*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Laughing Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th & Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Claire, Bernice—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Collier, William, Sr.—playing in *Harmony At Home*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—recently completed *Condemned*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *Isle of Escape*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Medals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—recently completed *Untamed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Kathryn—playing in *Anything Goes*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

• • •

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Love Comes Along*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—recently completed *Dulcy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Day, Shannon—playing in *Lord Byron of Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Hot For Paris*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—recently completed *The Other Tomorrow*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dresser, Louise—playing in *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Duncan, Mary—recently completed *Romance of Rio Grande*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

• • •

Ellis, Robert—playing in *The Come-On Girl*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

• • •

Fairbanks, Douglas—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Loose Ankles*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *Playmates*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fawcett, George—playing in *Hot For Paris*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Spring Is Here*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Francis, Alec B.—playing in *Murder Will Out*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Francis, Kay—recently completed *The Marriage Playground*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

• • •

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Anna Christie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Playmates*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Hoot—playing in *The Montana Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Gilbert, John—recently completed *Redemption*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gish, Lillian—playing in *The Swan*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave.

Gleason, Russell—playing in *Officer O'Brien*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gray, Alexander—playing in *Song of the Flame*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—recently completed *Spring Is Here*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Griffith, Corinne—playing in *Back Pay*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

• • •

Hackathorne, George—playing in *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hackett, Raymond—recently completed *The Bishop Murder Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *A Lady In Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *Spring Board*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—recently completed *The Saturday Night Kid*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—recently completed *Condemned*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Healy, Dan—playing in *The Laughing Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th & Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Henry, Charlotte—playing in *Harmony At Home*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Hell Harbor*—United

(*Continued on page 12*)

Now the Screen has Robbed the Stage of its Most Prized Possession!

marilyn miller

Broadway's brightest dancing beauty will make her first film appearance in

"Sally"

THE FAMOUS FLORENZ ZIEGFELD MUSICAL ROMANCE BY GUY BOLTON AND JEROME KERN COMPLETELY TRANSPLANTED TO THE SCREEN.—WITH ONE OF THE GREATEST COMEDY CASTS EVER ASSEMBLED, INCLUDING ALEXANDER GRAY, JOE E. BROWN, PERT KELTON, T. ROY BARNES, FORD STERLING. —150 DANCERS; ORCHESTRA OF 110—DIRECTED BY JOHN FRANCIS DILLON

Every feature that kept "Sally" on Broadway for one solid year—stunning show girls, gorgeous gowns, lavish settings, and the matchless beauty of its famous star—

all in color

Other great stage stars have left Broadway for Hollywood—but none so fair and famous as Marilyn Miller...

Other films have *matched* the stage in magnitude and class—"Sally" *excels* it with all-color chorus spectacle more lavish than Broadway ever dreamed of!

150 beauties in the largest indoor scene ever photographed in Color . . . 36 Albertina Rasch girls who toe-dance more perfectly than other choruses can clog . . . And an orchestra of 110 to play the song-hits that "Sally" made famous and many new numbers added for the screen production . . .

Yet even this rich magnificence pales beside the poignant moments of the entrancing love story that made "Sally" one of the greatest musical-romance successes in stage history!

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of the Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE *All-Color* PICTURE

Girls Do Well in Art

DO you like to draw? Develop your talent, make the most of your natural ability! Get into Commercial Art,—a field where youth is an asset, not a handicap, and where you are paid as **much as a man of equal ability.**

Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal Students—girls as well as men—are making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000, and $6,000 yearly—some much more. Art is a vital part of modern business—millions of dollars are paid yearly for illustrations and designs.

Learn at Home in Spare Time

Why spend your time on wearisome routine work that gets you nowhere? Many Federal Students have quickly doubled and tripled their former incomes. The thorough Federal Course prepares you quickly. Contains lessons by leading artists. You get **personal criticisms on your lessons.**

Test Your Art Ability Free

Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. Find out how much talent you have—send today for Art Questionnaire. We will also send book, "Your Future" explaining the course in detail. Please state age and occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

1489 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holland, John—playing in *Hell Harbor*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillip—playing in *Pointed Heels*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hughes, Lloyd—playing in *Love Comes Along*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hurst, Paul—playing in *Officer O'Brien*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *The Bishop Murder Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Johnson, Kay—playing in *Ship from Shanghai*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Jolson, Al—playing in *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—playing in *Pointed Heels*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—playing in *Out To Kill*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

King, Charles—recently completed *Road Show*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

King, Dennis—playing in *The Vagabond King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—playing in *Dance Hall*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lane, Lola—playing in *Hollywood Nights*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

La Plante, Laura—playing in *La Marseillaise*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

LaRocque, Rod—playing in *The Swan*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—playing in *Murder Will Out*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lewis, Ted—playing in *Show of Shows*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Livingston, Margaret—playing in *Seven Keys to Baldpate*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—recently completed *Welcome Danger*—Harold Lloyd Productions, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carol—recently completed *The Racketeer*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lorraine, Louise—playing in *The Montana Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Love, Bessie—playing in *Take It Big*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Love, Montague—playing in *Love Comes Along*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Cameo Kirby*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lucas, Paul—playing in *Half Way To Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Farrell—playing in *The White Flame*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeannette—playing in *The Vagabond King*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Strictly Modern*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—recently completed *The Marriage Playground*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maynard, Ken—playing in *The Crimson Courage*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Hot For Paris*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miller, Marilyn—recently completed *Sally*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Miller, Patsy Ruth—playing in *The Aviator*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Moore, Colleen—recently completed *Footlights and Fools*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *Mammy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly—playing in *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moreno, Antonio—recently completed *Romance of Rio Grande*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Playing Around*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Morton, Charles—playing in *Cameo Kirby*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mulhall, Jack—playing in *Murder Will Out*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Murray, J. Harold—playing in *Cameo Kirby*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Murray, James—recently completed *The College Racketeer*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Swan*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nolan, Mary—playing in *The Come-On Girl*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *The House of Troy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Elliott—recently completed *Dulcy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Hit The Deck*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Lone Star Ranger*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Neil, Sally—playing in *Hold Everything*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Owen, Catherine Dale—recently completed *The Rogue's Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Navy Blues*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—recently completed *The Taming of the Shrew*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *Pointed Heels*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pringle, Aileen—recently completed *Night Parade*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—recently completed *The Bishop Murder Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Richman, Harry—playing in *Broadway Vagabond*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Half Way To Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *By The Way Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rollins, David—playing in *Hollywood Nights*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Schildkraut, Joseph—playing in *Out To Kill*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Scott, Fred—playing in *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *Officer O'Brien*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Segal, Vivienne—playing in *The Lady In Ermine*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Their Own Desires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Skelly, Hal—recently completed *Men Are Like That*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sterling, Ford—playing in *Spring Is Here*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Their Own Desires*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *The Trespasser*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed *New York Nights*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Broadway Vagabond*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tibbett, Laurence—recently completed *The Rogue's Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *Station S-E-X*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—playing in *Officer O'Brien*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Trevor, Hugh—recently completed *Night Parade*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tryon, Glenn—playing in *Anything Goes*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Grand Parade*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ulric, Lenore—recently completed *South Sea Rose*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Van and Schenck—playing in *Take It Big*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Hell Harbor*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Walker, Polly—playing in *Hit The Deck*—RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Furies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

White, Alice—playing in *Playing Around*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—recently completed *Furies*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Withers, Grant—recently completed *The Other Tomorrow*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Pointed Heels*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

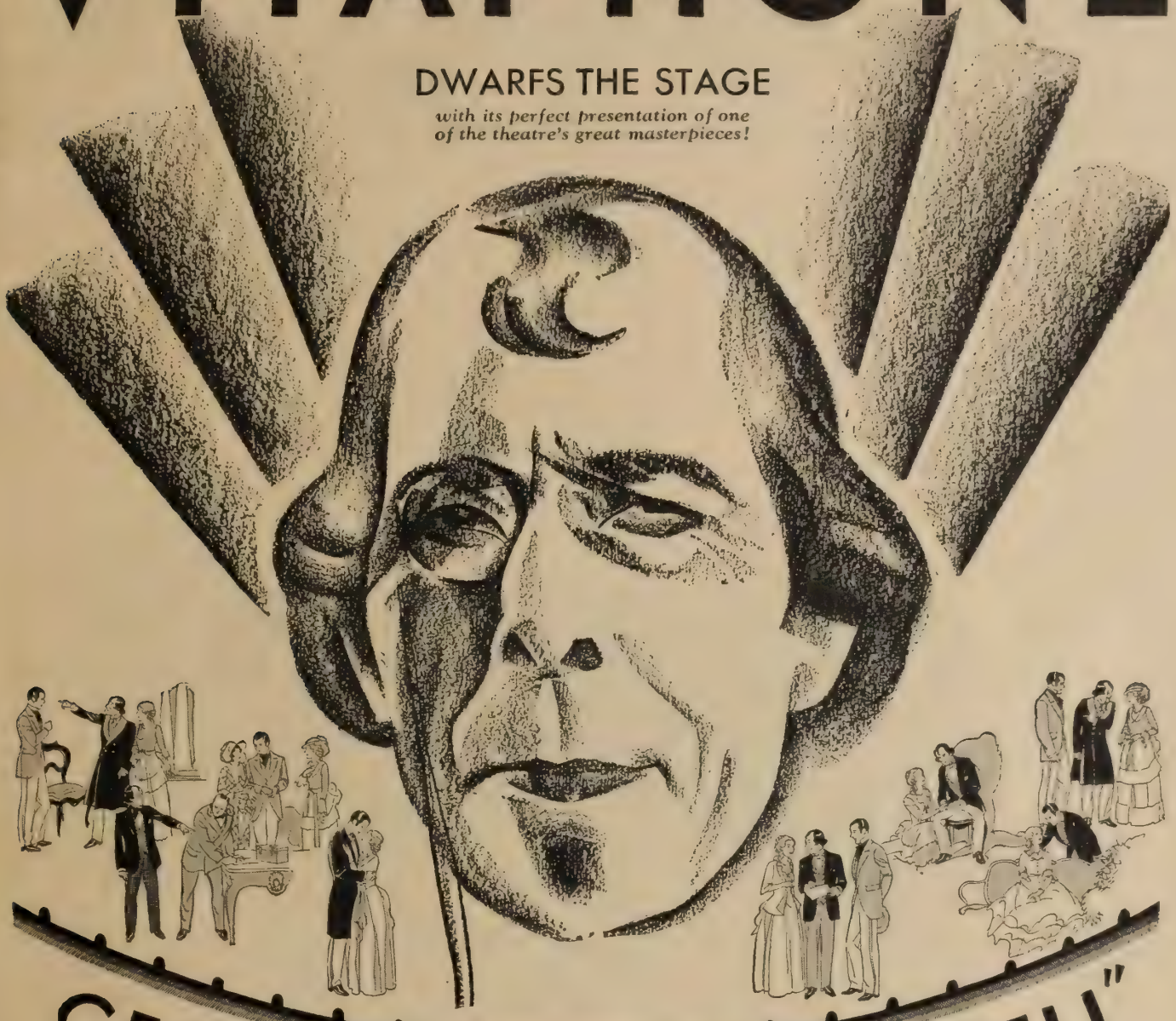
* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *The Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

VITAPHONE

DWARFS THE STAGE

with its perfect presentation of one of the theatre's great masterpieces!



GEORGE ARLISS *in* "DISRAELI"

If you have cheers, prepare to give them now. For with George Arliss in "Disraeli" the art of Talking Pictures enters a new phase!

Experts have been predicting that it would take ten years to perfect the audible film. The experts were wrong! For here is that perfection, achieved by *Vitaphone* years ahead of time!

Not only has *Vitaphone* transplanted every atom of dramatic power, superb supense, and rapier wit, that made George Arliss' "Disraeli" one of the historic stage successes of the century... It has done *more* than that... In a single stride it has not only attained but actually *surpassed* the stage's artistic standards, which thousands felt the screen could never even equal!

The fascination of the footlights fades before the larger lure of mammoth settings—Vitaphone's crisp, telling dialogue—and a George Arliss of heightened stature and new intimacy, exceeding even the amazing brilliance of his classic stage performance.

Come! See for yourself! Let *Vitaphone* put you "on speaking terms" with Disraeli, amazing man of destiny who rose from obscurity to control a modern empire—all because he knew how to handle women—especially a Queen.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade mark of the Vitaphone Corporation

Look for the "Vitaphone" sign when you're looking for talking picture entertainment. You'll find it only on

WARNER BROS. *and* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Can you name the principals in the most** mysterious engagement in Hollywood?

• ● •

2—**Which lovely young lady of movietone** was recently rumored to have had the unheard-of good fortune of having two handsome men take out marriage licenses to wed her on the same day?

• ● •

3—**What famous siren** of the screen once said: "I married for love and I got diamonds anyway"?

• ● •

4—**Which famous** movie couple brought twins back with them when they returned from their European honeymoon?

• ● •

5—**Can you name** the motion picture actress of Hollywood who was voted the third most popular entertainer on the Orpheum Circuit during the 1929 season?

• ● •

6—**Myrna Loy has a brand-new boy friend.** Can you guess who he is?

• ● •

7—**What famous lady of the screen has** turned down the two greatest lovers of the year? Who were they?

• ● •

8—**Which one of Connie Talmadge's former** fiancés is now rumored engaged to Marie Prevost?

9—**What comedian of former days had the** misfortune to be sued for divorce by the same woman twice?

• ● •

10—**Which very dainty little ingénue out** at Universal was forced to resign from her girls' club because her father wouldn't allow her to stay out after ten o'clock?

• ● •

11—**The present fiancé of Bebe Daniels** was once engaged to a famous New York stage star. Who was she? Is she on the stage or in pictures now?

• ● •

12—**Who is supposed to be holding up** the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez nuptials? Or do their contracts contain clauses forbiding them to marry?

If you take the title of "Sea Legs" as a suggestion, then no choice of an actress could be happier than Fifi Dorsay. This picture will present Victor McLaglen not as a Marine but as a mariner

13—**What singing heart-breaker of the** vitaphone has two very cute little kiddies at home?

• ● •

14—**What handsome gentleman of Hollywood** has recently become re-engaged to a member of a world renowned stage duet-team?

• ● •

15—**Can you name** the former star of Western pictures who married at the age of fifty for the express purpose of having two children? Whom did he marry?

• ● •

16—**Who is the** youngest girl in pictures to announce her engagement recently? Whom is she going to marry?

• ● •

17—**Which very** foreign-looking gentleman in pictures is rumored to have cold feet and a warm head?

• ● •

18—**What beautiful blonde star has been** troubled with the greatest number of uninvited and unknown guests at her home?

• ● •

19—**What star in Hollywood recently did** an almost unheard-of thing by dyeing her natural blonde hair brunette?

• ● •

20—**Richard Dix was upset about a press** notice given out about him recently?

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.

VOICE!

NOW you can have the VOICE you want!

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send for free Voice Book. Discloses startling voice facts that may save *you* hundreds of dollars. Tells all about marvelous *new* SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increases Range. Improves quality. Banish huskiness—hoarseness. 100 per cent improvement *guaranteed*—or money back. Mail coupon *at once* for free book—the greatest voice book ever written—sent FREE with no obligation!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem — send at once for FREE Voice Book. Mail Coupon Now!

Perfect Voice Institute
Dept. 12-61 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Mail Coupon for Free Voice Book

Perfect Voice Institute, Dept. 12-61
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture" I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Singing* ☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Speaking*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

Hollywood is beginning to lose her town characters. One by one they are deserting their old haunts along the **Boul' Hollywood.** Haven't seen **Peter,** the white-haired hermit, for a couple of months. Nor the barefooted **House-of-David** gentleman on his motor-cycle. And the cowboys who used to hang around **Cahuenga** swapping yarns of the **Universal** and **Fox** ranches. Where are they?

Does **Mary Astor** *always have to sit near the window in a white sheet while she is having her hair washed in a* **Boulevard** *beauty shoppe?*

Even **Memphis,** the newsboy extraordinary, pal of **Emerson** and **Keats,** is pulling up his stakes. **"Detroit, New York**—anywhere else," he explains vaguely. "It's no go here any longer. The place has changed. I used to get a kick out of standing on a **Hollywood** corner talking to my friends passing by. But they must have all gotten lost in the flood of new faces and ideas. I never see any of the old favorites any more. The new game is to guess which person, of the next twenty that pass, is not a theme-song writer."

Gary Cooper *all dressed up in dark cheaters, and a boy-friend, wandering aimlessly around while* **Lupe** *is away on location. I said a boy-friend.*

Hollywood used to have just about the most picturesque little business district in the world. One-story buildings lined both sides of the street and one was hardly forced to look up to see the beautiful mountains that form the background.

Lilyan Tashman *almost fell out of her box-seat at the tennis matches the other day. I suppose she didn't want anyone to miss her new riggings. At that—I guess she was the best-dressed woman in the crowd.*

But lately the quaint little buildings have been disappearing. We are getting all cluttered up with skyscrapers, to make room for the next batch of theme-song writers. And they not only block out the swell view but they also cut off the flood of **California** sunshine. Everything has taken on a businesslike attitude. People are less friendly. I guess sunshine and friendliness sort of go together.

Why there aren't even any more shade trees on the **Boulevard.** And there's something kinda cool and comforting about shade trees. They give off an air of quiet and hominess. We used to be able to call up the girl friend and say, **"Howdy,** honey—I'll meet you down at the big pepper tree," or "How about meetin' me at the tall date palm over on **Sunset?"** But now when we call we say, "I'll see you at the entrance of the **Hollywood Bank Building,"** or "Wait for me at the parting of the **Grauman Waves."** The old town is growing up all right, all right.

Nancy Carroll *in a leather jacket and bright green tam, dancing at the* **Blossom Room** *on the full-dress evening—and so far as I'm concerned, she could wear rompers and still be the best-dressed gal in the hall.*

Wm. Grimes

Giving her paws: the largest and foremost of the five poodles in "Hot Dogs" stands up to shake hands with Leila Hyams. These dogs constitute the first canine chorus ever to be trained or filmed

Things That Are Way Beyond Me

How **Joan Crawford** keeps her sun-tan this late in the season.

How **Jobyna Ralston** can look so fragile and play such a he-man game of tennis.

How **Marie Dressler** finally broke through **Garbo's** reserve and handed her a lot of laughs in the studio lunch room.

Why **Eleanor Boardman** won't use makeup on the street.

Why every man in **Hollywood** isn't crazy about **Kay Francis.**

If it is true that **Howard Hughes** really dismisses the whole company on **"Hell's Angels"** when he wants to go to the football game.

Lila Lee *correcting the impression that she and* **Jim Kirkwood** *are divorced—they have been separated for these three years.*

"California, Here I Come—Right Back Where I Started From" might well be the theme song of the **Messrs. Ted Lewis** and **Paul Whiteman.** Both of these boys began their careers on the **Barbary Coast** and went to the **Big Town** to make good. But now the **Big Town** is too small for them—and here they are back in **Hollywood** along with everybody else. For that matter, we have practically all of the big-league bands **Piccolo** com-**Peteing** for the natives. At the **Cocoanut Grove** we have: **Ted Lewis,** than whom there is no **St. Louis Bluer;** at the **Blossom Room** none other than **George Olsen,** from the **Club Richman** in **New York;** and then there's always the rumor that **Rudy Vallée** will come back and play at the **Montmartre.** Those who can't afford the three dollar *couvert* are welcome to tune in on the radio. Those who can't afford the radio will never know the difference anyway.

Human Interest Story No. 1

It was during a traffic tie-up on the **Boulevard.** Cars were stalled for blocks each way. **Fords, Chevrolets** and the usual **Hollywood** limousines. In one of the larger and more expensive buggies stood little **Davey Lee.** I say stood—because he was standing on the richly upholstered cushions of the back seat. His cute nose was flattened against the rear window—and he was laughing. If one were to have followed his envious gaze, one would have found two street urchins playing marbles on the corner.

It has taken the local bootleggers to solve the problem of disposing of the unbidden, unexpected and unwanted guests at **Hollywood** *parties. A libation designated as guest-***Scotch** *is now on the market, at five a throw. Properly and lavishly administered to the crashers, it doesn't keep them away the first time but does lengthen the interval between visits. There's a guarantee, that those who muscle in won't die in the house.*

A Girl's Cruel Wit Named Me "Silent Smith"....

Yet Her Words Made Me the Most Popular Man in Town

I DON'T think I ever had a really good time at a party in all my life—until about six months ago. I had always been a notorious "wall-flower," always mute and miserable at any social gathering; and in any sort of company I was always the "silent member."

Time and again I lost out in business because I lacked the ability or the courage to speak up at the right time. I missed being elected to a much desired office in my lodge, chiefly because my silence and apparent stupidity produced such a bad impression.

And finally, one night at a party, something happened that just forced a change in my life. It was merely an idle phrase—a girl's mocking words that woke me to the realization that I was being shunned because of my shyness and silence. A group stood on the other side of the curtain from where I was standing, looking with hungry eyes at the gay crowd. Suddenly a voice rang out, a girl's derisive voice: "Oh, gosh! Old Silent Smith! Honestly, the sight of him mooning around like a little lost dog, with nothing to say, just ruins a party for me. There ought to be a law against human clams like that"

I didn't wait for any more. As quietly as I could, I sneaked to the coat room and got my hat. "Silent Smith!" — "Mooning around like a little lost dog!" — "Human Clam!" The words drummed in my mind all the way home.

And yet—was it my fault that I was born without "the gift of easy speech?"—that I couldn't talk like a gifted salesman? In that frame of mind I reached home and dropped into a chair. Aimlessly I reached for a magazine. Suddenly I sat up straight. My eye had caught a magazine article — the story of a man like myself—who overcame his handicap. I read on. This was amazing! It made me think!

Pretty soon I put down the magazine. These sentences burned themselves into my brain: "There is no magic—no trick—no mystery about becoming a powerful, convincing talker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist—you, too, can conquer stage fright, bashfulness and self-consciousness, and win advancement in salary, position, popularity, social standing and acquire real success!" The article told of a remarkable little booklet called "How to Work Wonders With Words." It unfolded secrets to me—secrets I had never dreamed of—secrets of power and success which every man can use.

This was six months ago. Today I look at the time when I used to face the prospect of talking to people with dread, and laugh. I have been promoted twice since the day I first opened that amazing little booklet I sent for; my salary is nearly doubled. And you can bet no one calls me "Silent Smith" today. If you can judge by the number of invitations I have, and the way I can make myself the center of attraction at any gathering, I'm just about the most popular man in town. Not only that, but I am gaining an influence and a reputation as a clear, forceful speaker which is amazing. Not long ago I was asked to attend a banquet as the official spokesman for our firm.

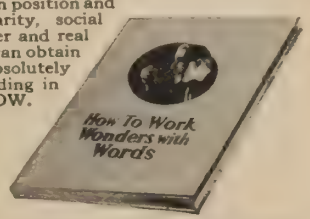
Yet there was no miracle about my conversion into a clever speaker. Seven out of every nine men are born with the capacity for clear, forceful speech. Now an outstanding speech authority has devised a new method, so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to conquer stage-fright and embarrassment easily. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have already proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their homes they can acquire the ability to speak easily and quickly with utter amazement at the radical change in themselves.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address board meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to overcome stage fright
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality

Send for This Free Booklet

The new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet, which is now being mailed free to every one sending in the coupon below. The booklet is called *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, bashfulness, timidity and fear. You are told how you can bring out your priceless "hidden knack," which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending in the coupon NOW.



NOW SENT FREE

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2331, Chicago, Ill.

North American Institute, Dept. 2331,
3601 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet How to Work Wonders With Words, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

An English Beauty leads the smart young Racing Set

LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE

BRILLIANT, bewitching, beautiful, Lady Buchanan-Jardine leads the gay whirl of smart young English society at balls and dances, famous race meetings, hunting and house parties. She is of the fairest English type, with eyes of delphinium blue and hair of gleaming gold.

Her rose-petal skin is much admired for its delicacy of texture and coloring. She gives it the utmost care. "Here in England," she says, "smart women follow a daily régime to keep their skin fine, firm, fresh and clear.

"Simple care is always best," she adds with her dazzling smile. "Pond's Method is easy, satisfactory, complete. The Cold Cream cleanses so thoroughly . . . the Tissues remove cream gently . . . the bracing Freshener is just the skin tonic we all need . . . the Vanishing Cream is exquisite!"

FOLLOW these simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck. Pat in with quick, caressing upward and outward strokes. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times during the day, always after exposure.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent.

Third—soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your skin. This mild astringent banishes oiliness, closes pores, tones and keeps your contours youthfully firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

At Bedtime—cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Pond's 4 delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener.

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL SIZES

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A
113 Hudson Street . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

Getting up in the morning seems to come hard to Constance Bennett. But getting up in the world comes easily. After playing in "Rich People," there at once came along the opportunity to play with Richard Barthelmess in "Son of the Gods"

Chidnoff

Those who long to cultivate further their taste for this Olive should make a point of seeing "The Dark Swan" and, later, "Dance Hall." The second of these pictures of Miss Borden's was written by Vina Delmar, author of "Bad Girl"

Chidnoff

No girl with a personality less vital and vivid than Kathryn Crawford's could afford to participate in two pictures of such an energetic sort as those which screen producers have just recently chosen for her: "Red Hot Rhythm" and "The Racketeer"

Fred R. Archer

One of the three Young sisters, Sally Blane, has already changed her name. Now another, Loretta Young, is about to. The blame resting upon this gentleman, Mr. Grant Withers, at present furthering his fame in "The Other Tomorrow," starring Billie Dove

Chidnoff

More than one director has prophesied that Marguerite Churchill, because she displays mature ability in spite of her youth, will go to the very top in pictures. "The Valiant" already has showed, and "Seven Faces" soon will show, why

Irving Chidnoff

The serene and thoughtful charm of Esther Ralston is not only an attraction in itself, but it constitutes also a most excellent contrast to the rugged and dynamic personality of George Bancroft in the film most lately to present him, "The Mighty"

Anton Breuhl

The kind of young man who is addicted to dance has never, up to this time, been dramatized favorably. In "'Loose Ankles," however, he will be, both by the author and by the fact that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will play the part

Here's my recipe for a ten years' younger mood

says ANNA Q. NILSSON

"Take one spring day . . . distill it . . . A bit of sparkling talk . . . A little laughter . . . A drop of gayety . . . Add them all together . . . Sounds silly? . . . Well, perhaps, but I'm sure that's how they make my favorite perfume . . . Its name? . . . Like the mood it brings me . . . SEVENTEEN."

Seventeen

In the Modern Manner a new perfume . . . SEVENTEEN

If you are a sophisticate to your finger-tips . . . a modern to the tip of your toes, then Seventeen is for you . . . It will make you a hundred times more *you!*

Seventeen is a real discovery . . . for you who have been seeking, seeking for a perfume charged with modern things. In it . . . zest . . . and subtlety . . . A charming perfume . . . Yet something more . . . a part of your own personality . . . an individuality that makes you gloriously *you!*

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water*, like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . and the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brilliantine* . . . and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

THE SCREEN MAGAZINE OF AUTHORITY

Motion Picture

January, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Camera!

THERE is just a chance that the movies may solve a political perplexity of long standing in this country. This is the question of what to do with defeated candidates for important offices.

In other countries, we are reminded by authorities on the subject from time to time, the man who fails to be elected to power simply falls back into a position he had before he ran. The vanquished seeker of the prime-ministership remains a member of parliament and the leader of the party not in power.

Here, however, the man who runs second in a presidential race is, the moment the race is over, less officially than an alderman or a village postmaster.

Many people have deplored this. They have thought it a tremendous waste of fine ability that a personality of power enough to be a national figure should, once the election is past and unfavorable, become about as useful to anyone as a Rolls-Royce in dead storage. And yet no one has ever devised a solution to the problem, a practical solution.

The Screen to the Rescue

HENCE it is with no small pride that we witness an answer to it being worked out, with very uncharacteristic unostentation, by the movies.

The instance in particular point is the report that Al Smith is considering appearing on the screen in a motion picture version of his recently published autobiography, "Up To Now."

Whether such a career would satisfy a celebrity of this calibre or not is, of course, open to speculation. But there is no doubt but that such a celebrity would satisfy the demands of the screen. Here would be no unknown and no tyro. Mr. Smith's name is famous and Mr. Smith's presence in public is excellent. And of Mr. Smith's voice, as of any other candidate's for office, it may be said it would require no preliminary test.

Hailing a New Western Star

We have it in mind to suggest to another and lately prominent gentleman that he not dismiss lightly any opportunity of equal kind. This gentleman, like Mr. Smith, has been his own biographer and was formerly a governor.

His speciality, of course, would be of a different sort than Mr. Smith's. We fancy he would go in for Westerns, for during his several years as President it seemed to be one of his genuine delights to appear for the benefit of movie-camera men either as an Indian or a rugged fellow in a wide Stetson and high-laced boots. Now that Bill Hart is in difficulties, why not give someone else a chance at this stuff? Especially a man who, if not as strong as Bill, is at least even more silent: Mr. Calvin Coolidge.

Does Bridge Haunt You?

A CONSIDERABLE number of younger people in the United States have been for some time enduring a hardship. They are those unfortunates who have a passion for two and conflicting amusements. The one is the movies. The other is bridge.

Many a lack-luster eye has been turned upon a fistful of cards because of the knowledge, on a particular evening, that Buddy Rogers or Sally O'Neil was in a picture down the street and that the show would be gone on the morrow.

To alleviate this distress, this magazine has introduced—is introducing in this present issue—a feature which will enable those with card-and-screen disease to enjoy themselves thoroughly on any given evening. The feature is "Bridge, as the stars play it." Every month it will appear, bringing a novel and highly interesting problem in bridge before the reader and illustrating the solution of the problem by having four famous stars work it out. You'll find it this month on page 41. See if you can solve it.

The MEN

Classifying Hollywood's From Greta Garbo

BY GLADYS HALL

A FEW issues ago we wrote an article called "The Women in Their Lives." In which we strove to card-index the boys and men of good old Hollywood according to their flights—of fancy.

We named one-women men and perpetual Don Juans and perennial bachelors and special cases and a few strays.

We felt that we should do equally right by the girls and women so that any tourist coming to our town might know the relative delights and dangers of taking Alice White or June Collyer out for a jamboree. It's only fair.

Also, it's harder.

Women are much, much more difficult to classify than are men. With the simple, unequivocal male sex you can usually impale 'em on a pin and there they stay—all neatly catalogued. The Lotharios. The tired business men. Born husbands, if any. Sheiks. Candidates for the psychopathic wards. Or what have you. For the most part they stay put, once you get 'em on the pin. Norman Kerry, Lew Cody, Jack Pickford—they never fool you. You can always count on 'em for—well, a self-addressed envelope will tell you. This magazine is also read by juveniles.

But not so with the women. The women are neither all silk, all velvet, nor all homespun and calico.

Take Barbara La Marr, for instance. Which is an instance we will consider again later on.

Barbara was by way of being a counterpart of Valentino. At least, she typified to men the glamour, the romance, the dark red rose of adventure that Rudy did to women. Men offered fabulous sums for one kiss from the La Marr even as women offered their husbands' bank-roll for one kiss from Valentino. Yet Barbara adopted a baby and loved it with a passionate devotion. She had a home and it was a living, heart-warming place. She liked to sew and to dabble with double-boilers and flour and things. And, like Rudy, she died with her heart breaking. But how classify a woman who will break a heart with one hand and rock a cradle with the other?

Greta Garbo is the world's best known vamp today. On the screen. She is the kind any wise wife would give rough-on-rats to if she came and brought her trunks with her. And Greta shuffles about in sneakers and a boy's rough sweater and goes home from any and every carnival gathering. She would rather read a book in solitude than snare a man in any jolly jungle. Stiller, Gilbert—the two men who figured most importantly in her life—was it that she didn't care enough? Or too much? Or was it just that the deed did not touch the dream?

There's not much telling about women.

Hence our classifications must needs be rough and subject to amendment. The female Lothario today may be the mother of twins tomorrow.

There are some few who are pretty definitely known as female Lotharios. They are

Under the heading of old-loves-for new girls comes Clara Bow—at the top. Constance Talmadge—center—must be regarded as one of the feminine thrill-hunters; and Gloria Swanson—at the left—is of the sort that never finds love

in Their Lives

Famous Women, to June Collyer

the huntresses of men, of experiences, of adventure. They have their *affaires du cœur* with male insouciance. They love today and forget tomorrow and start in all over again on the day following.

Connie Talmadge, for an instance. Connie is married, true enough. She has gone horribly domestic. But then, Connie has been married before. Twice. The first time it was a love-match. A moonlight elopement with pale stars in the young sky. The second time, social prestige had some screen credit. Connie is a connoisseur of experiment. She adores the various savors of life and love and living. She sips, as a man sips, and develops a new taste an hour later. This time she has married for love and money. And in the interims there have been Dick Barthelmess, Rhinelander Stewart, Buster Collier and others.

Alice White, Clara Bow—scarcely a day passes but that a new love for an old is not the order of their beings. Clara has run a gamut from Gilbert Roland right up and down the list to Harry Richman. She has played at love. She has never worked at it. She has juggled hearts as a juggler plays with brightly colored balls and when the toys have ceased to amuse her she has let them fall—and break or rebound—who cares?

Alice White admits to five love affairs in the past year. There are no scars on any of these debonair demoiselles.

Among the women there is less of the old-husband-for-new variety than among the men.

Careers Are New Loves

WITH the women, or so it seems, when a husband is picked up in girlhood and poverty and discarded in Hollywood and electrics, it is less for a new lover than for a new career. As in the case of Dolores del Rio and Jaime. A man may figure in the change of hearth and husband but he is usually cast in a subordinate rôle. Delusions of grandeur befog their pretty, publicized heads and hubby looks like an old shoe, the kind one does not crave to wear to openings and other gala occasions.

For the most part the women of Hollywood are more loyal to their men than the men are to the women. In such cases as those of Florence Vidor, Corinne Griffith, Anna Q. Nilsson and one or two others, the faults were not the women's. The first husbands were not so much discards as deserters.

There are, of course, the typical one-man women. They were born that way. It is in their blood. Colleen Moore and Esther Ralston, Norma Shearer, Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford and this same Corinne Griffith, Louise Fazenda and Laura La Plante, Louise Dresser. These women, like the men mentioned in the twin article, are tempted and famous. They could throw a rose from their balconies any night in the week and find their lawns marked S. R. O.

Some of these one-man women, like some of the one-woman men, have been married more than once. Which makes very little difference, essentially. Their basic types remain the same. Neither marriage nor single blessedness can

(Continued on page 106)

By circumstance, rather than by nature, Lupe Velez—at the top—has become a one-man woman. Of Greta Garbo—center—no one knows whether she has disappointed men or men her. One of the most startling anomalies in all the women on the screen is the case of Barbara LaMarr —at the right

R. H. Louise

Her Face Isn't Her Fortune

To Get Along in Hollywood Now, A Girl's Got To Have Plenty Pluses

R. H. Louise

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

BEAUTY is selling at a discount in Hollywood. Present market quotations give it half—or even less—of its former value. Physical beauty, of people, I mean—profiles, melting eyes, lovely forms. Youth, too, that most valued of all human possessions, is commanding much less cash in the picture colony than it did a year ago.

Time was when any boy or girl with nicely assembled features and a body of the correct proportions could come to Hollywood with a fair chance of selling those commodities at a sizable figure. He (or she) needed little experience, required only an average amount of intelligence—and his need for those things decreased proportionately with his possession of large amounts of pulchritude. A nice smile, an engaging personality, a quality of photographic magnetism, would frequently buy one fame, a yacht and a pink palace in Beverly Hills.

The day, alas! is gone when a director, catching a glimpse of a laughing face in a crowd, shouts "Excelsior!" and pounces upon the possessor of that face to be the star in his next big picture. The day is gone when Elinor Glyn, watching a brief test in the projection room, can cry, "She has IT!" and forthwith project another sexy damsel into fantastic affluence.

Not Pretty, But Proficient

FOR the time being, at least, these things are not happening. An Anita Page or a Buddy Rogers, arriving in Hollywood today, would have scant chance of being picked up and nursed along into featured rôles or stardom in a few short months.

Our newcomers, these days, are mature people (golly! how mature some of 'em are, too!) with years of experience and impressive lists of accomplishments upon the stage. Beauty? Well—just look at some of the people in current pictures. You look at 'em. I'd just as soon not.

Look at Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike). Look at Hal Skelly. At Charlotte Greenwood. At Paul Whiteman. At John McCormack. At Al Jolson. For the love of Pete!

Compare even a Ruth Chatterton to a Billie Dove or a Corinne Griffith—discoveries of an earlier day. Compare George Arliss with John Gilbert, Lee Tracy with Ronald Colman, or Charles Bickford with Dick Barthelmess.

Contemplating these things with the dismay which is rapidly becoming chronic with me—what with this and that—I scampered over to ask B. P. Schulberg about it the other day. He was quite comforting.

Ben, the Comforter

"BEAUTY will always have a place upon the screen," he said. "It is important and always will be. It is absurd to say that because people talk, they need no longer be lovely to see. Beauty is important upon the stage; and many a fine actor has been held back from great opportunities because of the lack of it. It is more important on the screen than upon the stage.

"It is true, however, that beauty alone is not enough

(*Continued on page 101*)

Even a girl as pretty as Anita Page—top right—would have difficulty getting attention enough for a test today. Such finished actresses as Ruth Chatterton—top left—have revolutionized requirements for the cinema

Keeping Them In Mind

Bert Longworth

This is what Larry Ceballos, ballet master at two of the largest studios on the Coast, must do with hundreds of chorus girls. His thoughts must forever be filled with visions of fair women, fairly completely arrayed and dancing more than fairly well. If an epidemic of brain fever sweeps Hollywood, Larry should be the first case

What Her Every Leatrice Joy Questions, *What About*

As Told By Leatrice Joy

Fryer

LEATRICE JOY won second place in the popularity contest conducted recently by the Radio Keith Orpheum Circuit. Belle Baker was first. Leatrice had been on vaudeville exactly four weeks and her votes were only two hundred less than Miss Baker's. During that brief tour of every metropolitan center of the United States she was the focal point of interest. If she shopped there was a crowd who shopped with her; if she attended a showing of one of her own pictures, as she did in Milwaukee, half the city waited outside to ask her how she enjoyed her own acting. After the shows, her dressing room was a Mecca for the curious, the interested—a bower of gifts from her admirers. The questions she was asked about herself and Hollywood would fill a book. Here are the important ones and her answers:

In the first place everyone wants to come to Hollywood. "If I could only get one glimpse of Hollywood Boulevard!" I wish I had counted the number who said that. They seem to feel that this boulevard which is so famous is crowded every hour of the day with stars; that they can see Sue Carol and Nick Stuart being driven down the street with their arms around each other; that Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, coo at each other day in and day out on the corner of the Boulevard and Vine Street. I tried to explain that one scarcely saw the stars on the Boulevard; that they looked so different in their everyday rôles than they did in their screen make-up that tourists scarcely recognize their favorites when they do meet them on the Boulevard. But that did not deter their desires to try it. Hollywood Boulevard is the Utopia of all our admirers.

The Old Clothes Question

OUR clothes. It seems to me that every woman in the world wants to know what we do with our clothes when we have finished wearing them in a production. Despite the publicity to the contrary, the world at large still seems to believe that we choose and purchase the clothes that we wear in a picture. I explained that although a star does have the right to O. K. her costumes, she does not buy them; they are furnished by the studios and then made over for the extras and bit players; that they are always of the loveliest of materials so they will bear making over.

When Conrad Nagel's wife—with Miss Joy at the left—dropped in one day during the filming of "A Most Immoral Lady," Leatrice found herself embarrassed trying to shield the disclosures incident to the gown her part in the picture required. Leatrice let her understand it was all a part of the character

Tan Should Know

Answers A Few Including "*And Jack?*" - - - -

To RUTH BIERY

Sergis Alberts

It seems difficult to make people understand that we wear dresses in productions which we would not wear on the street or to our personal social functions. Why, if we really kept the clothes we wear in pictures, our wardrobes would look like the closets of dozens of different people. One stack would be those of a naïve girl in her twenties, another would belong to a sophisticated woman of Europe, still another might even be the apparel of a boy in his twenties. In other words, they would represent styles from the days of Queen Anne to the futuristic flapper, from China around the globe to Siberia.

A Most Immoral Feeling

I HAVE just completed "A Most Immoral Lady." Do you think I would wear the clothes of a most immoral lady—in person? The minute there is an immoral lady on the screen, the designers cut down the front and rip out the back. When there is a moral lady to be shown, they yank up the neck, tie it close around your throat and make the back so high it suffocates you. One day while I was working on that picture, Ruth Nagel (Mrs. Conrad) came out on the set to see me. I had on a gown which they had cut nearly to my stomach. While working in the picture I hadn't thought a thing about it. When Ruth walked in, dressed in a simple sports dress such as I myself usually wear in the morning, I was embarrassed, self-conscious. I found myself pulling, or trying to pull, up the front of that most immoral costume.

A persistent personal question asked me was, "Why did you cut your hair like a boy's? Why did you do this when you have always been so alluringly feminine in all your picture studies?" For some I answered this question and answered it truthfully. I followed George M. Cohan's idea and did it to get people to talking. I felt that I needed talk, unusual publicity. It was at the time when boy haircuts were not common. One day I dashed into a barber's and had it cut exactly like a man's. It did make people talk about me. Tito Schipa, who came on the set to visit, said my femininity had always been my charm.

Fryer

Since Leatrice Joy's vaudeville tour, the government has had to assign to the task of delivering her mail a stronger and more enduring type of postman. The personal appearance stepped up her box-office valuation several thousand per cent

Shorn, But Not of Sex

"WHY did you cut it like a boy when you do not play a boy's part?" he asked me. I explained that I could still be

(Continued on page 94)

Her New Riding Habit

It is water-bicycling or a bathing suit, whichever you will. Dorothy Mackaill has taken up deep-sea pedaling as a solution to her problem of how to gratify her British fondness for cycling without being run down by automobiles

Mama and Papa's BOY

Rudy Vallee's Parents Comment Upon Their Gift to Women

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Bachrach

IN his work of sweeping girls off their feet, Rudy Vallee stands perfectly still, hands down to sides, his pan orientally impassive except for an almost imperceptible motion of the lips—just enough to permit the sounds made by his larynx to emerge. He is twenty-seven years old, and is earning eight thousand dollars a week, because the girls are just nuts about him; all of which is only further evidence of what queer creatures these dames are.

His impassivity is carried right through to the matter of being interviewed. One asks him such asinine questions as "To what do you attribute your success?" and his face shows never a quiver which one might put down to irritation, pride, humility or what-have-you-got. The only thing he said was, "We give the public music in its simplest form"—which, though doubtless a sage remark, had nothing to do with Rudy Vallee, the heartbreaker. He would prefer not to answer most of my questions, he said, because he was afraid he might be thought conceited. He merely went to the length of admitting that he was by no means alone in building up his success. "My boys," he said, not exactly waving toward them but moving his eyes slightly to indicate the members of his band who were clowning it between scenes on the set.

the restive muse

BUT the principal trouble was that Rudy was writing a book. He was restless, and wanted to get back to his stenographer whom he keeps on the set so that he can dictate the masterpiece in odd moments. He is not just writing the book for art's sake, as you might expect of a man earning eight thousand dollars a week. He wants to make money out of it. And who would want to buy the book, he wisely reasoned, if he went and told all his secrets to a lot of magazine interviewers who gave not even a "Thank you" in return? No, no; Rudy was husbanding the secret of his It, the secret of his voice, of his success, and of his mysterious power to make sentimental females weep by projecting noises into the ether. Telling me this in a pleasant but firm manner, Rudy tossed me a nod and went over to the stenographer, who was in a corner all by herself where no one could listen to the dark secrets there unfolded.

This left me no alternative but to take advantage of the fact that Papa and Mama Vallee were sitting together near the set, exuding pride in their eight thousand-dollar-a-week offspring and obviously just asking to talk about him to somebody. "How does it feel to be the mother of Rudy Vallee?" I asked Mama after introducing myself. Mama Vallee is rather thin and Papa is rather fat, and both are nice, simple souls from Maine.

just their boy

BUT she had the answers. "Oh, just the same as always," she said. "He's just our boy." At last here was someone who would play the interviewing game with me as it should be played.

"And here I believe I coughed discreetly—"to what do you attribute his success?"

"It's just a God-given gift that he has," came the answer from Papa. "That's the only way you can describe it. You know, Mrs. Vallee and I were both something in the way of singers, and music has been in the family for generations. I suppose he has got something that has been lying latent in the family."

Here Mama took up the thread. "He started out with his music at the age of two when he used to bang on a tin plate around our early home in Vermont. Then a few years later he learned to play the clarinet. When he started playing and singing over the radio in New York, I'd listen in every night and then write to him criticising anything I thought wasn't good. He was never conceited in the least about his musical talent. They used to ask him to sing at little gatherings in our home-town, and he would try to get out of it because he said he was no singer. But whenever he got up and sang the people went wild. He always had that magnetic quality in his voice which has made him such a success."

"Yes," chimed in Papa. "Yes, yes—I always thought

(Continued on page 113)

Alexander

The fact that Helen Twelvetrees is a member of "The Grand Parade" is in itself enough to justify the pretensions of the procession

A ODD Gossip of the

RALPH FORBES and John Loder, both Englishmen, had a discussion about prohibition on Corinne Griffith's set the other day. "Personally," said John, "I think it's a hootch success."

No Mere Mayor

WHEN EDDIE QUILLAN went back to Philadelphia, his own home town, on a visit recently, his company's publicity man offered to get the Mayor of Philadelphia to have his picture taken with him. "No, thanks," said Eddie firmly. "I'd rather pose with Connie Mack." "Oh, but he's too important," protested the publicity man, horror-stricken. "I couldn't bother him." However, wires were pulled and the picture taken.

Better Late Than Early

A NEWSPAPER MAN told Eddie Quillan that he had a big feature story in a local paper. Eddie called up his dad. "There's a story about me in the *Herald*, dad," said he. "Better buy a few copies—but wait till the five o'clock edition and get the baseball scores."

Eighteen Up

ALAN HALE volunteered to teach a friend of his how to play golf. The two repaired to Alan's favorite links, the novice attired in a brand-new snappy golfing outfit. The friend put the ball down on the tee and confidently took a huge whack at it. The ball remained undisturbed. He took a still more violent smash at the ball without results, then stooped, picked up the ball and started off. "What's the matter?" asked Alan.

R. H. Louise

Freulich

The chants of their lifetime: Van and Schenck are expected to render them for the talkies. This most famous of all singing teams has been brought to Hollywood to appear in their first full-length picture, "Take It Big"

Joan Marsh—at the right—appeared with Mary Pickford twelve years ago. And she, meaning Joan, is now only fifteen. The studio which has just engaged her regards her voice as ideal for sound recording

SHOTS

Stars and Studios

"Hi, come back." "No, siree," snapped his friend indignantly. "This course is too tough for me."

English Spoken

THE SMALL DAUGHTER of Lenore Coffee, the scenario writer, is being reared by an English nurse, and refers to a spool of thread as a reel of cotton, and a clerk as a clark. But her mother didn't realize how exceedingly British her offspring was becoming until the other day she had occasion to remonstrate with her about something she had done. When she had finished a long explanation on the awfulness of such behavior, the youngster gazed at her, raised her eyebrows, and responded, "Fawncy now."

Whatever That Meant

AT THE OPENING of "Say It With Songs," Al Jolson was in his usual wise-cracking fettle. Presented with a billfold "shaped to hold those new ten-thousand-dollar bills," Al replied, "Say, I'm working for Warner Brothers; you've got the wrong-size wallet, brother."

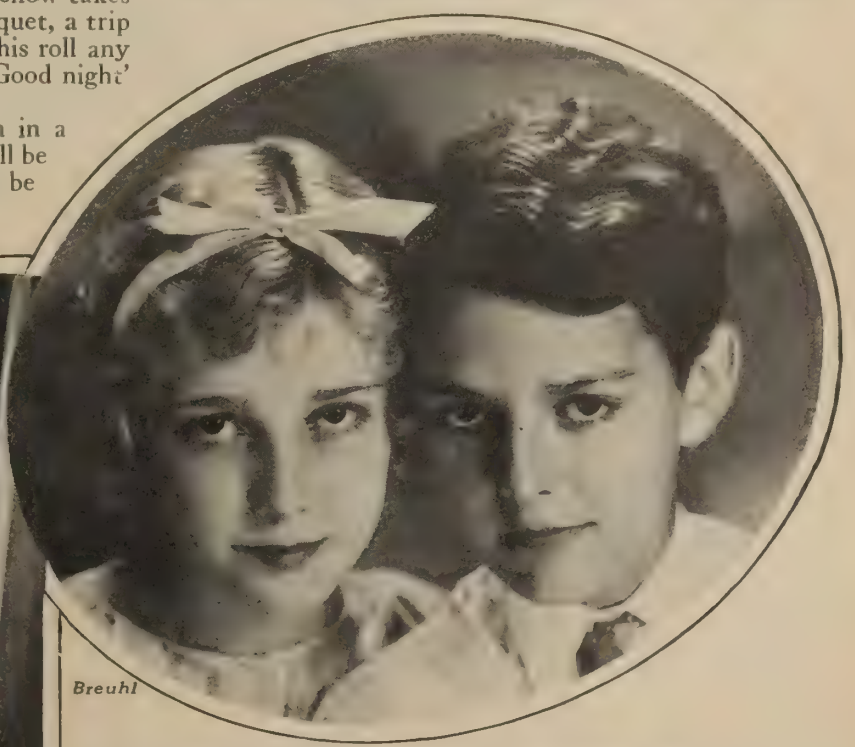
The One-Way Party

"I MAY BE tactless," admitted Al, "but I think five dollars is too much for these openings. Fellow takes his girl, that means two tickets, a corsage bouquet, a trip to the Brown Derby afterward that don't do his roll any good, a taxi to her place, and then she says, 'Good night' and shuts the door. It isn't fair."

Ruth Roland is coming back to the screen in a picture entitled "Rheno." It is said that she will be billed as Little Miss Sunshine. Which would be

Elmer Fryer

A star-gazer of a new sort: Lois Wilson peers into a crystal ball and sees, it would seem, a future as bright as her talents justify



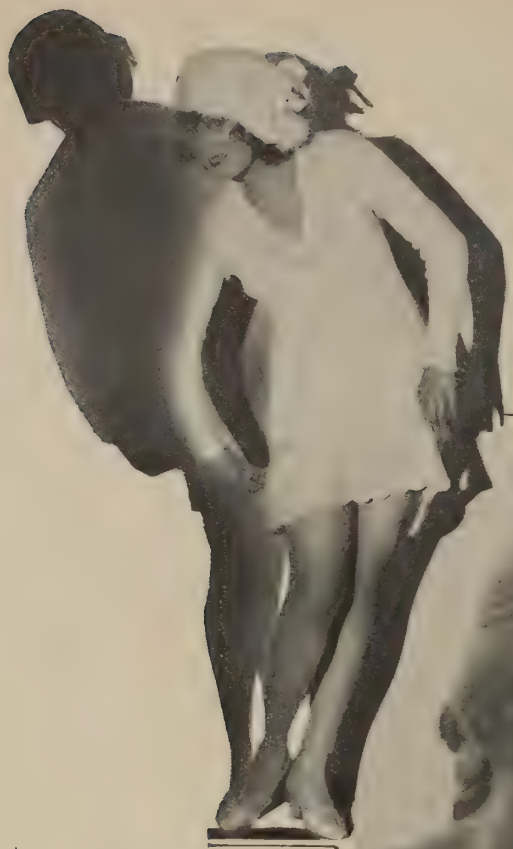
Breuhl

Two genuine baby stars whose present performances run true to their earlier promise are Philippe de Lacy and Anita Louise, both now twelve years old. They play Mary Brian's brother and sister in "The Children"

A tired business man, indeed—tired of business. Alexander Gray at the left—was once an advertising manager in Chicago. He reformed, went on the stage and then into the talkies. And now, after singing in "Sally," he's scoring another vocal hit in "No, No, Nanette"

All the Gossip of the

Awful Truth, featuring Ina Claire, The Girl Who Won Jack Gilbert's Heart."



Whether her pictures are cold or hot makes no difference in the quality of performance of Lenore Ulric—above. She has done equally well in "Frozen Justice" and "South Sea Rose"

Kenneth Alexander

She is all too modest, is Bessie Love—at the right. Think of a young actress with all Bessie's successes to her credit, yet who sports but one feather in her cap!

How many girls would not envy the fate soon to befall Ann Harding—at the right. Her next experience in the films is to be "Condemned," with Ronald Colman

A Vigorous Denial

WHEN THE STORY was printed in the newspapers that Jack and Ina had had a tiff in Nice and parted, Jack cabled a denial, and the newspaper printed the cable somewhat as follows. "Stories absolutely absurd. It is a pity we cannot manage our affairs like other people. Jack." It occurred to us to have the cable photographed. So we asked Metro to do it for us. But they refused. As given to the newspapers Jack's denial had been carefully censored. It is doubtful if stronger language ever came over the transatlantic cables than that in the original message.

On Bennett Knee

WHEN CONSTANCE BENNETT was playing on the stage with her father, Richard Bennett, in Washington, he put her into a taxi one night, to return to their hotel. But two hours later, coming back from midnight revels of his own, he saw the golden Connie in company with a man-about-town of dubious reputation emerging from a res-

beginning where she left off years ago. The screen has outgrown such sentimental names for its favorites, but it hasn't outgrown Ruth. She has managed miraculously to remain a star to the public.

A Sinful Expenditure

MABEL NORMAND is very ill in a sanitarium. A friend who knew her in the old days was speaking of her charities the other day. "I went to confession with Mabel one morning," said he, "and when we came out of the church she said to me, 'I saw you talking to Father Brennon. Did he ask you for money for his orphanage?' I told her I had given him some. 'How much?' demanded Mabel. 'Fifty dollars.' She stopped short on the sidewalk and stamped her foot. 'Now that isn't right,' said she. 'That's too much. Why Joe Hughes only gave him twenty-five and Joe is lots wickeder than you."

Thanks For the Audion

MR. McGOWAN, director of "Our Gang," says that children are growing more sophisticated every year. The other day he held talkie tests, and at the end a small boy of five, curly haired and chubby, came up to him. "I want to thank you, Mister McGowan, for the audion," said he.

At the opening of "The Awful Truth" the electric lights announced, "Ina Claire (Mrs. John Gilbert)." And the billboards all over town urged the fans to see "The

R. H. Louise

taurant. Then and there—or so the story goes—Papa Bennett descended from his cab, placed his daughter firmly across the parental knee, and spanked her in the traditional place and the traditional way.

Ernest Is Frank

"WELL, WELL," said Herbert Brenon coming on Ernst Lubitsch in the lobby after the preview of "The Love Parade." "How does it feel to be a great director, eh?" The German regarded him pityingly, "Ach, too bad," said Lubitsch. "You vill nefer know."

Damaging Print

PEOPLE don't realize how their innocent remarks are going to sound in print. "No, I never use cosmetics," confessed Ishbel Macdonald, daughter of the Prime Minister of England, to reporters, "not even powder on my nose, though I have often been urged to do so." If she saw it in print afterward, she knows how a movie star feels on reading what he has said to an interviewer.

Leila Hyams—at the left—puts to a test the popular notion that a girl's got to use pull and make a loud noise to get along in Hollywood

Richee

Just a shadow of himself. But for an instant it apparently gave Skeets Gallagher —above—one of the principals in "Pointed Heels," the scare of his life

Just as Richard Dix—at the left—thought his plan of posing as a Mexican had completely baffled autograph hunters, he hears behind his chair the familiar words, "Oh, Mr. Dix, I wonder if you'd——"

The Earliest Preview

AT THE ROGERS opening, Robert Edeson paused before the microphone on his way into the theater. "Will Rogers once told me," said he, "that he believed that Noah was chosen to build the Ark because he was a drinking man and so knew all the animals by sight."

A Common Acquaintance?

TO GO BACK to Connie Bennett, perhaps you don't know that Connie is distinctly Ritz. Not Ritzy. But she can mention the great of the earth in a careless, slightly bored tone that fills the publicity department with delight. From First National comes the press statement, palpitant with pride, "Connie and Richard Barthelmess discovered when they met that they both knew the Prince of Wales."

When Rudy Retires

RUDY VALLEE confessed to one of our interviewers the other day that the reason he was different from countless young men with pleasant singing voices was that he had a spark. He also admitted that he did not expect his success to last long. "When it is over," said Rudy modestly, "I will be willing to accept a business position, the vice-presidency of the Radio Corporation of America, say." Rudy and Mary Brian are seen together and Hollywood has another romance.

R. H. Louise

(*Continued on page 96*)

R. H. Louise

VII---

The Actor Who Knows That He DIED

By GLADYS HALL

IN the world of Hollywood Ramon Novarro moves like a being from another world.

Because his desires are not our desires. His dreams are not our dreams. That which satisfies us leaves him a-hunger and a-thirst. His idealism moves, afar off, a Grail to which there are few pretenders.

Music is in his heart and the love of God in his soul.

One can perceive about this dark young head the cowl of the monk, the background of stained glass, the dim odors of sanctuary, organ pipes—a crucifix.

Music and solitude—these are the passions of him who knows no earthly passion and never has.

And some day, when his work among us is done, when his earthly cares are satisfied, his responsibilities discharged, Ramon may, in very truth, enter a monastery. His deepest need is for the cloister, not the carnival.

Because he lives so close to matters not of this world he is vouchsafed experiences not of this world.

One of these took place when he was working as an extra here in Hollywood. And these experiences of Ramon's are truer than the words that strive to tell them. Because the spiritual life is his life, because he is akin to prayer and meditation and holds them holy, he speaks with care and reservation. He would not relate for the sake of the telling things that are not deeply and authentically true.

The Angelic Ramon

HE was, then, working as an extra here in Hollywood. Out of work far more often than in work, with a large family of brothers and sisters to support and educate, with cares and responsibilities beyond his years and, more immediate still, beyond his pocketbook.

That cloistered, pale, dark face; that gentle bearing of an old-world courtesy, that music that flows, a divine fluid through his being, had not yet penetrated the cruder hide of Hollywood.

He was among us, "an angel unawares."

And because he knows that the spirit dwells in the needy human frame, because he is aware of urgent demands and the manifest necessities of bread and learning, he was distressed.

And then it happened.

"I was standing before the mirror in my mother's room, as I was wont to do, practising facial expressions, gestures, camera angles. It was early morning. The light was sharp and clear. My brain was sharp and clear. And all of a sudden, with no volition on my part, the room ceased to be a frame around me. The mirror enlarged out of all proportion to its normal size. I saw another figure standing beside me—or was it merged with me? I am not sure. I cannot tell. At any rate, it was, in some inexplicable way, myself I saw. And this figure was clad in some sort of a toga with a wreath about his head. He was brawnier and stronger than I was at that time. He had an imperial bearing. And although I had never thought of the story, had never met Rex Ingram, I knew that this man was—*Ben-Hur*.

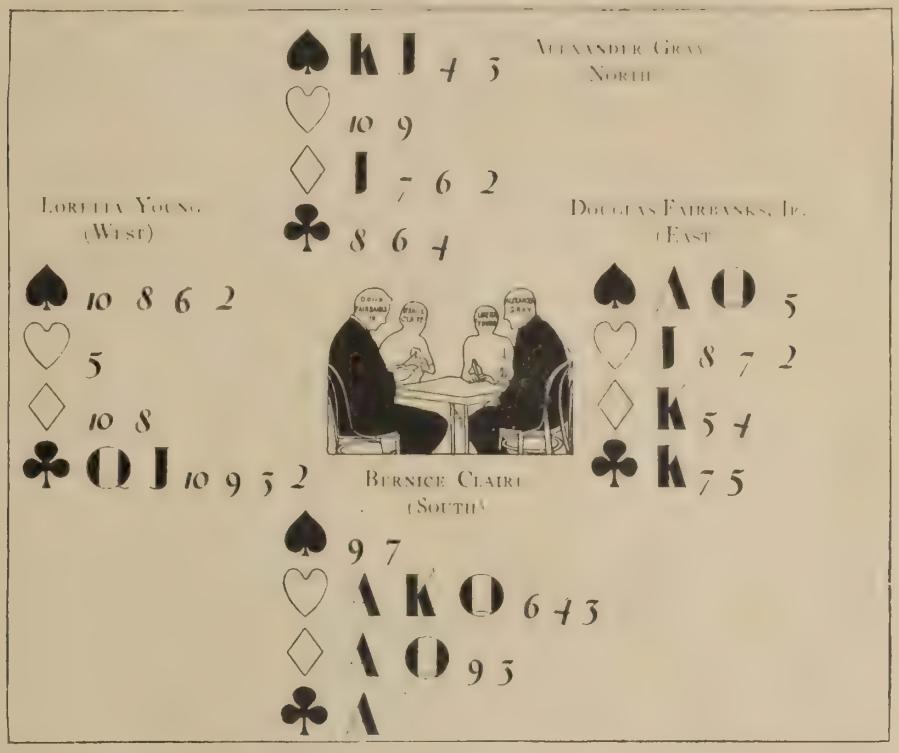
"I cannot say whether or not it was a vision, a glimpse

(*Continued on page 121*)

BRIDGE

AS THE STARS PLAY IT

Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Oppose Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray



IT was the rubber game, no score, when Bernice Claire, teamed with Alexander Gray against Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., dealt the hand diagramed above. The solution of this hand is on page 120.

Chidnoff

He Got the JOBS

Hugh Trevor Is One Harvard Man Who Never Sold Bonds

By CHARLESON GRAY

THE telephone rang. Impetuously and imperiously. Fighting off the clutches of that beauty sleep so necessary to reporters, I listened to the message of an excited voice. Then, numb with shock, the receiver dropping from nerveless fingers, I reeled back, weakly protesting: "It can't be. It can't—can't."

For a voice had just told me that there was—and in Hollywood—a Harvard man who hadn't turned bond salesman.

I hurried to the R. K. O. studio. To the sound stage where this rare young man was rehearsing his lines for the lead in "The Very Idea." To (a little faster) lunch.

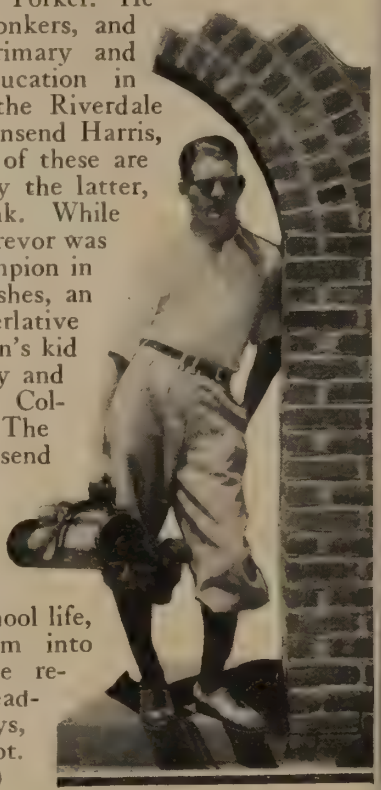
Five minutes later my chagrined tears were dropping all over Madame Helene's very best chicken and cheese. Hugh Trevor did not, true enough, start selling bonds upon leaving Harvard. Instead he sold insurance.

Once my disappointment had been choked by an orange roll, however, I was able to view the affair in a more practical manner. Under an infinity of titles we've all read of such things in magazines an infinity of times, the handsome lad of good family whose father dies leaving things in bad shape, thus forcing him to leave college and go down to the financial market and cause all the bulls and bears to jump through the dazzling and persuasive hoop of his personality. Remember?

But there are circumstances which make it imperative that Hugh Trevor's story be told. Its major interest, you see, properly begins where most seemingly similar stories end. Stop me if you've heard this one:

Officially Collegiate

HUGH is one of those vanishing Americans, a true New Yorker. He was born in Yonkers, and received his primary and preparatory education in New York at the Riverdale School for Boys, at Townsend Harris, and at Collegiate. Two of these are "nice" schools, especially the latter, which is markedly swank. While prepping at Collegiate, Trevor was inter-city swimming champion in the 50- and 100-yard dashes, an excellent diver, and a superlative tennis player. A rich man's kid with a wallop. Physically and mentally as well, for at Collegiate he managed "The Dutchman" and at Townsend Harris contributed regularly to the school paper.



His primary desire was to be a writer. But, as with so many other youngsters in our American school life, his good looks led him into amateur theatricals. He repeatedly was cast as the leading man of the school plays, whether he wished it or not.

(*Continued on page 115*)

the lonesome pine

Ball

Such a thing is in the nature of a luxury to Lola Lane. She has not much time these days for leisure or melancholy, what with being busied with parts in "Speakeasy," "The Girl From Havana," "The Movietone Follies" and "Hollywood Nights," all in close succession

woman by t

nils asther hopes never to understand them

Perhaps there has been no figure in Hollywood so enigmatic, so wondered about as this same Nils Asther. He has drawn mystery and glamour about him as all the great lovers of all the ages have gathered about them their cloaks of darkness. He lives alone. He never goes to parties. His background has been strangely colored with solitude and silence. With the exception of his engagement to Vivian Duncan his name has seldom been associated with that of any girl or woman. And if there have been rumors they have been brief and still mysterious. Greta Garbo. Aileen Pringle. And then silence again. He is known to love animals, especially the wild beasts of the jungles. To love books and music and the pursuit of the more solitary arts. He once dwelt on an island near his native Sweden and he lived there alone for months at a time, content with his books, his dogs, the panoramas of sky and sea.

This strange male beauty of his, deriving from other-world shores, this fastidious, impenetrable silence, this dark cloak of glamour and mystery have been more intriguing to women than all the buccaneers and gay blades of the screen.

It is, therefore, with a perhaps pardonable pride that we set forth Nils Asther's views, opinions and sentiments concerning women. What he thinks of us, what he wants of us. And why. —Author's Note.

"Solomon wondered about women — and so do I. And so do all men.

"If we men are honest—and perhaps if we are fortunate—we will go on wondering until the end. Never quite knowing. Never being quite sure. Never wanting to be.

"For the secret of loving and living is that all of us are reaching for that which we can never reach. All of us follow a dream that can never come true. Pursue an unreality that never is real. All of us chase a phantom, and so long as it remains a phantom we are happy—and in love.

"It is this very element which makes the screen actor so much more desirable to women than—let us say—he deserves to be. It is what makes fans of fans. That mystery. That knowledge that while the actor is there, before the eyes, he is yet a shadow. He is within reach and yet beyond reach. He can be caught, but only for the moment. He is a shadow to be pursued and never quite caught up with.

"There is no standard by which to judge women or by which to speak of them. It is an abstract subject, woman. It is elusive. What you say of one woman does not hold true of another woman.

"You may know a thousand women—think you know them well—and not know one.

boasting bespeaks ignorance

"Men who proclaim, or boast, of their knowledge of women are fools. When they do they only announce their own ignorance.

"On the other hand, I believe that women do know men. I believe they have an uncanny intuition regarding us. We cannot hide our real selves from women. Nature or God or instinct, has given them eyes to see us with. They can pick out our weaknesses, detect our strength, know where to play and where to pray.

"If a man honestly thinks he understands women it is only because some exceptionally clever woman has made him think so—for purposes of her own. Women always have a purpose in what they do, or feel, concerning men. Men seldom do.

"A clever woman can make herself seem to be anything some particular man wants her to be. She can be a siren today and a nun tomorrow. A mother the next day. A gamin the day after that.

"A man is more of one piece. He is more limited. He is —just himself. He hasn't the infinite variety of the female of the species.

"A woman instinctively realizes her importance in the life of a man. By some inborn intuition she knows how to fit into the best and most prominent niche in his life.

the great lovers of the screen

as told by nils asther to gladys hall

"A man hasn't a chance against a clever woman if she doesn't want him to have.

"I believe that women—and love—are relative matters. You can make them what you wish them to be to you. To each man the importance of woman in his life possesses a different degree of greatness. He reads into them that which he possesses himself. To a great man love can be a great thing. It can endure. It can be built with the blocks of friendship and confidence. It can go on through the years, a dark flower, expanding.

"The great lover is not the lover of many women; he is the lover of one woman.

the goad of indifference

The woman who interests me the most definitely is the indifferent woman.

"After all, we have inherited, all of us, from our cavemen ancestors. We all know, or want to know, the masculine thrill of pursuit. It is, really, an expression of vanity. We want to prove that we are capable of winning the woman we want. Of breaking down her barriers by the sheer force of our personalities. We want, after that, the thrill of holding the woman we have captured. The fear of losing her to a rival—the element of danger and of infidelity—is the very wine of love.

"No man loves the woman he does not have to pursue—and then have to hold.

"To us, the woman we have won is the object of all men's desires. To win her is, for us, a victory over other men. The masculine heart craves victory—unconsciously, perhaps, but

(*Continued on page 92*)

It may have been that Nils Asther had Greta Garbo in mind when he declared it easy for many women to be beautiful, but difficult for any woman to be interesting

nils asther says:

You may know a thousand women—think you know them well—and not know one

A man hasn't a chance against a clever woman if she doesn't want him to have

The great lover is not the lover of many women; he is the lover of one woman

The woman who interests me the most definitely is the indifferent woman

It is so easy for a woman to be beautiful—so hard to be interesting

When you capture an American woman it is a definite triumph

I do not want to be known as a great lover of the screen

international

to colleen moore, says it with

"You may as well have the hat," says Jack—at the left—"for I've already lost me head on account of you."

"It sounds too grand," Colleen—at the top—has just said, "the way you say it. And that's the trouble. It's too grand. Ye've been practisin'. Maybe ye are right now!"

"And," says Jack—just above—"one night along comes a great big black banshee, and howlin', an' took off both her ears. 'And you'll not get them back,' says the banshee, 'until ye're ready to listen to true love when ye hear it'"

russell ball

loving

jack mulhall

shamrocks

"And have ye seen me cook?" Colleen wants to know. "That I have not," says Jack—just above—"I didn't know ye had one."

"There ye are gettin' jealous again," says Colleen—at the top. "Just because I walk down the lane with Tim O'Brannigan. As if that would mean I was goin' to walk down the aisle with him."

"Very well, then, woman," says Jack, starting to walk away—at the right—"if ye're too proud to ride in me cart, I know another colleen, o' the name o' Nora McManus. She's a grand girl without such outlandish grand ideas"

Canned——chorines

will a flesh-and-blood fed public ever enjoy them?

by cedric belfrage

"See and hear the sunkist beauties—just like real life!" So warble the Hollywood purveyors of canned revue and musical comedy. And old man Ziegfeld, at the other extremity of God's Country, replies with the defiant call to American manhood to come and see his stock of honest-to-God, three-dimensional legs "in real, pulsating flesh and blood—not canned."

So what?

Is the U. S. male going to hold out for the real thing in feminine limbs, or will he be willing to accept the canned variety, which he can get at so much less of a strain on his pocket?

The first side of this horribly vexing question that comes to mind, is beautifully summed up by Buddy DeSylva, of the Tin Pan Alley DeSylvas, who says that after all's said and done you can't go backstage after the show and make a date with a can of film.

Buddy is more or less right in this, although at the same time I should imagine a can containing reel three of the Fox "Follies" would be considerably more satisfying to the soul than some of the cold, haughty dames who display themselves behind Ziegfeld's footlights astride dapple-brown ponies. And certainly a lot less expensive.

cans come through

I have known cans of film that only wanted a rusk and a glass of milk at Child's to allow you to kiss them good-night; while in return for the purchase of champagne with supper there are cans who will give their all—a somewhat frigid all, it is true, but still their all. Can Ziegfeld produce the three-dimensional eye-filler for whose good manners half as much can be said?

I shall always maintain that the can of film has one definite advantage over the flesh-and-blood chorus girl. Being naturally cold-blooded, it has no use for fur coats. And as for diamond bracelets, it has nowhere to hang them. But still and all, I think I can see Buddy DeSylva's point.

In selling the superior angles of the canned product to the U. S. male, Hollywood's

(*Continued on page 114*)

russell ball

. . if venus got her arms back .

natalie moorhead suggests a few poses the shopworn goddess might assume today

. . he breaks his own heart

an actor must, dennis king asserts, if he would break others'

by elisabeth goldbeck

richee

"I'm incurably romantic!" sighed Dennis King. "I believe I was born in a pair of tights. I get up romantic, and go to bed romantic. I'm romantic when I walk down the street.

Look at me!" he commanded, fixing an intent blue eye on me. He looked like a rather sweet satyr. Sly mouth, set in dimples, keen, deliberate eyes, made more vivid by the blue velvet costume he wears in the Technicolor version of "The Vagabond King."

Habitually he likes to wear a patient, languishing expression. But it also pleases him to turn the emotions on and off his mobile face—to show what subtle things can be done with the corner of his mouth, or his left eyebrow.

"Do you think I look romantic?" he demanded.

"Terribly!"

"Well, then," said he, "if I look romantic, and feel romantic, how can I help being romantic on the stage? There's no such thing as simulating romance. If you believe it, they believe it. If you don't, they don't."

tearing himself apart

And they do believe it, in the case of Dennis King. For years no romantic figure of the stage has had young ladies (and even hard-headed business men, he insists) so enraptured. No one has been quite s ardent and abandoned.

"The secret of my success," explained M King, who knows himself if anyone does, " my ability to tear myself to pieces. Women ca do that, but it is very rare in men. I don't min doing it. I like it, when I feel it.

"You find plenty of actors who are romanti and very sweet about it. But they haven't th fire."

Dennis swiftly tortured his face into one those passionate François Villon expressions, the resumed his normal calm.

"The thing is, to be like that—and still rema romantic. Virility. That's what it is."

One wonders just what Dennis King is, beneath tl mask of banter and absurdity. Or is there anythir beneath? At any rate, he is a personality, an individu A man of whims, irreverent, and without fear of ridicul

Like all strongly magnetic figures, he has gathered h own little court about him. Chief Admirer and Pointe With-Pride to the King is a gentle Czecho-Slovaki gentleman named Mr. Nemonsky. Some years ago I saw Dennis on the stage. "That is the man!" he though "He has everything!" and at once became Mr. King manager and bodyguard. It is he who sits in at intervie and delicately suggests the finer points one may ha overlooked in his friend's character.

no bathtub balladier

"I knew," remarked Mr. Nemonsky, "when Dennis b gan to like singing better than acting. Because wh he was happy he used to pace up and down and reci poetry. Now he sings."

"In the tub, no doubt," I suggested.

"No! I am not a bathroom singer!" said Dennis i dignantly.

"Of course," Mr. Nemonsky ignored the interruptio "he still recites poems, but not so much."

"You're making me out a dreadful person," Denn remonstrated cheerfully. "Nevertheless, my favorite po is Rupert Brooke. Isn't he gorgeous!" he said with a litt shudder. "'These I have loved—'"

He quoted a line or two.

"Love of beauty—that is the way romanticism ma fests itself in me. I'm not happy about beauty. I a

(Continued on page 104)

freulich

• • upsetting her cap

john boles being the culprit and laura laplante the victim. but you can't blame it all on the gentleman, inasmuch as laura, earlier in the game and quite shamelessly, set it for him. the occasion being a romance of french revolutionary days to be entitled on the screen, "la marseillaise"

the test of

in these talkie days, it's not how he acts but how he speaks

The big moment had arrived. He and the girl of his dreams were alone. The whole wide world existed for these two. Theirs was the romance of the ages. Eternal love personified. The heart throbs of the universe.

Slowly he approached her, his sombre eyes alight with the fire of his passion. She waited him as Venus for Adonis. Her very soul trembled at the thought of his caresses. For this heavenly instant she had risked all. And he had dared countless miracles.

Now those strong arms were close about her. Her breast seemed near to bursting with the burden of her love. Her lips were lifted like a rose-bud to the sun's warm kiss. Thus they stood while the stars in heaven reeled above them. Finally he spoke.

"And so and so and so and so," he murmured.

"And so and so and so and so," she sighed.

"Hey, gimme a cigarette," yelled the cameraman.

"Okay, cut," sang the director.

And the love scene was completed.

That's the way it was B.C.—Before Conversation—in motion pictures. When all the lovers from South Africa to South Bend gazed starry-eyed at romance on the screen; when small, warm hands yielded to the groping pressure of attendant Romeos; when bobbed blonde heads sought refuge on broad shoulders; when the world wondered what words of love came from the lips of perfect passion—that is what they really said.

"And so and so and so and so."

sweet and indeed nothings

It was enough then. For Cupid was mute. And Psyche a Dumb Dora. Love that made the world go round was silent as the chip-chinned Sphinx. Hearts were still. Passion inarticulate. And the gods wept. Inaudibly.

But somehow Venus interceded. And from high Olympus came modern Magi bearing the great gift of music to the screen. Music and words. The song of birds. The song of love. The song of songs.

And now it's all different.

When Gilbert swears his love, sweethearts hear him swear. And the lilting voice of Norma Shearer murmurs warning, "Swear not by the inconstant moon." Juliet herself, that pulsing whisper from the balcony thrilling the darkness with the most expressive love words ever uttered. The rarest flowers from Elysian fields.

No longer need the silent swain stutter ineffectually in vain endeavor to express the sentiments which clamor for utterance, and are stifled in his throat. No

a lover •

by herbert cruikshank

longer need he stand by, vocally impotent to compete with the honeyed phrases of the city slicker. His Chloe may laugh when he sits down at the piano—but she'll listen to his adaptation of the fluted phrases of a cinema Casanova.

The talkies have unmasked the strong, silent man. The great truth that man is silent only because he's too dumb to have a thought, or having one, to express it, is recognized at every cross-roads which boasts a sound-picture theater. Silence may be golden—but silver is the coin of the realm. And the silver tongue of eloquence will win in love and in the affairs of the world. Love, indeed, is the affair of the world. And in the audible photodrama lies the renaissance of its art.

you've got to speak up

If the lyric style doesn't altogether befit your personality, you may learn of love *à la mode*. If She burns with the hey-hey fever, quotations from the classics may not feed the flame. But don't despair. Get a load of young Doug in "Fast Life," for instance. He never won Joan by playing charades. It was the patter line that lassoed her finger with the ring. And you may duplicate the triumph with your own Jill. Listen to Doug, Jr., and practice just the proper cadences in which to warble:

"Red-hot momma, I'm just cuh-razy for you!"

Not only are the talking shadows a boon to romance-waiting femininity, but the girls on the screen welcome their opportunity to react to fiery phrases.

"I never liked 'em dumb," flips the flapper who calls herself A. White, "when the boy friend—on or off the screen—shows me he cares in a great big way, I want him to say it with music, even if he has to whistle it. The heart that makes love like the statues in the park is a droop so far as little Alice is concerned. Give me the boy who knows all the words—and says 'em. Take care of the words, and the actions will take care of themselves!"

A sentiment which is echoed by that green-eyed goddess of the screen, the svelte Jane Winton. Jane said "Yes" to a man who knows how to say "I love you" in a thousand different ways. He used to write plays for the stage—now he fills the mouths of screen players with an infinite variety of love-words. It wouldn't be a bit surprising to learn that the voluble Charlie Kenyon won Jane's affections simply by reading to her the lines of his book heroes. Says Jane herself:

words alone are eloquent

"I could never see how a man could make love naturally—or effectively—on the silent screen. From my experience," and she pauses for a blush, "the place for a lover's arms is scarcely to wave them in aerial pantomime. And when they are put to their proper usage, the picture becomes a still. There's no way to tell that old sweet story except with words."

And if further evidence is needed, there's the testimony of the Malibu madonna, dainty Kathryn Crawford, who listened with attentive ears to what director Wesley Ruggles had to say—between pictures.

"A silent love scene," dimples Kathryn, and one suspects she means in or out of pictures, "is about as useless as a necking party with an armless man." And she lets it go at that.

Even Clara Bow's most successful suitor was no silent hero, but a dashing surgeon who could at least tell her about his operations. And if, perchance, he is superseded in the bosom of the Brooklyn Bonfire, it will be by Harry Richman, who does nothing else but talk. Sound has It. Silence is passé.

But passion is scarce confined to love. There is fear, and hate, and jealousy and avarice. And up and down the long gauntlet of emotions run the benefits of sound. It was once, that the miser had to clink his gold in captions—"Clink—clink—clink"—and villainy was checked until the sibilant menace of the heavy's hissing threats were flashed subtitularly on the screen—"Ha-ha, muh proud beauty!"—not to mention the expression of fear in letters by having type shimmy even as the victim's knees.

But now dirty work doesn't pause at the cross-roads for a specimen of the title-writer's art, nor is the heroine left trembling while a caption asks if the villain has no sister of his own. And as for jealousy—not only is it audible—but sound's corollary, color, turns the monster's eyes an actual green before the world's enraptured gaze.

miracles every minute

In this swift age of mighty changes and accomplishments the miraculous is an hourly occurrence. Brief months ago the screen was silent, drab and flat. Then came sound, with color fast upon its heels. And just around the corner is the third dimension, depth, which will add perspective to the length and breadth of the screen. More wonderful

(*Continued on page 103*)

Already lenses have been devised to give stereoscopic values to movie scenes so that our heroes—and our heroines, too—may be well rounded beings rather than flattened paper dolls

otto dyar

the balance of the night

nancy carroll will, if she continues this emulation of santa claus, have to give over to the ironing out of bumps and the easing of bruises. there's just a chance that her husband, who's on the brink of having a play produced, may be held in new york. and in that case, nancy will have to don the whiskers for the yearly yuletide masquerade. she intends to do a thoroughly convincing job of it, beginning at the very peak of her roof

motherless martyrs . .

goodness, goodness, what sacrifices a career exacts of a woman!

by dorothy manners

russell ball

Margaret Livingston proves that a screen siren can be a mother in real life. The happy family group above shows Margaret and her mother with her three wards to whom she plays mother and for whose education she is paying

Hollywood's women can afford many extravagances. All the superficialities so dear to their hearts—money, jewels, clothes—are theirs for the being.

But they cannot afford the luxury of motherhood.

In no other profession is the destiny of womankind at such a premium; the price paid so large and difficult.

"It cost me," said a great star of the screen, "$100,000 to have a baby." Which amount allows only for the time away from her contract and not for the depreciation of her most marketable qualities, her figure and her youth.

As a class, the stars of the screen are maternally repressed. It is a necessity of their job. They cannot take time for children any more than an executive of an important position can absent himself from duty for a year. The Hollywood actress has this to sell: her body and her beauty, and the purchase of fame must be made in the fullest years of her life, the years the average woman is devoting to motherhood. And so they compromise with fate until that day of the almost mythical retirement when they "will be free to have children."

In the meantime the suppressed maternal instinct of Hollywood takes strange form and shapes.

they must mother someone

It may be held accountable for many, so far, unexplained marriages where very fascinating ladies marry men their mental and social inferiors. It is necessary to a woman's happiness to mother something—someone. If not a child, then a husband. Several rather weak-chinned and loose-lipped young men have this repressed maternal instinct of their wives to thank for their easy berths in life.

Perhaps no woman of the screen has the mothering instinct more deeply rooted than Colleen Moore, a career-childless girl. Colleen was born to be a mother if, somehow, some way, the great god movies had not got in her way. Ever since her marriage to John McCormick, Colleen has wanted children perhaps even more than she wanted those flattering box-office returns that placed her as the most demanded personality in pictures for six years; perhaps more than the enormous remuneration that went with it. But to a corporation of men who had invested a fortune in her career, maternity was out of the question for her. Instead there were pictures, pictures and more pictures portraying a flapper with a boyish form. Children? It was decided—not now—maybe later. With her particular appeal, children would have been a decided liability.

the doll's house on tour

So Colleen waited, and wanted, and built a doll's house. A doll's house, mind you. The most expensive and complete doll's house in the world. All that is lacking is a child to play in its paradise of toys. Into its making has gone all the love and affection that is ordinarily vented and lavished on a baby. Everything is there to delight the heart of a child. Bit by bit, piece by piece, Colleen has furnished it until it is complete even to the tiniest of porcelain bathtubs. And the mother-want that prompted the building of the toy has not ceased. It is Colleen's plan to send the doll's house on a tour of children's hospitals where it may be enjoyed by invalids and orphans the country over.

Nothing in Joan Crawford's exciting personality suggests

(*Continued on page 98*)

. . . a

anita shows why orientals remain home-town boys

page from omar

clinging skirt of gossamer, a band or so of satin
re and there—In these Anita Page is quite arrayed,
Save for the silken garment of her hair
from Omar Khayyam's latest book,
"Hollywood Has Its Advantages"

Where to the world of women in general, Rudolph Valentino was a smouldering and mysterious and glamorous personality, to Katherine Lewis his relation was something between friendship and a son-like devotion. To her he told his innermost thoughts, confided, simply, feelings he withheld from others for fear of ridicule

VALENTINO'S *Unknown* LOVE

To Katherine Lewis He Was Always A Man, Never A Name

By RUTH BIERY

***EDITOR'S NOTE:** It is interesting that three years after a man is dead stories never before told can be discovered. Even a man like Valentino. To our knowledge none of the information in this story has ever before been printed. Only six or seven people knew that he loved Katherine Lewis. Only a few more that he was an intimate friend of Paul Ivanhoe's.*

To Katherine Lewis, Valentino once remarked, "I like my women all good or all bad. But I prefer them all good"

THERE were two hundred people at the memorial service for Rudolph Valentino.

Three years before, on the same day, the day that he died in New York City, you could not count the public mourners.

There were practically no picture people at the memorial service. Alec Francis, who spoke the words which conventions demanded; George Ullman, his business manager and impresario of the service; Valentino's brother, who inherited his earthly possessions.

Also the woman, Mrs. Cora MacGeachy, whom Natacha Rambova has credited with receiving his spiritual message while he was living.

She wept. The brother wept.

The balance, aside from the press, were largely tourists. They read the inscriptions on the flower-cards, furtively, when the orchestra had completed its final number. A three-piece studio orchestra.

I remembered my night spent in Falcon Lair, the abutment-home overhanging Beverly. I remembered the inhabited feeling of that for-two-years-vacant building. I recalled the story I had intended to write immediately after that nocturnal sojourn in his vacant, yet strangely non-vacant bedroom. It was to have been called "In the Footsteps of Valentino." I recollected the peculiar beginning of my search for that story. Was it because of this weird start that I had dropped the story?

A friend had told me of a girl who formerly danced with him at the Maryland Hotel in Pasadena. She had told me of the telephone girl who took his calls while he was thus beginning his public appearances in California. She had hinted of a girl who knew him better than all other women, even better than those to whom he was married.

But she had forgotten their names. She could remember nothing but the fact that they had talked to her once about him.

When I reached home I telephoned her.

"Can't you please remember?"

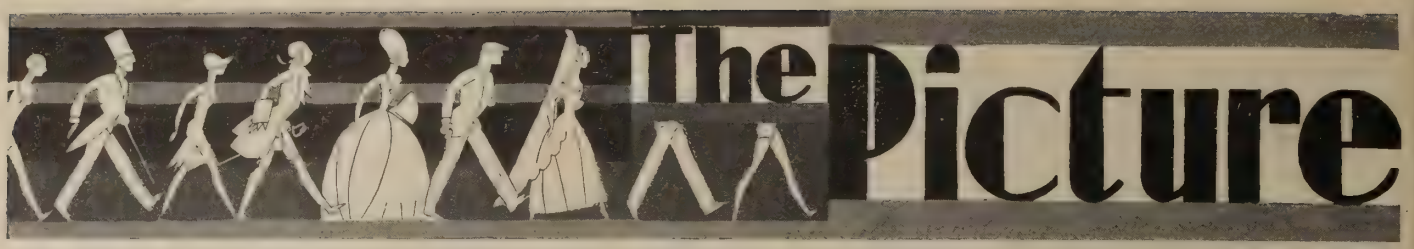
She couldn't.

I did not leave the telephone stool. I picked up the telephone book. I traced the hotels in Pasadena. Perhaps the Maryland could remember the girl who danced there in 1917.

The phone rang. It was the woman to whom I had just been speaking.

"The queerest thing has happened. You had just hung

(*Continued on page 90*)



THE KISS

SILENT The last **Stand** of the silent pictures, the last **Hope** of those who like 'em quiet is **Greta Garbo.** Once again she plays one of these **Mysterious** women whose heart no man quite knows, neither her **Husband,** nor her **Lover**—a pattern performance by **Conrad Nagel**—nor the green **Schoolboy** whose first blundering kiss precipitates disaster. Up to that moment the story is breathless with promise. After the inevitable revolver shot the trial follows inevitably.

A new juvenile, **Lew Ayers,** plays the infatuated **Youth** so well that one is almost embarrassed at watching his display of adolescent passion. The question of the **Garbo's** appeal is still unsolved by this picture. In spite of **Unworthy** stories, in spite of violating nearly every standard of beauty, in spite of her stubborn **Silence** in this **Talkie** day, I would gladly pay for my own ticket to see a **Garbo** picture—which is the greatest compliment a reviewer can pay!

IT'S A GREAT LIFE

ALL TALKIE Here's where the **Duncan Sisters** give us some slick entertainment. They **Sing**—and how! Naturally, we wish there were more **Duet** numbers but there's plenty to leave you with just the proper **Appetite** for their next picture. Naturally, there's a story but for once it's played down to its proper proportion and the **Song** and **Dance** numbers played up so you leave with that "I've seen a good show" feeling. It's the only kind of a story you can imagine for them. Two **Sisters** starting in a store and ending with visions of putting their act on in **The Palace. Vivienne** falls in love with a piano player. **Rosetta** doesn't like him. Their enmity gives a chance for snappy wisecracks. **Lawrence Gray** is the **Boy.** And he's no mean singer.

The whole thing is **Natural** and the photography is splendid. There's some new shots in black and white and technicolor which make you wonder where the movies will end.

TANNED LEGS

ALL TALKIE I can't speak for the **Tan** as this is a **Black** and **White** picture. But I can loudly proclaim the **Legs.** They're knockouts both in appearance and in rhythm. If the **Story** were as well-rounded as the appendages for which it is named, we'd cry its greatness from the **Chateau Elysee** roof top. But it just misses being a great musical production. The individual performances are good.

June Clyde, the blonde, diminutive new-comer, looks like a talkie **Find. Ann Pennington**—well, she's **Ann Pennington. Sally Blane** and **Dorothy Revier, Arthur Lake** are all entertaining but the picture as a whole just doesn't **Hang** together. The story is **New,** too. Instead of being one of these back-stage affairs, it deals with a society performance. Perhaps it's the direction. **Mickey Neilan** has just missed but he couldn't spoil those gorgeous **Legs,** thank goodness.

THE SHANGHAI LADY

ALL TALKIE **Mary Nolan's** first starring picture is the old story of the two fourflushers who meet on vacation and pretend they're real royals. But not treated as **Comedy.** Heavy drayma, with all the **Stops** pulled wide. Laid in the **Underworld** for "depths of pathos," and then that Underworld itself laid in **Shanghai** for "exotic color." **Cassie Cook,** too rough even for the **Piccadilly Tip Top House,** is the lydy; and **"Bad Lands" McKenna,** wanted for escaping from a **Chinese** prison, is her "real gent."

As it's an **Underworld** picture anyway, they might easily have found an excuse for handcuffs and a gag. **Jimmy Murray,** making his comeback in this picture, is excellent. **John Robertson** wages a valiant battle to inject some semblance of modernness and reality into a vintage product—and **Wins** to a surprising extent, all things considered.

Parade

THE THREE SISTERS

TALKIE This tedious and rambling chronicle of events in the lives of the different members of an **Italian** village family begins with one of the **Sisters** sliding down the banisters in a peasant cottage on a beruffled taffeta boudoir pillow, carries the three **Sisters** and their **Mother** tearfully through the **War** and reunites **Everybody** at the end over steaming platters of spaghetti, singing the theme song, **"Italian Kisses."**

Several stock shots of the **Vatican** and **St. Peters** do not make the **Hollywood-Italian** locale entirely convincing. Even **Louise Dresser,** who struggles particularly hard with a succession of emotions, cannot **Save** a story which has no plot. Throughout one feels the presence of an **Idea** but it never emerges from the chaotic mass of unrelated incidents which fill the screen with **Heavy** tragedy and the lowest of **Low** comedy.

SKINNER STEPS OUT

TALKIE Really the worst menace of the **Talkies** is this thrifty habit **Producers** have of remaking all the old plays that are lying around the story department. The **Script** of **"Skinner's Dress Suit"** must have been in a positively frayed condition when **Glenn Tryon** fell heir to it. None too funny in the first place, it has already been made into a **Movie** with **Reginald Denny,** with **Bryant Washburn,** and heaven knows who else before him. **Glenn** plays it in the traditional manner, with false smiles and an **Air** of complete unreality. But he does manage to inject a little more **Youthful** appeal into it than any of his **Predecessors** did.

In fact, those who are convinced that **Glenn** has a rare gift for **Comedy** will probably be in the seventh heaven as he leads the orchestra, **Auctions** off the fat lady at the charity ball, and makes a **Chump** out of his **Boss.** The **Picture** is really pretty funny.

JAZZ HEAVEN

TALKIE Very pleasant light **Comedy,** which is cut out to pattern for **Mr. Average Fan.** The fact that its story is highly improbable, and that **John Mack Brown's** piano-playing doesn't look like **John Mack Brown** playing the piano, won't make the picture any less popular. **Sally O'Neil** and the aforesaid **John** go through all the motions of romance very prettily. **John** writes a new song and the gag (clever, that **Dudley Murphy**) is that he and **Sally** sing it together in a radio broadcasting room, not knowing that they have switched the juice on and all the teeming millions are listening.

One can't decide which is worse—the obvious voice doubling for **Sally** or the exceedingly sad effort at singing in person by **John.** By far the best thing in the picture is the comedy contributed by **Albert Conti** and **Joe Cawthorn.**

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

TALKIE **Hoot Gibson's** first talkie and his last, we fear, if he doesn't give us something better. **Much** better. He's called the **Ramblin' Kid** and he lives up to his name and rambles from one reel to another. It's too bad because his microphone **Voice** is splendid. The story—we rather gathered, is about a daredevil fellow of indefinite age who could **Shoot** as straight, doped as in normal condition, who could even **Win** a horse-race without his wits with him.

Of course, there's a girl. **Sally Eilers.** You can't check her in as either good or bad because she has nothing to do but look at **Hoot Gibson. Kathryn McGuire** is in the same predicament. They **Tried**—but it's been rather definitely settled that without a story the best actress misses. It is better as a **Talkie** than it would be **Silent** because the beating of horses' hoofs makes you feel that something is moving.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS

TALKIE If you are **Colleen Moore** fans—and who isn't?—you will go to see it in spite of the **Title**—which hasn't any bearing on the story anyway. And you will see a new **Colleen** in gorgeous musical **Revue** costumes with a cute little **French** accent n'everything. **Fredric March,** as the wealthy lover, and **Raymond Hackett** as the weakling are both good but unimportant. Having finished with them, we can devote the rest of the **Revue** to **Colleen** who has discovered a new archness, and adorableness as the **Irish** chorus girl who becomes a sensation by pretending she is **Mademoiselle Somebody** from **Paris.**

She half sings, half recites, her songs in the manner of the **diseuse,** something new on the screen, and dances to boot. And she never looked as **Pretty** as she does in the silver wig, and the flaming red one. The picture ends vaguely, leaving the onlooker uncertain what the heroine does next—which may be a weakness. **"Footlights and Fools"** indicates a new career for her in more sophisticated pictures.

THE LOVE PARADE

TALKIE As **Chevalier** already proved himself a pictorial personality and sympathetic singer, it can be said that now in a brilliant showing of **"The Love Parade"** he proves himself a **Skilful** actor as well. As a naughty **Attaché** who becomes **Prince Consort** to an imperious **Queen** and her mythical **Kingdom,** he teaches her that he is a **Man** and she only a **Woman. Chevalier** kisses as well as he sings. **Jeanette McDonald** brings a distinctive type with her arch aristocratic beauty and lovely voice to screen. **Lupino Lane** gets and merits an extraordinary amount of footage as a singing, dancing **Valet. Lubitsch's** directorial touch is sure and at times inspired. The pictorial quality is never slighted for sound.

"The Love Parade" has something for everyone—tunes, settings, comedy, gorgeous costumes, and romantic love. With the joyous, exuberant personality, **Maurice Chevalier,** it even has a little vulgarity thrown in for good measure. And so we give it a mark of good entertainment.

THIS THING CALLED LOVE

TALKIE **Girls** always love those stories in which a young couple marry in-name-only for some fantastic reason, and then, while living domestically under the same roof, proceed to fall in love. This is one of the most **Delightful** of that type, full of humor and tender romance. **Constance Bennett,** a bit cynical about marriage, takes a well-paid job as the apparent wife of a rich young man from **Peru** who has yearnings for a home and fireside. After many difficulties, they choose the well-known **Solution** of locking themselves in the bedroom and throwing the key out the window.

Constance has mellowed greatly since she was last seen on the screen. She has taken on a **Gentle** quality which, with her other famous charms, makes her one of the loveliest actresses in the talkies. I'm afraid **Edmund Lowe** has wisecracked too much. He finds it hard to put over the nifties. But when he does control that thumb and resist the impulse to say everything out of the side of his mouth, he is **Charming.** That's what he gets for playing the boys who are the first to fight.

THE VAGABOND LOVER

TALKIE Once and for all, this picture should refute the theory apparently held by picture producers that a **Celebrity** in any line is good movie material. **Rudy Vallée's** first picture is a severe disappointment to those who hoped for a **Romantic** personality to match the caressing sweetness of the **Vallée** voice. As a dramatic **Hero,** this young radio **Favorite** is a good **Saxophone Player,** and as a **Movie Lover** he is a grand **Song Writer.** Still the dulness of the **Picture** is not entirely the fault of the headliner (who appears to be suffering from stage fright).

The story is as silly as a high school farce. The **Germ** of a good idea—a hopeful **Youth** who takes music lessons by mail is soon lost in amateurish dialogue and old cracks. **Marie Dressler** clowns the part of the newly rich social leader so deliciously that she goes far toward saving the **Picture**—which will probably make money in spite of itself from public curiosity to see the man who croons so well. If you like sentimental songs that rhyme **"Moonbeams"** with **"Junedreams,"** you will love the ones in **"The Vagabond Lover."**

And Sound — In Review

BEHIND THE MAKEUP

TALKIE Leff, clown leff—and if you do it once more, you're going to get a nice steel engraving of a bird. This is **Hal Skelly's** follow-up of his smash in **"The Dance of Life."** He gives an agreeable **Performance** as a ham comedian who acts as a feeder—even in love—to a great one. His work, however, is **Overshadowed** by the excellent characterization of **Bill Powell** as **Gardoni.** The plot is rather lumbering; and the authors have done little toward making it **Convincing** in having **Powell** solve the tangle by bumping himself off just because **Kay Francis** changes from **"Yes"** to **"No!"**

Paramount's difficulties in casting **Skelly** as anything but an amiable buffoon are evident. It is just as apparent that they have a talkie gem in **Powell,** who doesn't need a song-and-dance routine to be **Entertaining.** And, please, if we must have this story of a down-trodden piff-awmer finally wowing them, can't some voice doubles be used that would make said **Success** seem a little more reasonable?

THE MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND

TALKIE Chiefly this marks another big stride in **Mary Brian's** ascent to the top of the ladder. Gaining all the time in experience and maturity, and with a lovely voice to help her, **Mary** is more interesting with every picture, and is to be taken quite seriously now. This adaptation of **Edith Wharton's** novel, **"The Children,"** is amusing in spots, but not enough spots. Whatever the children may have been in the book, they have landed on the screen a raucous, nasty little bunch of smart-alecks that even a **Mother** couldn't love. Therefore one is inclined to sympathize with their flippant **Parents,** who divorce and remarry so often that the infants hardly know whom to call **"Mama."**

Mary, the eldest **Sister,** brings the brood up as best she can with the help of a paternally inclined young friend-of-the-family who eventually marries her—to give the **Children** a good home. The love story of these two is very sweet. **Kay Francis** and **Lilyan Tashman** bring their struggle for style-supremacy to the screen, and I won't tell you who wins. **Fredric March** is very good as the boy-friend.

MEN ARE LIKE THAT

TALKIE Further proof, if any is needed, that what makes a good **Play** doesn't necessarily make a good **Talkie.** This is **"The Show-Off"** which, true and terrible though it was, made a hilarious stage **Play.** The **Movie** is simply sordid and motionless. **Hal Skelly** plays the almost unbearable **Hero**—vain, incorrigible boaster, with nothing in his head but his delusions of grandeur. He marries a girl who apparently can't get anyone else, and lives on her family, who loathe him as much as you do until he blunders into a **Lucky Break** which increases the **Fortunes** of the whole family.

The whole thing is more **Depressing** than **Funny.** Those who are gluttons for realism may get a laugh out of this, but it's not my idea of entertainment. **Doris Hill** is the misguided girl who is able to summon up romantic feelings for this obnoxious fellow. She looks very pretty, but gets no sympathy from me. And if anything were needed to make one feel completely disenchanted with **Hal Skelly,** this is it. The man looked so much better in "Burlesque."

SWEETIE

TALKIE Nowadays if a **Talkie** has one **Theme** song which the **Audience** hums as it leaves the theater, it is rated as a success. If they are still humming it when they turn the corner, it is a howling success. **"Sweetie"** has several **such!** It also has **Nancy Carroll's** knees, **Jack Oakie's** grin, **Helen Kane's** cuteness (pounds and pounds of it), and an extremely appealing new juvenile named **Stanley Smith** who sings a rather cheap little song, **"My Sweeter Than Sweet,"** as if it held all the haunting sadness of **Youth.**

The story centers around a chorus cutie who inherits a **College,** and miffed at being turned down by the football captain, agrees to sell **Pelham** to a rival school unless it wins the annual football game. Does **Pelham** win? You have three guesses. Does the **Chorine** make up with the the football **Hero?** Two guesses are enough. I'm very much afraid **Helen Kane** is going to be a hit. There are several scenes where she pots her slow-witted boy friend, **Stew Erwin,** in the pants with bird shot which made me laugh.

Home Town

As told by Betty Compson

To DOROTHY DONNELL

IF one of those psychologists who tests you to see whether you're intelligent or a moron told you to write down the first word that came into your mind when he said "Salt Lake," what would it be? "Mormon," of course! And why not, when there is hardly a stone of any of the great buildings of the town that wasn't laid with Mormon money, and there isn't a spot in town where you can't look down some street and see the Temple and the Tabernacle looming against the hills? It used to give me a thrill to think that my grandmother, Annette Matilda Larsen, saw these same buildings when she came across the plains with a band of Scandinavian converts in the wagon trains. The great Temple dominated my own childhood. Every day when I walked to school I passed it. I saw it when I played, when I studied, and at night the shadow of it mingled with my dreams.

It was, perhaps the first beautiful object I had ever seen when my parents brought me as a small child from the barren mining town of Frisco into the city where we lived with my aunt, Mrs. R. Farinsworth, at 464 Third Avenue. The move was made for my sake, and my father, unable to continue his career as mining engineer, began to dabble in stocks. After a brief prosperity (which I have forgotten) came disaster, the loss of almost all our money and years of drab poverty (which I remember very well). I have been reading these home-town stories, and find that most of those who have written of their childhood town remember charming homes on pleasant, prosperous streets. My recollection is different.

As they both are today: Betty Compson—above—and the sky-line of Salt Lake City. The city has seen much of her, but Betty has never since her girlhood seen her home town

The Shame of Groceries

I AM almost ashamed to think now of the misery of humiliation I endured because my father owned a grocery store. And yet, it was very real, more real than most of my griefs today. The store stood on the corner of Fourth Street East and Fourth Street South. The number was 380. As grocery stores went, it was a prosperous-looking one, with two butchers and two delivery wagons, and I should not have minded helping wait on customers, as I often had to, if I had not lived in dread of seeing one of my schoolmates come in. We lived in the house that stood on the same lot as the grocery, and I went to Oquirrh school in the neighborhood. Miss Qualtrough was the principal then; perhaps she is still.

With me went the children of our neighbors. There were Helen Stiefel and Wanda Lyon—who became a famous musical comedy star—and Walter Woolf, later to stir Broadway and Hollywood with his voice. I was younger than most of the children in my grade, having come from the country school at Frisco, Utah, where a brilliant woman, Clara Hall, taught a handful of children with the inspiration of genius. She used to read to us, and listening to her reading—elocution they called it in those days—I felt struggling in me the yeasty unrest and yearning that were to torment me through the hard years of growing up.

Doomed to Unrest

THE girls I knew wanted one thing of life, to be married, have a home with solid silver and a parlor set, and have heaps of

When she looked as she did at the left—Betty Compson was just fifteen then—two of the landmarks of Salt Lake to make significant impressions upon her were the Mormon Tabernacle—at the extreme left—and the First Congregational Church—on this side of her portrait

Boys *and* Girls

It Was Once One of Betty Compson's Ambitions to Return in Triumph to Salt Lake City

It's an indication of how young our country still is, the fact that Betty Compson's childhood home was a log cabin of the genuine pioneer type

children. They got what they wanted. But my grandfather had been a Heidelberg student and he had joined the American army for the sake of journeying and adventuring. He was stationed at Fort Douglas when my Swedish grandmother came six thousand miles overseas seeking a dream. My own father was an atheist. With such an ancestry I was fated to be always seeking something I have never quite found.

Until I was fourteen, then, I lived in the house behind the Fourth East Corner grocery. From that house I went to take my violin lessons which my mother, fiercely ambitious for me, saw that I took whether there was money enough for the necessities of life or not. My teacher was George E. Skelton and he believed so much in the awkward child that I was, that when there was no money for further lessons he gave them to me anyway. "Some day, when you are a great violinist, you can pay me back," he said cheerfully. There were others, too, who joined in the conspiracy to protect my future. Dr. George Francis Stiehl, the dentist, insisted on putting gold inlays into my teeth to save them. "You'll need those pretty teeth," he said. "We must see that no harm comes to them."

I am thankful to say that both these good friends have been long since paid for their lessons and their inlays, but no money can pay for their kindness.

Three Miles to School

IT was a three-mile walk down South Temple and Main Street to the high school, but I never minded that. There were so many store windows to look into. There was Keith and O'Brien's, where my more moneyed schoolmates bought their school clothes (my mother's devoted hands made mine), and where the last present my father ever bought me, a set of fox furs, came from. There were Aurbauch Brothers 'and Walkers.' Then there was the great cathedral farther down South Temple, standing on ground which Brigham Young deeded generously to Bishop Scanlon for a church of rival faith. When I was born, in the wilds of a mining town, I was baptized Luicieme Compson by a missionary priest, and so became a Catholic and every Sunday I went to the Cathedral to hear Father Ryan or Father Brennan say Mass.

But it was the Reverend Gordon of the First Congregational Church, who spoke at my father's funeral. That year I was fifteen. My mother bravely set out to find work to support us, and was placed in charge of the linen room at the Hotel Utah, built and owned by the Mormon Church. Later she was the housekeeper there, and that was a delightful position. She brought home chicken sandwiches to me every night. After that came a drab time of renting out rooms in the big house we took at 169 G. Street. I think few women were ever as courageous as my mother. She got up before daylight to do the washing; she cooked and scrubbed and served meals, and she would not let me help her. "No, you are going to grow up to be a musician," she would tell me. "You must keep your body beautiful, and save your hands. Run away and practise."

The Magic Playhouses

THE chief reason why I did not mind walking to high school was that by a little side-stepping I could pass the two big theaters and stop to gaze at the posters announcing the next plays of the stock companies. There was the big Salt Lake Theater on South Temple, built by Brigham Young, where every fine performer in America

(*Continued on page 107*)

"I've Got a Face!"

Lawrence Tibbett, Grand Opera Star, Makes A Disquieting Discovery

By GLADYS HALL

THE talkie rush has brought all sorts and kinds to Hollywood.

If the gold rush of '49 included ruffians and gentlemen gamblers, clergymen and adventurers, family men and trailing daughters of joy, stable financiers and younger sons, the talkie rush of '29 has been no less promiscuous in the variety of persons it has lured hither.

The theater world of the East has been drained, from the dregs to the divas. Ladies who have lived by their limbs alone. And ladies who have lived by their larynges and the literature of Galsworthy, Barrie and Shaw.

We have had Marilyn Miller and lesser lights from the "Follies." Such ladies as Lenore Ulric and Ina Claire from the Belasco bleachers. Hal Skelly, erstwhile of burlesque. Song and dance ladies. Song and dance gentlemen. Mammy men and sugar-daddy babies.

We have been austerely chilled by ladies who once made their bows to first-nighters in the Empire theater and elsewhere. And we have been all het up by the blossoming bevies of chorus ladies.

And now—and now from the vast and reachy caverns ruled over by Signor Gatti-Casazza—from the blue-blooded diamond horseshoe circle where Edith Wharton characters sit and ply lorgnettes—from, in a word, the Metropolitan Opera itself comes—Lawrence Tibbett.

He is to play and to sing the male lead in "Rogue's Song" under the baton of Lionel Barrymore.

It's sorta awe-inspiring, going to talk to an opera singer. Specially when you're used to talking Flaxie Frizzle to Buddy Rogers, playing hide-and-seek with Lon Chaney and indulging in other adolescent pastimes. You go with some trepidation, hoping you won't split your infinitives or be asked to discuss upper registers or, in an off moment, refer to "Aïda" as hot stuff.

Off-stage, Lawrence Tibbett gives no intimation, by corpulence or otherwise, of being a grand opera star. One has to see—and hear—him in "Rogue's Song," (his screen debut by the way) as above, to realize that he is very much one

Right away, though Lawrence Tibbett gave me a homey feeling. We ate watermelon togethe in the Studio commissary. Mr. Tibbett preferred to sit with hi back to the room les the galaxy of painte stars bedazzle him. H can't, he says, quite ge used to it all.

And he doesn't look act or talk like an oper singer.

In the first place, h hasn't an abdomen. An we have always expecte abdomens of our oper singers. Abdomens ar in the best tradition. dare say Gatti-Casazz himself boasts of one c two. And I have th feeling that Carus would not approve thes Metropolitan modern with waist lines an narrow hips. Fit lool ing folks, who go in fe swimming and aviatio as Lawrence Tibbe does. Soldierly lookin men, who, like Lawren

(*Continued on page 10*

Dyar

Native Ability

Lillian Roth has it, in so far as dancing, as well as singing, is concerned. She was lured to Hollywood from the New York musical stage to render blues numbers. But she has far more than a voice

Christmas Shopping

One of the Many and Searches She Makes

Miss Fazenda—above—displays a book cover; and—at the right—an easy chair with a robe to accompany it, furs, a combination clock and lighter and a set of golf clubs

By
MARIE CONTI

REALLY to shop with Louise Fazenda for Christmas gifts would take an entire year—from January fifth to December first. And it would carry me to nearly every shop in Los Angeles, Pasadena and San Francisco, to New York and even to Europe. There wouldn't be a sale that I'd miss unless it was held while she was making a picture and couldn't possibly get a leave of absence to attend it.

I went with her just one morning. She told me about her year-long activities in Christmas shopping on our way downtown. "When a person has as many gifts to send as I have, she just has to watch for sales and patronize them. I read every advertisement religiously."

"How many things do you give?" I inquired.

She hesitated. "At least three hundred."

"Three hundred! But you include your cards on those."

"No, I send about five hundred cards in addition."

"And when do you buy those?"

"I have them all now and most of them are addressed." This was a morning early in September. "Many of my packages are wrapped, too. I purchase them all year and wrap them as I get them. That is to avoid this last-minute-rush business."

"When do you get your cards?"

Buying Abroad Cheaply

"JUST as soon as a friend goes over to Europe. This year my father went. He got them in Paris. They are etchings, and practically all are different. They don't cost me over fifteen cents apiece for the best and many come to only three or four cents. Here they would be at least a dollar and I couldn't afford them. You see, they're sort of a gift, for people can frame them and have something really dainty and pretty."

I sighed. Eight hundred gifts, then, really. "But when do you make out your list?"

"During the Christmas vacation. Then I add to it during the year, naturally. See?" She dug into her purse and drew out pages upon pages.

"I begin with my family. My mother comes first,

At the left—the traveling case for overnight use, the small red leather pillow, Pullman slippers with felt flowers, the traveling clock, bath salts and a purse. Below—Louise among her half-thousand Christmas cards

With Louise Fazenda

Systematic for Gifts

At the top are shown the rose bowl, the candy box, a framed print and some plates. At the right—the radio, the good-luck elephants, the coffee pot with a raffia handle, a match box with long matches, a guest knocker, copper kettles and coffee mats. Below—two of the porcelain ducks, the garden sprinkler, some plants and cactus pots

although I sort of put Hal (Hal Wallis, her husband) right up with her now. And my father.

"I divide them into an immediate and remote family. You see all of my family, even the remotest, are living. I have an awful lot of remote ones. They seem to grow every year.

"Then, I sort of bring my friends up into the remote family.

"Then there are the acquaintances. And the fans who have been writing to me for years and years who have sort of become friends through long association.

"Opposite the names I put down little items to help me. See, there are quite a few who have built beach houses this summer so I will give them something to go into that house for Christmas.

"Then here are the ones who expect to take a trip immediately after Christmas. I will get them something for travel.

"And here are the bachelors and their particular hobbies.

"Here are some who are really domestic. I mean they like their homes and spend a lot of time in them. I visit their homes and note what they haven't bought for themselves, then come home and write it down immediately. Then I watch the sales until I find something which is exactly what I would want if I had their home with what they have in it.

"Many of my friends do not have as much money as I do. They are girls who work in offices and I try to give them something they would never buy for themselves. When I receive hose I try to be grateful and say 'thank you' politely. But I can buy my own hose and—don't you think people like to receive Christmas gifts which they wouldn't buy for themselves throughout the year?

"For these girls I usually get things which they may see advertised in a magazine and sigh over. Like lovely perfume with illuminated bottles. Or if it is lingerie, I have it made and done so delicately that it doesn't seem like something they wear every day in the week.

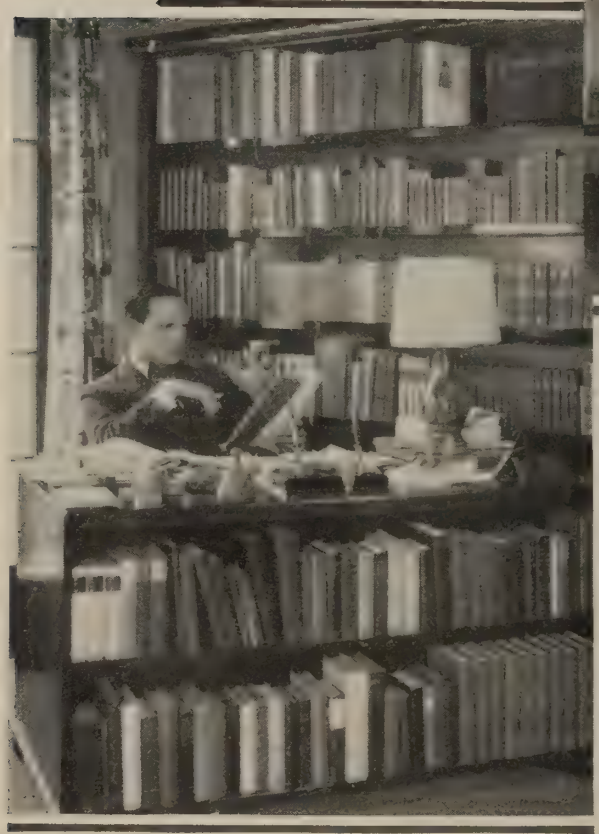
"Of course, I do have friends who have much more than I have, people who have everything in the world—to whom I could bring nothing which is different. To them, I give things which I have made myself. Usually fruit cakes or sets of conserves. Most fruit cakes are dark, so I make mine white.

"Last year I made twenty-four cakes. I cut

(Continued on page 105)

Great Lovers *are*

By
DOROTHY
SPENSLEY



Ray Jones

IF it hadn't been for Ronald Colman's library, all this might never have happened. There would have been no pale meandering from book shop to book shop, nor furtive questionings of taciturn tome tenders, whose busy hands were scraping in coin from "The Cradle of the Deep," and its little half-wit sister—beg pardon!—half-sister, "Salt-Water Taffy." There would have been no agonized perambulating from bibliopole to bibliopole (ahem!), if it hadn't been that well-thumbed Shakespeares and Shaws jostled shoulders with Keats and Shelley, and a dainty "Winning of Barbara Worth" peeped coyly out from beside a green-backed Oscar Wilde in Colman's library.

Here was concrete proof, thumbed and worn, that certain great lovers are book lovers. On the table was J. W. Dunne's "An Experiment with Time." Surely this was proof enough to upset the old legend that most stars have only one book; sometimes, so rumor had it, it was the telephone book, another time the check book, still another it might be "Mother India," hastily introduced into the house for the benefit of the photographer, there to photograph the star among his books. And don't forget to wear that lounging robe.

It set me to thinking. Important things do. The last time it was what to get Aunt Hattie for Michaelmas. Time before, it was —but I've forgotten. Pale and sleepless, I paced the floor. What do the Hollywood book sellers sell to the stars? Here was an index to character. Why did Betty Bronson dabble with the occult, and then suddenly change to the classics? Why are Jobyna and Dick Arlen collecting a complete library of mystery yarns, with special accent on S. S. Van Dine? What prompts Virginia Cherrill to read Cyril Hume and Paul Morand? Why is Estelle Taylor concentrating on modern poetry?

Kahle

A Few What's and Why's

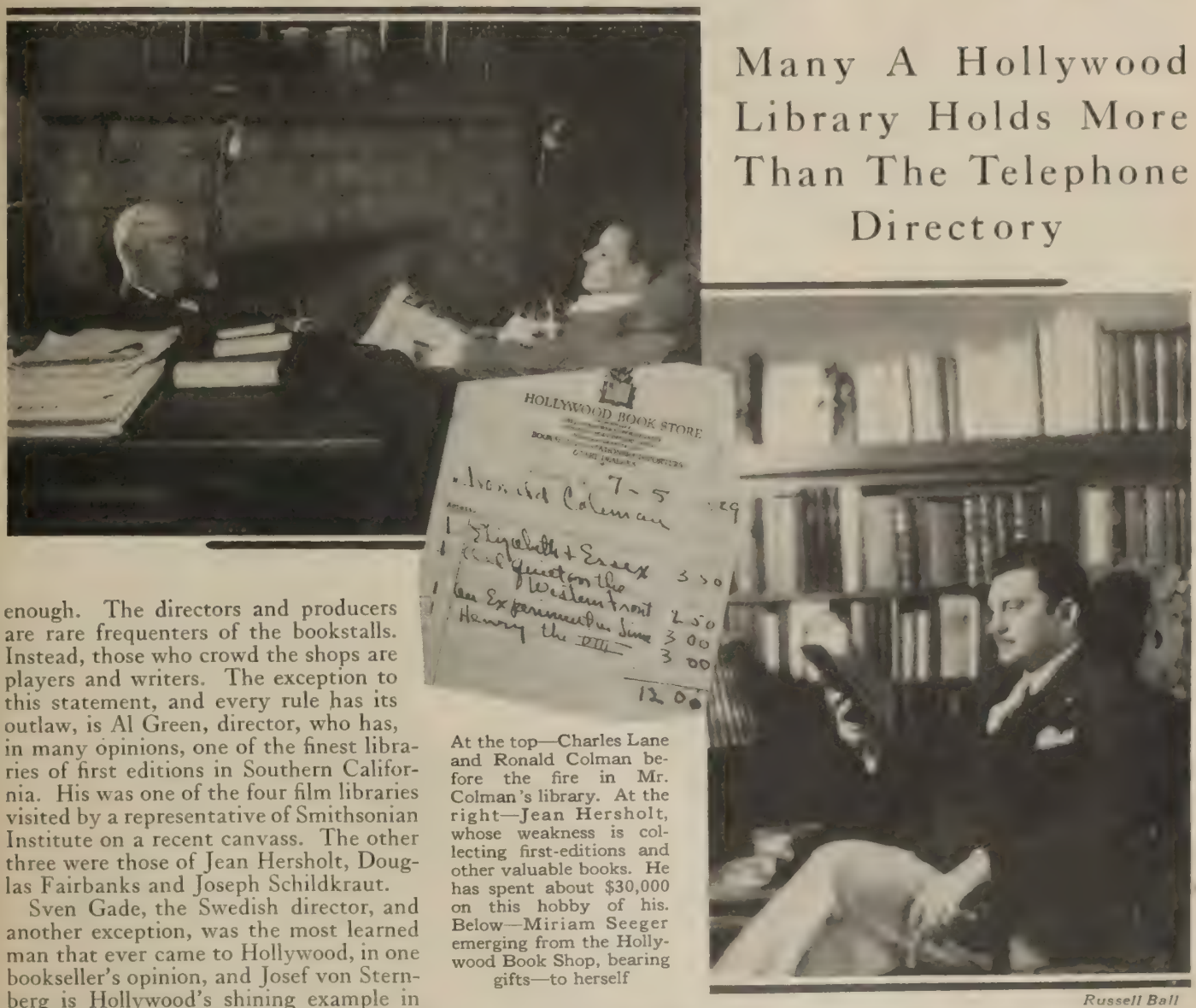
WHAT influences Raymond Cannon to buy volumes devoted to the Chinese theater? Why should Monte Blue specialize in tomes on Lincoln? What makes Leslie Fenton dote on the poems of Robert Nathan, and dabble in philosophy? Harold Lloyd's trend toward humor is obvious, but what causes funny George K. Arthur to gravitate toward war stories? What causes Fannie Brice, the comic, to buy Chinese poetry?

Hollywood book dealers say, regretfully, because they, too, have an eye to art and the fitness of things, that those who make the pictures do not read—

At the top—Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque in their library; above, at the left—Joseph Schildkraut, whose collection of books exceeds 17,000 volumes; and—at the left—Lois Moran curled up to sample one of her newest literary purchases

BOOK Lovers

Many A Hollywood Library Holds More Than The Telephone Directory



At the top—Charles Lane and Ronald Colman before the fire in Mr. Colman's library. At the right—Jean Hersholt, whose weakness is collecting first-editions and other valuable books. He has spent about $30,000 on this hobby of his. Below—Miriam Seeger emerging from the Hollywood Book Shop, bearing gifts—to herself

Russell Ball

enough. The directors and producers are rare frequenters of the bookstalls. Instead, those who crowd the shops are players and writers. The exception to this statement, and every rule has its outlaw, is Al Green, director, who has, in many opinions, one of the finest libraries of first editions in Southern California. His was one of the four film libraries visited by a representative of Smithsonian Institute on a recent canvass. The other three were those of Jean Hersholt, Douglas Fairbanks and Joseph Schildkraut.

Sven Gade, the Swedish director, and another exception, was the most learned man that ever came to Hollywood, in one bookseller's opinion, and Josef von Sternberg is Hollywood's shining example in the appreciation of philosophy, art and etchings. H. B. Warner was enough of a bibliophile to buy hurriedly a set of Aldine's edition of classical poets when it drifted into circulation. Lois Moran, among the feminine players, ranks high in the bookdealers' esteem, for her love of philosophy, the classics and biography. She reads in both French and English.

The Book Shop Array

THERE are, according to the telephone book, six book shops in Hollywood. At a recent San Francisco convention, four major stores were listed. There are at least a dozen and a half minor shops, tucked in out-of-the-way places. There is the Hollywood Book Store, established fourteen years ago by Odo B. Stade; the Satyr Book Shop, Pat Hunt's, Esme Ward's (she is, privately, Mrs. William V. Mong, wife of the character actor), Dean Markham's and the Frog Pond. There is

Dyar

also I. E. Chadwick's "The Connoisseur," but he disclaims the title of seller, saying his book-lined shop is his office in the business of making independent pictures; but Mr. Chadwick, himself a connoisseur, is only too happy to secure, or part with, volumes that will enable other book-lovers to complete rare sets. Of such stuff is the bibliophile.

There are those stars who go in for erotica, for beautifully illustrated volumes of rare books. There are those who send buyers in for their pornographic literature, lest their private tastes be publicly acknowledged. There are those who go in for rare bindings, like Rod La Rocque. And then there is Jean Hersholt, whose name arises first on every bookseller's lip as being, in the truest sense of the

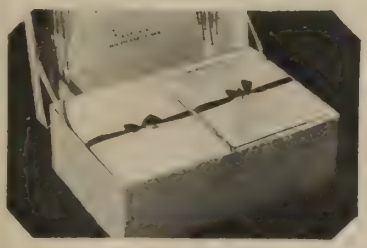
(*Continued on page 110*)

Kenneth Alexander

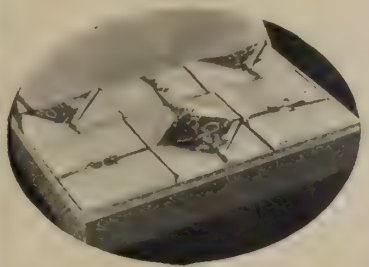
Having Her Eyes Examined

Likewise, inasmuch as Edmund Lowe is thoroughgoing at that sort of thing, her ear, nose and throat. And inasmuch, too, as the beauty of Constance Bennett makes their scrutiny a pleasure. The two are together in a forthcoming photoplay somewhat vaguely entitled "This Thing Called Love"

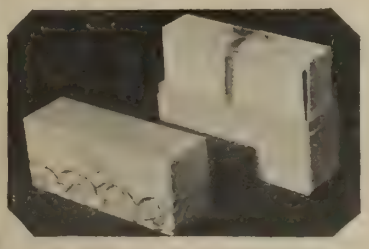
In many charming variations of color and style you may choose these modern writing papers to suit the personalities of your friends



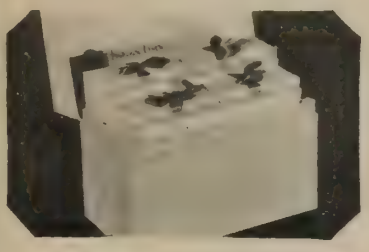
This decorative package of Eaton's Highland Linen will find wide uses; correct for any occasion, distinctive gold edged correspondence cards. $2.50.



A box of Eaton's Trellis has the charm of a beautiful package. The envelopes are lined with a lovely blue and gold flower pattern. $7.50.



Another Eaton's Gift Box. This white, medium sized note paper finds wide popularity with men and women for all social and personal uses. 50c.

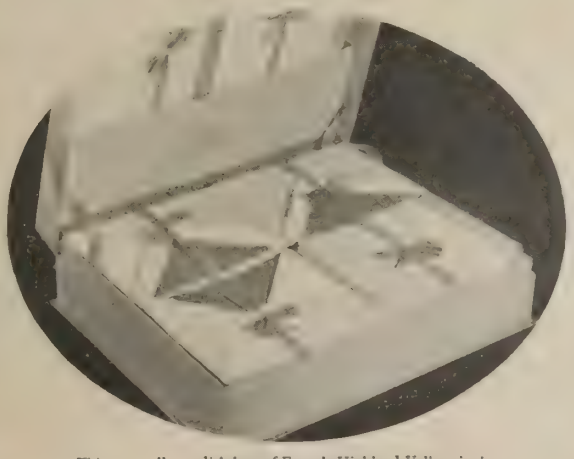


Inexpensive and yet showing taste and thoughtfulness on the part of the giver, this novelty gift box of Eaton's Highland Linen at once pleases. $1.50.

EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM—the new, flat-surface writing paper—will continue to be much the mode during the coming year . . . gay, pastel shades of *blue*, *grey*, *silver-grey*, *green*, *buff*, *ivory* and *white* . . . attractive envelopes to match with smart linings in deeper colors. In fact, you will find almost every combination of style, from papers suitable for a young girl to those appropriate to the dignity of the matron.

What a pleasure it is to choose too! For the styles and combinations of Eaton's Highland Vellum (Eaton's Highland Linen and other Eaton papers) are so numerous that you can suit your own whim as well as the personality of your friends. Indeed, that is evidence of good taste in giving—to modify the selection of the gift according to your personal tastes.

Eaton's Highland Vellum is made by the makers of the famous Eaton Highland Linen, for over 25 years the most popular and widely used writing paper in America. Eaton, Crane & Pike have been quality paper makers for generations. You only have to give Eaton's paper to your friends fully to appreciate the satisfaction and pleasure with which it is received. Look at the many styles pictured on this page, then go to any store where good stationery is sold and choose your gift, *early*. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

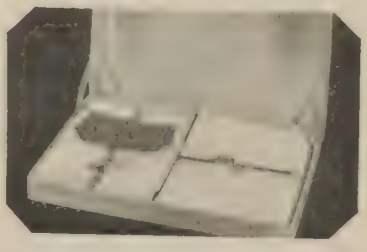


This unusually modish box of Eaton's Highland Vellum is the last word. Its narrow paper has a wide, light-blue stripe down the right hand edge. The envelope lining matches. A very, very smart gift. $3.50.

A small package, smartly designed; modern and daintily lined envelopes, a charming gift and at such a saving! $1.

What girl would not thrill to this Eaton's Fancy Gift Box, with its buff lined envelopes in a tan package with a smartly striped cover at $3.

Eaton's Arbor is distinctly feminine, very expressive; and the package is a delightful decorative note as a gift. $2.50.



The blue lined envelopes, the white, correctly sized note paper give an air of distinction and feminine dignity to Eaton's Highland Linen Gift Box. $1.

EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM • HIGHLAND LINEN

The Hand-Kissing Bug

Lebedeff and Schildkraut Have Inoculated Every Hollywood Male With It

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Lip-service of the Continental sort; Ivan Lebedeff—above—the Muscovite osculator at work on Irene Rich's hand; and Maurice Chevalier—at the right—bending over a similar task for Jeanette McDonald

"I KISS your little hand, madame"—so runs the chant of Hollywood's gilded youth today—"and wish I could do it like Ivan Lebedeff."

Ivan Lebedeff has gone around steadily kissing the hand of every woman in sight ever since he first arrived in the fillum capital. Others of our young men, such as Joe Schildkraut, kiss the hand of every nice-looking madame up to thirty-five. This hand-kissing has typified an attitude toward womankind in general—the European attitude, so-called, which means, so far as I can make out, that the man treats the woman as a queen instead of a girl-friend and scores goal that much faster.

It sounds ridiculously simple. But the American section of our young eligibles, who have been casting envious eyes on the hand-kissers' unbroken series of conquests, are now all trying the same methods and seem to be bungling it pretty badly. One has to go to one of the current Hollywood parties to realize what an enormous number of different ways there are of kissing madame's little hand.

Corn-Belt Chivalry

THERE is, for example, the Corn Belt method, exemplified by some of our most upstanding American leading men. It consists of walking rapidly up to madame, seizing her little hand in a powerful grasp, lowering the head slightly and then yanking Little Hand roughly in the direction of the face. Sometimes L. H. doesn't hit square on the mouth, in which case the proper thing is to replace any divots and have another shot. Leading exponents of this method treat L. H. more or less as if it were a red-hot coal. They do not consider it safe to leave it in contact with the face for any appreciable time. As soon as it hits square on the mouth, it is smartly withdrawn and then as hastily let fall from the grasp.

Then there is also the Large Open Spaces' method. Adherents of this, claim that it is easier to aim if, instead of pulling L. H. up to the face, the object of the kiss be held steady at about stomach level. Then, bending the entire body from the waist, the face can be allowed to drop from a great height on to L. H., the mouth in hitting its objective making a sound similar to that which would be caused if a careless waiter had let fall some tapioca pudding. The head is allowed to rest on L. H. for a few seconds before the trunk is once more raised to a perpendicular position, this movement having to be done with care by those so ultra-European as to wear braces.

The Preliminary Gaze

VARIATIONS on these two most popular methods are legion, including all degrees and varieties of noise made by the union of L. H. and face, together with numerous other contortions of the body, too involved to be described here. There are others who have noticed that it is very tricky to gaze into the eyes of madame before doing the kissing. But instead of one quick glance, such as comes from Ivan Lebedeff before getting down to business, these earnest but misled pupils of Europeanism are apt to give the lady a long, glassy stare which makes her wriggle uncomfortably and, just as soon as he has released her mitt, rush off to the ladies' room to see if she has a smut on the end of her nose.

How long it will take our Corn Belt, Open Space, Painted Desert and Hill Billy youths to become proficient

(*Continued on page 102*)

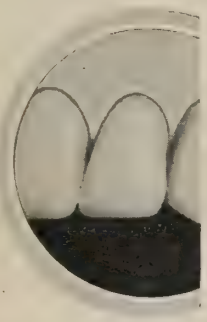
GARY COOPER

Gary Cooper

Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7th, 1901. He is 6' 2"; weighs 180 pounds; has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He was educated in Dunstable School, England, Helena, Mont., and Iowa College, Grennell, Ia. During his high school and college days, he gathered some stage experience playing in amateur productions. Gary went to Los Angeles with ambitions to become a commercial artist, but instead got a job in the movies. He worked as an extra for one year and then got a part in a two-reeler made by an independent producer. Following this he played the lead in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" for United Artists and then went to Paramount with which company he is still under contract. Some of the Paramount pictures he has appeared in are: "It," "Children of Divorce," "Wings," "Arizona Bound," "Nevada," "Beau Sabreur," "The Legion of the Condemned," "The Shopworn Angel," "The Wolf Song," "Betrayal," "The Virginian." He also appeared in First National's "Lilac Time," for which he was loaned by Paramount.

Keep your smile lovely and youthful

GUARD THE DANGER LINE



THE DANGER LINE *is the thin margin of tissue where gums meet teeth —and at its edge are many tiny crevices. Its greatest enemy is acids caused by fermenting food particles. Protect it by using Squibb's Dental Cream.*

HOW LARGELY the charm of a smile depends on coral gums and gleaming teeth! Then surely no woman should ever neglect The Danger Line. For this vital line is closely associated with the health of both teeth and gums.

It is the delicate margin of tissue where gums join teeth. Here, tiny wedge-shaped crevices occur. Tiny danger sites! For your tooth-brush can't penetrate these crevices, especially those between the teeth. So food particles collect, ferment and form acids which attack the teeth and gums. Decay may follow, the gums may be injured, pyorrhea may set in.

But you can guard The Danger Line each time you brush your teeth. Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Whenever you use it, tiny Milk of Magnesia particles are carried into every crevice and render acids harmless.

Squibb's cleans thoroughly. It is safe. Contains no astringents, no abrasives. It soothes. Makes smoking more enjoyable.

Begin using it for the good of your teeth and gums—for the sake, yes, of all-round health. For diseased teeth and gums are now known to cause rheumatism, heart trouble—many serious diseases.

A large-size tube of Squibb's is only 40c at any druggist's. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

© 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

An Original Movietone

Sunny Side Up

IT was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . . .

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

THE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody — and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . .?

IT is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.

Talking Romance

Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . . .

BUT we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and "Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!

David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.

All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and Addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

DOT.—**John Breeden** was born in **San Francisco, Calif., May 3, 1904,** he is five feet eleven, has dark curly hair and grey eyes. He played the part of **George Shelby** in **"Fox Movietone Follies." George Lewis, Dec. 10, 1903,** and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Was married to **Mary Louise Lohman** on **Mar. 25, 1928.** Happy birthday, **Dot.**

WHOOPEE.—**Arthur Lake** was born in **Corbin, Ky., 1905.** He is not engaged to **Mary Brian,** where did you receive your information? **Ruth Elder** was married on **Aug. 29, 1929,** to **Walter Camp, Jr. Lupe Velez** hails from **Mexico.** She is playing in **"Hell Harbor," United Artists.** Did you know that **Delaware** was at one time called **New Sweden?**

JOAN J.—In **"Wild Geese," Lind Archer** was played by **Anita Stewart, Mark Gordon,** was **Jason Robards. Sven Sandro, Donald Keith. Ellen Gare, Raida Gare. Judith Gare, Eve Southern. Amelia Gare, Belle Bennett. Caleb Gare, Russell Simpson. Martin Gare, Wesley Barry.** For the remaining players, send along a self-addressed envelope.

V. B.—**Richard Barthelmess** has appeared in **"War Brides," "Broken Blossoms," "Classmates," "New Toys," "The Enchanted Cottage," "Shore Leave," "Just Suppose," "The White Black Sheep," "The Drop Kick," "Kentucky Courage," "The Noose," "Scarlet Seas," "Weary River," "Drag," "Young Nowheres," "Son of the Gods"** and numerous others.

GOOD-BYE. — Why you've hardly said Hello. **Charles Delaney** is playing in **"The Girl from Woolworth's," First National.** No, on the **Jetta Goudal** question. **Dolores Costello's** first name is pronounced **Do-lore-ez,** o as in low, accent on second syllable. **Leatrice Joy: Lee-ah-triss,** accent first syllable, not second.

FLOSSIE.—**Conrad Nagel** was born **Mar. 16, 1897.** Married to **Ruth Helms.** Playing in **"The Swan,"** opposite **Lillian Gish, United Artists. James Ford's** latest release is **"The Dark Swan," First National. Sharon Lynn** in **"Sunny Side Up," Fox. John Roche's** latest pictures are **"Unholy Night"** and **"The Awful Truth."**

RUTH G.—**Victor McLaglen** was born in **London, England, Dec. 11, 1888.** He's one of the tallest actors on the screen, he is six feet three, weighs 215 pounds, married, has two children. **Charles Farrell, Aug. 9, 1905.** Six feet two inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Not married or engaged. **June Collyer** is about **twenty years old.** Five feet five, has brown hair and hazel eyes.

PLAZIZZY.—**Mae Murray** was born **May 10, 1893. "Way Down East"** was released in **1920. Lya De Putti** has never appeared in a talkie. **Lillian Gish's** interviews appeared in **Apr., 1920, May, 1920, Dec., 1925, Oct., 1927, Apr., 1929, Motion Picture. Classic: June, 1919, Nov., 1921, July, 1925, July and Dec., 1927.** Let's hear from you again.

JINX.—I don't believe you are. That is **Nils Asther's** real name. **Nils** wouldn't appreciate what you said about him. **Greta Garbo** will be seen next in **"Anna Christie," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Clara Bow** in **"Station S-E-X," Paramount Studios. Alice White** in **"Playing Around," First National Studios.** Let's hear from you again.

Many admirers of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have written expressing their hope that Janet's marriage would not interfere with their team work. The announcement that they are again playing together in "Budapest" for Fox should please the fans

A.M.O.—**Johnny Arthur** was **Benny** in **"The Desert Song." Conrad Nagel,** the hero in **"Three Weeks." Richard Barthelmess** name is pronounced, **Barthlemess,** accent first syllable. **Leila Hyams, Lee-la, Hyams** like **Himes. Fredric March** is appearing in **"The Marriage Playground," Paramount Studios.** Send me a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures I can supply.

BILLIE. — **Sue Carol** is not married. **Roland Drew** played opposite **Dolores Del Rio** in **"Ramona"** and her latest release **"Evangeline."** He is now appearing in **"The Racketeer,"** starring **Robert Armstrong** and **Carol Lombard. Lina Basquette,** equally talented as dancer and screen actress, was born in **San Mateo, Calif., Apr. 19, 1907.** She danced in the **Follies** in **1923, 24** and **25.** Has dark hair and eyes.

RAGGEDY ANN.—Glad to hear from you again. **Myrna Loy** was born in **Montana,** about twenty-four years ago Real moniker is **Williams. Flora Finch** was born in **1877. Clive Brook** was **Sir John Marlay** in **"Interference."**

JUST GNAT.—Well **Natty,** you'll have to send me a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures **Colleen Moore** has appeared in. Haven't room here. **Colleen** hails from **Port Huron, Mich.** She is five feet four, weighs 108 pounds, reddish-brown hair, that photographs black, brown eyes. Her chief hobby is her doll house, which interests her not as a toy, but as a collection of exquisite miniatures.

A MICHIGANDER.—We'll meander thru the questions. **Anita Page** is about nineteen years of age. And is five feet two, weighs 118 pounds. **Mary Pickford, Apr. 8, 1893.** She is five feet tall, weighs 105 pounds. Married **Douglas Fairbanks March 28, 1920. Douglas** was born **May 23, 1883. Doug. Jr.** is not the son of **Mary,** his mother is Beth Sully.

DICK BARTHELMESS FAN.—A double was used for the singing in **"Weary River." Dick's** latest picture is **"Son of the Gods," First National. Nick Stuart** was born in **Roumania,** about twenty-four years ago. He is five feet nine, weighs 159 pounds. **Grant Withers** is twenty-three and is not married. **Clara Bow, July 29, 1905.** And is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 109 pounds. That is her real name. **Mary, Pearl, Doris** and **Charles Eaton** are sisters and brother.

TOOTS, BOOTS AND COOTS.—So the three musketeers are in again, and how! **Lila Lee** was born **July 25, 1905.** She is

(Continued on page 99)

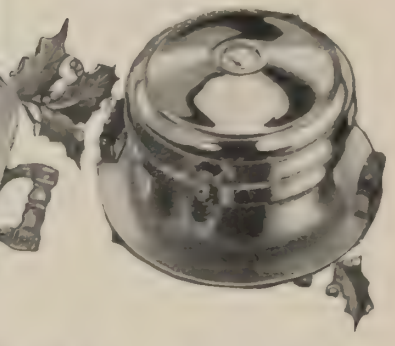
"It's WHITE CROSS"

No. 297 Grecian Urn Set

Has the tall, stately Grecian lines so popular today. Made of heavy copper lustred in highly polished nickel. Matched sugar and creamer and lined. Insulated handles. Special valve-type percolator tube extends full depth of urn. Complete with 9-cup urn, 14" high, 16½" tray with handles, and 8" sugar and creamer, for $24. No. 293 U. T. S., $20.

No. 259 Waffle Iron With Heat Indicator

The latest WHITE CROSS model! Full-sized and built sturdily. Heat indicator in top shows exact cooking temperature at all times. Highly polished nickel. Drop handle, side handles and feet of matched ivoroid finish. Only $8.50. Four others at $6.80, $8, $8.80 and $10.



Let these

DISTINCTIVE WHITE CROSS GIFTS END YOUR SHOPPING WORRIES!

NO longer need Christmas shopping time be "worry time." For WHITE CROSS makes it delightfully easy to select really welcome gifts sure to please even the most exacting names on your list!

Here is how you can save yourself a lot of time, effort and trouble. Simply go to your nearest WHITE CROSS dealer and let him show you the fascinating, practical electrical necessities so popular everywhere. He will help you make your selections without obligation. Or write us today for our valuable new book illustrating and describing the complete WHITE CROSS Line.

See for yourself the beauty and quality of the latest WHITE CROSS creations—the exquisite urns, percolators and sets; the desirable waffle irons and sets that make such crispy brown waffles with so little effort; the marvelous toasters, electric irons, heaters and countless other electrical necessities—all of the finest quality construction and at surprising low prices. And every one guaranteed!

Make 1929 a WHITE CROSS Christmas. You'll make a hit everywhere—and save money besides! Investigate today!

No. 154 T. S. 3-Piece Waffle Set

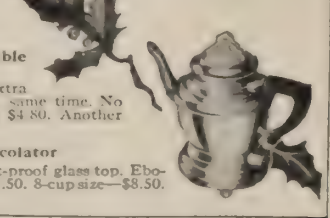
No. 154 Waffle Iron, 16" oval polished aluminum serving tray, tastily decorated batter pot. Special air chamber prevents batter from burning and protects most highly polished table. Wonderful value at $10. No. 255 T. S. 3-piece set—$12.50.

No. 990 Visible Corn Popper

Fresh, delicious pop corn—all you want, popped quickly and cleanly. It's quality through and through, yet costs but $2.50.

No. 229 Reversible Toaster

Toasts two extra Large slices at same time. No springs or hinges, $4.80. Another style at $3.80.



No. 291 6-Cup Percolator

Nickel-plate on solid copper. Heat-proof glass top. Ebonized handle. Specially priced at $7.50. 8-cup size—$8.50.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
Dept. A-13 3212 W. Lake St., Chicago, Illinois
Manufacturers of WHITE CROSS *Line of Electric Household Appliances. Prices Slightly Higher in Far West and Canada.*

DEALERS: If you are not yet handling the nationally advertised WHITE CROSS products, drop us a line and we will show you what the WHITE CROSS franchise will mean to you.

WHITE CROSS

FREE A new book illustrating the complete WHITE CROSS Line. Simply fill in and mail this coupon.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
Dept. A-13 3212 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once without cost or obligation your new book illustrating and describing the complete White Cross Line of Electrical Appliances.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Business *of Being a* LADY

June Collyer Believes In The Refinement Racket

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Lansing Brown
There are no barriers between June Collyer and her father. She can't become fond of other men because she's always comparing them to her daddy

THEY say there's no satisfaction like that of being a good woman. Maybe that's why June Collyer goes around singing about the house and simply glowing with happiness.

One of the first things you discover about June is that she's one hundred per cent. good. She lets that drop in the first few moments of conversation, and the subject constantly recurs. She speaks of it frankly—even proudly, with none of the furtive embarrassment usually felt in Hollywood by anyone with the dread stigma of virtue attached to her.

June, you see, is a paradox. She's so conservative that she's conspicuous. She's notorious, in this town, for those qualities which anywhere else would make her just another girl. For instance—in addition to her virtue, June has a daddy complex. In fact, the two things are very closely allied, as you shall see. In a town where it's an unwritten law that all parents shall be mothers, June positively flaunts her father. Not just a plain father, either, but one who is the moving spirit of her life. Handsome, she says, and young, and endlessly devoted.

"There are no barriers between Daddy and me," she says warmly. "He understands everything, and he's in my thoughts every minute."

Those thoughts seem to bring to June the soft eyes and the tender smile that are usually reserved for a girl's best beau. And she admits that he's very nearly that. In fact, I hesitate to mention it at all, lest June be accused of having whatever you call the feminine equivalent of an Œdipus complex.

"I can't become fond of other men," she confesses, "because I always compare them to Daddy, and they don't measure up very well."

When June is in Hollywood, they talk long distance every night. When she's in New York, they go out dancing together. They are always exchanging presents. When they went abroad, everyone on the boat thought it was their honeymoon.

That gives you a hint of why June is such a nice girl. "Daddy put me on a pedestal," she explained soberly, "and I wouldn't topple off for anything. I know no one will ever love me as he does, and his esteem means more to me than anything in the world."

A Lady on the Lot

SHE was brought up in the sheltered social circles where men mean matrimony, and parents are always present to see that they don't mean harm. June, you will remember, is the New York débutante who was conscripted into service when the movie industry failed to yield an actress refined enough to play the part of the fair young slummer in "East Side, West Side." June just had to step in and be herself. Mr. Fox put her under contract after that, feeling it might be handy to have a lady on the lot.

Refinement was June's Open Sesame to the movies, and she's been wise enough to keep it as her racket. But oh! the pain of it for press agents and fan writers! Not long ago an ugly rumor raised its head that June had once been

(*Continued on page 116*)

"I know of no other soap which meets all the requirements of complexion care, acting at once as a cleanser and a valuable and soothing emollient."

A. Leblanc

NICE

"*The* one soap I recommend is Palmolive"

says Albert Leblanc *of Nice*

Famous Beauty Specialist of the fashionable Hotel Negresco at Nice, on the French Riviera.

"IT is quite wrong to suppose," says Albert Leblanc, of Nice, "that the skin can be thoroughly cleansed except by the use of soap and water. I am still occasionally asked: 'Shall I use soap on my face?' My answer is always a decided affirmative. But the one soap I recommend is Palmolive!"

Monsieur Leblanc is an authority who had his beauty training in Paris, and, like the great Parisian experts, he considers palm and olive oils invaluable in keeping complexions lovely.

Substitutes for Palmolive may irritate the skin, and spoil its colorful freshness. These changes may come so gradually you scarcely notice them. Then—all of a sudden—you find the pores coarsened, the complexion irritated, the texture losing its smooth loveliness. The pure olive and palm oil lather of Palmolive Soap soothes, cleanses, removes impurities gently and safely.

Facade of Leblanc's Salon at the Hotel Negresco—where Monsieur Albert attends fashionable women from all over the world. The smart women who gather at Nice demand the very finest care in matters of beauty culture.

"I know of no other soap which meets *all* the requirements of complexion care," says Leblanc . . . and there are more than 18,000 other renowned beauty specialists who agree with him.

This twice-daily treatment

Massage Palmolive lather tenderly into the skin for two minutes. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. And you're ready for make-up!

Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils gently penetrate the pores, releasing impurities and protecting the tender fabric of the skin from the abuses of modern life.

Just think of it! 18,012 experts—all over the world—recommend Palmolive Soap! Your very first cake of this bland, skilfully blended soap will show you why Palmolive is the choice of those *whose business it is to know.*

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Belts On The Nose

Robert Montgomery Describes All Of His In Detail

By
HELEN
LOUISE
WALKER

R. H. Louise

IT seems no more than fair that I should warn all other interviewers that there is no use for them to attempt a story with young Robert Montgomery, newly signed stage actor at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, because I have already done it. Done it all, I mean. It is just possible that if I could have stayed another hour or two I should have found out a few more things about him. But I doubt it very much. Other writers will just have to content themselves by waiting until some more things have happened to him.

It was perfectly delightful.

Our meeting was a trifle violent, owing to the fact that we were both late for the appointment and in our mutual conscience-stricken rush, collided, head-on, just outside the door of the publicity office. A press agent, stepping out to do the honors and seeing us in the resultant rather intimate pose, withdrew discreetly, murmuring, "Oh, I see you have met."

After all, it does seem a little silly to be introduced to a person when you have just bumped your heads together, so we let it go at that.

The good-looking young man broke instantly into a stream of autobiography so that by the time we had reached the commissary we had got beyond his grade school days and had launched him into preparatory school. After his graduation from that institution (the name of which I missed somehow, not being able to listen quite as fast as he was talking), life became a little more arduous for him.

MAN-HANDLED BY LIFE

"LIFE," he said, "was just one belt on the nose after another.

"You see, I thought I should go adventuring and learn about things. So a schoolmate of mine and I set out to see the world and write about it. We decided that the best thing to do was ship on an oil tanker, so we went to see about it. Mr. Berg, an executive of the New Jersey Standard Oil Company, told us we couldn't do it. In the first place, he said, boys like us didn't do that. In the second place, if they did do it, they never came back. He was very discouraging.

"That was the first belt."

It occurred to me that boys who are going to ship on an oil tanker seldom take executives of that calibre into their confidence but I couldn't seem to find a convenient place to interrupt him so I let it pass.

"Well—we did ship on the tanker," he went on, crumbling graham crackers into certified milk, "and the next thing that happened was that we got off the boat at Texas City and spent our last dime to see a Douglas McLean picture. And we missed our boat. We didn't have a cent and we were very hungry before we got berths on another tanker.

"Finally we got to Los Angeles and decided to stop here and take a fling at the movies.

STORIES THAT DIDN'T SELL

"MEANWHILE we were writing about our experiences—or rather, I was writing the stories and my companion was doing illustrations for them. But we couldn't sell 'em. D' you know we couldn't sell a single story—and some of them were darn good, too.

"Maybe you think *that* wasn't a belt on the nose.

"Well—the movies didn't seem to want us, either; and our money ran out, so we bought some strawberries and stood on a corner and peddled them. We were around here for months.

"You see," he broke off, "it looks as if I had been just drifting around without any particular purpose. But it wasn't like that at all. I always knew I wanted to act and I was working toward that end all the time. It was my way of going about it."

I had to interrupt here. I wanted to know how he figured that writing his experiences on an oil tanker was going to put him on the stage. Apparently the connection was clear to him.

"Writing, you see, gets you known, sort of. And I

(*Continued on page 112*)

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

24 Attractive Pictures—and The next six issues of MOTION PICTURE

Send one dollar to pay for your subscription to the next six big issues of Motion Picture—the authority of filmland, the favorite family fan magazine,—and we will send you postage prepaid—and with our compliments—a Beautiful Set of 24 Pictures, sepia finish, each picture size 5½ by 8 inches. Start your collection now. We will also tell you how to get a big album for these pictures absolutely free!

Picture subjects (set No. 6):

Mary Duncan	Charles King	Jack Mulhall
Thomas Meighan	Chester Morris	Maurice Chevalier
Thelma Todd	Al Jolson	Baclanova
Lewis Stone	Davey Lee	Nick Stuart
Mary Brian	Ann Harding	Betty Compson
Loretta Young	H. B. Warner	Bebe Daniels
Bessie Love	John Boles	Ruth Chatterton
Ken Maynard	Johnny Mack Brown	Mary Pickford

Send Your Order Now!

We still have a few hundred sets Nos. 3, 4 and 5 of these sepia pictures in stock. Write and we will tell you how you may secure them for your collection.

Remember, there is a beautiful Picture in Colors, suitable for framing, in every issue of Motion Picture.

Subscribe to-day and get every issue regularly. Tell your friends about this special offer.

MOTION PICTURE — 1 M. P.
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. — Set No. 6.

Here is One Dollar, Send me the next six issues of *MOTION PICTURE* and the gift set of 24 pictures. (*If you reside in Canada add 25c extra; Foreign, 50c extra.*)

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

Start with.....issue.

Extend my present subscription (check) ☐

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Bert Longworth

About to Shoot the Pirate Crew

Mervyn LeRoy takes time out for a moment's consultation with his script-girl before raking the quarter-deck with a broadside of color cameras. The freebooters are a comely lot, they being the chorus for a café scene in "Playing Around." This is a picture story by Viña Delmar, author of "Bad Girl"

They dared Officer Kane to play

.. and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it and—lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel.

"I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well what's goin' on in here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace!

"Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all — playin' that canned music — can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one — that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer, and as he sat down at the

piano, everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first rollicking notes of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they applauded long and loudly, "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast, "How did you ever learn so quickly?" "When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evenin' I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

"There were no tiresome scales or tedious exercises either. With these simple lessons I played real pieces almost from the start. Now I'm playin' classical numbers or jazz, havin' the time of my life."

* * *

This is not the story of just one isolated case. Over half a million people have learned to play by this simple method. You, too, can learn this easily understood way. Even if you don't know one note from another you'll grasp it in no time. First it *tells* you how to do a thing—then it *shows* you how in pictures—then you do it yourself and hear it.

You teach yourself—right at home—without any uninteresting finger exercises, tedious scales or other humdrum methods.

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how practical this course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have Free. They show how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by note in less than half the time and at a fraction of the cost of old slow methods. The Booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

So if you really want to learn to play—if you want a host of friends—to be popular—write for this Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson.

Don't delay—act at once—fill in and mail the coupon below today—no obligation whatever.

(Instrument supplied if desired, cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

U. S. School of Music
601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

..... Have You Instrument?. . .

Name. .

Address

City. . . State . . .

Manatt

The Hot-Water TAP

This is the name of a dance that Bessie Love and these two young men with snaredrums instead of ear-drums perform in a musical movie now in preparation, "Road Show." It looks as if Bessie will never again be seen in any rôle but that of a show-girl, so long as she continues to portray it so well. And that probably will be indefinitely

make this your winter of SUPREME LOVELINESS through PRINCESS PAT

Lupe Velez, famous screen beauty, registers delight—the rouge is Princess Pat. At the left Lupe is seen applying Princess Pat Cream (skin food). Her gesture very aptly suggests the caress of this marvelous cream.

Make-Up and Skin Care Are So Important

Winter . . . cold, nipping winds, pastimes that take you in and out of doors . . . zestful, brimful days of shopping, of dances, of pleasure, but *so* hard upon your skin . . . so disastrous to the very beauty upon which your social success and keenest enjoyment depends.

And winter brings your beauty to closest inspection . . . places you under the brilliant lights of the ballroom . . . the contacts of your bridge game . . . all the countless hours of indoor pleasures. Yet notice how different are the complexions you see — some beautifully soft and velvety, some roughened and hardly smoothed to a semblance of beauty. Just chance? Not likely, for the smart, sophisticated woman of today leaves nothing to chance.

Princess Pat Beauty Aids Guard Your Skin and Give You Supreme Loveliness

Just the soothing caress of Princess Pat powder *helps wonderfully*. Its famous almond base, of course, protects against winter's winds and cold. Not a bit like the usual powders of *starch base*. Instead of harshness — when the skin is drawn with cold — Princess Pat almond base powder gives smoothness and pliancy. It protects the pores. And when you go out of doors — go from hot to cold — there is not the same shock to your skin.

Then there is Princess Pat Rouge. It, too, has a base of precious almond. 'Tis a further protection to your skin to use this most fashionable — and most flattering — of all rouges. You'll love Princess Pat Rouge, for no other rouge can possibly glorify your natural beauty as does Princess Pat. Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret "duo-tone" process. Consequently — where old fashioned rouges are dull, flat and artificial, Princess Pat Rouge is alive and glowing with *more than natural beauty*. Seven significant shades, including *Summer*tan and Nite.

Another (and very important) beautifying touch is Princess Pat Lip Rouge. It colors the inside surface of the lips, too, and is of such perfect consistency and such ideal color that the true Cupid bow lip is yours without fail. You cannot imagine — but must *experience* — the effect to know how beautiful your lips can be made.

And, of course, creams! There are the three Princess Pat creams to keep your skin smooth and pliant during the most severe trials of winter weather.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base powder, rouge and lip rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set— SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 51-C Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) .....

Street .....

City and State

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Valentino's Unknown Love

(*Continued from page 59*)

up when the girl I told you about called me. I hadn't seen her, as I told you, for three years. She said she was thinking of me and wondered if I were still in the city. Here's her name and number."

I called immediately. Mrs. Fraley came right over.

"How did you happen to call my friend at that moment?"

"I was sitting in my front room. My little girl was at my feet. The radio was on. Suddenly, I remembered the days in Pasadena. I got to thinking of Rudy. I could almost see him. I recalled I had told your friend about him. I felt as if I must talk to somebody. I wondered if she were still in town. I called her."

Weird? Unnatural? Gruesome?

It happened.

She Had Danced With Him

SHE told me the name of his dancing partner. She had dinner with me. She talked—this Kitty Phelps, who had been introduced to Rudolph Valentino by Harold Lloyd and Mal St. Clair at one of the former night clubs in Los Angeles. Now extinct. She danced with him. He asked her if she would like to do exhibition dancing.

The following day he went to Pasadena and, without introduction or recommendation or a trial-performance, secured a position in the Maryland. The woman who gave him his chance, who believed in him from intuition rather than knowledge, now has an art shop in Laguna Beach, California.

Three days to prepare costumes. He designed hers. He took her to the dressmaker, saw that the gown was properly fitted. He supervised personally the sewing on of the ribbons, the multitude of ribbons in every rainbow color, on the great sleeves which he had designed for her.

They danced. The society women crowded to the edge of the floor. They broke over the boundaries. They swooped down upon the pair when they were finished. Valentino was launched in California as an entertainer.

Launched as an entertainer for women. The first step toward glory. I pieced this story from the words of his dancing partner, the telephone girl, others.

There was a French woman. A woman of wealth, social position. Her home became a salon to honor the new fad among women. Her car became his, her purse seemed at his disposal.

But to the dancing partner, the telephone girl, the others, he was the same wistful boy who had secured his position as an alternative to starving.

He began to haunt the studios by day while he danced and was the lord of other people's manors by night. He used big, high-powered cars in his search for his turn in filmdom. Those of the French woman, those of Mrs. J. Cudahy, mother of Michael; and others.

Meeting Mae Murray

HE secured a small part, a part as an Italian peasant because his make-up was most typical of the rôle, at Universal. He met Mae Murray. He played in her next picture. Another step was taken.

To know Valentino was not a Hollywood honor at this time. He was—to the picture people—a gigolo, before that term was invented.

Jean Acker had won a suit against a transit company. She drove a big car. He married Jean Acker. Another step? He believed it.

Three weeks later he was dancing at the Hollywood Hotel, in that day to Hollywood what the Roosevelt Hotel is today. He saw a girl. A beautiful creature with long curls and the face of a child who had not learned the way of men and of women. He asked for an introduction.

Katherine Lewis is one of the few women who really knew Rudolph Valentino. To him she was Tina, to her he was the kindest person that she has ever known. You have never heard of her because to commercialize

This portrait of Katherine Lewis is one she had taken expressly and only for Rudolph Valentino. It presents her in the light in which he was wont always to regard her, both before and after his marriage to Natacha Rambova

that friendship is sacrilege in her estimation. As a friend, not a writer, she has let me see his letters, has talked to me about him. I am betraying that knowledge but I think she will forgive me. I am doing it in the interest of showing the other side—the side the public never knew — of Rudolph Valentino.

She did not attend the memorial service. She sat at home and re-read his letters. She did not go where death was commemorated; she remained with the memory which is living.

For six months after that introduction she did not see him. He was a married man. But he telephoned her daily. Then she saw him. Daily. Long walks, long rides, long talks about life.

"Tina, I wish I could put you in a glass cage where the world could never reach you.

"Tina, when I am with you I know I am not bad.

Protecting Tina

"I LIKE my women all good or all bad, but I prefer them all good."

At parties, when cigarettes were passed, before she could utter either an acceptance or a rejection, "Tina does not smoke." A few moments later, "Tina does not drink."

I repeat, no one knew him—among women—as did Tina. When he went to New York in 1920, the trip which resulted in "The Four Horsemen," it was to her that he sent back letters. I have read them. The letters of a man to a maid, the one maid who ornaments the one pedestal for every man in existence.

I slipped one of those letters from her home. I hope she forgives me. It was the first he wrote after his arrival in the cold city. It is dated February 10, 1920.

"*My darling Tina, New York and I are saying hello to you and in saying that I am looking at your picture on my writing desk . . . I shall come back to California and you and I miss both terribly." A long description of the cold and the snow, the Ritz, in New York City. Regards to each specific member of her family. Ambitions for success in New York City. "And lots of love. Your Rudy.*"

Then he married Natacha Rambova.

Tina and Rudy remained friends, friends who seldom saw one another. But friends. Possibly because they had never been lovers and yet had loved one another.

The last time she saw him was at the Montmartre, three days before his fatal trip to New York City. She was with five other girls.

"Come on, Tina. Spend this afternoon with me."

"I can't, Rudy. I'm going to the beach with the girls."

"Oh, come on, Tina."

"You can come with us."

"What! Me with six women? Never. Please, Tina"

The Last Good-Bye

THE pleading which seldom failed with women. He took her down to the car. As he helped her in, "Well, good-bye, little Tina. I am leaving for New York. Always be a very, very good girl, Tina."

She turned pale. "What is the matter, Katherine? You look as though you were going to faint. What did Rudy say to you?"

She shook her head. She was not surprised when news of his death reached her. The only regret she holds of her friendship with Valentino, is that she did not spend that last afternoon with him. Many steps during this time. But she did not see them. To her he was always a man, never a hero.

She told me of Paul Ivanhoe, a man who was as intimate with Valentino as any man living. Yet his name, too, had not been mentioned in stories. Paul Trovbetzkoi, the Russian sculptor, introduced them at Palm Springs. Valentino became a guest of Paul Ivanhoe's at his desert home. His stories are those told by host, roommate and a long-time intimate acquaintance.

Stories have said that Valentino met June Mathis in Chicago and that she gave him "The Four Horsemen." Mr. Ivanhoe says that a friend—he believes it was Mrs. Cudahy—gave Rudy "The Four Horsemen" to read on the train. Although Rudy did not read often, he read this. When he heard it was to be made in pictures, he sought a position as a tango dancer in it.

"Where you been all the time?" they asked him. June Mathis was one who asked

(*Continued on page 95*)

I'll Give You Magnetic Power in 24 Hours—*Or No Cost!*

I'LL give you the secret of magnetic power that attracts new friends—

I'll tell you how to attain greater popularity—

I'll lay before you secrets that influence the minds of men and women, enabling you to make them do what you want them to do—

I'll show you the magnetic secrets that make people dominant, forceful personalities—

I'll explain how successful men dominate situations—

I'll give you the magnetic secrets that have won quick and conspicuous success in every field of endeavor—

And I'll show you how to apply these secrets of magnetism in just 24 hours or I don't want a cent of your money.

That's my unconditional guarantee! I don't care how colorless your personality is—how lacking you are in the qualities of leadership—how timid and self-conscious you may be. Unless Shaftesbury's famous secrets of personal magnetism give you new magnetic powers within twenty-four hours—*you don't pay a cent!*

Results in 24 hours

Shaftesbury's secrets will show you how the minds of others may be swayed—how to appear always at your best—how to dominate situations through the force of personality.

You can't expect life to bring you success when your entire attitude invites failure. You can't expect to rise to glorious heights of achievement when you are shackled by fear and worry and self-consciousness.

The moment you read Shaftesbury's secrets of personal magnetism you can apply them. The fetters that have held you down are struck off. You are FREE. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed unsurmountable—you will toss aside timidity and awkwardness—you will feel your powers vastly increased.

Shaftesbury's methods of personal magnetism should enable you to acquire individuality—show you how to acquire a vibrant charming voice, a more fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality—can give you.

Personal magnetism is not limited to a fortunate few—it is Nature's gift to every man and woman! You need only release the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities to become the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

NOW *only* $1.98

With Special Free Examination Privilege

Here is your opportunity to own the complete and authentic "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for almost HALF THE PRICE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

Hundreds of thousands gladly paid $5.00 and more to learn the secrets of personal magnetism described in this great book. More than 300,000 copies of this famous book were purchased at the price of $3.00. And now you can secure this same fascinating course in "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for only $1.98.

Only $1.98 for these sound principles of developing new money-making power! Only $1.98 for this *proved* method of acquiring new poise and confidence! Surely everyone interested in achieving the things he wants most in life—in developing a magnetic, success-compelling personality will want to possess the astounding secrets of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism."

But remember! This is a limited offer, and we urge you to act *Now*. Let us send you "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" at the special low price of $1.98. As you realize, this just about pays for the cost of printing, advertising and distributing this remarkable 400-page book. Bound in handsome dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed—this remarkable volume is a beautiful, valuable addition to any library.

But you will be the sole judge of this wonderful value. Mail the coupon. "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" will be sent at once. When the book arrives deposit with the postman only $1.98, plus a few cents postage, *in full payment*. Keep the book for 5 days. Read it. Enjoy it. Profit by it. If you are not delighted at the end of that time return the book—and your money will be instantly refunded. Begin *today* to enjoy the benefits of personal magnetism. Ralston University Press, Dept. 46-W, Meriden, Conn.

Ralston University Press,
Dept. 46-W, Meriden, Conn.

Please send me a copy of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." I agree to pay the postman only $1.98 plus a few cents postage upon receiving the book. If I am dissatisfied I may return the book within 5 days and have my money refunded without cost or obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If apt to be out when postman calls enclose $1.98 with order and save the small C.O.D. fee. Same money back guarantee applies.

Woman—By the Great Lovers of the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

demandingly and insatiably none the less.

"A woman who does not make the chase worth the capture, who does not give the thrill of victory many times repeated—well, she is often the unwanted woman.

"The physical is, of course, the basis of all attraction. But men like to pride themselves on the belief that they have conquered the mental as well as the physical. It complicates the triumph. It makes it more difficult and more delicate.

"To be really fascinating to me a woman does not need to be beautiful. She does not need to be green and young.

"Beauty is a drug on the market. It is so easy for a woman to be beautiful—so hard to be interesting. Moreover I know that I, for one, see only beauty in the woman I love.

Physical Appeal Is Cheap

"PHYSICAL appeal is the basic foundation of the attraction of woman for man. For me, for any man. But the mental appeal should be the deciding factor. So many women are physically appealing. It is so cheap a commodity. So few strike that colorful mental chord. The only chord that binds—and holds.

"A woman with a mind, with mental color, promises infinite fields of exploration. Her charm never ceases. Her surprises need never end. She is never just one person. She is never without an unfolding mystery. She may be a tragedy to a man but she will never be a bore. Never without the power to enchant, never without the power to—wound.

"By the sheer force of intelligence a woman can make herself physically attractive to men.

"I believe that wifehood is a profession. Too many women believe that with the marriage vows their job has ended. It has only just begun.

"Marriage is not a game. It is a business. The most important business in life for both a man and a woman.

"Honesty is the basis of successful marriage. Honesty of purpose, of relationship, of understanding. When deceit and dishonesty enter in, marriage is a sham and destined to destruction.

"People ask me about the single standard—what I think, what I believe. I believe that women should be free—as free as the men who cannot hold them. If a man is not man enough, male enough, to hold a woman, he is up against something he cannot fight against. There is no use in trying.

Bewildering American Girls

"WHEN I first came to this country, the American woman bewildered me. I was puzzled and confused by their freedom of thought, of speech and of action. I didn't know whether I was attracted—or the reverse.

"Now—now I know what I feel about them: a genuine admiration. They are so individual in their personalities—the ones who are not what you call your flappers. They are so free, so independent. And that very independence, that very freedom gives them the attraction of which I spoke in the beginning—the attraction of the chase, the thrilling pursuit, the more thrilling capture.

"When you capture an American woman, it is a definite triumph.

"For, over here, a woman does not need to marry a man for any but one reason—because she loves him as he loves her. Because she wants him as he wants her.

"You do not feel that the American woman is accepting you through any ulterior motive. She is able to make her own money. She is not afraid to lead her own life, a manless life. It is a coming together of man and woman on equal terms. The only terms that count.

"So long as the independent woman does not lose her femininity she is the most attractive woman in the world.

"I could never love, for instance, the woman with the boy's figure. The masculine dress and pose, the type who drives a car with a cigarette drooping from her mouth and a baby drooping from one arm. There is something unnatural, something wrong about that type. They are neither one thing nor the other. They have sacrificed their appeal to their freedom. A stupid thing to do.

To Be Feminine Is Wise

"A WOMAN should be, should do whatever she chooses to be and do, but the clever woman will be a woman under any and all conditions.

"I believe that woman's intelligence is equal to man's—but different. There has been considerable debate and discussion on this subject, I know. It has always seemed a futile argument to me. There is no question of one being either inferior or superior to the other. It is, in the last analysis, an individual matter. But taking it by and large, I believe women to be of equal mental weight—but different.

"I believe, too, that women make as fine, as loyal and as dependable friends as men do. I would trust a woman as I would trust a man. I would rely on a woman's friendship, on her coming through, on her loyalty. And I do not believe that all friendships between men and women need to be complicated by sex.

"I do not want to be known as a great lover of the screen.

"I am not one. I never can be one. I prefer to wear a beard to a doublet and hose. No man can be a lover all the time. If he is, he is a pathological case.

"So far as women are concerned, I am two different people. The man on the screen. And the real Asther.

His Rôles Not Himself

"I TRY not to confuse my two personalities. I know that the letters I receive from women fans—and they are women of all ages—are not meant for the real me. They are meant for the man who walks on the screen and plays his several parts. The sort of letters I receive are always dictated by the part I have played. They are written to my character of the hour and not to me

"I used to worry over these letters when I was young enough and foolish enough to take them for personal flattery, for personal emotion. Now I realize that they are a tribute to my work and I treasure them as such. They are little signals that women, the world over, are reaching out for that mystic symbol which they can never reach.

"European women and American women, women from East to West, are the same at heart. The little surface mannerisms and customs are the only differences and even these are being ironed away. For Europe is becoming Americanized.

"Many things change, alter, shift and ebb, but I believe that man and woman—and love—and birth and death remain inflexibly and immutably the same, in every land, in every age.

"And as for me, like all men, like Solomon himself, I will doubtless go on wondering about women, to the end."

After all... it's the little personal gifts that count

This year—include the giftiest of gifts—

Colleen Moore Perfume

Colleen Moore Powder

Both tucked into a gift box of moderne art.

A feminine gift as dainty as the little star for whom it was named.

Only 89c—if bought in December.*

Exclusively from drug stores displaying this sign

AGENCY
FOR THE OWL DRUG CO. PRODUCTS

Colleen Moore Lip Stick—in the new dress—is now ready.

THE OWL DRUG CO.

New York San Francisco Chicago

*Mail orders add 10c for postage and packing.

BRAND NEW
GENUINE Model 3
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now!

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included Special Xmas Package

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 21

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my $2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

Employed by _____

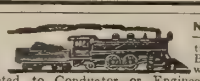
For Christmas...

Give a Subscription to

MOTION PICTURE

See pages 85 and 109

Men for Railroads



Nearest their homes — everywhere — to train for Firemen, Brakemen. Average wages $150 — $200 monthly. Promoted to Conductor or Engineer—highest wages on railroads. Also clerks.

RAILWAY EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, Dept. D-82, BROOKLYN, N. Y

What Her Every Fan Should Know

(*Continued from page 33*)

feminine with a boy's cut, on account of the clothes in which Mr. De Mille would dress me. I would prove that a woman could be feminine merely through clothes. I did, too.

One of the most constant questions was, "Is Hollywood really wild?" I told them the truth. We have fewer night clubs than any other city in the country. We are one of the hardest working centers in the world. During silent pictures we worked all day and slept all night. During talkies we work both night and day. I told them the difficulty of getting up a party in Hollywood. You ask dozens and dozens of people to get one dozen. "I can't come; I'm working." There's scarcely a player in the city who does not refuse to go to parties when he is working. It is one of our definite customs.—I don't know whether they believed me or not. At least, it didn't stop those that wanted to come to Hollywood.

That last—wanting to come to Hollywood—was a bit pitiful. I wish I could tell you about all the offers I had for free help. Boys who wanted to be my chauffeurs, girls who wanted to be my maids. They were willing to do anything, anything, just to get their carfare out here and have the assurance of a place to eat and sleep until they could secure something in the movies. And everyone wanted to know how to get into the movies. I could neither discourage nor encourage. If I discouraged I did not know but that I would deter someone with talent, a person with the real persistence to succeed. Many of us started as extras. Nor could I encourage because I would not know but that I was tempting somebody to starvation.

And What About John?

"DID they ask you about John Gilbert?" I interposed this question several times while Leatrice was talking. She avoided it adroitly on several occasions. Once she said, "I do not like to talk on this question." But, finally, probably because I seemed determined to sit in her library until she gave me an answer, she told exactly what had happened.

About John; yes. I had to change my song three times because they thought I was singing about him. My first was, "I'd Rather Be Blue Thinking of You." People insisted I was being blue thinking of John. I shifted to "If You Are Happy With Somebody Else." They were certain I was thinking of him and Greta Garbo. The third time I tried, "I'm Crazy About You." It had a line in it, "Just imagine that he's here" and they thought I was standing up there imagining him in the audience while in reality I was thinking about the spotlight which was worrying my left eye or what place I should pick on the stage for my next number. My accompanist, Mildred, and myself would walk from one music store to another searching for a song which would do away with this question but it was no use. Anything I sang they thought it was in John's honor. Mildred really had more of those sort of questions than I did. She would come back and say, "How will I answer them? Everyone thinks that song expresses your sentiments for Mr. Gilbert." And the letters that were sent to me on the trip did the same thing.

A Shield of Temperamentalism

ANOTHER persistent question that people asked Mildred was, "Is she temperamental?" Mildred fell into the habit of saying "Yes; terribly." It was her protection for me. When they wanted me to appear at a luncheon, a dinner, and answer questions, she'd say, "But I don't dare ask her; she's so temperamental." I gave her permission to do it. We always crave a reputation for what we are not. And certainly, I could not accept all the invitations, so it was better to accept none.

As for autographing—I never realized so many people had autograph albums. Books with my picture already in it. The pictures of all the stars for that matter. They'd send back programs, hold up their cuffs—anything. It was certainly surprising and proved the interest of the world in the movies.

I had never seen "The Bellamy Trial." They showed it to me in Milwaukee. The people waited outside to ask me how I liked myself in my first talkie. I told them the truth, "I was on the screen quite a long while before I knew it was myself talking." And I meant it. At first I couldn't believe it was I and then I sort of catalogued the players: No. 1 is so and so; No. 2 is somebody else, No. 3 is I. I was perfectly honest to the public as to how I felt about it.

I was surprised at the interest shown in Lois Wilson. Her talkies had been in practically every city and the people simply bombarded me with questions about her. I think I was asked more questions about her than anyone else in the business, which showed that those early talkies did make a great impression.

In Milwaukee the questions were about Lon Chaney, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard. It is Ben's home town. They wanted every little detail about Ruth and Ben's marriage. Although Lon Chaney does not come from here, the population is largely German and they are wild about his heavy type of interpretations. He is undoubtedly their favorite. He was doing snow scenes near Milwaukee while I was there. They tried to keep it a secret. The snow was so heavy that he couldn't get down to see me or I couldn't get up to see him, but the snow would not have stopped the natives from rushing to him.

Little Leatrices

"WILL you marry again?" was another of the persistent questions. I always answered in the same way. "I said I would never wear short skirts, but you see I am wearing them."

And the babies! In one city a mother brought her Leatrice Joy to sit in a box. She would jump up and yell, "I am Leatrice Joy, too. I am named after you." She very nearly spoiled my act for that performance. I had little lockets made up which were engraved, "To Leatrice Joy from Leatrice Joy," and gave them away to my little namesakes in each city.

Presents? Here, let me show you. This scarf—isn't this painting of my head on the corner simply gorgeous?—was sent behind stage to me. This cartoon was another. You know my act was about a soldier who died in my arms. This cartoon is a take off on it. And candy! I never had so much home-made fudge in my life. It took me back to the days when I used to make it for all my pet friends. Handkerchiefs, hose, lingerie; some of the most beautiful hand-worked lingerie I have ever seen.

I found that with the exception of Lois Wilson, many of the pioneers in the talkies had suffered. I explained that the early pictures featuring May McAvoy and Dolores Costello and others were mechanically imperfect and their voices could not be judged at all by their first talking pictures. All pioneers must suffer. The early ones in the Gold Rush to California, to Alaska, they paid the penalty. Just so in the talkies.

Valentino's Unknown Love

(*Continued from page 90*)

him. He secured the lead. Three hundred and fifty dollars a week. Twenty seven suits required in the picture. He ordered them in New York, then sent back the money as he could. They were forwarded to him one at a time as he could pay for them.

The longest step of all—this trip to New York City.

Rudy and Natacha left from Paul Ivanhoe's home at Palm Springs to be married in Mexicali. Mr. Ivanhoe did not go to the wedding. He did not approve of the marriage.

The Fight with Gilbert

HE denies that Rudolph Valentino, at least until the very finale of his life, believed in the psychic. He was interested in eating and sleeping. He had little nervous energy and sleep was an essential.

In 1920, Douglas Gerrard, Emmet Flynn, Walter McGrail, Jack Gilbert—who was playing small parts at Fox—and Mr. Ivanhoe went to the latter's home at Palm Springs. Rudy was always teasing his friends.

"I have just made a picture which will make me the most famous man in the world," he laughingly chided John Gilbert. He had not seen the picture.

Jack resented the statement. They argued. They fought.

The picture he had just finished was "The Four Horsemen."

While he made it he lived in the simple, unpretentious Formosa apartments.

Later, with a salary of twelve hundred a week and a drawing power estimated to be worth twelve thousand, he purchased a home in Whitley Heights. Natacha Rambova lived in it. Valentino lived with Ivanhoe on Fairfield. Then, Falcon Lair.

Story upon story. Reminiscence upon reminiscence. From a boy who designed his dancing partner's gown to a man surrounded, besieged, and possibly befuddled by fame-worshipers. Bad advice. Bad investments. Carried away on a storm cloud which moved faster than his mind could follow. Worshiped and despised, loved and envied.

Paul Ivanhoe was in Hollywood but did not go to Rudolph Valentino's funeral. "There were perhaps six present who loved him; there were many more who were glad he was dead and out of the competition."

His Aim in Sculpture

HE did not attend the memorial service. He looked over the thousand—yes, thousand—snapshots they had taken together. I have seen them.

There is a memorial to Rudolph Valentino which few know about. The statue of three soldiers in Westlake Park. The right hand figure. The arm is that of Valentino. Paul Trovbetzkoi used Valentino's arm, which was perfect.

The only statue. This arm to commemorate dead soldiers.

"The Four Horsemen" was shown the other evening at Marion Davies's charity revival of famous films. The public laughed. Rudy's technique was so old-fashioned.

The greatest of them all. The most worshiped, the most bewildered. Two friends who mourned at home. A few others. Douglas Gerrard. George Ullman. The brother who came from Italy and has the same blood coursing through his veins.

From Pasadena to Falcon Lair. From Falcon Lair to—where?

Steps of fame lead but to the grave.

"What has changed him?"

MARRIED five years. Good pals, real companions... until lately. What has made the change?

In many cases these marital tragedies are caused by the wife's unconscious disregard of that intimate phase of her toilette known as feminine hygiene.

"Lysol" Disinfectant has been relied upon by women for 40 years, for this critical purpose. No woman need make mistakes. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" today—the directions with each bottle give correct, specific advice and simple rules.

And send the coupon below for our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It is a woman physician's frank message to women.

Lysol Disinfectant

Warning. Extravagant claims are being made for so-called modern, non-poisonous antiseptics. Your own doctor will tell you that. Some are virtually useless. After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol" — and today the world uses seven million gallons a year.

Copyright 1926, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 355 Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Soothe and smooth skin cares away

WARD off the ill effects of winter weather on face and hands by using Riker's Ilasol or Lemon Cocoa Butter Lotion. These two cooling, healing lotions give the skin a silken smoothness . . . are absorbed readily and do not clog the pores. Sold only at Rexall Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE WITH SAFETY AT YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHAIN OF INDIVIDUALLY OWNED DRUG STORES

Odd Shots

(*Continued from page 39*)

Smoke and Plenty Fire

REPORTS of stormy weather unconnected with barometric pressure come from the Hersholt-Velez company shooting scenes in Florida. It seems the trouble started before the company left, when Lupe struck an attitude in front of Jean and demanded that he walk his nasty cigar off her set pronto. Jean, so onlookers report, trembled with anger. "Listen, my girl," said he, "I've blown my smoke in better faces than yours." And then they went on from there.

His New Idea

COMING BACK from a Hollywood party the other night, we passed the limp figure of a famous scenario writer in rumpled evening clothes propped against a tree in Laurel Canyon. As we went by, he opened his eyes. "Goo' ev'nen'," said he. "Do you know what I got a good mine do? I got a good mine go somewhere and get drunk."

What About the Other Half?

OVERHEARD at another party: The host was explaining how to mix the cocktails he was serving. "You see, it's like this," said he. "You put in one third orange juice and the other third gin."

And Them, Too

"I THINK," said Rudy Vallèe to a local reporter, "that I rather like to have girls put their arms around me. It gives me rather a thrill."

Brother to Brother

AT THE OPENING of "The Gold-Diggers" the other night the lobby was decorated with the customary baskets of flowers signifying good wishes for the success of the undertaking. But the attached cards told a pathetic story. "From Jack to Harry—Success" they read, "Best Wishes from Harry to Albert," "Greetings From Albert to Harry and Jack," "Good Luck from Harry to Jack," "Love from Jack to Albert." Harry and Jack and Albert are the Warner Brothers. By the way, Mama and Papa Warner celebrated their fifty-third wedding anniversary the other day.

The Parenthetical Bull

BULL MONTANA, the cave-man of the films, has been married again. Or perhaps he's just been married. When Bull displayed a black eye last year, it was taken for granted he had a wife. The wedding invitations read that the parents of the bride, Mary Paulson, announced (in correctly engraved form) the wedding of their daughter Mary to Mr. Louis (Bull) Montana.

English and English

NOW THERE are translators employed at the studios, to render American into English, understandable to British ears. In Reginald Denny's "No, No, Napoleon," two versions are being made, one for England and one for America. Thus "A nut factory, eh?" becomes in the British version, "A mad-house, eh?" and "I've been framed" is translated into English "This is a put-up job."

Couldn't She Say "No?"

VIRGINIA CHERRILL fell on a gravel walk recently and ingrained the palm of her hand with gravel. She was threatened with lockjaw and treated with serum immediately. A few days after this item in the newspapers comes the additional information that she is engaged to Buster West, the Broadway actor. Was it, one wonders, because he thought she had lockjaw that he proposed?

Those Make-Up Experts!

OLIVER HARDY, the plump member of the team of Laurel and Hardy, and his wife have been reconciled. One of Mrs. Hardy's early complaints in her suit was the charge that Hardy "had been in too close proximity to persons using powder and other cosmetics."

Meet the Diplodocus

THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLICISTS, a firm which gets publicity in wholesale lots, breaks out with this announcement apropos of a prop figure of a prehistoric animal used in a picture directed by a client: "The diplodocus had fourteen tons displacement, a stern demeanor, a falsetto voice and other effeminate characteristics."

Clara Makes Sure

CLARA BOW is said to have bought a gold mine. Evidently gold digging isn't what it once was in Hollywood.

Post-Contractual Pleasantries

AT THE CONCLUSION of the signing of a recent talkie contract the producer leaned back in his chair and regarded the Broadway star maliciously. "Now that it's over, and you're all signed up, I might as well confess to you," said he, "that I would have paid you a thousand a week more if you had insisted." The Broadway player smiled too, "And now that it is all over," said he, "I might as well tell you that you could have had me for a thousand a week less."

Dumping Inessentials

WHEN THE *Graf Zeppelin* passed over the high-powered electric wires so closely that the world drew a startled breath, Will Rogers was equal to the occasion. Nothing feazes Will. "They lightened the Zepp," said he, "by throwing overboard six typewriters and three radio announcers."

Chile Con Blarney

THE AMBASSADOR from Chile was recently entertained at Universal with a formal luncheon. "Know who's here today?" inquired one studio employee of another. "Sure," replied the second studio employee. "A fellow from the Ambassador, eating Chile with Mr. Laemmle."

The Voice of the Dead

NOTHING MORE dramatic has ever been pictured in the films than the recent collapse of Ronald Colman's mother on seeing her son on the screen in "Bulldog Drummond," hearing his voice for the first time in eight years, and her subsequent death. Gladys Brockwell's last picture, completed just before her tragic death in an automobile accident, is being shown in Los Angeles at the present time; and every evening in the audience, no matter where the picture is shown is a black-clad figure—Gladys Brockwell's mother come to listen to her dead daughter's living voice. A strange world we live in. And it is a question whether science lightens grief and dulls loneliness or increases them.

Right Smart Apin'

VIRGINIA SALE overheard two Illinois neighbors discussing her famous brother on a recent visit home. "Old man Sale's boy, Chic, is doing well on the stage they

tell me," said one. "Yeah?" said the other, "Doin' what?" "Apin' folks."

Teaming Up

NILS ASTHER, so they say in Hollywood, is going to marry the Duncan sisters.

Big-Timers, They Are

"WHAT RÔLE would you like to play?" the producer asked the star. "Well," said the star who had dramatic yearnings, "Do you know 'The Brothers Karamazov'?"

"Sure I do," replied the producer. "Let's see, ain't they playing the Orpheum this week?"

Richman Reforms

OVERHEARD at the opening of Al Jolson's picture, "Say It With Songs": Clara Bow was introduced to the radio audience as she entered the theater, then Harry Richman took the mike. "Folks," said Harry, "I want to pay my respects to Al Jolson. I think all the great stars should pay their respects to this great entertainer." And that's what being engaged to Clara has done for Harry.

Second-Hand Interviews

WILLIAM POWELL is indignant. He is through with interviewers. He is hurt. In the last month six interviewers have sought to do a story with Bill; and when he prepared to listen to questions about how he got where he is today and to what he attributes his success, they all began to ply him with queries about Ronald Colman. Bill is Ronnie's best friend and all that, but he has a right to consider himself something of an actor, and well—he's through with interviews about Colman.

Begging for Beatings

LAST YEAR there was a certain very rough and ready writer in Hollywood, whose stories about the stars in a fashionable big national magazine panned them unmercifully, exposing their pasts, and tearing their presents to pieces. Yet the stars begged for interviews from this tramp author. We hear that one small star of blameless life offered him five thousand dollars to write a scathing "exposé" of her, and was bitterly disappointed because he couldn't, for lack of material.

The Caged Goldfish

A LOCAL newspaper woman quotes a communication from Jack Gilbert regarding the gossip about his separation from Ina as follows: "Why can't they let us be human beings? Why must we be looked on as goldfish in cages?" It sounds very uncomfortable for the goldfish, at any rate.

Alice Is Ailing

ALICE WHITE announces her engagement to Sidney Bartlett, New York stage actor. We are very much worried for fear Alice is going refined. She used to be a joy to interviewers—spontaneous, vivid, frank. But the other day we suggested an angle for what is known among fan magazines as a hot story, quite appropriate for a hot mama like Alice, and she raised her eyebrows and drawled, "Oh, deah, do you think that is quite—ah—ladylike?"

Eddie Is a Card

EDDIE QUILLAN gives these definitions of golf terms: Putter: The club with which the golfer misses the ball most frequently. Midiron: An innocent-looking stick used to knock the ball from out a pile of scrap iron. Brassie: A golf club used same as above but for brass. Tee: The beverage the golfer tells his wife was served in the locker-room after the game.

ARTISTS EARN MORE

WHY not train your ability along art lines, if you like to draw? Art is a vital part of today's business. Successful magazine and newspaper artists are making fine incomes. Advertisers and publishers are paying large sums annually to those who are trained in Modern Art.

Think of the money paid to artists for the illustrations in this magazine alone. A great many successful students of the Federal School of Illustrating are now making from $2500 to $6000 a year, some are making even larger incomes.

More than fifty famous artists . . . earning big money themselves . . . have contributed exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course. These successful artists know the way to make money through art. The Federal Course teaches you their methods of Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, Window Card Illustrating, etc. Through this course you can learn at home during your spare time.

While you are young and have the opportunity, why not train your talent for drawing? If you like to draw it may be your best opportunity for success in life.

TEST YOUR TALENT—FREE

Why be content with a small income at routine work if art training may offer larger possibilities? Write your name, age, and address on the coupon and get the Free Book, "A Road to Bigger Things" illustrated below. It gives details regarding the Federal Course in Illustrating and shows examples of our students' drawings. With it, you will receive our Free Vocational Art Test. Clip and sign this coupon now. It may be the beginning of an art career which will enable you to earn a good income.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

1090 Federal Schools Building :: :: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Federal School of Illustrating,
1090 Federal Schools Building,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Please send me free book "A Road To Bigger Things" and Standard Art Test.

*Name*_____

*Age*_____ *Occupation*_____

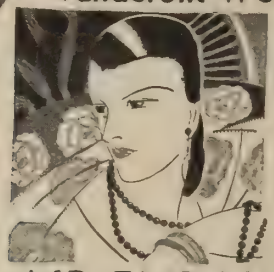
*Address*_____

Accept

From RIGAUD PARFUMEUR PARIS

FREE

The Parfum Used at Million Dollar Vanderbilt Wedding



UN AIR EMBAUMÉ

THAT you may know, by personal trial, why Mrs. Vanderbilt selected this rare *Rigaud* odeur for use at the wedding of her daughter Consuelo, *Rigaud-Paris* will send you a delightful purse size flacon of Un Air Embaumé.

The moment you remove the stopper you will know why the smartest women of New York and Paris have adopted it for its ravishing appeal—and why *Rigaud* has been appointed Parfumeur to his Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain, by Royal Decree.

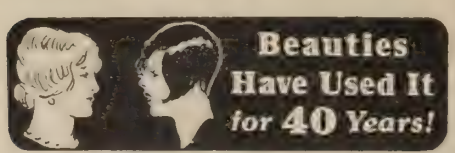
And when you touch Un Air Embaumé to your ears, neck and fingertips, you will at once sense how it youthfully enhances your charm and attractiveness.

Send coupon with 25¢ merely to cover cost of mailing, customs duty, etc. *Only one flacon to a person.*

Un Air Embaumé Parfum is reasonably priced at $1. to $10. at smart shops everywhere; also Poudre, Creams, Rouge, Lipstick, Bath Salts, Talcum, etc.

RIGAUD, *New York Salon*, 79 Bedford St., N. Y.
Please send me the purse-size flacon (about two weeks' supply). I enclose 25 cents, as per offer. I will purchase in future at my favorite shop.

Name.....
91
Address.....



All this time KREMOLA Face Cream has been the most cherished beauty secret of thousands of women — proving its wonderful power to beautify and "youthify" the skin. The woman who is young and beautiful should have it; and she who is past her prime *must* get its marvelous help in strengthening tissues, smoothing lines and whitening the skin. Because of the curative, purifying qualities Kremola is remarkably effective in Eczema and other skin troubles. At your dealer's, or sent postpaid by mail. Large package $1.25. Write for free book.

Kremola TRADE MARK *Makes the Skin Beautiful*

FREE *Beauty Book*

Dr. C. H. Berry Co.
2971 Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Motherless Martyrs

(*Continued from page 55*)

anything of the maternally repressed. Yet what other explanation could there be of that room full of toys and dolls, that is a nursery in every home she has had? Long before Joan could afford the luxury of a separate room for her dolls she collected them.

I remember when she shared a small apartment with her mother several years ago, at the beginning of her career, it was impossible to find a place to sit down without displacing a furry bear or a woolly dog or a curly doll. Many she had had since childhood. Others she had collected from toy departments because they just seemed to speak to her as she went by. I have never had the heart or the time to count her dolls, but I believe she told me there were two hundred and fifty of them. Since Joan married Dodo Fairbanks, she has repeatedly expressed her desire for a baby. "Not right away while things are going so well in pictures, but in a few years," she explains.

Other Martyrs

NOR is this mothering instinct confined to childless women, but even such stars as Gloria Swanson and Leatrice Joy, with youngsters of their own, find a two-or-three-cornered-family too small for their scope of mother love. And so they have adopted children to grow up with their own small daughters, because, while one child is a luxury of a career, two are practically an impossibility unless they are willing to sacrifice years in retirement as Alice Joyce did.

"I have known for a long time that I wanted another child—a little girl to grow up with my own child, Leatrice," explained Leatrice Joy. She has just adopted a little girl named Josephine. "Many of my friends said I was crazy to entertain the idea. 'It would be different if you didn't have a child of your own,' they advised, 'But do you think your baby will want to share your affection with a stranger's child?' They carefully pointed out that the risk is too great. There might be bad blood, the wrong instincts.

"I think that argument has kept more childless women from adopting children than any other. But how unjustly silly it is. How do you know what blood is in you? How am I to know but that one of my ancestors was hung by his neck for a crime against humanity? All I know is that I wanted to be the mother of another child. If it could not be my own, then another woman's.

"It isn't fair to deprive any child of the joy of companionship because your profession does not allow for a family. And the movies do not. Because my work kept me away from home so much, Leatrice was growing up under the constant supervision of a nurse or my mother or a friend. She wasn't playing the way children should play. So because I wanted her to have a little sister, as much as I wanted another little daughter, I went down to the Children's Hospital in Hollywood and adopted a little seven-year-old child named Josephine.

Hungry-eyed Orphans

"THE minute we walked into the dormitory each and every one of them stiffened to attention and stood waiting. They knew that I had come to choose one of them for a home. They know that when someone comes in it means going away to be loved and cared for. It reminded me of the pitiful hopefulness of an extra when a casting director appears at his window.

"All of a sudden a funny little towheaded girl came sliding down the stairs with a shoe off. She had been in such a hurry to get in the line-up that she hadn't had time to button her shoe. She flashed a funny little smile of apology and then, like the others, snapped to attention, her little body rigid and taut. Leatrice tugged at my arm and then went over and took Josephine by the arm. I knew then that the selection had been made. I asked the matron if I could borrow her for the day just to test this first attraction and observe how they played together.

"When we were out in my car again, I suggested that we all go to the beach for the day. I asked Josephine if she would like that. She looked as though she didn't know what I was talking about. 'Down by the water where you can play in the sand and wade,' I explained. But she shook her head. She was seven years old and had never seen that greatest of all pleasures for children—the water.

"My own little Leatrice kept clinging to her as though she was afraid the new find would vanish into thin air. She simply wouldn't let go of her. She was so sure we had permanently acquired Josephine that the first thing she asked was, 'What are you going to call my Mummy?' 'You are going to call me Mamma, aren't you?' I begged. 'Yes ma'am,' she replied. I could see the word trembled on her lips a couple of times, but she said 'Ma'am' instead.

Just Plain Heart-breaking

"THEY played around on the sand together for an hour or so before Leatrice could coax her into the water. 'Look,' said Leatrice, 'it won't hurt. Do as I do.' My new baby trembled but followed. I was so proud of her I could have screamed. And then people dare to doubt the blood of children! She went boldly on until the first wave hit her and then she came running back to me. 'Hold me,' she whispered, 'Mamma.'"

The eyes of Leatrice Joy were shining very brightly. "There was more happiness and real joy in that one word than any contract ever held for me," she said simply.

Two years before her death, the childless Barbara La Marr adopted a baby boy from a nursing home in Dallas, Texas, under similar circumstances. "He just held out his arms to me." She attempted to explain her unexplainable act. Those who knew Barbara as the orchid lady who loved and forgot, sniffed and wondered why she wanted to adopt a baby. But those who knew Barbara as a lonely woman knew that baby to be the great love in a life that had known a great many kinds of love.

After the death of Wallace Reid, when his wife knew that there would be no other children except their son Bill, a little girl was adopted to be a sister to him and to share the love of a woman who had mothered her husband for years.

Belle Bennett says she will adopt three children within the next year.

Margaret Livingston is paying for the education of three children and spends most of her time away from the studio in their company playing mother to their needs.

Esther Ralston has taken into her home two stepchildren and guided them as tenderly and with as much love as their mother could have done. "I love them as if they were my own," she says. "Being with them, taking them to picture shows and ice cream parlors means more to me than attending the most elaborate party."

Truly, the suppressed maternal instinct of Hollywood takes a noble shape and form when you stop to think it over.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

five feet six, weighs 125 pounds, black hair and eyes. Real name is **Appel.** You will see her next in **"Murder Will Out,"** starring **Jack Mulhall. Nancy Carroll "Flesh of Eve." Dorothy Mackaill "Strictly Modern," First National.** Toot, Toot.

A CHINA FAN.—Yes, I receive lots of inquiries from your country. I believe that was a real gorilla that was used in **Lon Chaney's** picture, **"The Unholy Three." Blanche Sweet,** the noted screen star, who has the stellar rôle in a two-reel **Vitaphone Variety, "Always Faithful,"** was the original screen *Tess* in **"Tess of the 'D'Urbervilles'"** and acted the title rôle in **"Anna Christie."**

RICHARD TUCKER FAN.—Your letter will reach **Mr. Tucker** at the **Warner Brothers Studios.** You may send me twenty-five cents for a photo of the late **Barbara La Marr.** Wish you lots of luck with your stage career. **Charles Rogers,** screen star, toured Europe with a college jazz band orchestra when he was a student at the **University of Kansas.**

HELEN.—John Boles was born in **Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1900.** He's married. You will see him next in **"La Marseillaise," Universal Studios. Nancy Carroll** started her theatrical and screen career by winning a prize in a local talent contest staged at one of the **Loew** theaters in **New York City.**

BUBBLES.—The only extras a man gets nowadays when buying a car is when they throw in the clutch. **Mary Brian** has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Real name is **Louise Dantzler. John Mack Brown,** black hair and brown eyes. He's about twenty-six years old and is married. **Jackie Coogan** was born **Oct. 26, 1914. Ken Maynard** is married to **Mary Leeper.**

A MOVIE FAN.—So, your weakness is **Ramon Novarro.** Yes, I have heard him sing and think his voice is great. He'll also sing in his new production, **"Devil May Care," Metro-Goldwyn. Philippe De Lacy** was born **July 25, 1917.** You're right about his parents. He is playing a rôle in **"The Marriage Playground," Paramount.**

ONE-ROUND HOGAN.—You're wrong, it was **Victor McLaglen's** brother **Clifford** who played the rôle you refer to in **"Skirts,"** starring **Syd Chaplin.** This was a **British International** picture released through **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**

A MOVIE FAN.—And still they come, but we're always glad to hear from you. **Dorothy Janis** was born **Feb. 19, 1910.** She is four feet eleven, weighs 94 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes. She has had no stage experience. Hobbies are music and dancing; she is very fond of old or unusual jewelry. Screen career consists of **"Fleetwing," "Kit Carson," "Humming Wires"** and **"The Pagan."** Real name **Dorothy Penelope Jones.**

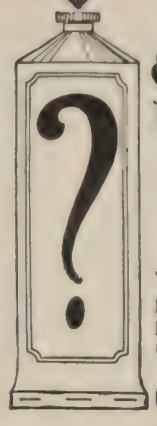
T.E.—David Lee is about five years old. **Dolores Del Rio** is not married. The funniest fellows in the world are those who don't know it. **Regis Toomey** was graduated from the philosophy department of the University of Pittsburgh. **Hal Skelly** once toured the country as a featured clown with the **Parker Carnival** and later with **Barnum and Bailey's circus.**

JUST ME.—I suppose between the radio and the call of the movies, the supper

NAME THIS WIN $1000.00 Cash

This Offer Open to Everyone

It makes no difference who you are or where you live, we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win $1,000.00—nothing else to do. Just write or print the name on any kind of paper. **Neatness does not count.**



Any Name May Win

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win. The names of people, flowers, trees, birds, etc., may be submitted for a name or you can send a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sun-gleam," "Youth-glow," etc., or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube, from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out. No bottle to break, leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. Nothing safer or more sanitary and convenient for travel. There is nothing more to do, simply the person sending the most suitable suggestion for a name will receive $1,000.00 in cash or, if prompt, $1,100.00 in all.

Nothing to Buy-Nothing to Sell

Win this $1,000.00 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1,000.00 and the extra $100.00 if prompt, **there is nothing to buy or sell.** Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. We are offering one hundred other big cash prizes ranging from $8,000.00 down as a part of our novel advertising plan to make the products of the Paris American Pharmacal Company better known. Everyone sending us a name for our shampoo, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given an opportunity to win the $8,000.00 first prize or one of the other one hundred cash prizes. The winner of the $1,000.00 cash prize ($1,100.00 in all if prompt) offered for a name for our shampoo may by participating in our other prize offers win an additional $8,000.00 or a total of $9,100.00. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose as it costs you nothing to send a name. Do it today. The very name you think least of may be the winner.

$100 EXTRA for PROMPTNESS

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100.00 for promptness, or $1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
S-808 McCune Bldg., DesMoines, Iowa

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

Date my suggestion is mailed.....

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE 6-821 FLATIRON BLDG. N. Y. C.

Charming—Captivating—Irresistible
DESIR D'AMOUR
(Love's Desire)
[illegible] MAGNUS WORKS Inc.
12 Varick Sta., New York, N. Y. Dept. M. P.-13

Clear-Tone Clears the Skin

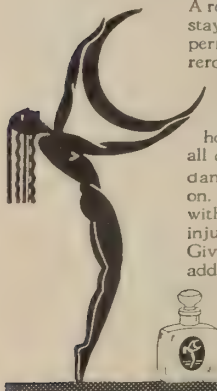
Clear-Tone is a penetrating, purifying lotion, used at night with astounding success to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, blackheads and other annoying, unsightly skin irritations due to external causes. More than one-half million persons have cleared their skins with Clear-Tone in the last 12 years. "Complexion Tragedies with Happy Endings", filled with facts supplied by Clear-Tone users sent Free on request. Clear-Tone can be had at your druggist—or direct from us. Givens Chemical Co., 2414 Southwest Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo.

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.
98¢
SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot any size and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, [illegible] guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.
Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send Free a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. A-930, Chicago, Ill.

Now You Can Rouge *Just Once a Day*



A remarkable new rouge, which stays on all day long, has been perfected. No more having to rerouge every few minutes! With Witching Moon Liquid Rouge, you prepare cheeks and lips before leaving home, and, whether you work all day, play golf or tennis, or dance all night, your rouge stays on. Yet it is quickly removed with soap and water—cannot injure the most delicate skin. Gives rosy, natural tint which adds to beauty. Try it for yourself. 50c a bottle—sent C. O. D.; or enclose 10c for sample. Silver Moon Co., Inc., 339 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La.

Witching Moon
LIQUID ROUGE

CORRECT your NOSE to shapely proportions—while you sleep!

Thousands have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely and painlessly. Doctors praise it. Results are lasting. Write for 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER and FREE BOOKLET.

Gold Medal Won 1923

ANITA INSTITUTE, 132 ANITA Bldg., Newark, N.J.

WIN HIM with Love Charm

Irrisistible and alluring perfumes were first used by the great Cleopatra in captivating her lovers. She knew their power and magic charm. Now you have the same opportunity—for with LOVE CHARM you can fascinate, and win the affections of the man you love. To prove to you the superiority of LOVE CHARM Perfume, we will send you a generous sample of this costly French formula absolutely FREE. Just send 10c today to cover cost of packing and postage. LOVE CHARM COMPANY, 4865 Easton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 109-A

GROCERIES at WHOLESALE and a Chance to make $6 to $9 a Day

If you want a wonderful opportunity to make $6 to $9 a day, and get your groceries at wholesale besides, send me your name QUICK. No experience or capital required. Easy work—full or part time. Earnings start at once.

$83 in First 5 Days

That's what Baumann made. Mrs. Hackett cleared $33 first 7 hours. I also offer a new Ford Tudor Sedan FREE to producers as an extra reward—in addition to the big cash profits. Write today for my remarkable offer.

Albert Mills, Pres.
5433 Monmouth Avenue — Cincinnati, Ohio

FRENCH LOVE DROPS

An enchanting exotic perfume of irresistible charm, clinging for hours like lovers loath to part. Just a few drops are enough. Full size bottle 98c or $1.32 C. O. D. Secrets free.

D'ORO CO.
Box 90, Varick Sta., New York
Dept. MP-1

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mento-Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours.

U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. E536 Greenville, Pa.

dishes lead a wild life. **Arthur Lake** was born in **Corbin, Ky.,** in **1905.** He is six feet tall, has light hair and blue eyes. Real name is **Silverlake.** He is appearing in **"Dance Hall," RKO Studios.**

SPUNK.—Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success. **Louise Fazenda** has light brown hair and hazel eyes. You may write the **Louise Fazenda Fan Club, Ethel Charles, 9 Columbus Ave., Beverly, Mass.**

MADEMOISELLE.—**Ma Chere Amie.** Glad you dropped in again. **Maurice Chevalier** is about thirty-one years of age. That's his real name, and is pronounced, **Sho-val-yay. Sylvia Beecher** was born in **Alton, New Hampshire.** Her stage experience started in **1927** when she played a rôle in **"Seventh Heaven,"** a **Lionel Production** in **New York City.** Later she played in **"We Never Learn,"** under the direction of **William B. Friedlander.** She came to Hollywood in **1927** and immediately was cast for a small part in **"The Legion of the Condemned,"** a **William Wellman production** for **Paramount.** Was then signed for the **Chevalier** picture, **"Innocents of Paris."**

RUTH OF GREENWICH.—**Cullen Landis** was born in **Nashville, Tenn.,** on **July 29, 1895.** He's five feet six inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. **Cullen** appeared on the stage here in **New York** last Spring, but since the closing of his show I haven't been able to keep track of him. Perhaps he is planning to enter vaudeville.

SMITTY.—I'll bet you're sorry school opened? **Mona Ray** is not appearing in any picture at this writing. **John Boles** is married, haven't the lucky young lady's name. **Janet Gaynor** was married to **Lydell Peck, Sept. 11, 1929. Charles Farrell** is still a bachelor. **Madge Evans** played opposite **Richard Barthelmess** in **"Classmates."**

BABS.—A kind deed is never lost, although you may not see its results. By all reports you sure do enjoy this column. **Janet Gaynor** is five feet tall. **Sue Carol** weighs 110 pounds, **Charles Farrell,** 175, and has brown hair and eyes. **Lloyd Hughes** is appearing in **"Acquitted,"** starring **Margaret Livingston. Columbia Studios. Sally Blane** is the young lady in **"The Vagabond Lover,"** starring **Rudy Vallée. Russell Gleason** was ***Dutch*** in **"The Sophomore."**

SEASHORE BABIES.—Must be kinda cold down your way now?. No thanks, I'll stick to **New York City. Joan Crawford's** most recent pictures were: **"The Duke Steps Out," "Our Modern Maidens," "Hollywood Revue"** and **"Untamed." Joan** was born in **San Antonio, Texas, Mar. 23, 1908. Lois Moran "Behind That Curtain," "Words and Music," "A Song of Kentucky"** and **"The Thoroughbred." Anita Page** is playing in **"Navy Blues." Charles Farrell "Budapest," Fox Studios.**

TONIA.—Haven't the address of a **Victor McLaglen Fan Club. Nils Asther** has dark hair. **Greta Garbo's** first name rhymes with **Etta. Fredric March** and **Raymond Hackett** support **Colleen Moore** in **"Footlights and Fools."** Sally O'Neil's next **Warner Brothers Vitaphone** picture will be **"Hold Everything,"** from the musical comedy success of the same name. It will be filmed in color throughout, as was **"On With the Show"** in which **Miss O'Neil** had one of the leading rôles.

J.L.C.—Did you know that **Betty Compson** played the violin in a stock company before she went movie? That **Gary Cooper** arrived in **Los Angeles,** on **Thanksgiving Day, 1924,** to be a commercial artist? **Mary Brian** is five feet two, weighs 105 pounds, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Write her at **Paramount Studios.**

CHESTER MORRIS FAN.—I'll say this chap is becoming popular. **Chester** was born in **New York City,** on **Feb. 16, 1902.** He's five feet nine, weighs 150 pounds, black hair and green eyes. Married to **Suzanne Kilborn,** they have a young son. Hobbies are golf, boxing, tennis and art. First picture was **"Alibi."** Later in **"Fast Life," "Womantrap"** and latest being **"Playing Around,"** starring **Alice White. First National Studios.**

SHIRLEY ANN.—**Kenneth Harlan's** first wife was **Flo Hart. Lloyd Hughes** has a son, he was born **Oct. 21, 1926.** You bet you can write again. **Warner Baxter** is married to **Winifred Bryson,** no record of their wedding date. The same for **Bryant Washburn.** Did you know that **Charles Delaney** was a mind reader with the magician, **Frescott,** in vaudeville, before entering pictures?

MAY THE MOVIE FAN.—**H. B. Warner's** initials stand for **Henry Byron.** When **Bob Steele** was life-guard along the **Southern California** beaches, he saved fifty-seven persons from drowning. **John Breeden** was the chap who purchased the show in **"Fox Movietone Follies."** His latest release was **"Salute,"** starring **George O'Brien. David Rollins** was **Sue's** boy friend in the above picture. **Duncan Renaldo** was ***Esteban*** in **"Bridge of San Luis Rey." Shirley O'Hara** was ***Helen,*** **Adrienne Dore** was ***Babs*** in **"The Wild Party."**

A.T.—**Ruth Taylor** was born **Jan. 13, 1907,** she is five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has gold hair and dark gray eyes. That's her real name. Latest picture is **"The Racketeer," Pathé.** Send me fifty cents for two different poses of **Rudolph Valentino.**

QUESTION BOX.—You didn't think I'd skip you, did you? **Josephine Dunn** was born in **New York City, 1910.** She is divorced from **William P. Cameron. Sue Carol, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 30, 1907. Buddy Rogers, Aug. 18, 1904. Al Jolson** is appearing in **"Mammy." Louise Lorraine** can be reached at the **Universal Studios.** I can supply you with two poses of **Lois Moran.**

DULCE W.—Well, I guess your life is saved. Here goes, **LeRoy Mason** was born in **Larimore, North Dakota.** Studied engineering at **Purdue University,** in that city. Haven't his exact birthdate, but would say he's about thirty. And has dark hair and eyes. Married to **Rita Carewe,** daughter of **Edwin Carewe,** the director. **Ione Holmes** was ***Charlotte*** in **"The Hit of the Show."**

ANXIOUS FAN.—You bet you are. **Neil Hamilton** and **Jack Mulhall** used to pose for collar advertisements. **Adolphe Menjou** can speak **English, Spanish, French** and **German. Dorothy Janis,** whose real name is **Dorothy Penelope Jones,** is one-half **Cherokee Indian. Dolores Costello** was born in **1906.** She receives her fan mail at the **Warner Brothers Studios.**

E. NEILSON.—Glad you like our magazines. What was the president's name

(*Continued on page 119*)

Her Face Isn't Her Fortune

(*Continued from page 30*)

now—as it sometimes was in the day of silent pictures. Beauty, plus acting ability, plus force of personality, plus a certain amount of experience, are the things for which we must look in the new medium."

And there, my children, is the catch in all this. All those pluses. Mere beauty, without any pluses attached to it, won't buy you a thing in pictures today.

Mr. Schulberg, however, made some small apology for the excruciating lack of pulchritude in present pictures.

"We had to get whomever we could when this thing happened to us," he explained. "We had to have people who could speak lines while we were training our own players for the new type of production. Many of the stage players whom you have seen in pictures are people who tried film work in the silent days—and failed because they did not photograph well. They are merely pinch-hitting now until we can assemble players who do photograph and who can, besides, speak lines. That takes time."

He went on to opine that beauty which does not possess much to go with it may be used in the future in pictures with light stories which do not require much acting ability and in spectacles in which it may walk through, all dressed up, by way of embellishment. However, that is no great comfort when you consider that beauty, by itself, was often starred at fantastic salaries for years and years in days gone by.

Brown's Outlook Blue

CLARENCE BROWN was even less cheery. "Beauty," he said, in answer to my anxious queries, "is not exactly passing, in motion pictures. But it is certainly selling at a tremendous discount, just now. Mere physical beauty, I mean. There must be beauty of intelligence too, now." (More of those plus-es!)

"The moment a player opens his mouth to speak," he went on, "he must display intelligence and understanding of his rôle—or he is lost. The day of the beautiful, but dumb, boys and girls is past in pictures. Youth, itself, is more of a liability than an asset at present, because youth, however talented, is going to require years of experience before it is ready to be used in talking pictures.

"From now on there will be very few of those overnight discoveries which have sprung up from time to time in pictures in the past. Success is going to require years of preparation.

"The director is no longer the only member of the company who must use his brains upon the set. The actor must show some cerebral reactions, too."

Mr. Brown appeared to be quite gleeful over this aspect of the new art. Apparently he thinks this is a joke on somebody. For that matter, so do I.

Beauty in a New Place

ANOTHER thing which interested me in connection with all this was the fact that if beauty is required at all (which I have begun to doubt) you have to have it in a different place. Mr. Brown says that in silent pictures, it was the eyes which were important. Most of the emotion in pantomime is expressed by those members. Now it is the mouth. When a person is speaking, the audience is watching his lips and so the focal point for screen beauty has descended from the eyes and brow to the mouth and chin.

Dear! Dear! The complications caused by these talking pictures.

(*Continued on page 116*)

Has True Love Come To You?

HAVE you ever experienced the *thrill* of true love or didn't you recognize it when it came? Can you tell when a person really loves you? Is your love-life unhappy because you don't know the vital, fundamental facts about life? Are there certain questions about your sex-life you would like to ask your family physician? If you want the mysteries of sex explained clearly and frankly, clip and mail the coupon below at once.

Learn the Truth About Life

How long must we be slaves to prudery? Will you let "false modesty" rob you of the right to understand the greatest force of life? Why continue to stumble along in ignorance—making costly mistakes that may wreck your happiness when it is so easy to learn the truth about sex? Thanks to Dr. B. G. Jefferis, Ph. D., a large 512-page book—"Safe Counsel"—has been written that explains in easy-to-understand language the things you should know about your body, your desires and your impulses. It answers the questions that brides want to know on the eve of their wedding—that youths approaching manhood demand of their elders—that married people should know. The **real** facts are told—**frankly** and **truthfully**. Over 100 illustrations explain many subjects that have long puzzled you.

DO YOU KNOW

How to woo to win?
How to keep love aflaming?
What every girl should know?
Ethics of the unmarried?
How to perpetuate the honeymoon?
The mistakes every couple should avoid?
How to control your impulses?
What kind of women make the best wives?
What men love in women?
The kind of a man that always attracts women?
Why petting is dangerous?
How to fascinate the other sex?
What every young man should know?

Answers Questions Frankly

"Safe Counsel" discusses the most intimate problems of your life. This big book has 512 pages—10 Special Sections—109 Subdivisions—each treating a different phase of the sex question. Here are a few of the subjects discussed: The Power and Peculiarities of Love, Advice to Newly Married Couples, Anatomy and Physiology, Birth Control, Secrets of Marriage, Sex Determination, At What Age to Marry, When to Set the Wedding Date, How to Win and Hold Love, Mistakes Every Bridegroom Should Avoid, Private Words to Maidens, Answers to Sex Questions, The Art of Happy Marriages, Diseases and Disorders—What to Do, The Social Evil, Advice to Expectant Mothers, Childbirth and scores of other intimate subjects. You owe it to yourself to get direct, first-hand knowledge on sex matters. Don't let another day pass until you get a copy of this great book.

It is impossible to give you all the facts about this wonderful book here, but if you would like to see a copy without risking a cent, just mail the coupon and a copy will be sent at once.

Send No Money
—Simply Mail the Coupon

Don't send any now. Just clip and mail the coupon. We will send the regular $4.00 Gift Edition of "Safe Counsel" by return mail. When it arrives hand the postman the Special Reduced Price of only $1.98, plus postage. Read the book for 5 days. If not satisfied, return it and your money will be refunded. You take no risk. So order now!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

FRANKLIN PUBLISHING COMPANY
800 No. Clark St., Dept. 6617, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of the $4.00 Gift Edition of "Safe Counsel" in a plain wrapper marked "Personal." I will pay the postman only $1.98, plus postage, upon arrival. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced offer, I may return the book within 5 days, if not satisfied, and you agree to refund my money.

Name . . . . . .

Street & No . . . . . .

City & State . . . . . .

If you may be out when the postman calls send $2.00 cash with order and we will pay the postage.

Price outside of U. S.—$2.50, cash with order.

Denison's Plays
54 Years of Hits

Songs
Minstrels
Musical Comedies
Revues
Vaudeville Acts
Blackface Skits

We supply all entertainment needs for dramatic clubs, schools, lodges, etc., and for every occasion.

Catalogue Free

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 45 Chicago

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injury to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

We Teach Beauty Culture

D. J. MAHLER CO., 6-B, Mahler Park Providence R.I.

GO TO HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Make up the education you missed. Study at home in spare time. Your choice of subjects. Expert instruction. Personal service. You make quick progress because you are in a class by yourself. Diploma. Mail coupon today for interesting FREE BOOKLET.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6597-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course I have checked—

☐ College Preparatory Course
☐ High School Commercial Course
☐ High School English Course

Name . . . . . .

Address

MARRIED WOMEN Order by Mail

VAGI-SLIPS make feminine hygiene convenient any time—anywhere. Save yourself the embarrassment of going into a drug store, by taking advantage of my personal confidential service rendered to married women by mail. These solid suppository cones destroy all germ-laden accumulations. Carry a box with you for convenience. Safer, simpler to use than douche, acid or compounds containing bichloride of mercury. VAGI-SLIPS are preferred by modern women everywhere. They are **reliable**, contain no poison, will not injure delicate membranes. Be dainty, healthy. Free from all worry.

FREE INSTRUCTIONS for use of VAGI-SLIPS in feminine hygiene included with your package. Send $1.00 NOW for generous trial box in plain wrapper. Money back if not satisfied. **VIOLET PAGE, 143 Fourth Avenue (Dept. K-1), New York City**

"um-m-m!"
breathed the great big
he-man...
where before
he had always grunted
"ugh!"

Probably you have heard many a mere male claiming that he hates perfumes. Give him, he says, the girl that is natural! But there is hope! For now there is a perfume so enticing, so simple, so innocent, yet so effective, that a single whiff of it will unnerve the biggest he-man so that soon he will be murmuring, "You are lovelier than ever tonight, my dear."

This scent is called Deja le Printemps —Breath of Spring. Already it has changed the life of many a caveman—many a "you." And its popularity is growing by leaps and bounds.

To make a trial convenient for you, we have prepared a special purse-size bottle, packaged and sealed in France. Only 50c, though it is ample for a month's use and should sell for much more. Only by mail, and only *one* per lady—ever. In the stores there are larger bottles at $3.50 and up. So use the coupon and watch him grovel!

deja
LE PRINTEMPS
"breath of spring"
MADE IN FRANCE BY ORIZA L. LEGRAND

30-DAY BOTTLE MA

MAURICE LEVY, Sole U. S. Agents,
120 West 41st Street, New York.

For the enclosed 50c, send me the 30-day purse-size bottle of Deja le Printemps.

Name.....

Address.....

Wm. E. Thomas

A periodical event with Eddie Quillian, his sitting down before the fire to read. Not unless his shoe laces get caught swept in the blaze can he be accused of belonging to the flaming youth of Hollywood. Which is probably why he has had the success he has had in "Geraldine," "Noisy Neighbors" and "The Sophomore"

The Hand-Kissing Bug

(*Continued from page 74*)

in hand-kissing is very doubtful; but certain it is that the success of the European-born contingent with the ladies has given Hollywood men such a kick in the pants as they never before had, and for the first time in history they are setting out to learn good manners.

The old slang of boy-friend to girl-friend has practically died out, and heroic attempts at sophisticated conversation, bearing and manner are being made by those who go down to the Grove in tuxedoes. Even the tuxedo, for so long considered in Hollywood the *ne plus ultra* of formal evening attire, is giving place here and there to full evening dress—a costume practically never, until recently, seen even at the most grand and important Hollywood affairs.

Schildkraut the Sympathetic

ACCORDING to Joe Schildkraut, an authority on the conquest of the female if ever there was one, it's about time American men began to learn how to treat a woman.

"I am sorry—so, so sorry—for the American girl and the American wife," he says plaintively. Woman, he says, is what man makes her. No wonder the women in America are restless and dissatisfied. They want to be treated like empresses, and instead they are treated like doormats, or something. They become hard and cynical because they never get any romance from their menfolk. Only the European man can give them what they crave. He can get farther with them in five minutes than an American in as many weeks.

I suppose that in the old, rough and ready days the Hollywood male could get his woman by just saying she was a cute kid and he would make a star out of her. In that time hand-kissing was not only unnecessary—it was sissy. But, as usual in this world, the women changed twice as quickly as the men. They have been all teed up waiting to have their hands kissed while the men, blundering on in the old way, have very gradually begun to wonder what was wrong with their swing and why they were always slicing into the rough. Only just recently have the repeated wailings at their expense of the Joes and Ivans come to open their eyes. The realization has dawned on them that a new technique is required. Tell a girl in Hollywood nowadays that she's a cute kid and you don't even get an "Oh, yeah?" nothing more than a mute but highly significant shrug. Tell her that you will make a star of her and she will merely turn to her friend and say, "What a lot of weather we're having for the time of year."

The Epidemic Spreads

THE sight of the hand-kissing Europeans carrying off all the best females—the very same guys who a short time ago were called sissies—empurpled the countenances of the native talent until finally there was nothing to do but try to learn their technique.

It will be quite a time before the natives have caught up with Joe and Ivan. Meanwhile, however, sounds as of falling tapioca and of suspender buttons bursting, at all the best parties, are proof that Hollywood is at least beginning to learn good deportment.

But it is not merely in Hollywood that the females of the species are beginning to ask for a new technique from their admirers. The hand-kissings and gallantries of Joe and Ivan, reproduced via celluloid in all the cities and villages of America, are making wives and sweethearts everywhere sigh for better things than they are getting. Having once seen how romantic it is possible for a man to be, as illustrated by the hand-kissers of Hollywood, they aren't going to put up with any more "Listen, big girl, slip us a hug" or "How's for a slap and tickle, mamma?"

Ivan Lebedeff says that many women are writing in to him, telling him that they're educating their boy-friends up to acting the way he does in pictures. They're fed up with unromantic swains. They're darned well going to have their hands kissed, even if it means dragging husband or suitor off to the movies every night for a year to make him do it.

Every time, "Men Are Like That": William Austin holds up Kay Francis's make-up mirror for her in order to give her a last glimpse of herself before going through a scene in that picture

The Test of a Lover

(*Continued from page 53*)

still is the magic of television. Visible now, though faintly so. The motion pictures are indeed alive.

The crimson warmth of milady's lips now calls for kisses. A blush may be seen—whether it be the blush of dawn—the blush of love—or the blush of shame. Blue skies are really blue skies, just as Al Jolson says. And a rose by any name isn't stenciled in prosaic greys. Every color of heaven's oriflamme—the rainbow—may be captured and transported to beautify the screen. From the moon's pale light to the fast black of the "Hallelujah" cast.

All the pomp and circumstance of pageantry—the multi-hued brilliance of mediæval tapestries of life—the tinseled glitter of today—may be woven into the background against which vibrant beings play their parts in the eternal comedy. All the world's loveliness may be preserved for posterity. Words and music and color.

As "The Jazz Singer," not yet three years since, was the first all-talking film to be released, so three months ago the first audible screen drama to be photographed in natural colors was presented in "On With the Show." As the silent screen is now obsolete, so in two years more black-and-white photography in motion pictures will be a curiosity.

Full Bodied Puppets

ALREADY lenses have been devised to give stereoscopic values to movie scenes so that our heroes—and our heroines, too—may be well-rounded beings rather than flattened paper-dolls. And in the laboratories of science the moving, talking alter egos of men and women have been projected through space in witness of the wonder of tomorrow—television.

From pole to pole American movies have had their influence upon the manners and customs of the world. In standards of living, in fashions and in figures, in habits and in countless varieties of merchandise American ideas and ideals pervade the places where our motion pictures are shown. Now with the talkies, it is not only fair to assume that the language at home will be tonally cultivated, but that English will become the speech of the world.

When the peoples of the nations of the earth understand one another's thoughts as expressed in a common tongue, the millennium will be at hand. In talking motion pictures lies the hope of life, of love, and of the eternal brotherhood of all mankind.

THE FOLLY OF FAT

PROVED FOR 22 YEARS—AND TO MANY

CONSIDER the fact that countless people, for many years, have been fighting fat in the modern way. No abnormal exercise or diet to bring harm.

Note the results you see everywhere. Slender figures now prevail. Excess fat is the exception. New youth and beauty, new health and vigor, have come to multitudes in the easy, pleasant, right way.

One great reason is a discovery that science made some years ago. It was found that most fat people had an underactive gland. That gland largely controls nutrition, and its weakness leads to fat.

Modern physicians, since that discovery, have applied a new treatment to obesity. They have fed the lacking substance.

Marmola prescription tablets, prepared by a famous laboratory, contain the factors they employ. So this effective and right method is at everyone's command.

Marmola has been used for 22 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others the results until Marmola now stands alone. A book in each box gives the formula and explains the reasons for results. So users know what they are taking and why the good effects appear.

Is it not folly to stay fat when so many have found an easy way to slender, normal figures? And the right way. Go try the method they employed. Watch the results from a box or two of Marmola, then decide for yourself what it means. A right condition means much to you. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The New

NEW in construction and furnishings—OLD in hospitable tradition—1873-1929

SEASIDE HOTEL

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

FAMOUS for its home-like atmosphere. The SEASIDE is a rare combination of a thoroughly modern hotel and a great private home with your friends about you. The SEASIDE'S cuisine is famous; the porches and open and vita-glass enclosed sun decks invite you.

AMERICAN PLAN

Fall-Winter Rates until Feb. 1st, 1930

Single rooms, running water, $5 a day, $30 a week up

Double rooms, running water, $10 a day, $56 a week up

Single rooms, private bath, $7 a day, $42 a week up

Double rooms, private bath, $14 a day, $70 a week up

COOK'S SONS CORPORATION

Making Faces

Making faces more lovely—that's Po-Go's path thru life. This imported, French-made rouge gives the charm of true Parisian smartness. For it has been skilfully blended, *by hand*, in Paris.

You can buy this smooth, *lasting* rouge of exquisite quality for 50c. You can choose the shade that's blended for *your* coloring. *Vif*, if you want brightness; *Ronce*, a raspberry for brunettes; *Brique*, for blondes.

Po-Go ROUGE

If your neighborhood store hasn't Po-Go, we'll happily mail the shade you name. Just send us **50c**

GUY T. GIBSON, Inc.
565 Fifth Ave., New York City

Made and Packaged in France

© 1929 G.T.G., Inc.

Amazing Offer!

PHOTOS ENLARGED
Size 8x10 or 11x14 in.
Only **49c** *each*

At last your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo-enlargement at a small fraction of the regular price reproduced from any clear photograph, tintype or snapshot you mail us. No photo too large nor any snapshot too small. We guarantee return of your original photograph in the same condition as received. You run no risk. **Send as many photos as you wish at the bargain price of 49c each.**

Send No Money—Simply mail us the photo, with your name and address, and in about a week you will receive a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. We will also send with the enlargement an illustrated circular describing several of our most popular frames. From this circular you can choose the frame which we are giving FREE with every enlargement ordered in colors. On arrival of picture pay postman only 49c plus a few pennies postage or send 50c with order and we will prepay postage. If not delighted we will refund your money.

FREE **BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME**—As a special inducement to acquaint you with the high quality of our work, we'll frame every enlargement done in Pastel Water Colors—ABSOLUTELY FREE—during this sale only. DON'T PUT IT OFF! MAIL YOUR PHOTO NOW!

ARTWAY STUDIOS, Room 8
Cragin Bank, Chicago, Ill.

Please send.....enlargements from enclosed photo. I will pay postman 49c plus postage for each enlargement. (If 50c cash for each enlargement is enclosed with this order, we pay postage.)

Check Size Wanted
☐ 11 x 14 in.
☐ 8 x 10 in.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

He Breaks His Own Heart

(*Continued from page 50*)

swept away utterly with sadness about it all."

Dennis smiled a lingering, romantic smile. He does have the most gorgeous time. A subtle blend of mockery and vanity colors his personality, sending the observer into alternate and perplexed states of mind. Just as you're convinced Dennis is a satirist of the first water, he gives vent to some naïve, incredible outburst of conceit. But put him down as just another actor, and he swiftly confuses you with some wicked thrust expertly aimed at himself. After all my pondering, in my mind he continues to waver on the pleasant verge between mockery and idiocy.

Too Gentle with Women

"THERE'S so much room in the world for chivalry, for kindness and sentiment," he went on sadly.

"And do you practice it in your daily life?"

"I try to," he murmured.

"He adores horses," put in Mr. Nemonsky irrelevantly, "and plays golf and tennis."

"But not at all well." Dennis reassured me on that point. "That carries out my claims to romanticism. You can say I can't learn to play a good game of golf because I can't keep my eye on the ball. I have to stop and gaze at the green grass as I go along.

"And you can say I enjoy tennis because of the lithe movements of the players. I must substantiate my case.

"Don't you want to know my favorite type of woman? Blondes; or brunettes with a blonde aura. That satisfies everyone. It's the most diplomatic answer that could possibly be given to that question.

"I adore women," he sighed pensively. "They were made for me. I treat them very gallantly, and consequently I never get the ones I want. They don't know what to make of me. They're rather amazed at this old-world courtesy. It's not what they're accustomed to, and they much prefer a man who will treat them rough.

Shower-Bath Revenge

"ANOTHER thing—I would like to see anyone I dislike very much, under a shower bath." He fell to chuckling maliciously. "One looks so awfully absurd under a shower bath."

It is rumored that there are quite a number of people who would like to see Mr. King under a shower bath. His artistic enthusiasm, it seems, often leads him into bad habits—such as making scenes, or stealing scenes.

"In fact," I said, "one of your former leading women described you as 'the pig of the world.'"

"That's libel," he said mildly. "You've seen me on the set. You know it isn't true."

I had seen him, playing a scene with an ancient man who was just barely peeking out from behind a table. I had to admit he had shown no signs of jealousy. His manner on the set, as a matter of fact, is much like that of Mr. Barrymore. Calm, composed, and philosophical. And you know very well that at the first hint of opposition he will tear the whole company to pieces, as well as himself.

"I never do that except when it is necessary," he went on equably. "However, often it is necessary. I am very rarely difficult, but I'm not accustomed to being directed. Suppose you know your character much better than the man who is directing you. Suppose your feelings are finer than his. It's very annoying to have to do as you're told. I never make any fuss unless the characterization is at stake. If that is going to suffer, I will not take direction.

Resentful of Dictation

"BESIDES," he said, "I have another theory. Suppose a horse balks and frets and kicks the sides almost out of his stall. If he goes out and runs a great race and wins—does it matter?"

That has been the alibi of genius from time immemorial—and the answer is undoubtedly "No."

"Mr. King never has any trouble with intelligent people," said Mr. Nemonsky.

"Oh, yes, I do," contradicted Mr. King. "That's just when I do have trouble. Certainly—a clash of minds.

"I always directed myself on the stage, even before I was a star. And after that, I practically directed the entire performance—behind my hand."

Like all English actors, Dennis ran away from school at fourteen, and played Shakespeare for the next ten years. He became a disciple of the old school of acting, which he adores. While playing *Mercutio* with Jane Cowl a few years ago, he had a lot of time to spare. So quite deliberately and with malice aforethought, he studied singing.

It was then that he stopped reciting Rupert Brooke. His beautiful voice burst forth as a surprise to the world and to himself, in the leading rôle of "Rose Marie." He didn't like being such an Arrow-collar character, but he did like having people admire his voice, and he did like being a romantic figure on the stage, and getting notes from women and hard-headed business men. He found himself almost alone in that field, and decided to stick to it.

Checking Chicago's Crime

"HAPPY is the man," says Dennis, "who combines a fine voice and the ability to act."

In "The Vagabond King" his romantic and virile powers found their full scope. In Chicago he met with his greatest success. The play ran for thirty-six weeks, and crime practically ceased while all the thugs gathered nightly at the feet of Dinny, as they affectionately called him. Dennis can never forget that triumph.

"On the last night, I did something no other man has ever done, I believe," he said. "I had about three dozen American beauty roses in my arms. I said to the audience, 'I know I shouldn't do this. I have tights on, too, and I know it looks terrible.' But I began throwing the roses out to the audience, one at a time. They all fought for them, and those who were left out rushed around to the stage door for more. It was marvelous."

That's the lovable thing about Dennis. He will throw roses, tights or no tights. He will tear himself to pieces. He will recite Rupert Brooke, or walk off the set, or kick the sides out of his stall, or do anything else the emotion of the moment suggests.

And his spirit has not been quelled by the rigors of a movie studio. An ingénue on the Paramount lot was being queried the other day on her tastes in food, animals, leading men, *etcetera*. "And my favorite director," she concluded, "is Dennis King."

Many a man other than Dennis King has broken his own heart. And his best girl's or his wife's. Or both. By forgetting to ask his newsdealer to save him or her or them the customary copy of MOTION PICTURE. And exposing himself, her or them to the humiliation of having to borrow one from the family next door. But reform can still take place. Ask your dealer now to reserve a MOTION PICTURE for you on the day it arrives: the 28th of every month. **MOTION PICTURE—"It's the Magazine of Authority."**

Christmas Shopping with Louise Fazenda

(*Continued from page 69*)

the citron and the orange peel and everything myself. My friends know this and realize that these cakes have taken many hours of my own labor, so they appreciate it. Besides, this type of people doesn't get really old-fashioned home-made cake so often.

Chinese Dainties

"THEN I pack large baskets of fruits for others. Not fruit, either, exactly. I go into Chinatown and get little dainties. I wrap the baskets myself with autumn leaves and bunches of grapes on the handles. To buy them would cost fifty dollars, but by shopping around and watching for sales I can make them for ten and fifteen dollars. I usually give them to directors who have been kind to me, people whom I like but for whom I do not wish to make my gift too personal.

"Many fans have written me for years. To those who have not pictures, I send one, usually in a leather frame purchased on a sale. One little bedridden girl had corresponded with me for a long time. Last Christmas I sent her a hooked rug. She could raise her hands and work on it without hurting her condition.

"You see, I want to make sure that whatever I give is wanted enough so it won't come back to me five years later. If you study the people to whom you give gifts, you will be certain that they won't save them to give away next Christmas. Giving gifts becomes a farce if it isn't taken seriously, and time spent on thought and care and investigation."

We were nearly downtown by this time. "Louise, I've been wanting to know. Why the dark glasses? Are your eyes hurting you?"

"No. I always wear them and this old hat and not very ritzy suit. We are going to sales, my dear, and we should look like sales-shoppers. Besides, people don't recognize me this way.

"Now," as we disembarked in front of one of our largest department stores, "these people are having a sale of glassware. I have a friend whose bedroom is done in rose. She is very fond of eating fruit immediately before retiring. But she has no lovely bowl to hold it. I've been looking at one here for three months, but it is forty-five dollars. I can't afford that. I want to see if it is in the sale."

It was. Marked down to $27.50.

Yet, Louise passed it by.

"But I thought——"

The Meditative Meal

"I NEVER purchase in the morning. I just look and make notes and then while I eat my lunch, I make my final decision."

We visited one sale after another. Bookcovers attracted her attention. "I will add those on my list for bachelors who like to read. They are a bit different." An old, second-hand store down towards Chinatown revealed some slightly battered but fascinating copper kettles. "Exactly the thing for a Malibu Beach house." But even these she didn't purchase until after luncheon. Cunning wooden knockers, on sale at a furniture store for one dollar, fascinated her. She listed seven of them for one friend who had just built a large home.

That luncheon was one of the most interesting I have ever attended. From the list of things looked-at-in-the-morning she jotted down gifts for those not yet cared for for this Christmas. Some of the things she had marked down she eliminated. "Nancy Smith, who handles my publicity, admired a bag, but Nancy has lovely bags. I think I shall give her something she hasn't." I was surprised at her listing make-up mirrors for several unprofessional women.

"But why? They aren't in the movies."

"I know, but they are pretty and pay much attention to their appearance. I can't understand why beautiful women outside of the profession don't use make-up mirrors. They show up every wrinkle, every bit of rouge that is put on too heavily. I believe they make valuable and unique gifts and will be appreciated the more because they come from an actress."

At four o'clock we went home, all of our purchases right with us. She showed me the gifts which were not already wrapped but in a room to themselves, ready for wrapping. I asked her if I might take pictures of them. Here are some—which should prove valuable suggestions for all Christmas givers.

The Items Pictured

FOR friends with beach cottages: Radio, purchased at half price sale for $50. Good-luck elephants, also half-priced, $3. Unbreakable glass coffee container with raffia handle to prevent burned fingers, $2.25. Match box with long matches for lighting wood in the fireplace. This one cost $7.50 because of the hand-painted decoration, but they can be secured for from three dollars up. Guest knocker, $1 (held by Miss Fazenda). Copper kettles five and ten dollars. Coffee mats (on the table) of hand-woven raffia imported from Italy—25c to $1.00 depending upon size.

For friends who have gardens: Ducks, real China. Regular price, $22.00 a pair. Miss Fazenda paid $11.00 for the two. Water sprinkler for window boxes, $1.25. Cactus pots, large one, $1.25; smaller, $1.00. Plants, fifteen cents and up (in California).

For traveling: Tiny traveling case equipped for Pullman and over-night stays only—$8.50; small red leather pillow to place behind head, $2.50; Pullman slippers with felt flowers, $2.50; traveling clock, value $25.00, sale-price $15.00; bath salts for hotel stops, $1.00. Purse, value $12.00, bought on half-price sale.

For her domesticated acquaintances: The rose bowl we purchased is on the end of the couch. The candy box on the floor is exquisite. It is real cloisonné and therefore expensive—$37.00, but a wonderful addition to a boudoir. The print, purchased in Paris, cost fifteen cents. Each one of the plates was purchased with the definite needs of a friend in mind.

For her immediate family. Chair and robe for father; furs for mother and the little combination clock and lighter shown on the chair with the golf clubs for husband, Hal Wallis.

Christmas cards which may be framed and kept forever and ever. She encloses her card in order not to mar the print by writing.

The book cover which she is presenting to book-loving bachelor acquaintances this season. Price of this one is $6.00 in real leather. May be purchased for from $2.50 up in materials less expensive although almost as attractive.

There is just one item which Louise Fazenda, in her foregoing Christmas shopping suggestions, did not mention. Probably because she took it for granted that her friends already were supplied. The item being, of course, a subscription to MOTION PICTURE. When you make out your list for friends you value, put down a few subscriptions for MOTION PICTURE. A gift that lasts a year and renews itself every month. MOTION PICTURE—*"It's the Magazine of Authority."*

New

PERSONAL BELT

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of pyroxylin especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.

Beltx

If not available at your favorite store—Write Direct

Glen Marianne Shea

GLEN MARIANNE SHEA,
Bell Telephone Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me ..... BELTX personal belts for which I enclose $..... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. $1.00 for one, 3 for $2.00.

Check Colors Desired ☐ Orchid ☐ Peach ☐ Flesh

Name .....

Address 12-31

DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
Especially beautiful new styles in Diamond rings; flashing blue white radiant Diamonds set in mountings of solid 18-k white gold.

SEND FOR CATALOG
How To Order: Send first payment — state art. if desired — name of employer — kind of work you do — how long in position — age — married — where live — how long there.
Strictly Confidential

CREDIT TERMS: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience. Goods delivered on first payment.

No. 914 $50 $1.25 a week
No. 917 $50 $1.25 a week
Gorgeous New Diamond Rings
No. 910 $100 $2.50 a week
Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.
Wrist Watch No. 866

Wrist Watch No. 866—Solid 14 k white gold. High grade 15-Jewel movement fancy corners, $15.00. $1.50 down and $1.50 a month

Wedding Rings No. 824—The "Elite" solid 18-k white gold, set with 5 Diamonds, $18.75. Solid 18-k gold, $5 and up. Solid platinum, $25.

No. 897—Elgin "Legionnaire". New Elgin for men—with white or green gold-filled case and raised figured dial. $25.00—$2.50 down, $2.50 a mo.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. EST'D. 1858
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. H-615 108 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

A Womanly FORM!
Ultra Parisienne Method!

No more sagging, flabby breasts. My home treatment will quickly give you a full firm bust. I have helped thousands of flat chested girls and women develop a beautiful feminine form. Ugly, sagging lines disappear just by the simple application of my rich, luscious MARVELA CREAM. **The results are truly magical.**

Confidential instructions how to mould your breasts to full, rounded, shapely proportions—included with my jar of Marvela Cream. **SAVE $1.00**—Send only $1.00 for large jar. (Regular $2.00 Size) mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. **Limited time offer.**

Free

MARY TITUS
105 East 13th Street, Dept. 116 New York, N. Y.

Girls, be Attractive to Men—

Nature Intended You Should

If your stomach and bowels do not function properly, the bloom of youth rapidly disappears.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery usually meets the need. It invigorates the whole system, corrects the irregularities of the digestive organs and makes the blood richer. You have pep, vigor and vitality. Your eyes sparkle—your complexion clears up and the bloom of youth is yours. (Sold by druggists, fluid or tablet form.)

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y. for confidential medical advice. There is no fee. Send 10c for a trial package of the tablets.

For a player who is so plainly American in type and temperament as Richard Dix is, the character of the home he has built for himself is unexpected. It is of Spanish-Mexican architecture and sprawls in the sunshine on a broad hilltop in Beverly Hills

The Men in Their Lives

(*Continued from page 29*)

change that. Wives and housewives and women—women before they are stars.

Then there are the one-man women who are not one-man women at all. Really. Women who have been married to one man for many years and will probably continue to be so married until death do them part. Yet their types, their essential beings, the flame you feel burning in them, is the flame of the Lorelei, the destroyers of thrones, the builders of empires. Such women as Lilyan Tashman, Estelle Taylor, young Lupe Velez; that fair *intriguante*, Betty Compson, Dolores del Rio—these women were not born to be one-man women. They deserve, perhaps, extra credit. Not that this means disparagement of the men they have married. On the contrary. It means that Ed Lowe and Jim Cruze and Jack Dempsey are super-men. For they have wed—and have held—the world's Faustines and Doloreses, enchantresses of new Niles. They have lured Cleopatra to the cupboard and kept her there.

Women Who Never Love

THERE are the special cases among the women as among the men. Women you cannot quite name as female Lotharios or as one-man women either.

Gloria Swanson, for an instance. She cannot be classified as a feminine Don Juan. As in the case of Chaplin, considered in "The Women in Their Lives," here is no mere female adventuress, thrill-digging for the sake of it. There is too much intelligence involved. Too much wistful seeking. Too powerful a desire for motherhood. It is, it must be, with Gloria a dream never realized, an attainment never quite attained. It is said that Wallace Beery, her first husband, was the love of Gloria's life. That is doubtful. It is doubtful that Gloria has ever found the one love, the real love. From the impenetrable depths of those cryptic, brilliant eyes of hers, from the sense she gives you of a profound and inextinguishable weariness it is doubtful that she ever will. It is almost certain that she knows it.

Much the same may be said of Greta, though Greta is younger and dreams linger with the young. What goes on behind that latched and sullen heart of hers nobody knows. Perhaps not Greta herself. Perhaps not Maurice Stiller or John Gilbert.

And Barbara of the great heart, Barbara who loved so well and so unwisely. She, too, no doubt, held the impossible dream and found it dust in her hands when she came to the end of the short road. Of all the men who were her friends and her lovers not one was able to hold that bright and ardent spirit. There was too much earth-earthy warmth in Barbara to suppose her merely wanton. She was ferociously female. For which she needed more of a man than Hollywood was able to provide.

These three women may be called the mystery women of Hollywood. So many have known them well and no one has known them at all.

Horns and Halos

AS there were, as there are Hollywood's perennial bachelors, so are there Hollywood's perennial spinsters. Bachelor maidens with their lips sealed and their hearts—where?

We are prone, here in Hollywood, to attribute horns or halos to the men and women not paired off in the public eye.

Bessie Love is one of our perennial bachelor maids. Bessie, it would appear, has never loved. Her name is never definitely coupled with that of any man. Her heart seems whole and free and all her energies centered in the work she is doing.

Lois Wilson—but Lois is reported to be an idealist, cherishing one great love in her tender heart. Or the dream of a great love which has not, thus far, come true.

Mary Duncan walks abroad, veiled in solitude. She isn't married. Nor engaged. If she has the omnipresent boy-friend she keeps him hidden or changes his identity often enough to evade comment. She is subtle and strange and troubling—yet alone.

And there is, of course, the younger generation: Janet Gaynor with her new young bridegroom and the romance with Charlie Farrell in the very young background; Loretta Young and Grant Withers holding hands and looking—well, looking like all young lovers look the world over. June Collyer having a splendiferous time with flowers and notes and candies and visiting princes, Mary Brian and Lois Moran still standing with reluctant feet. Too early to make many predictions about them. Even if we could.

Home Town Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 65*)

has played at one time—Maude Adams, herself a Salt Lake girl; Sothern and Marlowe, the Barrymores, Olga Nethersole, and Hazel Dawn, another actress from Salt Lake. The Mormon church has always encouraged the drama—Brigham Young's seventeenth wife was an actress. Charles Burton managed the theater, which had a stock company as well as the road shows. In the Utanah stock at one time, curiously enough, James Cruze and George Melford were leading men.

The other theater was the Grand. This ran to lurid melodrama. The leading woman of the Theodore Lorch Stock, which played the Grand, was an actress named Brockwell, and her daughter, Gladys, played child parts in "Through Darkest Russia" and "King of the Opium Den." I did not guess, as I used to stand greedily reading the posters showing a child in a white nightie running along the railroad track on which her mother was tied, that we were both to meet years later under the Kliegs.

Every now and then, in Hollywood, a face or a voice brings back some scene of my childhood vividly. When Norman Kerry comes into the Montmartre, I see instantly the lobby of the Hotel Utah with a group of giggling high school girls, whispering and staring expectantly toward the door. The word had gone round in class that day, "That handsome traveling salesman is back in town. Let's stop at the hotel after school." Presently, tall, with the profile of a Greek god, marvelously tailored, Norman Kaiser, tobacco salesman, would saunter in, tugging at the small moustache that was afterward to photograph so well on the screen. We thought he was the grandest man we had ever seen. He didn't even notice us.

Fifteen Again

THE other day I was riding by the Warner Brothers studio and up drove a car with a man at the wheel whose face looked familiar. Suddenly I was fifteen and sitting in the auditorium at a high school entertainment, listening to one of my classmates singing. I knew Walter Woolf quite well in those days, even if he was from a wealthy family who lived over on The Bench. His cousin, Henry Obendorfer, played the piano beautifully for a boy. He was to become Henry Souvaine, the concert pianist, in later years.

I considered myself a musician. Hadn't I played in recitals at the First Congregational Church on the corner of Ninth East and Fourth South? Didn't I always appear on the graduation programs from the grades as number IV, Violin Solo, "Good Night" by Nevins, played by Miss Luicieme Compson? Didn't I go to the Tabernacle to hear Mischa Elman play in the auditorium with the most wonderful acoustics in the world? Didn't I even play the violin professionally in the summer at the Mission Theater on East Third South Street and get to see Florence Labadie, Mary Fuller and Costello free?

The only boy I even thought of marrying in my puppy-love days was Gattison or Gatty Jones, a wild and strange boy, misunderstood by most of the high school crowd, who had the same nebulous ideas about what he wanted from life as I had. Gatty became a vaudeville dancer afterwards.

There Were Other Boys

BUT I remember other boys. There was Lowry Allen, whose father was head surgeon at the Latter-Day Saints Hospital. Lowry became a surgeon himself later. He is married and has two children now, they tell me. Then there was George Williams,

(*Continued on page 111*)

Why put up with frequent colds?

Strengthen the mucous membranes to *resist* colds! Get rid of the catarrhal inflammation that causes them! Use the *one scientific 2-in-1 treatment* —Hall's Catarrh Medicine. While the ointment gives local relief, the tonic acts through the blood, building up the tissues to healthy tone. Start NOW and free yourself of colds this Winter!

The only 2-in-1 treatment. **HALL'S** *Successful for over 50 years*

CATARRH•MEDICINE

Get the combined treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Company, Dept. 321 Toledo, Ohio. . . . . *Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers.*

Advertisements are a guide to value

EXPERTS can roughly estimate the value of a product by looking at it. More accurately, by handling and examining it. Its appearance, its texture, the "feel" and the balance of it all mean something to their trained eyes and fingers.

But no one person can be an expert on steel, brass, wood, leather, foodstuffs, fabrics, and all of the materials that make up a list of personal purchases. And even experts are fooled, sometimes, by concealed flaws and imperfections.

There is a surer index of value than the senses of sight and touch . . . knowledge of the maker's name and for what it stands. Here is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship, or the use of shoddy materials.

This is one important reason why it pays to read advertisements and to buy advertised goods. The product that is advertised is worthy of your confidence.

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I am going to give away absolutely free, an 8 cyl. Studebaker Sedan to someone who answers this ad. It will be delivered thru the nearest Studebaker dealer, or winner may have its full value in cash, $2,250.00. This offer is open to anyone in the U. S. outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company, which has already given away thousands of dollars in cash and prizes to advertise its business.

Solve This Puzzle

There are many objects in the picture of the circus to the left. See if you can find 5 that start with the letter "C." When you do this, write them on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me right away.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

I am also giving away a Chevrolet Sedan, Victrola, Shetland Pony, Seven Pc. Radio Outfit, Wardrobe Trunk, Bicycle, Studebaker Sedan and $5,000.00 cash, or $2,500.00 cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Find 5 objects in the picture above starting with the letter "C" and send them to me right away with your name and address plainly written and I will send you full particulars. **$5,000.00 worth of prizes.** Everybody rewarded.

L. E. WILFERD, Mgr. Dept. 2781 315 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Illinois

Is there a Job and a Future for Me in Aviation?

"My answer is YES!" Walter Hinton

THERE'S a *better* job and future for YOU in Aviation than in *any* other industry because Aviation is *just beginning* its period of BIG GROWTH.

Walter Hinton

—first to pilot a plane across the Atlantic first in other deeds of the air, and today a recognized leader in the Industry, is the *first* world-famous aviator to offer you the training and backing you need for success in Aviation.

During the next few years Aviation is going to pick its leaders and executives. And YOU—by *looking* and *acting ahead*—can be one of them.

Get FREE Book

Perhaps the reason Hinton is not training YOU *right now* is because you haven't begun to appreciate what a tremendous opportunity Aviation offers you. So if you are over 18, get a copy of his FREE book 'Wings of Opportunity.' It's crammed with facts that are vital to YOUR FUTURE. Mail the coupon now.

Give Hinton just a part of your spare time during the *next few months* and he'll give you the kind of training that employers are paying *real cash* to get.

He will even help you get a job through the *free* assistance of his Employment Department.

MAIL NOW!

Walter Hinton, President 323-C
Aviation Institute of U. S. A.
1115 Connecticut Avenue,
Washington, D. C.

Send my FREE copy of "Wings of Opportunity." I'd like to know what kind of a future Commercial Aviation offers ME

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . Age . . . . . (Must be over 18)

City . . . . . State . . . .

MYSTIC DREAM BOOK Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your friends. Tell them when they will marry and whom, and other interesting phenomena. Tells "fortunes" by cards, teacup, palmistry, etc. Lists "lucky and unlucky" days. More amusement in this 200-page book and brochure than $1 would buy anywhere. Regular $1 value. Send only 47 cents, coin or stamps, that's all. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE LUCKY COIN FROM CHINA with every order.

MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick Sta., NewYork, Dept. MP-1

ARTISTIC PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENTS *only* **98¢** *each* **FROM ANY PHOTO** *or* **SNAP-SHOT SIZE 16 x 20 INCH**

(or smaller if desired)

The usual price of this work is $5.00 but by taking advantage of this **Special Offer** you can get a beautiful life-like enlargement of that favorite picture of mother, dad, sweetheart, baby or any friend **for only 98 cents.**

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail us the photo—any size (Full figure, bust or group) and in about a week you will have your enlargement guaranteed never to fade. It comes to you C.O.D. On arrival pay postman 98c plus a few cents postage, or send one dollar cash with order and we pay postage. Money back if not delighted. You can send us your most treasured photograph, it will be returned to you unharmed.

FREE In order to advertise this remarkable offer we send free with every enlargement ordered, a **Highly-Glazed Hand Painted** miniature reproduction of the photo sent. These miniatures alone are worth the whole price charged for the enlargement. Take advantage of this really **Amazing Offer** and send your order today. **DO IT NOW.**

ALTON ART STUDIO, Dept. 17
5654 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Please enlarge artistically the enclosed photo. Return enlargement and FREE Hand Painted miniature. C.O.D. 98c plus postage. (If $1.00 is enclosed you are to send postage paid.)

Check Size Wanted

- ☐ 16x20 in.
- ☐ 10x 16 in.
- ☐ 11x 14 in.
- ☐ 8 x 10 in.

Name_____

Address _____

Town_____ State_____

Ray Jones

Angling from a new angle: Kathryn Crawford goes fishing in the High Sierras, where for a week or so between pictures she retired for a vacation amid country as quiet as a sound-stage

"I've Got a Face!"

(*Continued from page 66*)

Tibbett, served in the Navy during the war.

And then, too, Lawrence Tibbett is good, homespun, folksy American. He was not born and bred and discovered amid the reek of garlic. He doesn't talk with a guttural, Italian accent at all.

He was born in Bakersfield, California. His father was the sheriff of Kern County. Right away, that made him folks. His mother's name is Frances Ellen. He has a couple of brothers and sisters, all with fine voices. He wanted to be an actor and he is married and has twin boys of nearly ten. He's tall and well built and has gray eyes, darkish hair, a genial, hail-fellow smile. He doesn't wear flowing ties or longish locks. And up to the time he burst upon the world as the boy wonder he was quite clubbily poor.

America's Pet Art

NEITHER Opera nor Signor Gatti-Casazza (I just love to write that name!) has succeeded in making him the least bit high-brow.

I assumed that he might feel a bit condescending toward the mere movies. As a god who has stooped. But not at all. Because I asked him. And he said, "I haven't any feeling of that sort, one way or the other. I don't feel that I have gone up or down. I feel that I've gone on.

"The movies are, typically, the American art. And, as such, they are of vast importance. They are America's self-expression in the art form. Their scope is limitless. Their influence is without boundaries. They can bring to tiny, isolated places the world's great literature and great music. No public in the world for any form of art begins to touch the screen public. No justification is needed for anything so tremendous.

"Whether I, personally, go up or go down has nothing to do with the medium of the screen. It has only to do with me. It is what I do with the medium that will determine whether I progress or retrogress.

"My own uncertainty, not about the screen but about myself, is why I have signed for one picture only. When I know how I come out, then I can proceed from there. I couldn't afford to be bad more than once. I very much hope I'll be good. I'd like to stay.

"So far, the tests are good. But I have no illusions about my—well, I know that I am no Valentino. I know that if I had to stand up, in a silent picture, next to John Gilbert I'd be what is known as a very flat tire. On the other hand, if I can stand next to John Gilbert and sing—that's that!"

The Movies and the Met

ANYWAY, in the course of conversation, we did decide that the movie Judy O'Grady and the Met's Colonel's lady are sisters under their skin. There *are* similarities between grand opera and the screen. Gatti-Casazza's tenors, bassos and baritones need not feel so terribly far from home when they exchange the Met for the movies.

There are the stories, for instance. If one may refer to an operatic libretto as a story. There are the characters of grand opera.

With Alice Day there on the sofa and just that much room left, and her pa and ma gone to spend the evening with the Wilkinses, need she ask, in the words of her next picture, "Is Everybody Happy?"

Consider the operas, how they op, and you will understand—understand how Lawrence Tibbett is not surprised when he meets Greta Garbo with a red rose in her mouth. For she only calls to his mind the more florid *Carmen*. Lillian Gish going mad in a cupboard is reminiscent of the more violent *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Wistful, deserted ladies bring *Madame Butterfly* to the forefront of consciousness. Lon Chaney and Emil Jannings are mild and underdrawn compared to the strange, sadistic gentlemen in "Faust." And the chances are even that Bill Hart would serve as a reminder of the mighty Caruso singing "The Girl of the Golden West."

Yes, the mordant, melodramatic movies are pruned and conservative and lit'r'y compared to our best librettos. Our very own Frances Marions and Benjamin Glazers would be sent vacationing for overheated brains if they handed in a couple of opera scores.

And there is another point in common. The fans. For there are fans sacred to opera singers, too. Their faces are not all turned toward Hollywood. And the letters they write are similar in content and tone to the letters they write our own Bill Haineses and other home town boys. The same emotionally starved ladies into whose barren breasts have penetrated the passionate notes of tenor, baritone and bass. There are fewer of them, of course, but they are none the less fervid.

Where the Two Differ

AND there are, of course, the dissimilarities.

"For instance," said Lawrence Tibbett, "I am aware, for practically the first time in my life that I have a face. I am become face-conscious. When you realize that, at the Met, the nearest your front-row audience can get to you is forty feet, you can imagine what a shock it must be to realize that you are four feet away from the lens.

"There is, too, the strange sensation of singing in my native tongue. English seems almost a foreign language to me, when I sing.

"I haven't had much time to sound out the other points of similarity and difference. I have the feeling that it is all much more human—warmer—friendlier. I have the very strong feeling that I like it."

Get This Album FREE!

This Large Black Seal-Leatherette Album—100 pages, loose-leaf, size 8½ by 10½ inches, weight two pounds, is specially made to hold the 5½ by 8-inch pictures that so many of our readers are collecting.

All you have to do is send us a one year subscription to Motion Picture Magazine—at our rate of $2.00 for twelve big issues—and we send you this Big Album Free! Subscribe to-day for some friend, or extend your present subscription. Money back if you are not delighted.

Please use this order blank

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. 1-MP
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the big Album—FREE!

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Start with ..... issue.

Extend my present subscription ☐

Canada, add $1.00 Foreign, add $2.00

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub *once an hour for five hours* . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

NOW OPEN

in New York

The HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON

Opposite Penn. R. R. Station

New York's new hotel truly expressive of the greatest city. 1200 pleasant rooms each with Servidor, bath, circulating ice water and radio provisions.

ROOMS *from* $3.00

E. G. KILL, General Manager

31ST STREET 7TH AVENUE

Great Lovers Are Book Lovers

(*Continued from page 71*)

word, a bibliomaniac, a man who knows and loves fine and rare volumes, and one who is worthy of their protection. Joseph Schildkraut is also named, respectfully, in connection with his library of over seventeen thousand volumes. Stade of the Hollywood Book Store says that Ernest Vadja, the Hungarian playwright, father of "Fata Morgana," buys half of the German books he imports; that he reads his volumes in French, German, Hungarian and English; and his yearly book debit is three or four thousand dollars. This figure pales in comparison to the $1580 that Jean Hersholt paid for an original folio of Shakespeare, but it gives an idea of the traffic in the printed page.

Clara Goes Highbrow

THE dilettante reader, he who reads casually and for entertainment, reveling in plot and not in binding, what does he buy? Clara Bow buys sporadically. Every three or four months she descends upon the Hollywood Book Store and buys from forty to fifty copies. Formerly it was light fiction of the "Move Over" variety, but on her last invasion of literary precincts, among her purchases were more stable volumes: "Henry the Eighth," "The Art of Thinking," "A Preface to Morals," several volumes of memoirs. Louise Dresser favors light fiction, with now and then a biography, and Lois Wilson keeps abreast of the modern times, and also dips, now and then, into philosophy. Ruth Chatterton is a frequent patron, and one book dealer notes that Rod La Rocque has a decided penchant for Dickens and Thackeray, while another one observes that Ronald Colman's taste veered from biography and travel to classical poetry recently; while Richard Barthelmess' choice remains with adventure, travel and crime.

Books on crime and travel have had a marked effect on book buyers. With the influx of Van Dine mystery stories and the hundreds of other detective authors, as well as the proliferous output of Richard Halliburton and other travel-adventurers, the demand for sex literature has waned.

John Barrymore's interests, according to various book dealers, range from first editions to the sea, to art, to acting and to volumes on tapestry; while his brother, Lionel, concentrates on books on the theater. Dolores and Helene Costello are well and favorably known to local script merchants, and Owen Davis, Jr., may be found reading David Garnett's "No Love." Harrison Ford is noted for his extensive library of moderns. Hayden Stevenson, famous as the referee in a Universal series, goes in, considerably, for biographies, and Joan and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., like their fiction smart and sophisticated, with now and then a dash of erotic literature. Jimmy and Lucille Webster Gleason are mystery readers; Bill Hart has a weakness for Ben King's verse; Lionel Belmore, the stout, bluff Englishman, buys Christopher Morley and A. A. Milne, for his friends among the children, reading them first himself; and Evelyn Brent is intrigued, greatly, by memoirs, biography and current fiction.

Fashions in Friendship

FASHIONS in friendship can easily be detected by the smart book dealers. When Waldo Frank was visiting Hollywood Charlie Chaplin sent an S. O. S. for a copy of his "Virgin Spain." On other occasions Chaplin, who is rated well among the sellers, goes in for serious things, including Greek tragedies and the classics. He lays especial emphasis on Napoleonic books, and also owns several Frank Harris volumes, the publication of which cost the author no little difficulty.

Just now, according to one book dealer, the Harold Lloyds are dabbling into the occult, metaphysics and philosophy; although another reports that Harold is acquiring a complete library of humor, the best, and, we hope, the worst, with Mark Twain well represented. George O'Brien is immersed in travel and stories of the outdoors, with a dash of psychology, while the Wallace MacDonalds are having a season of French and English history. James Cruze is adding to his collection of D. H. Lawrence, books on Mormonism, and volumes dealing with exploration and the early West, while Betty Compson keeps up to the minute in current fiction. Mary Pickford has a penchant for books on art, Alice and Marceline Day are eager for memoirs, Chester Morris, who kindled popular fancy in "Alibi," is a mystery martyr, Jetta Goudal is a collector of Anatole France, in de luxe editions, and Dolores Del Rio is a frequent seeker of the latest in Spanish and French books, as well as modern English literature. Valentino was keenly interested in costumes, old arms, on which he was an authority, and yachting.

Players are valuable additions to circulating libraries, as Ruth Swinnerton, priestess of the Hollywood Book Store, can tell you. Less talented mortals in picking up "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," just deposited by Louis Wolheim, will say, eagerly, "Did Mr. Wolheim like this?" And if he did, the volume is taken forth with reverence, and perhaps even awe.

The Hersholt Collection

BUT these matters are as nothing when confronted by the beauty of Jean Hersholt's library, twenty-five hundred books in a maze of handsome bindings. Folios of Dickens (Hersholt specializes in them) in original pamphlet form, published nearly a century ago under the pen name of Boz, margined by quaint British advertisements of a by-gone day; an original edition of Boswell's Jonson; Shakespeare, that first one printed in 1685; a Nuremburg Chronicle, dated two centuries before that; a little sheepskin volume laboriously written by Latin monks long before Gutenberg thought of type; a shelf of Napoleon; a section devoted to his native Danish authors; every book that Dreiser has written; modern volumes autographed to the owner; a Norman Douglas, personally inscribed to some friend, and picked up in some remote nook; all the Sinclair Lewis books, marking Jean's favorite modern American writer. They are card-indexed and insured at $30,000. An agent in New York and one in London is constantly on the alert for rare volumes to add to Jean's collection.

And still a bookseller told me of the prominent player who entered his establishment and ordered eighteen feet of books for his new home. "Something snappy to harmonize with the wall paper. It's red."

Someone once said, when he was reprimanded for always using phrases which were commonplace—phrases like, say, "bigger and better"—"I know that it's been said before. But it's so expressive." Which is a case very much in point here. For while it's been said of many things that they're bigger and better, to say that of MOTION PICTURE happens to be so true that we're going to say it and take whatever penalty befalls us. Bigger and better every month:

MOTION PICTURE "*It's the Magazine of Authority.*"

Salt Lake City is noted for its Mormon Church and Tabernacle, but it also has other imposing edifices, one of which is the Catholic Cathedral

Home Town Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page 107*)

whose father had a big furniture store; and Ralph Koerber, who used to take me to high school dances in the gym; and Bill Mortensen, who used to talk art to me on sketching-class afternoons in the park. He is now a famous photographer in Hollywood. Two other boys, Earl Brown and Bruce Williamson, used to clerk in the biggest shoe store in the holidays, and sold me my sensible brown calf oxfords. I buy my shoes of them still—though rather different styles of shoes!—at the French Booterie on Hollywood Boulevard, the swankiest shoe shop in town. Earl married Blanche Murphy who went with him to the cadet hop at Octeon Hall the last year I was in Salt Lake.

Margaret Livingston went to high school with me; and Margaret Whitney, who has a costume company in Chicago now. With these boys and girls I shared hayrack rides and watermelon busts (those were the innocent days!) and sometimes picnics up City Creek Canyon. Our greatest excitement was the football games, and in the fall Henry Richardson, the coach, was looked on with far more awe than Principal Eaton. One of my friends had a ranch in Cottonwood Canyon and we went camping there sometimes. In the summer there was swimming at Salt Air Beach—we called it that but it was mostly rides on the chute the chutes and giggling trips to the palmist booth.

And of course there were always the movies. At the American Theater I used to watch Earle Williams and Jimmie Cruze on the screen, never dreaming that I would play in the last picture Earle ever made, and would marry Jimmie Cruze! I recently heard from Maurine Bogardt, who lived next door to us at 464 Third Avenue, and she spoke of going to see my last picture at the Orpheum. That was another favorite haunt of the crowd on Saturday afternoons. After the theater we would drop in at the Louvre Restaurant underneath the Semloh Hotel for a drink called a horse's neck, in which Mr. Holmes, the proprietor, excelled.

I have never been back to Salt Lake, though when Lillian Jones—Mrs. Frank B. Hammond now, the wife of an insurance man—and I set out together in a vaudeville act—I remember thinking, "Some day I'll be rich and famous. Some day I'll have a dozen pairs of silk stockings. And then I'll come back and ride up and down the streets past the grocery where I sold prunes, past the Hotel Utah where mother worked, past the house where we took roomers, past the high school where the girls all dressed better than I. Some day they'll have my picture in *The Deseret News*."

But I never have, though my godmother Lucille Morrison Thayne lives at 435 South Fourth East, and I should love to visit her and my other friends. I have passed through Salt Lake many times since I began to make a success in the films, and the old crowd has come down to the station to see me, but I never stepped from the train.

EARLE LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here Health," Endurance," etc.

If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible and the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

Bah—to idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send to-day—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN
Dept. 2101 **305 Broadway, N. Y.**

EARLE LIEDERMAN.
Dept. 2101, 305 Broadway, New York City

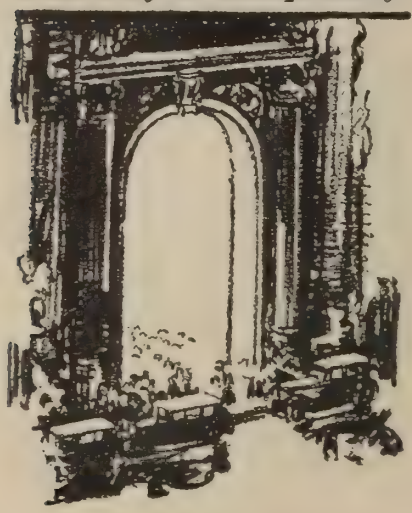
Dear Sir: Please send me without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." Please write or print plainly.

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

THE
Doorway of Hospitality



IN HOLLYWOOD, film capital of the world, the Hollywood Plaza is hotel headquarters.

Here is everything to do and see. Downtown Los Angeles is but 20 minutes away. The beaches, also, are easily accessible. Golf, recreation, night life and other entertainment surrounds the hotel.

Plan to stop here on your trip to Southern California. Reasonable rates . . . every possible comfort. Write for descriptive booklet.

THE HOLLYWOOD
PLAZA
HOTEL

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.
Engel
5 Styles Art Corners 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write
ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 23A, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago
10¢ Buys 100

Stop Itching Skin

Don't worry longer with Itching Skin, Dandruff, Rashes, Blemishes, Pimples and other annoying skin irritations. Get a bottle of cooling, healing, antiseptic Zemo—the safe, dependable way to relieve itching torture. Convenient to use any time—does not show. All druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Coy coyotes: Charles Bickford tries, but none too successfully, to make friends with some coyote pups. He hopes to train them to howl at the right moment for certain scenes in "Three Godfathers," a desert story whose setting is the ghost-city of Bodie, California, seen here in the background

Belts on the Nose

(*Continued from page 84*)

thought it was easier to break into that game than into the acting one. And I planned to make a name at that quickly and then sort of ease over into the theater."

I said, "Oh!"

"Well—where was I? Oh, yes! We couldn't get into the movies and we couldn't sell our stories, so we shipped on another tanker and went back to New York. I decided that maybe it would be just as easy to get into the theater as into the magazines. So I got a job in one as assistant prop man.

Mr. Faversham Contributes

"PRETTY soon they gave me a bit in a play with William Faversham. I had one line to say. After I had said it for two nights, I found a note in my box from Mr. Faversham. That was another belt on the nose. He said, in a kind and fatherly sort of way, that it seemed to him that the theater was not the place for me. My talents did not seem to run in that direction. I had better look for some other sort of job.

"That one hurt."

The last half of our conversation took place on the sound stage where Robert was working in "Jungle" with Joan Crawford. It was a scene in which a fight starts and he would strip off his dinner coat, tie, shirt and shoes. Then they would cut and he would rush over to me, panting, "Let's see—where was I?" and proceed with his story while he redressed for the next shot. This went on for hours. I was quite exhausted, watching him.

The gist of the rest of the story was that he did not take Mr. Faversham's advice and that things went very nicely for him, quite quickly, upon the stage. He played increasingly important rôles in such plays as "Dawn," "Mask in the Face," "Arline O'Dair," "One of the Family" and "The Garden of Eden," before he signed a contract to make talking pictures for M-G-M. His first picture on the Coast was "Three Live Ghosts," for which he was loaned to United Artists.

A Double Shortage

"NO one tried to stop me from coming out here to act in pictures," he said, "but I find there is a lot more to it than I ever imagined. You have to be able to do so many things. I thought they used doubles but I haven't seen one yet.

"I have had to learn to fence and now I am in training and taking boxing lessons because I have to do a fight in this picture. We made the long shots yesterday and I think I had better go and have my thumb X-rayed." He surveyed that member ruefully and it was apparent that it was considerably swollen. "I guess it's broken,' he remarked.

"But the worst thing I have had to do yet was sing. I never sang before in my life and I haven't had any lessons but they said I had to try it, so I did. It sounded a lot better than I ever thought it would when I heard it on the play-back.

"Gee! Life is funny. Imagine me singing—for publication, as it were!

"Picture work is so much more complicated than acting on the stage. You have to think of so many things at once—where the microphone is, where the camera is, where the other players are, your business and your lines. Gosh!"

Scenarios on the Side

IT is evident, however, that in spite of the complications of his new medium, Robert Montgomery is glad to be here. He likes pictures and he waxed really lyric upon the possibilities of the new form of them. He would like to do a little scenario writing, "on the side." An ambitious youth.

I learned later the reason for his surprising and pleasant loquacity. It seemed that this was his first interview since coming to Hollywood—and Robert was scared. He inquired from all and sundry whether I was a very ferocious person and how he should proceed. He was told that I wasn't and that he should merely talk a lot and tell me all about himself. So he did. He did, indeed. A literal-minded, as well as an ambitious, youth.

Mama and Papa's Boy

(*Continued from page 35*)

he would make a success of his music, though perhaps I didn't expect anything quite like what has happened. Many's the time I've seen people cry, just listening to his voice, even if it was only over the radio. It's a God-given gift all right. I remember once when he sang at a dinner in the little place in Maine where I ran my drug store. There was a woman sitting next to me crying to beat the band, and I said to her, 'Moves you, doesn't he? You're certainly moved,' I said."

"Now, now," broke in Mama. "Don't you go telling him anything of the sort." She looked sternly at her consort. "You know perfectly well that you wanted him to be a druggist and take over the store, instead of going ahead with his music. If it hadn't been for me, that's what might have become of him."

"Well," said Papa meekly, "perhaps so. But I never thought he'd make a good druggist. You can't deny that."

This threatened to develop into a first-class argument, so I changed the subject. "What is Rudy's attitude toward all the girls who get crushes on him?" I asked. "Does he like being the answer to a million girlish prayers?"

The Name Is Hubert

"WELL, Rudy—or Hubert, as his real name is—has always led a quiet and simple sort of life as far as girls were concerned," said Mama. "Mind you, he likes a pretty face—no one likes a pretty face more than Hubert. But he spends all his time working. When he isn't actually performing, he's always writing his book or a new song or something. He has it all arranged so that he doesn't have to be worried by all the girls who pester him. He just has his own personal friends, you know. The quality in him that attracts women doesn't come from his own experience—it's just something God gave him. When he was a boy he was sort of wild, but he never did anything you'd call dirty—just got into a lot of scrapes, you know."

There was a pause in the conversation while Marie Dressler spoke her close-up on the set. When she had finished, Papa turned to me.

"Miss Dressler told me one thing that made me mighty proud," he said. "She told me: 'Your boy has got two things which make him what he is, and which every actor or singer will always envy him for—poise and space.'"

And his face beamed with delight at the thought that he had given to the world one who has poise and space. And can you blame him?

But whether it was Papa Vallee or Mama Vallee who saved the lad with poise and space from becoming a druggist, is a point which will probably never be completely argued out.

We can understand something of the pride that Papa and Mama Vallee take in their Rudy—a pride you've just read about.

They've done a lot to make him what he is today. You can't blame them for glorying in the fact that he's clicking.

Just as you can't blame us, the publishers of MOTION PICTURE, for our elation over the mounting popularity of our magazine.

We have nourished and directed its growth as carefully as the parents of Rudy Vallee have his.

Now that MOTION PICTURE is sweeping the country like Rudy's voice, we're proud—proud to have given the movie-goers of the country the finest periodical devoted to their interests that has ever been conceived.

MOTION PICTURE

"It's the Magazine of Authority"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

See If You Can Find the Mistakes in This Picture

We will spend over $167,000.00 this year for the purpose of conducting free prize offers to advertise and expand our business. Thousands of persons are going to receive valuable prizes or cash awards and compensations this year through our offers. The sky is the limit! Anyone living in the United States outside of Chicago, except employees of this company, members of their families, or our previous auto or first prize winners, or members of their families, may enter an answer to this puzzle.

$7,346 in Prizes Given in This One Offer

Seven Big New 6-Cylinder Sedans and Other Valuable Prizes

Try your skill—it costs you nothing. Study the picture shown above, but look carefully. The artist has purposely made many mistakes. Can you find four or more of them? These mistakes can be found in various objects in the picture—that's all the hint we can give you. If you think you can find four or more mistakes, answer at once. Just mark the mistakes in pencil on the picture, or tell me what they are in a letter or on a post card. Only four mistakes are required for a perfect answer.

Anyone Who Answers This Puzzle Correctly May Receive Prizes or Cash!

Man, woman, boy, or girl—it doesn't matter who or what you are. Seven of the people who take up this offer are going to win wonderful automobiles. You can be among them. Answer today!

Additional $500.00 for Promptness

$500.00 extra will be awarded in addition to first prize if you are prompt. If your answer is judged to be perfect, I will tell you without delay about winning the prizes. Hurry now! Address your answer to **G. W. ALDERTON, Advertising Manager, Dept. 81, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Big demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest, foremost school.

EARN $50 TO $200 WEEKLY

Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made $12,500 from his business in one year. John Vasson, N. Y., gets $25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned $200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

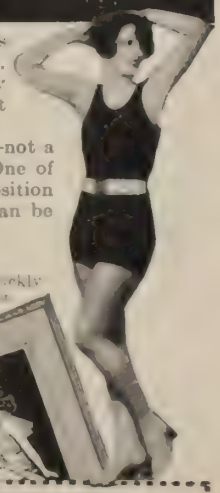
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

Be The Man Behind The Camera

BIG PAY FASCINATING WORK

$60 to $250 and more a week—that's the salary of a motion picture cameraman, the most fascinating job in the world. Play a major part in the production of the great movies that thrill the country.

Trained camera men are in great demand—not a foot of film can be made without them. One of these enjoyable, lucrative positions, a position that offers big pay and future unlimited, can be yours—easily—quickly!



Easily Learned This New Way

Now, right at home in your spare time, you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position as a skilled Motion Picture Cameraman. You learn everything there is to know about motion picture photography—from short news-reels to great feature pictures. In an amazingly short time you will find yourself ready to step into a high-salaried position—capable of going out "on location" and taking every kind of moving picture.

Send for Big Free Book

Write today for your copy of our FREE book, which gives full particulars about the ever-growing field of motion picture photography—shows how you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position.

YOUR SUCCESS COUPON

N. Y. Institute of Photography,
Dept. E-712, 2 West 33rd St.,
New York, N. Y.

IF anyone knows men —Mary DOES

FOR some time now, for a month or two, the great lovers of the screen have been giving their opinions of women.

THESE views, published in MOTION PICTURE, have elicited from women a tremendous number of comments upon the great lovers.

AND upon men in general.

IT SEEMS that again MOTION PICTURE has started something.

IT HAS stirred up a turmoil of controversy upon the sexes. Upon their differences, their essential natures, their superiorities and inferiorities in relation to one another.

BUT more than that. MOTION PICTURE has also prompted several of the stars, the women stars, in Hollywood to speak out.

THEY'RE going to have their say in the matter. Not on the subject of the great lovers. But on the subject of men as a whole.

AND the first gun from the feminine trenches is to be fired next month, in the February issue of MOTION PICTURE.

THE one to pull the trigger is Mary Nolan.

AND, gentlemen, let us advise you to keep your heads down, for Miss Nolan draws a fine bead on the target. She knows men as Einstein knows arithmetic. And in the February MOTION PICTURE she tells what she knows.

FOR this, if for nothing else, you cannot afford to miss making a point of getting this issue. For the first of a series of articles entitled: "Men, By the Sirens of the Screen."

Out the 28th of December: the February number of

MOTION PICTURE

"It's The Magazine of Authority"

Canned Chorines

(*Continued from page 48*)

publicists are stressing the fact that, at the talkies, "every seat is a front seat." Celluloid though the anatomies on display may be, the camera represents the eye of every gentleman in the house, from front row orchestra to back row second balcony. There is no need for the gentleman occupying the latter position to wax Bolshevistic about him of the former, because his lack of sufficient dollars deprives him of a really satisfying view. Opera glasses or no opera glasses, front seat or back seat, everybody gets his due portion of close-ups, at a talkie musical show.

Another Dimension Demanded

IN spite of this somewhat dubious advantage, the talkie musical could not have survived very long in towns where the genuine article is available as competition, had it not been for the perfection of color photography. After seeing "On With The Show," the first celluloid musical in color, the black-and-white variety appeared positively soporific. And the development of color will not keep the yawns out of our U. S. male's mouth for long. In order to hold his attention to canned flesh-and-blood more or less permanently, it will be necessary to develop it until it's so near the real thing that he can hardly tell the difference. He will certainly not go on patronizing it unless he can get some sort of illusion of three dimensions, for even though nothing solid walks out of the stage door after the show, he has got to be made to lose that two-dimensional feeling at least for the duration of the picture.

Another very necessary development for the perpetuation of the canned flesh-and-blood show is a larger screen. At present there is no question about it that the confines within which the canned ballets have to do their stuff spoil all of the effect that it is desired to produce. The most grandiose set, and the most enormous assemblage of chorines filling it, cannot but appear puny in the small black frame on which it has become customary to project pictures. But here the canners of eye-and-ear shows are up against rather a problem. If they widen the screen in order to give proper impressiveness to the long-shots, the close-ups lose all their point on the big surface. They are too diffused, and they magnify choice sections of the anatomy to a point where a shapely leg looks more like a giant beanstalk than anything else.

Pick Your Shots

THERE is a pretty problem for you. They're basing their sales talk for canned flesh-and-blood on the fact that every man in the audience gets his close-ups; but man cannot live on close-ups alone. He likes to have them seasoned with alluring, eye-filling, sumptuous long-shots. And if you put the long-shots on a screen big enough to show off to proper advantage, the principal point of your sales talk goes up in smoke.

Then why, my pretty gentlemen, not have two screens? There's an idea which I present gratis to our great talkie producers—principally because I doubt if any one of them would pay me enough for it even to cover the bare cost of postage and packing. But in spite of that, it is a good idea.

One big screen with two smaller ones, one on each side, would fill the bill admirably. On the big screen would be shown a perpetual long-shot. At the same time close-ups of strategic points in the general view would be showing on the small screens. Any dancer or singer on whom interest was focused for the moment would appear simultaneously in long-shot and close-up. You would be able to see your sunkist beauty doing her stuff both in correct relation to the

whole scene and also in that provocative proximity which causes you to ponder whether it's a mole or she just hasn't washed her knee.

The Smellies Are Here

BUT the quicker Hollywood can develop the smellies, tasties and feelies, the more secure will canned flesh-and-blood entertainment be in the U. S. male's heart. Only by bringing all the senses into play will it be possible ever to put Messrs. Ziegfeld, White and Carroll in a back seat. The artistically advanced Grauman's Chinese Theater, in Hollywood, has already launched the smellies on an amazed public, filling the patrons' nostrils with a strange five-and-ten odor during the Orange Blossom Time scene of Metro-Goldwyn's revue. From this to feelies and tasties is but a step. I leave it to readers' imagination what delights the movies will offer when these are an accomplished fact.

In those days, which cannot be far distant, making dates with real, four-square, three-dimensional chorines will be a quaint old-world pursuit indulged in by those of weak constitution for whom going to the movies is too violent a thrill.

Meanwhile, while the new branches of screen art are being perfected, Zieggy's Golden Girls in Pulsating Flesh and Blood—Not Canned—will continue to receive the enthusiastic patronage of us tired business men.

He Got the Jobs

(*Continued from page 42*)

Staunchly Serious

GOING up to Harvard, however, he decided to concentrate on literature. He wrote all sorts of things—articles on agriculture, papers on music for Deems Taylor's *Musical Courier*, stuff for the literary projects of the university. A serious and determined boy, he took small part in the more hectic social life of the institution, although among his closest friends were such remarkable playboys as Eddie DeWitte Walsh and Freddy Lee.

His close observance to his studies was a fortunate break in the same manner that it is fortunate to make hay while the sun shines. Before he was able to complete his course his father died. His pals went on—entering the Key and Harvard clubs. Hugh went back to New York—and entered the Home Insurance Company at eighteen a week.

For him there then ensued a period of that particular hell constructed for the sons of rich men who die poor. During the school year his friends were of course busy at Cambridge; summers they were away at the beaches, Palm Beach or Newport, in Europe, or up in Maine at Bar Harbor or North East. Hugh was pounding the sidewalks of New York, pushing doorbells and saying: "I represent—"

Still determined to write, he had entered the night classes at Columbia, where Professor Bosworth helped and encouraged him. But such a dual life is tough. He would find himself thinking about iambic pentameter while discussing four-way policies, and full accident coverage when he should have been getting the lowdown on the development of the English novel. He quit the school, determined to lick the money question and return to Harvard.

Writing, But Not Books

THIS he proceeded to do, but his second stay at the Massachusetts university was brief. A friend there, F. H. Bloomer, came into some money and, anxious to get started in the business world, persuaded Hugh to go with him. They opened an office which still operates in New York under the name of

(*Continued on page 117*)

USE SANATIVE WASH AS OFTEN AS YOU BATHE

Keep Clean!

CLEANLINESS is the foundation of health. Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash has been tested in the hospital under the doctors' supervision. It is recommended as a cleansing, refreshing, non-irritating antiseptic for vaginal douches. As a deodorant, it prevents embarrassment.

Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Keep clean!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash

for feminine hygiene

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.
Lynn, Massachusetts

USE SANATIVE WASH AS OFTEN AS YOU BATHE

HOW TO OBTAIN
A Better Looking Nose!
Improve your personal appearance

My new Model 25 Nose Shaper is designed to improve the shape of the nose by remoulding the cartilage and fleshy parts, safely, and painlessly. This is accomplished thru the very fine and precise adjustments which only my patented Model 25 possesses. Results are lasting. Can be worn at night, or during the day. Money refunded if not satisfied after thirty days' trial. Write for free booklet to

M. TRILETY
Pioneer Nose Shaping Specialist
Dept. 52 Binghamton, N. Y.

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL
Protection against Burglars, Tramps, & Dogs

Special Offer
1 Blank Cartridge Pistol
100 Blank Cartridges
1 550-page Novelty Catalog
ONLY $1.50
The Lot
Shipped by Express Only
Cash With Order Only

Well made and effective, modelled on latest type of Revolver; appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver without danger to life. It takes standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridge — obtainable everywhere. Special cash with order offer: 1 Superior quality Blank Cartridge Pistol, 100 Blank Cartridges, and our new 550 page De Luxe Catalog of latest novelties; all for ONLY $1.50. Shipped by Express only. Cannot go by parcel post. Extra Blank Cartridges 50c per 100. Special Holster (Cowboy Type) for pistol 50c. No C.O.D. shipments.
JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, Dept. 282, RACINE, WIS.

You've Been Looking For This
Hand Made Slave Bracelet, 1 inch wide

German Silver Cash $1.00 C.O.D. $1.15 Any Name		Sterling Silver $2.50 Cash Only Any Design

Any Emblem, Fraternity or Sorority Symbols. Napkin Rings same prices. Orders promptly filled.
Agents wanted for proposition
KUSTOM KRAFTMEN, Room 36 Proctor Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Woman's Birthright

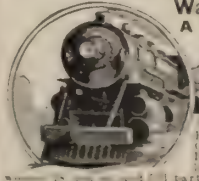
GROWDINA

MLLE. SOFHIE KOPPEL
New York, N. Y.

Cuticura
Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed toilet accessories—a most reliable method of cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.
25c. each everywhere—*Samples free of*
"Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

Want $1900 A YEAR?



RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. D247 Rochester, N. Y.

NEW METHOD FREES MARRIED WOMEN FROM WORRY!

CAN BE USED

IN 5 SECONDS

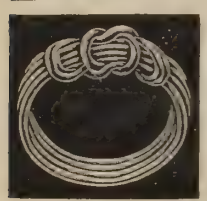
SCIENCE has at last produced a modern method of Personal Hygiene. VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS (In Cone Form) preferred by Modern Women, may be used quickly and easily with a positive assurance of effective results. VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS—a germicide and antiseptic containing no harmful ingredients destroy all germ matter within a few seconds! No longer need you be bothered with the old-fashioned methods that are uncertain and a constant source of worry. VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS are small and compact.

No Water or Accessories

There is no fuss or bother with water and accessories when using VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS. They are simple, effective and convenient. Free yourself from the worry of this troublesome problem. Don't go without VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS any longer. Carry them with you at all times. Send ONE DOLLAR for a generous trial box now. Sent sealed in plain wrapper. FREE INSTRUCTIONS on the use of VAG-ASEPTIC SLIPS included in your package. Money-back guarantee.

ORDER BY MAIL!

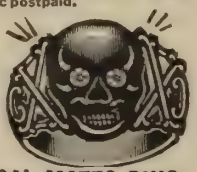
ALICE VALENTIEN
1475 Broadway, Dept. 13
New York, N. Y.



LOVER'S KNOT
or FRIENDSHIP RING

This pretty ring is made of four strands or coils of genuine 14K gold filled wire, woven into the True Lover's Knot that is symbolic of love between lovers, and friendship between friends. It is pretty without being showy. 20 year guarantee. Each ring made by hand by gold wire expert. It looks good and it IS good. PRICE 50c postpaid.

GOOD LUCK RING



A very striking, quaint and uncommon ring. Skull and Crossbones design, with two brilliant, flashing green emeralds sparkling out of the eyes. Said to bring good luck to the wearer. Silver finish. PRICE 25c postpaid.

COMICAL MOTTO RING

Lots of harmless fun and amusement wearing this comical ring. Made in platinoid finish (to resemble platinum) with wording on enameloid, as illustrated. PRICE ONLY 25c postpaid.

600 page catalog of novelties, tricks, puzzles, etc. free with every order. Postage Stamps accepted.

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dept. 50 RACINE, WIS.

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

FORM DEVELOPED

By Safe and Sensible Methods, based on Natural and Scientific Principles. Evolved after 26 years of successful experience. Nothing that is not safe and easy to do.

FREE INFORMATION AND SAMPLE

I will send a generous box of my Peerless Wonder Cream to convince you how easy and pleasant it is to use; also full information about my Complete Method for development of Arms, Legs, Neck, or any part of the body. Send no money. Write today.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Suite 4, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Business of Being a Lady

(*Continued from page 82*)

a cloak model in New York. Imagine! Fan writers, desperate for copy about the flawless Collyer, fell upon it avidly. But when asked to give out the confessions of a cloak model, Miss Collyer drew herself up to her full height and indignantly denied that she had ever been anything but a débutante.

She never has been. And she won't pretend to be, no matter how much you urge, scold, or beg. There's not much you can do with a girl who would rather be good. Hollywood isn't undermining her one bit. She is putting it in its place—in a nice way, of course.

Chaperoned by Her Nurse

A FRIEND of a friend of June's was told to look her up when he came to Hollywood. He did—several weeks after he arrived.

"You're the fifth on my list," he explained candidly. "You were marked 'beautiful but virtuous' so I looked the other four up first."

From her apparently comfortable eminence, June laughed indulgently at that crack. She could well afford to. For the cold winds of loneliness that usually howl around pedestals have not touched June. She spends very few evenings at home, though she's always there nights, with her old nurse as chaperon. Why, royal princes have taken June out. As well as any number of those same local sheiks who have had their pictures in the love-life story of vamp after vamp. There are few girls in town more popular and more admired. How do you account for that?

June has her own explanation. The one you'd expect.

"I have always believed that men treat a girl as she wants to be treated. If you make it clear to them that you don't want anything silly, but just want to be friends, to laugh together and have a good time, they are perfectly willing. They'll take you to dinner and dances, talk to you intelligently, if you show them that's what you want. And I don't care what other people do. One man told me I was inoffensively virtuous, and I guess that's it.

"I usually date myself up for a week ahead, so there's no danger of seeing too much of any one man. That saves me from getting too involved with anyone—and I couldn't really fall in love anyway, on account of Daddy. I've met many lovely men in Hollywood. And if any of them annoy me, I just say good-bye, and go on my way. I'm having fun, so why should I care?

"Hollywood men are entirely different from those I knew in New York, chiefly because of the way they talk. I've never before heard such language, or such subjects discussed. At home, if a truck driver should use bad language in my hearing, I'd expect my escort to do something about it. Here, your escort leans his elbow on the table and says the same thing himself, without batting an eye.

"'Why do you want to be good?' they ask me. 'What's it getting you?' They have wonderful sales talks. A lot of men try to tell you you can't be a great actress, your art can't mature, until you have lived. Of course—" she laughed good-naturedly—"they all want to help a girl out.

"When I first came here, I was shocked—well, not so much shocked as depressed. It all seemed so sordid. The whole social system. The affairs—as casual as a kiss of the hand would be at home. But then I recovered my sense of humor, and was amused by it all. After all, it can't hurt you if you don't want it to.

"And you get used to it. You are shocked at first, but by the time your parents come out to visit you, you're annoyed with them for being shocked."

June has a mother, too, who comes to visit our wild Hollywood and thinks it's all perfectly sweet. Once when June was doing a bedroom scene for a picture, her mother made her wear enough clothes under her nightie to keep a girl warm in the Klondike. But beyond that she doesn't interfere.

Mothering Her Mother

"MOTHER is my child," said June affectionately. "She just never has grown up. Oh, she has a wonderful mind," she added hastily. "It isn't that. But her attitude is still that of a child. I feel she's my responsibility. Right in the middle of a scene, I find myself worrying about how Mother is going to get across those New York streets alone."

And that is June Collyer. A thoroughly nice girl. Who loves her work. Loves to laugh. And is clever enough to please both her papa and her boy friends. I still don't know how it's done.

Maybe it's because June is one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood.

Or because she's doing pretty well in pictures, and the celebrity-hounds are always glad to be seen with a well-known actress.

Maybe it's just the novelty of taking a good girl out. And bringing a good girl home again.

Whatever it is, give the girl a hand. It takes a smart woman to be inoffensively virtuous in Hollywood.

Her Face Isn't Her Fortune

(*Continued from page 101*)

Of course, I must admit, that the unfortunate stage people had a rather inauspicious time for their dèbut upon the screen, because they came at a time when photography was being sacrificed to sound. Even some of our handsomest screen stars revealed startling flaws and bad camera angles when first obliged to consider the microphone as well as the camera. But that defect is being remedied, I am assured.

The fact remains that the pluses are important. Artificial exploitation and ballyhoo anent some beauty contest winner from Skoggs Center, Kansas, won't help that winner in the least if she is minus those pluses. All the sex appeal in the world will profit a maiden but little on the screen, if she speaks with a T'oity-T'oid Street intonation.

Even the extras have to have pluses. The type of pretty extra girl is changing in the most amazing fashion. They have to be able to sing and dance and do dance routines—with the consequence that, in consideration of the possession of these accomplishments, dozens of them are being engaged who have the most deplorable dancers' knees and, really! I have seen some quite disheartening faces among them.

Ah, me! A girl's face is no longer her fortune in Hollywood. She has to have a voice and agile heels in addition.

I am sure it is all for the best but I do hope some sort of compromise will be reached before long, whereby the faces one sees upon the screen, emitting dramatic dialogue, will become just a little more—er—decorative.

He Got the Jobs

(Continued from page 115)

Thomas and Bloomer, Inc. During the firm's first two and a half years, it wrote five million dollars worth of insurance, and became the sixth ranking insurance company in New York. Considering that the boys had about four thousand companies as competitors, that isn't so bad.

Their fortune obviously was extraordinary, and like most extraordinary fortunes had a nigger in its woodpile. This particular nigger was Richard Dix. Contacting Dix, who was working at the Paramount Long Island plant, Trevor sold him a half-million dollar policy. Dix introduced him to other people on the lot—Tommy Meighan, Mal St. Clair, Lois Wilson, Gloria Swanson—with resultant sales which zoomed the young firm to the top of the insurance ladder.

Dix, however, noted that his young friend seemed rather strangely unmoved by the success. Visiting the studio, Trevor would watch the actors at work as the starving Tantalus must have eyed the food just outside his reach. Dix gave him some advice: "If you want to be an actor, at least try to be one! Don't turn away from the profession, and then annoy your grandchildren by telling them how you always wanted to enter it."

Dix Plays the Tempter

FURTHERMORE, perhaps attracted by the boy's eagerness and the perfection of his nose, Richard did more than merely give advice. He made Hugh up and gave him a bit in his picture, "Let's Get Married." And when the Paramount forces moved to Hollywood, he ruined a promising (if unwanted) insurance-career by taking Trevor along and sponsoring him until the youngster got under way.

Dix's judgment on Trevor is added evidence that Richard is nobody's fool. Hugh has looks and charm, and that let-me-get-in-there-and-act spirit which all the real ones have. After a seasoning of bits and extra-work with Paramount, he won a term contract at F.B.O. He went through all the experiences of a stock player—small parts, parts that looked good and which were cut to bits, rentals to other studios; all the time selling himself as surely as he formerly had sold insurance policies.

And then, with the R.K.O. merger, he got a new contract at three times his former salary and, from "The Very Idea," which brings the delightful Frank Craven to the screen, he bids fair to be one of the most active of the new crop of leading men.

One of the Pringle Boys

TREVOR, with that amazing chance offered by the films, may swing up to be a member of the world's admired of all beholders. But I'm betting that if he does his feet will stay on the solid foundation on which they now repose. He springs from a fine and intelligent background, and his experience in the hard commercial world has taught him the value of a dollar. He drives a modest Chrysler, lives with his family, and buys endowment policies rather than diamonds and Scotch.

He has a passion for music and none at all for pose. He reads, belongs to that refined and charming group which revolves about Aileen Pringle, and keeps up his sports. He is in steady contact with his business in New York, and should he lose his hair or his figure, he will return to it promptly.

Should he return to the insurance racket, I can fancy a contented and unanimous sigh arising from the vicinity of Boston. A Harvard man in the movies—what a pain that must be for that precious community of the bean and the cod, where the Lowells speak only to Cabots and the Cabots speak only to God!

Win $3,500

or Buick Sedan and $1,500 Cash

Great advertising campaign now on! We are giving thousands of dollars in special rewards in addition to $5,000 in 25 Grand Prizes, including 3 autos, to advertise our business. F. Sieglinger won $3,000, Edna Ziler won $1,975, Tillie Bohle won $1,500 and scores of others. *Now bigger than ever.* SOMEONE WINS $3,500—WHY NOT YOU? Enter now and

FIND 7 FACES

The silvery moon shining thru trees and bushes makes some funny shadows. Some look like faces. Can you find 7 or more? Some look straight at you, some are upside down, etc. Look sharp and if you mark at least 7 clip picture and send to me with name and address. It doesn't cost a cent to win. Nothing to buy now or later.

$5,000 in 25 Prizes

Send Today $1,500 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS if you win the Buick. *You can share* in this advertising cash distribution. First Prize, Buick Sedan or $2,000 cash if preferred, also $1,500 for Promptness. Duplicate Prizes in case of final ties. If you take an active part YOU ARE SURE TO BE REWARDED. No matter where you live, *if you want to win $3,500 first prize money* SEND ANSWER TODAY for details. SEND NO MONEY.

L. M. Stone, Mgr., 844 W. Adams St., Dept. 81, Chicago

OPPORTUNITY MARKET

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—New Shirt Proposition. No capital or experience needed. Commissions in advance. Established 40 years. Samples Free. Madison Products, 564 Broadway, New York.

Here's Money to pay your bills, buy new clothes, take pleasure trips, etc. Wonderful opportunity to make $15 profit a day as my local Representative. Easy work. New Ford Sedan free to producers. Albert Mills, 4948 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

ASTROLOGY

Astrology—Learn what the Stars predict for 1930. Will you be lucky? Will you win in love? Will your investments prove profitable? Would a change in occupation give you a larger salary? Our Special 15-Page Astrological Reading gives predictions month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1930 based on your Sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, courtship, marriage, employment, travel, speculation, health, accidents, "lucky days," etc. Send exact birthdate with $1.00 for complete reading. Franklin Publishing Company, 800 North Clark Street, Dept. 261, Chicago.

Important Impending Events! Now is the time for scientific, original reading for **1930**. Personal, individual, helpful. Complete name at birth, birthdate. One question $1. Alicia Nichols, Astor Sta., (H) Boston, Mass.

GRAPHOLOGY

Let Me Analyze Your Hand-Writing. Learn your strong and weak characteristics as well as those of your friends. Send 12c for sample analysis. Money back if dissatisfied. Graphologist, 2309-JC Lawrence, Toledo, O.

HELP WANTED—MALE—FEMALE

Make $20 per 100, stamping names on key checks. Either sex. A spare time business of your own. Send 25 cents for sample and instructions. Good for $5 daily. R. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Wonderful Jobs with U. S. Government for Men—Women, 18–55; $125–$250 month. About 40,000 openings yearly. Are you eligible? We advise you Free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 294, St. Louis, Mo.

HOME WORK

Women wanting to obtain reliable kinds. Write for information. Enclose stamp. Eller Co., Dept. 26, 296 Broadway, New York.

"HOW TO ENTERTAIN"

Plays, Musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, blackface skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, musical readings, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 62, Chicago.

INSTRUCTION

Railway Postal Clerks. $158.00 month. Men 18–35. Spring examinations likely. 25 coached free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E73, Rochester, N. Y.

"OLD COINS WANTED"

Old Money Wanted—Will pay $100.00 for 1894 Dime, S. Mint, $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo). Big premiums paid for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Co., Dept. 48, Ft. Worth, Tex.

PATENTS

Inventions Commercialized. Patented or unpatented. Write, Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 513 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS WANTED

$1250 for Original Photoplay Story. Our sales department sold unknown author's first story for above amount. We revise, copyright and market stories for both silent and talking pictures. Located in the heart of motion picture industry. We know the den and. Estab. 1917. Free Booklet. UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY, 205 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Send Me Your Short Stories, Poems, Etc. No obligation. I Revise, Typewrite and Sell on Commission. Send manuscript or write Hurah Service, Dept. 2, Box 1013, Harrisburg, Pa.

REDUCE

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE
on treatment for
reduction of Corpulency
will be mailed without
charge upon request to
Dept. "K"
Garfield Tea Company
313—41st Street Brooklyn, New York

STORIES WANTED

Big Demand for Photoplay Talking Picture and Magazine Stories. We revise, Develop and Copyright. Sell on commission. Established 1917. Booklet free. Universal Scenario Co., 405 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

FEMININE HYGIENE
Dr. H. H. Warner's Book "Feminine Hygiene" now mailed FREE. This remarkable book solves woman's greatest problems—has enlightened and helped thousands. Write for your free copy today.
Warner's Renowned Remedies Co.
135 East 25th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Moles
HOW TO BANISH THEM
A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.
WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-E Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!
Painting photos and miniatures. No drawing talent required. Fascinating work. **Make $35 to $100 a week.** Easy to learn by mail. Write today for particulars and artist's outfit, employment service, given. Write for FREE Ebook.
NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. 33-1, 1008 N. Dearborn, Chicago

FREE PHOTOGRAPH
Name These Stars
?
and we will mail you FREE photograph of your favorite
HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE
Drawer V-1, Dept. M Hollywood, Calif.

HUMILIATION

STUBBORN SKIN BLEMISHES WASH THEM AWAY

What a humiliating affliction, these stubborn pimples, rashes and skin blemishes! Why don't you try D. D. D. the cooling, healing liquid which has freed so many after all else failed? A touch—and all itching is gone! Then the healing begins. And soon a clear, smooth skin. Just try a 35c bottle. Your druggist will refund your money if it fails to help you. Or write D. D. D. Corporation, Batavia, Illinois.

D. D. D. THE HEALING SKIN LOTION

Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Abolish ugly hollows

Miss Gonzales of Reno, Nevada, writes: "I have used Tiffany Tissue Builder only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, can abolish sunken cheeks, thin necks, hollow shoulders, flat busts No dieting or tiresome exercise is necessary. Simply apply and massage Tiffany Tissue Builder wherever you want to develop more flesh.

Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it

TIFFANY LABORATORIES, Inc.
1127-H Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, O.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

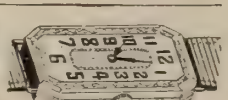
THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling the teacher, policeman or friends.

THE VENTRILO

a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. **Never Fails. A 16 page course on Ventriloquism, the Ventrilo and 600 p. novelty catalog, ALL FOR 10c.**
JOHNSON SMITH & CO. Dep. 343, Racine, Wis.

FREE



A high grade jeweled wrist watch, accuracy guaranteed, given with each ring purchased.

Dazzling Brilliantine Diamond

50c Weekly

All appearance of real diamond. Rich engraved ring, platinum style, charming latest design. Send name and address and strip of paper exact measure about finger. Your order comes by return mail; you pay postman on delivery $2 for 1st month, then send us $2 monthly for 4 months. Full price of ring only $10. **You get the watch without cost.** Biggest value ever offered. Rush order today.

REGENT WATCH CO.
95 Nassau St., N.Y., Dept. D-13

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

and decent clothes, etc. And if that isn't a pretty good argument for democracy, you think up one. If it is true that the movies are made for the fickle mass, there are nevertheless plenty of interesting productions for those of a serious turn. The "Volga Boatman," for instance. No greater plea for mercy and justice ever reached so many people. It is the best I ever saw. As for comedy, "We're in the Navy Now" will surely go down as a classic.

It is unjust and unfair, by every consideration of morality and decency to accuse the movies of demoralizing our youth.

True, there are some pictures children shouldn't see; but why blame the movies for that, let the parents keep them at home. The picture business isn't run for children anyway. *Marvin Webb.*

It's Work To Listen

NEW YORK CITY.—I agree that there is a future for silent pictures as well as for "Talkies," and one of the reasons I think is this, that it requires more effort and concentration to go out and enjoy a talking picture than it does a silent one. People who have made a habit of slipping into the pictures after a hard day's work knowing that they would have to do nothing more strenuous than sitting still and watching, are finding that they cannot do that with the talkies, they have to concentrate to hear all that is said, and you cannot do that properly if you are tired.

Also now that the first novelty has worn off the "Talkies," I am not alone in thinking that whilst it is a delightful experience to hear one's own favorites speak, until they do, silent pictures will satisfy me, because if the names of the Broadway stars mean much in New York, and even something in California, they mean nothing farther afield, and up to now their voices do not make up for the essentials they lack. Your criticism "Ina Claire photographs as well as can be expected" seems to put the matter into a nutshell.

Reading casts lately has been like looking through a "Who's Who" of a different world, and how delighted we are to see familiar names appearing again. *E. F.*

Wipe Out the Sobs

NAUGATUCK, CONN.—I have been following your letter department closely and I'm now going to have my say. It's really a letter for the producers.

Please, oh please, producers, stop it! Don't give us any more talking pictures where the players have to cry. It seems that crying is grossly exaggerated in the talkies. It sounds like a lot of whining, screeching, yelling sounds.

It is an awful feeling to have to sit through a picture where such crying is being done. It makes you feel as though you want to either scream yourself or get up and get out of the place. You begin to feel as though you were in a madhouse. When something gruesome goes on in the silent pictures, you can shut your eyes and not look at it, but unless you are fortunate enough to be deaf, you just have to put up with this awful sob stuff.

The truth about this hysterical crying in the talkies is that a little bit goes a long long way. If they must shed a tear or two, then let them do it and get it over with as quickly as possible. *G. E.*

An Indian Girl

STOCKTON, CAL.—I have read that the movies are going to cut off the Western pictures. Oh! how sad I will feel, for I love them so.

I am an Indian girl that would sure miss them, and so will the rest of our tribe. For in a Western picture is the only place where we feel at home, seeing wild horses, cowboys, mountains and forests and everything looking wild.

Our country today is very sad to us, a fish is a fish; we are like fish out of the water in a new land all trim with towns, cities, manufactories, and houses all over. Where we once had every living thing running wild in our forest.

We would like to see Little Buzz Barton grow big and get his chance in future years to come, we sure think he is doing wonderful.

Hope Movies Company will be fair to all of us, we also like movietone and also think American inventors are just wonderful.

Well, I think we all have to follow movie orders, but hoping they will give us always Western pictures as a side order, ha.
Regina De Flores.

"It Seems Small"

HAVANA, CUBA.—I really do not know if I shall write a good English, but I want to do my best, so you can understand and publish it in your magazine if you think I am right about what I am going to write.

I really "love" the American artists—I think the girls are simply beautiful and the boys are real handsome heroes—but such famous people are quite ridiculous to request money for their photographs.

I remember that unforgettable Norma Talmadge—"The eternal Queen of the Movies"—used to send a big studio photograph of herself and also a little note answering the fan letter. Mary Pickford and Tony Moreno used to do the same. But these new movie people are so rude to the screen admirers that they don't deserve to have fans—Really.

Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that an actor or actress that gets thousands of dollars a week like Clara Bow, Menjou, Barthelmess wouldn't ask for twenty-five cents to send a common picture (5x5)?

Some time ago I wrote a very nice letter to Richard Arlen asking for a photo. Also telling how much I admired him. He answered me a very dull letter requesting twenty-five cents if I wanted the photo. I sent the money six months ago and I got nothing in return—of course, I like Arlen—he's nice—but I think he is an impolite fellow. Charles Morton that looks so nice did the same thing. I sent him fifty cents to get a photo seven months ago, he has sent nothing.

Barry Norton is a perfect gentleman—he sent a beautiful photograph of himself and returned the twenty-five cents I sent him.
Cuban Telephone Girl.

Viva Collegiate Films

LEWISTON, MAINE.—The collegiate pictures may be laughed at by the old folk who have forgotten that they went to college once, but we collegians aren't tired of them yet.

We know that college life isn't as pictured in the movies—we'd never get anything done if it were, so we enjoy seeing what we aren't—as usual.

Romance means a lot to most of us, so give us collegians our own pictures—talkie or not—and let our parents and teachers have their dramas and weep.
Betty.

Answer to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Dorothy Sebastian and Clarence Brown** have only been rumored engaged six times so far! Everyone seems to be waiting for them to do something definite.

2—**Janet Gaynor changed her mind** so often on that last eventful day that Lydell Peck and Charlie Farrell were both on deck—to say nothing of Virginia Valli.

3—**It was Lilyan Tashman** who received all the sparklers, thanks to Eddie Lowe's contract, said to run near $4,000 per week.

4—**John Gilbert and Ina Claire returned** from Paris with the cutest twins. Sorry to disappoint you, they are kittens.

5—**She was once the wife of John Gilbert**—sure! Leatrice Joy is the lady, second only to Sophie Tucker and Belle Baker.

6—**The fair-haired boy of the moment** seems to be Barry Norton.

7—**That Swedish damsel by the name of** Garbo has successfully withstood both Gilbert and Asther.

8—**Mr. Collier's little boy, Buster, is all** sorts of ways about Marie Prevost.

9—**Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle had hardly dismissed** one action when she began another. She seems serious this time.

10—**Mary Philbin's papa certainly knows** what town he's operating in. Maybe he'll raise the ante to eleven next semester.

11—**Ben Lyon was once engaged to one** of our newest movietone ladies—Marilyn Miller.

12—**Of course, this is just hearsay—but** I understand Mamma Cooper has her foot in the deal. It's not the contracts.

13—**John Boles—no less! But no more,** thank goodness!

14—**Nils Asther was quite mad about** the baby-vamp half of the Duncan duo before. Now they are at it, again.

15—**Bill Hart says this is the real reason** for his marriage. But the offspring amounted only to one child (and one divorce). Winifred Westover.

16—**Seventeen-year-old Loretta Young** surely surprised us a while ago by naming Grant Withers as the one and only.

17—**At least, I've never seen Ivan Lebedeff** without his white spats—and he never wears a hat.

18—**I have watched fifty people in one** Sunday afternoon introduce themselves to Betty Compson at her front door before they began to pour luncheon.

19—**Laura La Plante is the unique lady** who decided that she didn't care whether gentlemen prefer blondes or not.

20—**The notice said he had been filmdom's** idol for a generation. Do you blame him?

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 100*)

twenty years ago? **Hoover**; it has always been his name. **William Boyd** and **Elinor Fair** were married in **1926. William** is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds. Light hair and blue eyes. **Elinor** was born in **1901.** She is not appearing in pictures. **Viola Dana** and her sister **Shirley Mason** will be seen in a sister act in **"Show of Shows," Warner Bros.**

CHARLOTTE.—In learning to drive an automobile, you may get along all right until you take a turn for the worse. **Gladys Brockwell** died **July 2, 1929. Mildred Davis,** the wife of **Harold Lloyd,** is not appearing in pictures. **Gloria** was born **May 21, 1924.**

LAZY PUPPY.—Shouldn't have spring fever this time of the year. **Lila Lee** is five feet six inches tall, weighs 125 pounds. **Dolores Del Rio,** five feet four and a half, 110 pounds. **Lois Moran,** five feet two, about 115 pounds. **Phyllis Haver,** five feet six, 130. **Lily Damita,** five feet three, 114 pounds. **Charles Rogers** and **Jean Arthur** are playing in **"Half Way to Heaven," Paramount Studios.** This was formerly titled **"Here Comes the Bandwagon."**

QUESTIONABLE.—Perhaps we ought to be thankful to the fellow who keeps us so busy that we haven't time to think about our own. **Leila Hyams** was born in **New York City, May 1, 1905.** She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, and has blonde hair and grey eyes. **May McAvoy, Sept. 8, 1901,** five feet tall. Was married to **Maurice J. Cleary, June 28, 1929. Alice White** was a script clerk before entering pictures. **Marceline Day** and **John Harron** appeared in **"The Boy Friend."**

GRANT WITHERS FAN.—**Grant** is about twenty-three years old. No, he is not married, but he and **Loretta Young** are that way about each other. **Jack Luden's** wife is **Elizabeth Seltzer. Sam Hardy** was *Jerry* in **"On With the Show."**

WINX.—So you like pretty eyes, do you? **Phyllis Haver** has retired temporarily. **Richard Barthelmess** was born in **New York City, May 9, 1895. Dorothy Mackaill, Hull, England,** in **1903. Jeanne Eagels** died **Oct. 3, 1929.**

AUDREY AUGUST.—Sorry, you were too late for the other issue. **Joan Crawford** was born in **San Antonio, Texas, Mar. 23, 1908.** Has brown hair and blue eyes. Playing in **"Untamed," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.** She has only been married once, that is to **DoDo,** that's her nickname for **Doug. Sally Blane** was born in **Salida, Colorado, July 11, 1909. Sally Eilers, New York City, Dec. 11, 1908. Anita Page** is five feet two inches tall, weighs 118 pounds.

RARIN' TO GO.—In what profession is

(*Continued on page 121*)

3,000,000 women have made this famous test for safely ending

GRAY HAIR

Why shouldn't you have the secret too? No risk. No expense. We send Free the famous Single Lock Test Package. You snip off a lock of hair. Before you use it on your head—you see how perfectly color comes to each gray strand.

A colorless liquid is combed through hair. That is all there is to do. Any shade wanted may be had from blackest black to lightest blonde. Don't hesitate. This way is SAFE to hair and scalp.

FREE Coupon brings famous *Single Lock Test Package*. It has shown millions the way to ever-youthful hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3416 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....
Street .....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Let Me Develop YOUR Form Like This

It is so easy to have the lovely, full, firm Bust that fashion demands. My wonderful new Miracle Treatment quickly fills out the contours, enlarging the breasts from one to three inches.

Beautiful Breasts for You

BEFORE AFTER

Are you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? My new, easy method, with the simple application of my dainty, luscious Miracle Cream will work wonders!

FREE Complete private instructions for moulding the breasts to rounded, shapely proportions included with your jar of Miracle Cream.

Special Offer Now! Send only $1.00 for large jar of Miracle Cream and Instructions. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write TODAY.
NANCY LEE, Dept. K-1, 853 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANT TO MAKE SOME MONEY?

Here's An EASY Way—SELL NEW Safety Cigarette Holder

This amazing invention completely encloses a cigarette so ashes or sparks cannot fall. Smokers everywhere buying it like wild-fire. Every smoker wants one—try him and see. Price is only $1, with liberal discounts to live agents. If you want something really good to sell, if you want an easy seller—one which will make you a lot of money, write for full particulars today.

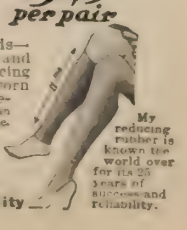
Ashes cannot fall. Sparks cannot fly. Cigarette tastes sweeter. A cooler smoke. Makes Cigarette smoking safe. Fine for the automobile driver. Retails at only $1.00.

John Smith, Milwaukee, sold 24 at $1 each the first 2 hours and telegraphed, "Send me 50 more quick." Ash-Pak is the only safety cigarette holder, made of bakelite, beautifully finished in assorted colors. Every sale makes a dozen new customers. Write quick for discount and territory.

THE NORLIPP COMPANY
568 W. Congress Street Dept. A-22 Chicago, Illinois

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair

Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra-fine Para rubber support and shape ankle and calf while reducing them. Perfect fitting. Can be worn under hose or worn at night reducing and shaping ankle and calf while you sleep. You can see improvement in shape almost at once. Reduces swelling and tones muscles. If ordering send ankle and calf measure and size of stocking worn. Send order with cash or pay postman.



My reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability.

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York City

Crickets and Divorces

There are two maddening things in life

One is wondering where the cricket is when you hear him chirping

Another is wondering where to find the real goings-on in Hollywood when you know that they are, all around you and continually, going on

Both irritations, however, can be alleviated by a little expert advice

A naturalist friend will tell you how to find your cricket

And Helen Louise Walker, author of those handy manuals upon Hollywood flora and fauna, will, in a twinkling, take you where to see Hollywood as through a glass brightly

Indeed, she has already done so in part. Miss Walker has pointed out where Hollywood whoopee is made, where romances are enacted and where marriages are agreed upon

All logical, you see. In order. And it continues to be. For in the next, the January issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC, this literary dragoman conducts to and through the divorce section

And her "Hollywood Divorce Handbook" is as complete and searching and satisfying as have been her earlier Boulevard Baedekers

Get yours in the January CLASSIC. It'll be on the stands December 12th

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

"It's the Magazine with the Personality"

The hoop skirt that Bessie Love wears in one of the new musical productions looks both roomy and mushroomy

Bridge—As The Stars Play It

(*Continued from page 41*)

Bernice opened the bidding. Loretta, sitting in the west position, registered disgust; and Alex Gray saw no reason for arguing with his partner's bid. Doug Fairbanks, taking the kind of risk that would have called for a double on the lot, mentioned a no trump, on which he was prepared to take a penalty to save the rubber. Bernice, however, went to two hearts; Loretta refused to make the supreme sacrifice with a club bid; and Alex and Doug let it go at that.

Miss Young trotted out her queen of clubs to open the play, and after gathering in this trick with her ace, Miss Claire took time out to reconnoiter. Where were the ten tricks that would mean game and rubber? Doug must have at least the spade ace, four to the jack of hearts, and the two outstanding kings to justify his no trump bid. If that was all he had, everything would be lovely. But if he had the queen of spades as well, Bernice would have her work cut out for her. For such a distribution would seem to block any possible entry into the dummy hand for the all-important diamond finesse.

Bernice led a spade, and dummy's jack was gobbled up by Doug's queen. Unless something drastic could be done, she would lose two spades and one heart, and would be forced at the end to lead away from her ace-queen of diamonds for a total loss of four tricks.

Doug returned the king of clubs, which Miss Claire trumped. Bernice knew she must lose one trump trick—why not lose it advantageously? Leading the four of hearts from her own hand to the dummy's nine, she forced the jack from Douglas. Doug's return of a club was of no avail, for Bernice trumped with the queen and immediately led the six of hearts to dummy's ten. Here at last was the elusive entry to Alex's hand, allowing Bernice to go to work gleefully on the diamonds, leading dummy's jack through the king which she knew must lie in Doug's hand. It would have made no difference if Doug had held off with his king—another diamond lead from the dummy would have killed it anyway.

Bernice drew the two remaining trumps and cashed the rest of her diamonds, giving the opponents a spade trick, but taking the game and rubber for herself and Alex, against any possible defense.

The Actor Who Knows That He Died

(*Continued from page 40*)

through and beyond the veil of the future, some projection beyond the functions of the body or the voice of God.

Crying "Success!"

"I KNOW that I saw him. So clearly, in some way so triumphantly that I ran from the room, dashed down the stairs and cried out to my mother, 'I'll be a success, I'll be a success!'

"From that instant forth I never had another doubt, another worry, another fear. I knew that I would succeed, that my obligations to my family would be met, that I was safe.

"It was three years later that I met Rex Ingram. And later still that he approached me on the possibility of playing *Ben-Hur*. I knew what he was going to say before he said it. When, among his first words of advice, he told me to train and develop my muscles, my body, I knew that he would say that, too. The figure I had seen had been brawnier and stronger than I.

"After the first discussion of the part everything went awry. No one—with the exception of Mr. Ingram—saw me as *Ben-Hur*. But not for one tiny instant did I feel a doubt, a qualm or a misapprehension. I knew that I was going to play that part. I knew it. Even when the company went abroad without me, to start production, even when I heard that George Walsh had been signed for the part—even then I knew that I, and only I, would play *Ben-Hur*. I had been told so by a power very much higher than the powers producing the picture.

"What belongs to us in this world comes to us. What does not belong to us does not come to us. That is a fixed and certain fact. *Ben-Hur* belonged to me. As it was proven.

"My next experience came one bright, sunlit afternoon.

"On that afternoon I died.

"I know that I died.

"I was training for some expressionistic work with Marion Morgan and her dancers. I had been left to myself to evolve some interpretation of my own. It had to do with death at my own hands. I sat there, on the stage, surrounded by other occupied people. I was clutching my throat and swaying back and forth, rhythmically, so that I might achieve the illusion I sought.

"And as I sat there, my fingers clutched my throat tightly, more tightly, with no volition, no guidance of my will. I was not thinking, with my conscious mind, of anything else but the effect which I strove to produce.

"And then, quite suddenly, I felt some force, some spirit, some bodiless body which was a part of me struggling for release. Struggling painfully, with convulsive efforts—to escape. To escape my body. And then this thing bottled within me left my body. It rose, higher and higher. It seemed to fill the whole stage, the whole theater. It was immense and all-pervasive. And my consciousness was in that astral body. I'll call it astral for want of a better term. I could look down upon my mortal body, crouched there, and looking down on it, I did not recognize it. I did not know whether it was male or female. In some vague way I sensed that I had had some identity with it but what I could not tell.

"Then, gradually, as if impelled by some insubstantial and yet terrifically strong suction, I felt the immense thing that was myself drawn down and back—against my will—again painfully—as something too large might be forced into the neck of an emptied bottle or vase. And when the throes of

(*Continued on page 122*)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 119*)

a man sure to become thoroughly immersed? I'd say a swimming teacher. **Anita Louise,** a little twelve-year-old girl, who has been in demand ever since she was five years old to represent some of the screen's loveliest actresses as children, has an important rôle in **"The Marriage Playground,"** with **Mary Brian** and **Fredric March.** She has pale golden hair and deep violet eyes.

SLEEPY TIME GAL.—**Raymond Glenn, Corliss Palmer** and **Strongheart** appeared in **"The Return of Boston Blackie." Ralph Lewis, Johnny Walker, Ella Hall, Josephine Adair** and **Frankie Lee,** brother of **Davey Lee,** played in **"The Third Alarm."**

ASTERS.—**Nils Asther** was born in **Malmo, Sweden, Jan. 17, 1902.** First name pronounced like **Neels. Mary Astor** isn't doing any screen work at this time. She married **Kenneth Hawks.** Real name is **Lucille Langhanke. Bebe Daniels** and **Ben Lyon** are engaged.

JACQUELINE.—So, you're an ice-skool grad. **Evelyn Brent's** real name is **Riggs. Patsy Ruth Miller, Alan Forrest, Pauline Garon** and **Rockcliffe Fellowes** played in **"Rose of the World,"** which was released in **Nov. 1925.**

TWO MOVIE FANS.—**Quinn Williams** was **Al** in **"Noah's Ark." David Newell** was **Tony** in **"Dangerous Curves." Anita Page** is not married. **Aileen Pringle, Ralph Ince,** in **"Wall Street," Columbia Studios.**

JUST TOMMY TIM.—**Robert Frazer, Clara Bow, Alyce Mills** and **Gene Stratton** appeared in **"The Keeper of the Bees." Clara Bow, Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper** and **Einar Hansen** in **"Children of Divorce." Victor McLaglen** is one of the tallest players. He's six feet three. **Gary Cooper** is one inch shorter. **George Bancroft** is married to **Octavis Broske,** formerly a well-known stage actress. They have one child, a girl, eight years old.

ANNETTE.—Send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures **Joan Crawford** has appeared in. **Joan** was born in **San Antonio, Texas, Mar. 23, 1908.** She is five feet four. You bet, I can supply you with photos of **Rudy Vallee, John Holland, Grant Withers** and **Our Gang. Helen Kane's** latest picture is **"Sweetie," Paramount Studios.**

THE BARBER'S DAUGHTER.—You'll never worry about hair cuts, will you? **Nils Asther** was **Kit** grown-up in **"Sorrell and Son." Virginia Lee Corbin** was married on **Sept. 26, 1929** to **Theodore Kroll. Rin-Tin-Tin, Jobyna Ralston** and **Ray Hallor** are playing in **"Rough Waters." Lightning,** the dog died **Oct. 14, 1929.** His real name was **Ginger** and he was owned by **Mrs. Maude Cowles.**

GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow.* Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
551-C Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.

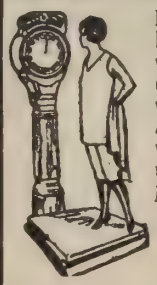
State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D.

Name_____

St. Address_____

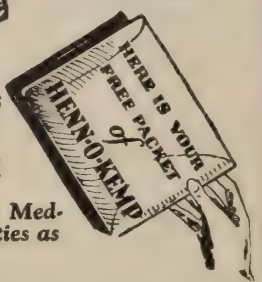
City_____ State_____

FREE
to Fat Men and Women



Henn-O-Kemp, a harmless vegetable compound, will bring that slender, enviable figure you have wanted, for it is GUARANTEED to reduce your weight or money refunded.

Reduce 20 to 60 lbs. in 6 to 8 weeks



Used by Thousands

Contains no Thyroid

Endorsed by Medical Authorities as Absolutely Harmless

Henn-O-Kemp, 1006 Arcade Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me free and without obligation a trial packet of Henn-O-Kemp.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Foreign orders must be accompanied by money order.

A heavy blow to Mary Brian's peace of mind: the figure on the scales. Fifteen pounds' gain since the last time. How was she to know that was the exact weight of one of Neil Hamilton's dogs?

entry were over, I was again myself, sitting there with spears of earthly sunshine filtering in from some high, far window, with my co-workers still attitudinizing about me.

No one knew that I had died. No one ever has known it.

Gone, Yet Always Present

"A SHORT while ago my dearly loved brother passed away. He has not returned in any physical manifestation. I have not heard his voice. I have had no direct message from him, although I have tried. But I know that he is with me, helping me.

"I do not need to hear his voice. I do not need to see him with my eyes.

"Whenever I am in doubt about what to do here, or there, I ask his help—and the doubt is removed.

"Whenever I have done so trifling a thing as lose or mislay some possession, I think of him and I know where the lost thing is. Where there has been perplexity, there comes clarity. Where there was misapprehension or disturbance of mind, there comes serenity. It is enough for me to know that he is still with me."

The dull, coarse ingredients of worldly things have mixed very little with Ramon Novarro. The blunting things. The things that blur the fine thin edges of the questing spirit.

He has never known the human passion called being in love. Never. And he does not believe that he ever will. It is not for him. He loves to watch the loves of others. He finds them beautiful. But for him there are other beauties—and they have not to do with woman or the world.

Because his desires are not our desires. His dreams are not our dreams. That which satisfies us leaves him a-hunger and a-thirst. His idealism moves, afar off, a Grail to which there are few pretenders.

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98¢**

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

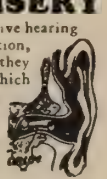
UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. A-680, Chicago, Ill.

NEW AND SIMPLE DISCOVERY
CLEARS-THE-SKIN

We prove it to you FREE. SEND NO MONEY. Write today for PROOF and full details of our liberal prepaid FULL SIZE TRIAL PACKAGE. GUARANTEED FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES. Quickly ends Pimples, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Oily Shiny Skin, Freckles, Chronic Eczema, Stubborn Psoriasis, Scales, Crusts, Pustules, Barbers Itch, Itching Skin, Scabies, softens and whitens the skin. **Just send us your name and address.** ANDRE & CO., 751 E. 42nd St., Suite 531, Chicago

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they Use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 666 70 5th Ave., New York

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-821 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

Her fondest dream came true!

A few months before she had wondered if the joy of being married to the man of her choice would ever come to her. But thanks to a wonderful book a girl friend advised her to read, she learned certain secrets about the way a man's mind works—and her dream became a reality. We have prepared a 28 page booklet outlining the contents of "Fascinating Womanhood" and telling much interesting information you would like to know. If you want it, write name and address on margin and mail with ten cents to

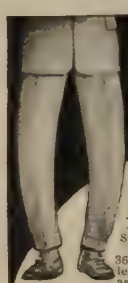
THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
1814 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 12-A

Ugly Pimples

NATURE'S warning—help Nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, sallow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NR—NATURE'S REMEDY**—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try **NR.** *Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c.*

FREE Write for sample of **NR** and beautiful 1930 calendar. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO. Dept. 16K St. Louis, Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT



BOW-LEGS STRAIGHTENED

Don't be handicapped in business and social life. The Eisen Brace, worn at night, permanently corrects Bow-Legs and Knock-Knees. No pain. Age no obstacle. Quick results.

Designed by an orthopedic house with 36 years' experience. Endorsed by leading doctors and hospitals. Enthusiastic users everywhere. Be straight-limbed like others.

Don't hesitate. Don't delay a minute. Write at once for our free booklet E. No obligation.

WM. M. EISEN CO.
Mfgr. of All Kinds of Orthopedic Braces and Trusses
412 Eighth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE

Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. DETECTIVE Particulars FREE. Write
GEORGE A. WAGNER 2190 Broadway, N. Y.

FREE **U.S. GOV'T. JOBS** **BOOK**

All men-women, 18-65, wanting Gov. Positions, paying $125-$250 month, can have this **book FREE.** Gives locations, opportunities, qualifications, etc. Write Instruction Bureau, Dept. 294-A St. Louis Mo.

LET ME

analyze your character from your handwriting. Learn your strong and weak characteristics as well as those of your friends and relatives. Sample analysis 12c. Money returned if dissatisfied.

GRAPHOLOGIST, 2309-HY Lawrence, Toledo, Ohio.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 Springfield, Mass.

RADIO FREE CATALOG

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

196 pages of radio bargains. New Screen Grid, all-electric, A C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as $15.95. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 62 CHICAGO

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

Francine Larrimore was substituted for her.

She was to open in Milwaukee, but didn't show up all week. A male voice answered Sam Harris's calls. Miss Eagels was very ill—this was the doctor. Equity rebuked her. And when the following week she repeated her fault in St. Louis, Equity suspended her, and administered a fine of two weeks' salary—$3,000. Her reply was exquisite.

High-Hatting Equity

"NO group of actors, for whom, with few exceptions, I have no respect, can keep me from earning a living. Equity is an organization for the rank and file. I do not belong to the rank and file. I'm not the kind to stand in line and kick as high as the next. A creative person cannot be bound by labor rules. I am a dramatic actress."

Poor Jeanne. Always a dramatic actress.

Yet with all this, she was adored by appreciative audiences. She opened one play in Philadelphia, and returned four years later to the very day to break her former attendance record at that theater, the Broad Street.

Hollywood wanted her for its picturization of "Rain," but was afraid. Gloria Swanson got the rôle. Monta Bell took a chance and engaged Jeanne for "The Letter." She gave a portrayal that ripped the hearts from her audiences. A dramatic actress indeed. And what an actress!

But studio signs read, "Please refrain from talking to Miss Eagels's dog." She refused to continue until a hapless individual whom she described as "a goat-faced boy" was ordered off the set. Yet Monta Bell, staunch defender, seemed to understand.

Her dressing-room always must be placed adjacent to the stage. She insisted upon selecting her own casts. Generous to a fault, she squandered fortunes responding to requests for loans, in making elaborate gifts. An agent, now also gone, persuaded her to take out $250,000 insurance. She retained her employees and stage hands, never permitting their discharge. One important duty of her property man was to see to it that a bottle of iced wine waited in her dressing-room. But as David Belasco says, "She did not drink for the pleasure of it." And there was little calm given her through her incessant use of cigarettes. As a matter of fact, she suffered frightfully from a sinus infection, from which she constantly sought relief.

It remained for Monta Bell to give this dramatic actress her last rôle. He signed her for a talking picture version of "Jealousy." And that's how it happened that her name appeared in lights that gleamed through the haze of an autumn evening from atop Loew's Lincoln Square Theater. While just opposite, across the canyon called Broadway, Jeanne Eagels lay dead. A bright flame strangled by the cold ashes of life. For life itself killed Jeanne Eagels.

JUST as every month there is a hot-spot in Hollywood news, so is there every month a hot-spot in the life of every movie fan. And it comes to the boiling point on the same day—the 28th—when MOTION PICTURE is first placed on the newsstands.

MOTION PICTURE
"It's the Magazine of Authority."

We asked

7,341 MAJESTIC OWNERS
WHY THEY CHOSE MAJESTIC

92% said . . .

"Because of Its Glorious Tone!"

WE WANTED to know which of Majestic's many features was responsible for its overwhelming popularity. So we asked—from door to door—until 7,341 Majestic owners had answered.

Some valued its tremendous power and sensitivity above all else. Some marveled at the keenness of its selectivity. Others thought its beauty of cabinet most important. But in 92% of these homes, Majestic was chosen primarily because its tone was so rich, so true, so free from all hum and distortion, that it set Majestic apart from all other radio.

Until you hear the new Majestic you cannot realize the glorious *perfection of tone* achieved in this modern radio. No other radio can give you Majestic's reproduction—Majestic's perfect balance between high notes and low, Majestic's mastery of all the subtle overtones that give each instrument its character.

Hear the new Majestic today and judge all radio by the tone standards it creates. The nearest of Majestic's 12,000 dealers offers you the greatest thrill in radio. Phone him now—ask for a free home trial—and learn the glorious perfection of the tone a million owners are enjoying.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY . . . as illustrated in this authentic Jacobean period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic 8-tube chassis and super-dynamic speaker. Liberal time payments make Majestic extremely easy to own—through the Majestic Finance Plan.

TUNE IN . . . Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday night, 9 to 10, Eastern Standard Time. Headliners of the stage and screen.

Mighty Monarch of the Air

Majestic
RADIO

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A., and R. F. L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF COMPLETE RADIO RECEIVERS

The Happy Home

HAPPINESS in the home depends upon the health of the mother. Women who have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before and after the birth of their children, recommend it to other prospective mothers. 98 out of 100 report benefit. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

Kissproof

"I *use* lipstick *only once a day!*"

"MY DEAR, I've discovered the most *amazing* new *Kissproof* Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and *know* my lips will look their *loveliest* all day long, no matter *what* I do! You don't *believe* it? Here, *try* Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again *today!*"

Kissproof, the modern *waterproof* lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

Kissproof is such full natural color that just a touch rubbed in with the finger tips is all that's needed.

And you have the peace of mind of *knowing* that your rich, red youthful colouring is as *natural* as if it were your very own—and as *permanent* as the day is long! We urge you to find out for yourself how Kissproof *stays on*—what healthy colouring it gives.

Special 20-Day Introductory Offer

To quickly introduce you to Kissproof, we make this unusual offer. Mail coupon for:

- —20-day supply of Kissproof Lipstick in brass case.
- —20-day supply of Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff.
- —16-page makeup booklet, "Clever Makeup, Nine-Tenths of Beauty."

You will be delighted with the Kissproof introduction. This 20-day supply will win you to Kissproof forever, as it has thousands of others.

Act promptly. Send coupon today. Only one Introductory Package per person.

Special Introductory Offer Coupon

M.P.M. 1

Kissproof,
538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

For enclosed 20c (stamps, coins or money order) send me 20-day supply of Kissproof Lipstick and Kissproof Compact Rouge, also Makeup booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

To the manner born

A glimpse through doorways hung with apricot velvet . . . a glance across a gleaming parquet floor . . . and one senses instantly, in this person or that, something genuine, something authentic, as indefinable as it is apparent. . . . And it is this quality in Camel Cigarettes which sets them definitely apart in the minds of discerning people. . . . They are so evidently, so delightfully, to the manner born.

© 1929, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Motion Picture

'30 AUGUST

25 CENTS

The Vanishing Screen Stars

MARRIAGES IN THE MOVIES

TANGEE

--- *the lipstick of a thousand shades*

A thousand hues in one magic lipstick! A lipstick color which is yours and yours alone . . . which blends perfectly with your natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. Apply Tangee to your lips and watch the color change to the one individual shade you need! Wonderful . . . you'll say. And it is!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It leaves no greasy smear. It is permanent. Because of its unique solidified cream base, Tangee soothes, heals and protects. And it lasts so much longer!

There is only one TANGEE.
Be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.

Tangee Lipstick, in gunmetal case, $1. In gold and black enamel, $2.50. Based on the same marvelous color principle . . . Tangee Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Tangee Crême Rouge, $1. Tangee Face Powder, blended to match your natural coloring, $1. Tangee Night Cream, for both cleansing and nourishing, $1. Tangee Day Cream, to protect the skin and as a base for powder, $1. Tangee Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M. P. 8

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers seasick on a liner—riding to hounds with an English lord—as the stern parent—as the not-so-stern parent—enough laughs for a lifetime: You've read his stuff in the papers, heard him over the radio, seen him on the stage and in that hilarious Fox hit, "They Had to See Paris." Now comes the high spot in his career. It's the funniest role Will Rogers ever played! *And* the best show he was ever in! . . . A sparkling love-story, too, with an exceptional supporting cast including Irene Rich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lumsden Hare, Bramwell Fletcher and Frank Albertson.

in

SO THIS IS LONDON

Adaptation and Dialog by Owen Davis, Sr.
Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE

FOX
FILM CORPORATION
Harley L. Clarke
President

A Hundred Million Eager Hearts Await Their Coming To The Screen!

At last! AMOS 'N ANDY are to be seen as well as heard!

From their boundless empire of the air, where they hold a nation enthralled each day, these magic personalities, mightiest stars of all creation, are coming to thrill the world anew in a grand and glorious picture. Their gay cavalcade is on the way!

AMOS 'N ANDY

Spring into glamorous life in their first all talking motion picture!

Watch for RADIO PICTURES This Year!

The **Radio** trade-mark will be your best assurance of fine entertainment, for millions of dollars and the genius of the greatest creative minds are going into **Radio** Pictures. **AMOS 'N ANDY** is but one of the treats in store. There's **"CIMARRON,"** Edna Ferber's great epic of empire, to look forward to; RICHARD DIX plays the coveted role of Yancey Cravat. **"DIXIANA,"** glamorous romance of Mardi Gras, brings BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL, Metropolitan Opera Star; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's **"BABES IN TOYLAND"** is coming in lavish extravaganza. There are many others of equal interest, including Rex Beach's **"THE SILVER HORDE"** and John Galsworthy's **"ESCAPE."**

Naturally you will want to see them all! The manager of your favorite theatre is now arranging his season's bookings and will appreciate it if you let him know your wishes in entertainment. He is anxious to please you. **Tell him you want to see these great RADIO PICTURES at his house.**

R. K. O. DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America)
1560 Broadway, New York City

Radio PICTURES

Volume XL, No. 1 August, 1930

Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait of Catherine Dale Owen by Marland Stone

The Hot Spot ..... Walter Greene 8
"Ingagi" Is Exposed As the Greatest Movie Hoax

The Gossip Test ..... Walter Ramsey 13

The Vanishing Screen Stars ..... Campbell MacCulloch 28
The Talkies Have Taken A Heavy Toll Of The Old Favorites

Talkie Voices While You Wait ..... Cedric Belfrage 30
The Village Choir Comes Into Its Own

Who's Sophisticated Now? ..... Helen Louise Walker 33
Hollywood, No Less. And Who Says That It Is? Ruth Chatterton, No Less

Eat And Stay Thin ..... Dorothy Calhoun 34
Follow Sylvia's Advice And You Will Neither Starve Nor Put On Weight

Advice To Young Men In Love In Hollywood ..... Hale Horton 40
Motion Picture's Specialist Details Some Possibilities And Methods Of Approach

Adventures Off the Screen ..... Helen Louise Walker 42
The Show Took Glenn Tryon To A Town Where Murder Was Always Justifiable

Marriages In the Movies ..... Dorothy Calhoun 44
Grace Tibbett Knows How To Be Happy, Though Married To A Romantic Hero

Not The Type ..... Dorothy Manners 48
Claudia Dell Is Not Hollywood's Idea Of A Follies Girl

The Star Without A Love Life ..... Cedric Belfrage 50
Lois Moran Is This Phenomenon—And Explains Why

Going Beverly Hills ..... Cedric Belfrage 52
It Is, One Concludes, Even Worse Than Going Hollywood

The Woman Pays Back ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 55
Mary Brian Gets Not Only the Last Word, But the Last Laugh

Discoveries About Myself ..... Gladys Hall 59
Bebe Daniels Cannot Find "The New Bebe" Critics Are Talking About

Theme Songs of the Movies 64
Introducing The Song Which Makes Helen Twelvetrees Stop Swinging In "Swing High"

Ballyhoodooed Bill ..... Robert Fender 66
Now They Are Saying There Is A "New" William Haines

Have They Forgotten How To Kiss? ..... Helen Louise Walker 70
In the Old Days, Lovers Used To Be Screened—But Times Have Changed

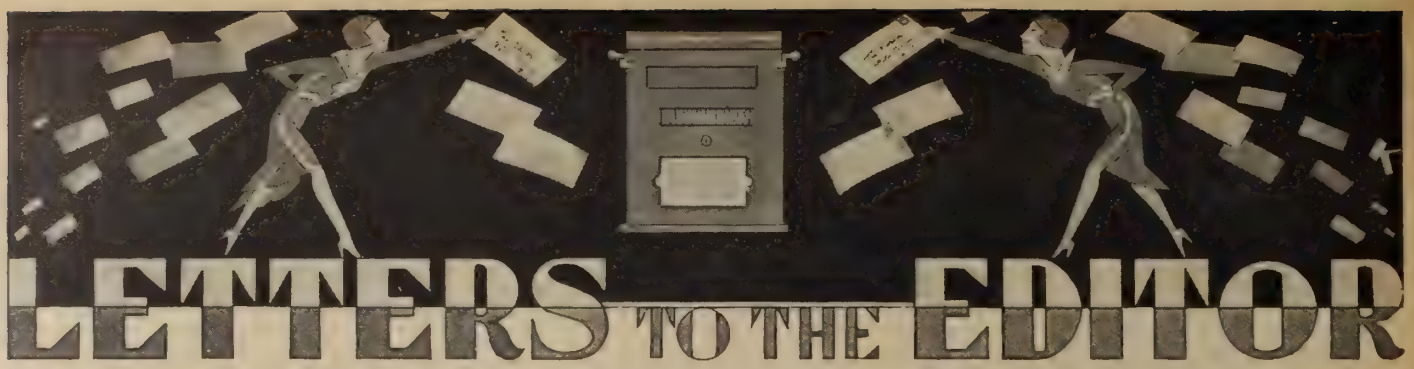
Some Silents Were Golden ..... Herbert Cruikshank 74
But Will Talkies Become Moving Pictures?

Vamping Is Harmless ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 77
So Thinks Natalie Moorhead, Who Cannot Help Looking Sophisticated

There Are Other Kinds Of Love ..... Gladys Hall 82
Beryl Mercer Has Something The Garbos And Bows Do Not Have

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U.S.A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1930 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries $3.00 European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres, Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



$20.00 Letter

Talkies Not Easy on the Ears

TIENTSIN, CHINA—Greetings from a Chinese reader across the vast Pacific. The talkies have invaded this city of old Cathay. People cheerfully pay 50% more to witness a 100% talkie, but when they get only 10% of it, they grumble and clench their teeth.

One doesn't realize the detonation produced by pouring liquids into a tumbler or the tearing of a sheet of paper until he hears the ridiculous amplifications. I suppose the producers and sound experts are co-operating to perfect a more sensitive amplifier so as to enable the audience to hear the metallic sounds produced when a flapper rolls her eyes, or even those created by falling dandruff?

I am sure the ears of the Chinese audiences are just as delicate as the ears of the movie public in the States. Although it's the little things in life that count, I know that we all would appreciate the talkies so much more if minor details were less exaggerated.

Pao Ho Liang

$10.00 Letter

Disagrees with Monte About Knowing the Ropes

LONDON, ENG.—In your April issue, Monte Blue says that the fact of having "inside information" on films, spoils the illusions portrayed. I say it doesn't!

I have for years read about how things are done, and yet, film stories always hold a thrill for me, and when once I get into a cinema seat, I am quite ready to be transported into that wonder-world of make-believe, and shipwrecks mean shipwrecks,—waves look what they are, and I care not a jot that a man with a propelling apparatus is probably "raising a wind" just out of camera-range, and that in all probability the very scene that made me grip the arms of my seat and caused those palpitating heart-beats, was actually made in a tank, troubles me not in the least—so please, Mr. Blue, don't get mopey over us "knowing the works." *Miss N. Wadd*

$5.00 Letter

In Fact, Nothing Will Surprise Her Now

NEW YORK, N. Y.—After seeing "Paramount on Parade" I won't be one bit surprised if Lon Chaney's voice turns out to be a high sweet soprano one or that Louis Wolheim teaches ballet dancing between villainous rôles.

In "Paramount on Parade" I learned that Clara Bow sings (if you could call it such); that Zelma O'Neal screens miserably; that Nancy Carroll dances, and how! that Jack Oakie,in plain language is a wow; that Buddy Rogers may be the flappers' favorite delight but give me Clive Brook or William Powell; that Mitzi Green's imitations are not only bearable, they're good, the child's clever; that Helen Kane's boo-poop-a-doop is much better in a revue sequence because one doesn't become satiated with sugar and baby stares; and that Maurice Chevalier can ingratiatingly steal the picture from a host of notable, talented stars.

Betty Shipman

$1.00 Letters

Straw Hats Always Famous —In the Summertime

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I have been reading that Maurice Chevalier was the one who made the straw hat famous. I thought it has always been famous. And I thought they never wore hats in Hollywood. In fact, I just read in a certain haberdashery ad something like this: Free—with every straw hat purchased a ticket to a certain movie theater which was showing Maurice Chevalier, the man who made the straw hat famous, in "The Big Pond." That proves that you can't even believe the weather reports nowadays. *Frances Palmgun*

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes for letters published. Twenty dollars will be paid for the best letter, ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. We will also pay one dollar for every other letter published.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let's know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

All Is Fair in War and Movies No Exception

NUTLEY, N. J.—Every time I read about the movie stars hollering about the Broadway stars grabbing their parts, I get mad. It's the stage people who should yell loudest.

Performers on the vaudeville stage are out of work, while Hollywood names grab the whole works using their film popularity to get them by. They can't sing or dance.

Surely they don't need acting experience. If they have to have elocution lessons, why don't they go to a teacher?

If Broadway goes to Hollywood for work, Hollywood has no need to kick. They don't think Broadway is going to sit in Central Park while they get everything. *M. E. R.*

How Will the Nancy Carroll Fans Take This?

ANDERSON, S. C.—Lillian Roth, the hottest little thing that ever scorched her way through 9,000 feet of non-inflammable film. Give us more of Lillian, not as a second in a picture but as the lead. Why Lillian simply took the picture "Honey" away from Nancy Carroll. And by the way, Nancy can't sing, for her voice is too high and I can't for the life of me understand anything she says.

Mrs. R. H. Martindale

Silent Love

MATTAPAN, MASS.—May I voice my opinion on love scenes in the talkies? Personally, I think endearing terms, and words of love should concern only the lovers and, therefore, remain silent. Hoping that we may have many more romantic movies, minus the talking love scenes. *Helain Beneckson*

It's Nobody's Business

SASKATOON, CAN.—I consider the private life of a star none of my business. It makes me boil to hear some one say, "I used to lik Gary Cooper but since he's taken up with that Lupe Velez gal I have no use for him." John Boles can have twelve children and a homely wife for all I care, Charlie Farrell can eat crackers in bed and all the rest of my favorites can be drunkards or lead double lives. I don't care so long as on the screen they are all nice handsome men who act well the rôles given them.

Marion Simmermon

Now Everything's All Wet

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—The talkies are a curse. They've brought us Stepin Fetchit, college-life as it is *not*, football matches that sound, when the scene comes on, as if the screen will blow up, backstage stories, not the true thing yet—if such noise went on in the wings you'd get fired!—boys and girls with slurred consonants and bad pronunciation, frightful musical accompaniments and nasally sung theme-songs. *Paul Hill*

(*Continued on page 121*)

Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb..

When You Ought to Talk?

How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

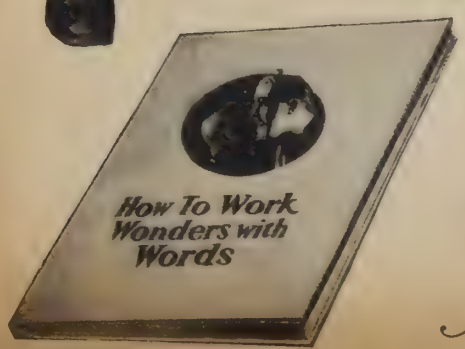
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to address business meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to write better letters.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power.
How to be the master of any situation.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
Dept. 233-A
3601 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.



FREE

How to Work Wonders With Words

Mail Coupon Today

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 233-A
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free, without obligation, a copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your course in Effective Speaking.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

THE HOT SPOT OF THE MONTH

By WALTER GREENE

To anyone who has taken pictures of African wild life, this still from "Ingagi" is obviously impossible. The "gorilla," most timid of animals, attacks six "natives." Note their histrionic poses

George Camora, the best "gorilla" actor in Hollywood, with Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three." The likeness between Camora and the "gorilla" at the left is conclusive under a magnifying glass

"Ingagi" Is Exposed As The Greatest Movie Hoax

We publish the following exposè of "Ingagi," the sensational "African scientific thriller," out of a sense of duty not only to the public, but to painstaking producers and explorers who, at great effort and expense, are invading the far places of the world to bring back authentic travel film. When there are men who are braving actual dangers for the sake of truth, it is obviously unfair for their credibility to be shadowed by the pretensions of a sensational hodge-podge, masquerading as scientific fact. Truth, they say, is stranger than fiction, but no truth could be stranger than the fiction served the public as truth in "Ingagi." It is not only the greatest movie hoax to date, but the most offensive.—Editor's Note.

"GIANT GORILLAS! Wild Women! Amazing Discoveries Of Jungle Life! The Scientific Marvel Of The Age! *Ingagi!*"

Typical Barnumesque come-on, isn't it? And why shouldn't it be when its producer, Nat Spitzer, is an old-time circus man himself?

Barnum claimed that the public loved to be fooled. The amazing success of "Ingagi" would seem to prove that Barnum was right. For two months it has unreeled to crowded houses what purports to be the pictorial record made by two explorers—"Daniel Swayne," American, and "Sir Hubert Winstead," Englishman—on an expedition into Africa. And the episode which gives the film its name, "Ingagi" (gorilla), reveals a native tribe sacrificing a black virgin for wife to a gorilla. As

(*Continued on page 104*)

This purports to be a still from "Ingagi." It shows true African types quite unlike the Negro men and women in the film. Note the shiny blackness of the men, and their scant attire

This still from "Ingagi," on the other hand, shows radically different types of African huntsmen—types who might be about to burst into "Carry Me Back To Ol' Virginny"

Now you can
TAKE THE GUESSWORK OUT OF
"GOING TO THE MOVIES"
A NEW movie season is almost here . . . Make sure it brings you better, richer talking picture entertainment!
Wouldn't you like to have a say in "booking" attractions for your local theatre? Wouldn't you like to help pick the pictures you're going to see in the next twelve months?
Wouldn't you like to make sure of seeing your favorite stars, and the biggest hits of the coming season?
There IS a way to do it —if you act now!
here's how . . .

Tell your theatre Manager you want to see

WARNER BROS.

FIRST NATIONAL

and

VITAPHONE

RIGHT now your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He's trying to choose the ones YOU'LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He'll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists . . . Notice the wealth of famous stars . . . the brilliant stories by favorite authors . . . the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year . . . Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.

(Titles and casts are subject to change in a few instances.)

WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

JOHN BARRYMORE
in "MOBY DICK"
From the famous novel by Herman Melville. With Joan Bennett.

•

JOHN BARRYMORE
In a second spectacular production.

•

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
Their first original romance. By Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

•

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"
From the long-run stage hit. With John Halliday, Mary Brian and other stars.

•

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"
With the All-American Football Team
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

GEORGE ARLISS
in "OLD ENGLISH"
From the celebrated play by John Galsworthy. With a star cast.

•

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"
The greatest musical comedy in years in New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

•

"THE OFFICE WIFE"
By Faith Baldwin.

•

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"
All in Technicolor
With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy and others.

•

"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"
All in Technicolor
A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

AL JOLSON in "BIG BOY"
All Laughs!

•

"SIT TIGHT"
With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Irene Delroy.

•

"RED HOT SINNERS"
With Winnie Lightner.

•

"NANCY FROM NAPLES"
Irene Delroy, Charles King and 10 other stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

•

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"
Magnificent romance by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Sigmund Romberg.

•

AND MANY OTHERS

•

Also "VITAPHONE VARIETIES"
The finest of all "Short Subjects."

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING & SINGING PICTURES

STARS and PICTURES

First National Pictures
VITAPHONE

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "THE DAWN PATROL"
A vast production and a perfect Barthelmess story.

•

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "ADIOS"
The brilliant star in the kind of part that made him famous.

•

"THE GIRL
OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
One of the greatest stage plays of all time, to be filmed with Ann Harding, James Rennie and 7 other stars.

•

OTIS SKINNER in "KISMET"
With Loretta Young
One of the stage's greatest stars in his most famous hit.

•

"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"
All in Technicolor
From the glorious Victor Herbert hit, "Mlle. Modiste," with a tremendous cast.

•

"MOTHER'S CRY"
From the famous best-selling novel.

•

"TOP SPEED"
Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great Broadway success.

•

"THE BAD MAN"
Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a celebrated stage comedy.

MARILYN MILLER
in "SUNNY"
By Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

•

"WOMAN HUNGRY"
All in Technicolor
With Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler and 5 other stars.

•

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8 more stars.

•

"RIGHT OF WAY"
From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young and others.

•

"THE CALL OF THE EAST"
First original screen production by the brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.

•

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"
Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-packed pages of Rafael Sabatini.

•

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"
With Walter Huston.

•

AND MANY OTHERS

for 1930-1931

Cast your VOTE for WARNER BROS. FIRST NATIONAL and VITAPHONE STARS and PICTURES for 1930 1931

Vitaphone is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor process.

YOU have just read on the preceding page the most ambitious array of super-productions any company has ever *dared* to plan!

Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

Many of them will be radiant with the resplendent tints of Technicolor... and ALL will have the perfect tone of Vitaphone.

If you enjoyed "Disraeli", "Gold Diggers of Broadway", and the scores of other great Vitaphone successes released last year, you will want to be sure to see the stars and new productions of the companies that have proved their preeminence by turning out hits like these.

To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

***Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct* to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.**

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC. M.P.
321 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year.
Please send me a photograph of

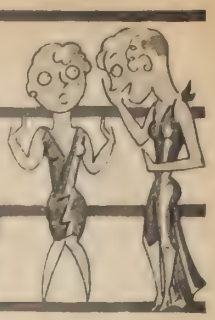
.....
(Insert name of any star mentioned in this announcement.

(Signed).....

(Address).....

(City & State).....

THE GOSSIP TEST



Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Who is the movie star erroneously accused of "selling" her** child, and what was the foundation for the story?

• ● •

2—**Can you name the colorful blonde actress who tried separating** from her husband twice within one year before it "took"?

• ● •

3—**What happened to the famous** Clara Bow-Harry Richman engagement?

• ● •

4—**What leading lady is giving** Joan Crawford a run for her silhouette as Hollywood's thinnest girl?

• ● •

5—**Who has the most talked-of** German accent thus far broadcast from the talking screen?

• ● •

6—**How many children do the** following actors possess: Lon Chaney, John Boles and Johnny Mack Brown?

• ● •

7—**Who is the celebrated** French lady who said, "The American husband is generous—but the boy-friend is airtight"?

• ● •

8—**Which male star of the screen** most closely approaches the pedestal of "an idol" to other good Hollywood actors when they become fans?

• ● •

9—**What two gentlemen of the Paramount lot have been playing** "hooky" lately?

• ● •

10—**A shining luminary of the singing and dancing stage calmly admits** that she was born in 1900. Who is this brave rebel who dares to be over twenty-one in Hollywood?

On the level with his son: Milton Sills—now returned to the screen after a year's illness—assumes the rôle of a father and tells Kenyon that it pays to be a he-man

11—**Who are the two unrelated feature players who have a very** confusing similarity of surname?

• ● •

12—**What duet of feminine attractiveness are doing their best** to uphold the "temperamental lady" reputation on the Paramount lot since Gloria and Pola departed?

• ● •

13—**Which actor rates as:** (1) the best tennis player of the colony; (2) polo player; (3) baseball player; and (4) swimmer?

• ● •

14—**What opera and movie star was offered a contract to appear in the** altogether?

• ● •

15—**Name the dignified juvenile** of the English stage married to an undignified flapper of the American stage, both of whom are in talkies in Hollywood?

• ● •

16—**Who is the girl whose face is so perfect from all angles that she is known as** "The Cameraman's delight"?

• ● •

17—**Agnes Ayres is reported engaged** to what famous director?

• ● •

18—**What former boy-friend is rumored to be calling** up Greta Garbo again? You have two guesses.

• ● •

19—**How does Gary Cooper say "I Love You" to Lupe across a** room full of guests?

• ● •

20—**Which little blonde actress cleaned up $56,000.00 on the** Stock Exchange AFTER the last break?

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119.

ROAR, LION, ROAR

ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"— the greatest directors — the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources —pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as THE BIG PARADE, BEN HUR, THE BROADWAY MELODY, MADAME X, HOLLYWOOD REVUE, OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS, THE ROGUE SONG, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE DIVORCÉE—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!

METRO-GOLD

"More Stars Than

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1930 — 1931

FEATURED PLAYERS

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Roland Young

DIRECTORS

Lionel Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille
William DeMille
Jacques Feyder
Sidney Franklin
Nick Grinde
George Hill
Sammy Lee
Robert Z. Leonard
Edgar J. McGregor
Fred Niblo
Harry Pollard
Charles Riesner
Arthur Robinson
Wesley Ruggles
Mal St. Clair
Victor Seastrom
Edward Sedgwick
W. S. VanDyke
King Vidor
Sam Wood

A few of the big pictures to come

Ramon NOVARRO
"The Singer of Seville"

Greta GARBO
"Red Dust"

Marion DAVIES
"Rosalie"

Joan CRAWFORD
"Great Day"

Lon CHANEY
"The Bugle Sounds"

John GILBERT
"Way for a Sailor"

Lawrence TIBBETT
"The New Moon"

William HAINES
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

"Madame Satan"
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"
(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of Time"
(With 'more stars than there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"
with
Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marietta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"
What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

SONG WRITERS

Martin Broones
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Ward
Harry Woods

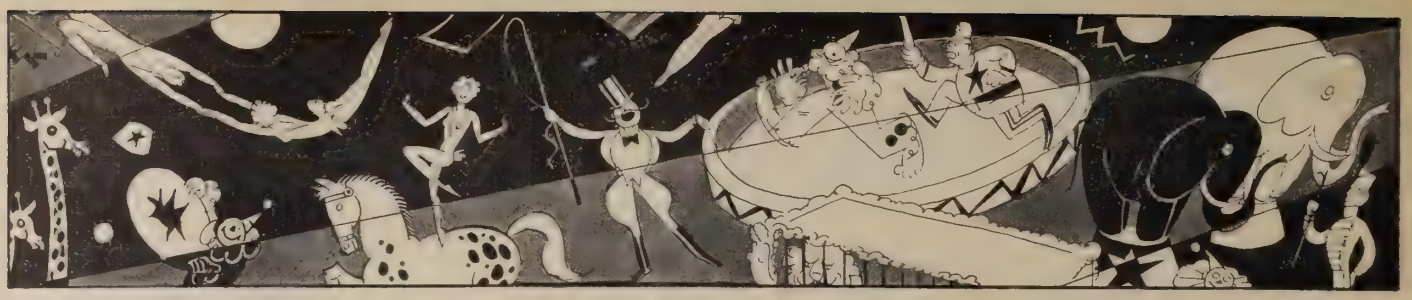
WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Block
Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker Branden
Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Colton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymer
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
Williard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuchock
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wodehouse
Miguel de Zarraba

WYN-MA R

There are in Heaven"

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

WITH all the grown-up ideas like dressing for dinner and lunching from one to two (instead of twelve to one) that came in with **Broadway—Hollywood** still clings childishly to its old practice of disguising its cherubs for the public. Just what **for** . . . no one knows. They're never recognized anyway—and what if they are? But the poor old tourist must be fooled for some reason or another, and so the masquerade goes on. The fact that it defeats its own purpose, in the majority of cases, is relatively unimportant. At least, the folks are making an effort.

• • •

After ten years of **dark glasses,** the guileless visitor has become unusually suspicious, and even those who are honestly wearing them as protection against the glare are solicited to sign an autograph merely on the chance that it will turn out to be **Greta Garbo** or **Ronald Colman.**

• • •

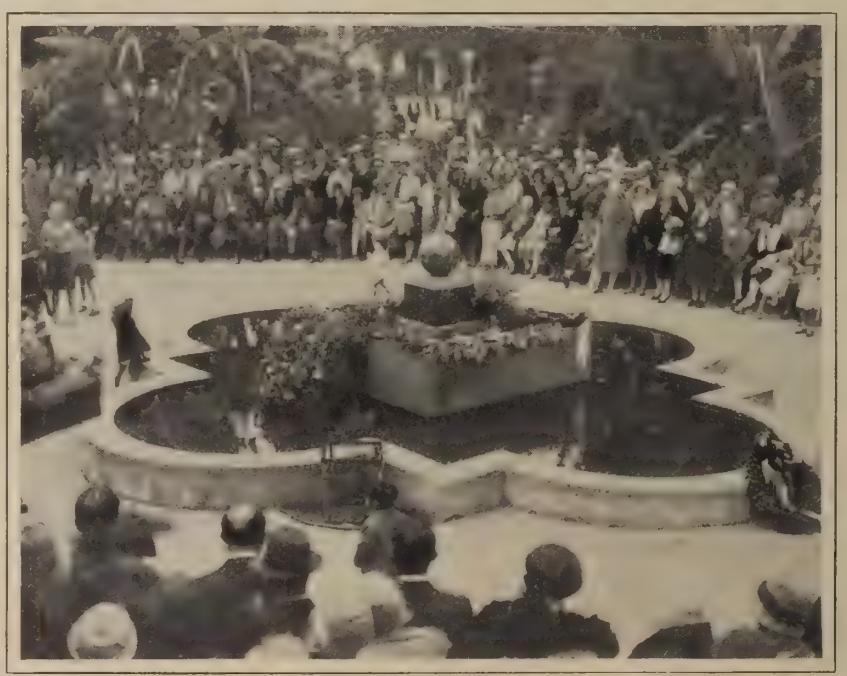
Joan Crawford walked into **Henry's** the other mid-day wearing a bright green ensemble and a pair of coal-black spectacles. She was immediately recognized by not more than two hundred lunchers—that being the number the room accommodates. No one asked her for her autograph, nor even mentioned a word about **Doug. Jr.,** so she may have been under the impression that the glasses served their purpose.

• • •

On the other hand, **Eddie** (to the likes of you, **Edmund**) **Lowe** went to the trouble of growing a three-day beard before he felt safe to venture among the preview audience of "Louis Berretti." The beard was a help—in making **Eddie** more conspicuous than a sore thumb on a prima donna. People who might have passed him up as being just a hard-working boy out to view the fruits of his latest labors, remained to stare and point fingers at **Eddie** under the illusion that he was probably going to play a mountaineer in his next one. Those who couldn't place him at *all*, thought sure it was **Ernest Torrence.**

• • •

Or take **Mary Pickford.** When our little Sweetheart feels the urge of the wild (marcel) waves, she hurries herself to **Jim's Beauty Parlor** (*wearing a veil*). This bit of a disguise is to hide her famous face while she makes the dash from the back seat of her town car (shades drawn) to the first available booth—a sprint of about fifty yards. In the meantime, the veil has picked up a small army of curious watchers who stand—first on one foot and then on the other—at the door, hoping against hope that it will turn out to be Jo-Jo, the dog-faced girl, at least!



P. & A.

In memoriam: Unveiled by Dolores Del Rio before a large gathering, this statue, "Aspiration," now stands in De Longpre Park, Los Angeles, as a memorial to Rudolph Valentino from admirers all over the world

And **Joan Bennett** has a cute little trick of waving a lorgnette in public. This is done for two very good reasons: One—she's near-sighted; TWO—she believes that the tourists don't expect to find an ingénue sporting a lorgnette, and will be side-tracked by such an accessory. But, on the part of the "*ignorant turis*'," it's only fair to state that **Joan's** disguise is about as effective as a blonde wig on Mrs. Rastus Johnson.

• • •

Of course, the small-fry in the acting business are wise to the whole deal. As you know, most of the sub-leading ladies could walk down **Hollywood Boulevard** with their names emblazed in electric signs astern and never get more than a casual passing glance. Now *they're* smoked glasses, too—the idea being: "*You'd better take a second look—I might be Lon Chaney!*"

• • •

Just a Suggestion:

That the cast of "Abie's Irish Rose" (that played six years on **Broadway**) and the cast (s) of "Hell's Angels" (the picture that took about as long to make in Hollywood) form a colony for those of their members who have become infirm and decrepit during production. I'll volunteer to make a stump speech in the town square to raise the necessary funds.

• • •

Human Interest Story No. 7:

She lived at a cheap boarding-house during those first lean years. A boarding-house that was infamous for the very scant table it set before the half-starved boarders. They were a strange crew. The ingénue with a destiny; a cowboy extra; a has-been leading man and a waiter. Just a typical **Hollywood** hodge-podge gathered together under one roof.

• • •

Then the little brown-eyed girl got a break. Not a big one—but sufficient that she was invited out now and then by the wives of the directors she worked with—and certain leading men. Because pride comes high in **Hollywood,** and because she managed to dress well—no one guessed the extent of her poverty.

• • •

One fine day, she was "dogging" it in a new suit, and a nice **English** accent at a luncheon party at the **Montmartre.** She had got so far ahead that she forgot to speak, or even nod, to the waiter who happened to be serving her table. So few people ever look at waiters. He offered her chicken *à la king* but she waved it aside.

"Now, now," said a loud and chiding voice at her elbow. "You'd better eat some of this. You don't *get* much at home, remember!"

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."

ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

A personage of captivating charm, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York.

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

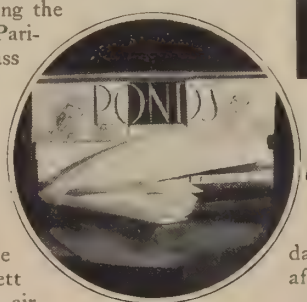
"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bath-

Skin fine as Silk

ing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *'Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.'*

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains the Famous Forty, who set the fashions, are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the grass



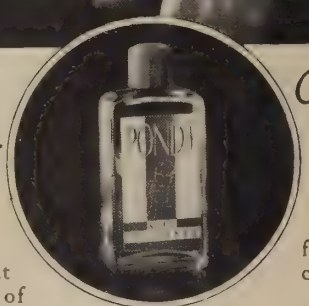
That Alabaster look

courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

"I always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care.

"To keep the skin like silk . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the lightest and most exquisite obtainable, for immaculate cleansing several times a day and always after exposure.

"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softest, safest, super-absorbent for removing cream.



Fresh Natural Color

"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener, which banishes all oiliness and shine and keeps the skin looking radiantly young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun and wind.

A Peach-Bloom Finish

And precious, too, to keep hands smooth and white.

"Try them, all four! Follow Pond's Method from today—and persevere! Here's to your charm and your success!"

Madeleine L'Engle Iselin

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H
113 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

The more we look at her dog, the better we like Virginia Valli. Brute strength is to be respected—but we prefer vigilance personified, even though there is no telling what girls in general—and Virginia in particular—will do next

There are no hard lines about Betty Lawford, nor will she find any in Hollywood, for she is native to the stage. She has just arrived in Talkie Town to be the principal reason why George Arliss is so young and spry in "Old English"

Preston Duncan

The head of the Lowe family is serious, now that he is no longer a Marine and the fly in Victor McLaglen's ointment. An eminently successful gangster in "Born Reckless," Edmund now is involved, in a mysterious manner, with "Scotland Yard"

Russell Ball

Another girl happily taking a backward look at Mazda Lane is Irene Delroy, abandoning the best musical comedy stages of New York for the sound stages of Hollywood, there to be featured in, and as, "The Life of the Party"

Chidnoff

William Powell is sad for all his success in solving the Hollywood mystery of how to make a mystery story mystifying to the end. For now he seems launched on an indefinite career of crime—and his trials continue in "For the Defense"

Hal Phyfe

An exception to the rule, Lily Damita aided and abetted her career by transferring from Hollywood to Broadway. But if "Sons O' Guns" ever closes in New York, she will also be seen in the screen version, opposite Al Jolson

Hurrell

Those eyes and that smile leave little doubt that it's love that makes the mirth go 'round. And the rose over which Mary Lawlor is smiling is symbolical of her future in Hollywood, where, as in New York, she has headlined "Good News"

Russell Ball

With Paul Whiteman in it, the revue *had* to be a big one—which accounts for the proportions of "The King of Jazz." He will be rhapsodizing in blues this summer at a Westchester roadhouse, but autumn will find him in Hollywood again

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

August, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

¶ **Immediately after the appearance and success** of "The Laughing Lady," the public was supposedly lured to the palaces of the cinema by a dizzy succession of pictures having titles involving the use of the word "lady." Having, presumably, run out of "lady" combinations, the title-writers have now begun on "brides." Three early arrivals: "Our Blushing Brides," "Bride of the Regiment" and "Lottery Bride."

• • •

¶ **If this influence extends to the press-agents,** even the title of "America's Sweetheart" may be changed to "Our National Bride."

• • •

¶ **The mob-mind readers of Hollywood have** little short of a mania for changing author's titles, wrapping up the amusement package in crisp red paper. Only best sellers remain inviolate. And with those who do any considerable amount of reading or theater-going, this practice arouses an emotion akin to nausea. The most amusing title change of recent date is that of Victor Herbert's long-popular operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," altered (after announcement of "Bride of the Regiment") to "The Toast of the Legion."

• • •

¶ **Fifty thousand dollars a week was the** salary paid John McCormack while working on "Song O' My Heart." This is, thus far, the highest weekly wage paid any actor in the movies. And the tenor disclaims being an actor. The luck of the Irish again manifests itself.

• • •

¶ **By far the best pictures that have been** expressed out of Hollywood since the advent of the talkies are two war films—"Journey's End" and "All Quiet on the Western Front." And the reason for their quality is, above all else, their honesty. There has been no compromise with the box-office; there is no star ballyhoo; and the authors have, for once, received justice. Let us have more follow suit.

• • •

¶ **Jackie Coogan, like that somewhat older** and more spectacular cadet, Christian K. Cagle, has decided not to become a major general. He will, rather, return to the screen, and again he will be a ragamuffin. He has, it has been decided, reached the *Tom Sawyer* stage, and Mark Twain and he will enter the talkie field.

• • •

¶ **These are parlous times for producers.** Wall Street is after them. The financiers are all very quiet on the Eastern front, but they are getting their big guns ready for a merger war. Watch the financial sections these next few months if you are interested in cinema news.

• • •

¶ **Doug and Mary have done Shakespeare** together. John Barrymore has done a farce in modern clothes. And now, it is stated in unofficial sources, Marie Dressler is to do a Russian tragedy.

• • •

¶ **An evil star seems to be pendant above** John Gilbert. After being shelved for several months, "Redemption" was finally released—to his detriment. Another poor story, more poor dialogue, more ridiculous situations. No one could have done more than he did with them; many would have done less. But sometime, somehow, he is going to get a break. He is far from through.

• • •

¶ **Broadway has finally launched a counter-attack.** Lillian Gish has been lured back to the stage. Lily Damita has been there some months. And shrewd managers are after others of the film famous, including Mary Pickford and George Bancroft. Don't be surprised if some of them go. For absence, they say, makes producers' hearts grow fonder.

But we still have with us: Greta Garbo (above) and Norma Shearer (top left), both of whom are even bigger than in their silent days; and Gloria Swanson (top right) and Bebe Daniels (right) who staged amazing comebacks via the talkies

The Vanishing

The Talkies A Heavy The Old

By CAMPBELL

"KIDNAP any well-known actor, hide him away for three months, and the chances are that no one outside his immediate family will ask what became of him," said Arnold Daly a few years ago to a Lambs' Club gathering—before most of the membership of that famous players' club moved to Hollywood to put on makeup.

"You fellows think you're prominent, but take any star you like to name and if his demise wasn't actually mentioned in the newspapers when he cashed in, the odds are twenty to one he wouldn't be missed. That's how much we mean to the American theater."

Move those remarks up to 1930, apply them to the screen situation to-day, and they are even more true, for over half the former moving picture idols have already vanished with no fan prosecuting an inquiry as to where or why they have gone. Probably not one person in a hundred realizes that most of the players in the current films were unknown names to picture theater patrons two years ago, and half had never seen a studio until 1929.

That means that the old familiar faces are disappearing from the picture business so rapidly that one needs an accountant and a stop-watch to keep track of the emigration.

Every morning's paper prints news of some famous star's "retirement" or release from a studio contract. In the last few months there has been such news about Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove, Nils Asther, Monte Blue, Laura La Plante, Neil Hamilton, and a dozen others considered, and rightly, the big box-office stars of the screen. Some of these may make other studio connections, but it is safe to say that their salary checks will never be the same again, and many stars are too proud to accept a tremendous cut.

This hegira of the screen stars is attributable to the demon talking picture, whose rigid requirements have gone through Hollywood like one of the plagues through Egypt, leaving a mortality that is simply startling—economically, at least. Not only the player folk have been affected, but the directors and writers also. Hollywood does not like this story overmuch; it's too close to tragedy.

When the Cruel Chatterbox of 1928 descended upon the film colony, comparatively few of the players were prepared to meet the situation. Almost none of the studio heads knew anything of stagecraft, possibly less than a dozen directors and half a score of writers were theater-conscious. The industry had gone ga-ga over youth in general, and the bag-of-bones type of little girl in par-

Campbell MacCulloch Tells You Next Month

Screen *Stars*

Have Taken Toll Of Favorites

MacCULLOCH

Three male stars who have not vanished: left to right, Clive Brook, who needed no voice culture; Ramon Novarro, whose singing ability is now a great asset; and Ronald Colman, whose intelligent use of English now comes into its own

CONTRACT PLAYERS
(9 Studios)

Total number under contract	279
Former screen players	107
Recent arrivals from stage	172
Old 39% New 61%	

Derivation of New Players

Legitimate Stage	69
Musical Comedy	54
Vaudeville	32
Grand Opera	9
Foreign	8
Total	172

Proportion in 22 New Pictures

Total number cast	437
Old screen players	172
New arrivals from stage	265
Old 37% New 63%	

NOTE: Above figures as of May 1, 1930

ticular. Drug stores, shipping-rooms and even the ten-cent stores had been raided for "talent" (!) and millions in America were supposed to be burning candles of adoration before their portraits. "Finds" were imported from Europe. Then—the deluge!

Why Broadway Was Raided

"ALL right. If that's the idea, let the kids talk," said the studio generals. "Fix up some words for 'em to say!"

But—the poor things couldn't talk. As Señorita Lupe Velez remarks:

"My gosh, no! With the mouth they say none at all!"

What to do? Hah! The voice culturists! Dean Ray K. Immel, of the vocal school of the University of Southern California, was dragged into conference.

"You teach people how to use their voices. Teach our stars, quickly! We need 'em next week!" the studio chiefs demanded. Whereupon, Dean Immel sorrowfully broke the news that voice production was a matter of many months and perhaps many years. He was no vocal fire department, so the conference ended abruptly, and that is where the raid on the stage players began.

Of course, all the famous screen personalities were called actors. It had been overlooked, perhaps, that the art of acting is not confined to posturing and gesticulation under close direction, but that it also involves good diction, nuances of tone, a measure of culture, some education and social experience. But most of the picture players saw nothing difficult about it. Did they not talk more or less every day of their lives?

Clogging the Exits

"TELL us how you want the words said and we'll say them that way," they offered generously. Well, doubtless you heard the result of that, so we'll pass quickly over the painful interlude. The public in no uncertain manner made it clear that talking pictures would be a failure unless the players learned to talk more agreeably. Shortly thereafter the exits from the studios began to be clogged with retiring screen players.

Now for a few facts:

On May first of this year there were exactly two hundred and seventy-nine players under contract to nine of the more important studios in Hollywood. Of this number

(*Continued on page 88*)

That Mary Pickford Is *Fighting Mad*

Talkie Voices

The Village Choir

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Fred Scott, of operatic calibre, had his voice trained right in our own little village

I SEEM to remember a sugary versification which they taught us in kindergarten—something about an old gentleman who sat in the front pew and salted his beard with tears at the sight of his dear little Kitty (or possibly it was Flora) singing in the choir.

Where is Kitty to-day? She's making good in the musical talkies, my friends. For hundreds of years the Kittys of this life have sung out their day with the choir and then passed into just oblivion. But at last the village choir has come into its own. Just as long as Kitty's eyes, nose and mouth are in fair geographical harmony with one another, Kitty can come to Hollywood, set her old man in a comfortable canvas-backed chair behind the cameras, and keep him supplied in imported linen handkerchiefs. The old man, in fact, can now do his weeping in *de luxe* style, with every modern improvement, tiled bathrooms and ice cubes. All of which calls for three rousing cheers for Kitty.

A survey of the musical pasts of our principal talkie warblers reveals that the village choir was *alma mater* to a remarkable number of them. And in one way or another, their various claims to be singers strike a decidedly novel note, after the sagas we have been used to hearing about the years of struggle and study undergone by concert and opera singers. Few of those who sing in the talkies have any such struggles behind them. Few have even been to Europe—a step always formerly regarded as indispensable to those who would woo the muse of song in front of a paying audience.

It's a Question

THE question brought up by this point is whether the standard of singing in talkies is abysmally low, or that of village choirs and glee clubs of late years has been astonishingly high. On this there is some considerable difference of opinion.

But before we get on to that, let us observe the nature of the training which has made singers of so many unexpected people.

Regard, for a moment, the strange case of Alexander Gray. This unusually bright lad gives his cantatory *alma mater* as the Pennsylvania State College Glee Club. Through this institution of learning Alexander was wending his way by means of profits derived from the sale of aluminum (he is particular about the aluminum) cooking utensils. He went to Europe after that, but not to sing, and worked his way there and back as a dish-washer. It was only on his return to America, when he became technical editor of an iron trade paper, that the bright thought came to him to have his voice trained. Before long he was with Ziegfeld; and look at him to-day!

Then take Bernice Claire, Alexander's screen girl-friend. Bernice learned the art of singing from a high-school teacher in Oakland, California, who still gives her lessons once a week in Hollywood. She also had a few lessons in New York from Jeritza's accompanist, but otherwise her high-school teacher has been all she needed to equip her for the singing talkies.

While You Wait

Comes Into Its Own

He Learned His Lessons

LAWRENCE GRAY, who has taken a new lease on life through his singing, never had any lessons until after the talkies began, and then only from some obscure local teacher. Yet to hear him caroling opposite various stellar females on the screen, you would think Lawrence had been at it for years.

It was from the village choir at Little Rock, Arkansas, that Mary Lewis started. Mary lived with the minister's wife, we are told, and, like a minister's daughter, she ran away with a touring show, as girls will, and arrived in New York to be swallowed up in the chorus of the Greenwich Village Follies. She took no lessons at all, it is said, until after she had been made prima donna of the troupe. Finally Otto Kahn became interested in her and sent her to Europe for two years' study before putting her in the Metropolitan Opera. So Mary is an exceptional case in singies of one who actually studied abroad—even though it was only for two years, a training period so short as to make any old-time opera star launch into sarcastic merriment.

Then there is young Fred Scott, whose studies have been with one Signor Alberti of Hollywood. Scott has already sung several leading parts in talkies and now he has been engaged to sing opposite Jeritza in the opera "Salome" in Los Angeles.

Made-In-America Voices

LAWRENCE TIBBETT has made his voice world famous, yet he has never been to Europe. A few years ago such a thing would have been inconceivable. He carries such power in his high C's that when he first made tests at the studio he is said to have shattered twenty-four microphones, before they could find one strong enough.

The village band of choristers at Jellico, Tennessee, ranks as Grace Moore's *alma mater*. Grace never studied in Europe, but she sang there last year and the critics are supposed to have gone loco about her voice. Now she is in talkies—another victory for the village choir. Why go abroad when you can learn at home this easy way?

Then we have Estelle Taylor, who mastered singing in four months, and Bebe Daniels in about the same time, when talkies began to create a vogue for warbling actresses. Betty Bronson went them one better, and according to a newspaper item at the time, "stopped off in New York for a few days on her way back from Europe to have her voice trained."

The ease with which it can be done nowadays positively frightens one. In the heyday of grand opera they wouldn't allow anybody inside the stage door who hadn't studied for at least ten years in either Florence or Paris or Berlin or Rome. Nowadays one stops off at New York just a few days to have one's voice trained. What does it all mean?

Janet Gaynor, who would, I suppose, be called the prima donna of "Sunny Side Up," never had a voice lesson before the talkies and was hastily trained for that opus by De Sylva, the

(*Continued on page 109*)

And Bernice Claire became that way because of a high-school teacher

It was while making "The Sea Beast" that John Barrymore fell in love with Dolores Costello, and it was while making a talkie version of the same story that another Dolores came into his life—Dolores Ethel, named for two famous actresses, one a Costello, one a Barrymore. Herewith this newest of Hollywood newcomers is seen for the first time with Father John and the first Dolores

Who's Sophisticated Now?

Hollywood, No Less. And Who Says That It Is? Ruth Chatterton, No Less

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

YAH! Yah! Yah! *That* for the sneerers at Hollywood who accuse us of having no sophistication! And *that* for the *intelligentsia* who aver that there is no real culture, no real intellectual enjoyment, no wit, no smart conversation and no interesting people outside New York — or maybe Europe or somewhere else.

For Ruth Chatterton says it isn't so. So there! She says, moreover, that she finds Hollywood twice as stimulating as New York—and three or four times as interesting. And she cannot, for the life of her, understand how anyone can think otherwise.

All of which inflates us almost beyond bearing.

For Miss Chatterton is admitted, in these circles at least, to be a real sophisticate. In fact, she is by way of becoming a sort of legend, like Bill Powell. She is considered to be, in real life, almost indistinguishable from those smart ladies, seen always in English drawing-rooms, whom she portrays with such finesse upon the screen. It is said, too, that her pictures are drawing a section of the public into motion picture theaters that never went there in any considerable numbers before. A section that was wont to laugh at pictures and dismiss them with a huge contempt. Which fact alone would earn her Hollywood's deepest gratitude, without the added flattery of her opinion of us.

A Search for the New

SHE earned my personal gratitud and admiration when I told her she was to be called a sophisticate in print. For she did not burble modestly and protest, "Oh, but I hardly think I *am* one!" She accepted the appellation calmly, with a poised little smile, and proceeded to give me a crisp definition of what she believed sophistication to be.

"A mature knowledge of the world—a world viewed wisely and with humor. A wide understanding of life and people. Supreme tolerance. Perspective. Balance. A sense of proportion.

"It requires leisure. It requires the wish and the ability to learn from other people.

"The word is so frequently confused with boredom or satiety. It has nothing to do with either. On the contrary, it implies a lively interest in life, in ideas, in new experiences. It implies the ability to 'draw out' people with new ideas, the people who experiment. The pioneers in thought.

"And where in the world is there more pioneering being done than right here? Where are there more opportunities to experiment?

Confession

"OH, I was as bad as any of them—once. I wouldn't have anything to do with pictures. Not I! I had ideals. Notions about Art. Things like that. Moreover, I was one of those dyed-in-the-wool New Yorkers. I was born there, as were my mother, my grandmother and my great-grandmother. I had that excuse, at least.

"The first six months I spent in Hollywood, I was miserable. Homesick and lonely. I felt a misfit. I felt that I didn't belong. A dreadful feeling of inferiority overtook me. I had been told that picture people feared and resented the influx of actors from the legitimate stage which followed the introduction of talking pictures. Though why in the world they should have feared us, I cannot imagine. We had just as much to learn about acting before a camera as they had to learn about using their voices. It was a fifty-fifty proposition.

"Anyhow, I was sensitive to that fancied resentment and it made me unhappy.

The Meeting of the Clan

"THEN I made the discovery, as I began to know a few people, that the most interesting, the most vital, the cleverest people in the world were gathering here. They were either here or they would be, sooner or later.

(*Continued on page 99*)

E·A·T

Follow Sylvia's Neither Starve

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Wm. E. Thomas

SYLVIA ULBECK, whose startlingly blunt tongue has scolded the most famous stars in Hollywood while her magic fingers—worth twenty thousand dollars a year to Pathé—were thumping and kneading and pounding them into slimness, claims that she doesn't believe in the ordinary dieting to get thin.

"Take Mary Lewis, for instance," says Sylvia. "Mary is a singer. Singers lose their voices if they go to starving themselves. I've had plenty of these dieters come to me, their glands shrunk, muscles flabby! Still, the only way fat gets onto a person is by wrong eating. And what is the use" (she adds plaintively) "of taking my time and wearing myself out, pounding them, if they're going to go right on eating the fat back onto themselves again?"

"Can you imagine?" asks Sylvia. "They'll come to me and stand the punishment I give them—and believe me, dearie, Sylvia is one person to whom a movie star is only flesh and blood, and usually too much flesh—and then they'll go away and stuff on sweets and creamed this and sautéed that, and drink cocktails and highballs!

Preventive Measures

"NOT all of them, though. The ones with brains get thin and stay thin. The other ones get out of the movies and stay out. I can take fifteen pounds off a man or woman in a month, and they can eat it back on again in a week, so I give my patients a schedule of *sensible eating*. Don't you call it a diet! I don't believe in dieting, but I do believe in right eating—eating that gives your body everything it needs and doesn't starve it with too much or too little. For you can starve on fats and sugar, you know! Leave out roughage and constipation follows; leave out proteins and the flesh gets flabby; leave out calcium and the bones get brittle. The thing to do is to find your right weight by massage and exercise, and then stay there by correct eating.

"Water never will make a person fat. Alcohol does. That's the only Prohibition argument I think is worth

Left, Sylvia, Hollywood's most famous beauty and health promoter, helps Ann Harding keep hers. Right and below, autographed photographs to Sylvia from Mary Lewis and Gloria Swanson

Apeda

Ball

And Stay THIN

Advice And You Will Nor Put On Weight

Her "most willing victim": Norma Shearer

while. And while we're on the subject of water, *no hot baths*. They're enervating. And that means they're fattening. A cold shower and twenty minutes with a Turkish towel—if all the stars did that, I'd soon be out of a job.

"Here's another point in eating to stay thin: you can't break training 'just this one time.' You've got to stick to your regimen, if you're one who has a tendency to put on weight at all. No sneaking a piece of cake and thinking, because you giggle, 'I know I really ought not to do this,' it won't add a pound. No eating a heavy dinner and promising yourself that you'll make up for it tomorrow. If you haven't the nerve to say 'no,' you deserve to be fat. I wash my hands of you!

Begin the Day Right

"NOW for my 'sensible eating' rules, only mind you, don't you call it a diet!

"When you get up in the morning, take a small glass of grapefruit juice, followed by a glass of cold water. No sugar in the grapefruit juice! Most people don't know what fruit tastes like, they sugar it so heavily.

"*For breakfast:* A baked apple without sugar. Prunes or plums or apple sauce or raw apple for variety. Or maybe a melon, if it doesn't give you gas. But no figs, dates or bananas, if you're trying to get thin or stay thin. Cereal, and coffee without sugar, but a little milk (if you must). A slice of melba toast without butter, but a little honey if you like. Honey is a natural sweet.

"About bread. Bran bread is the best, as it is rich in iron and so guards against anemia, the greatest menace to a dieter. Besides, it furnishes roughage—bulk, another thing lacking in many diet menus, and it has very few calories. Anyone who is trying to get thin or stay thin knows what a calorie is, so we won't go into *that*. But don't eat bran in hot muffins. Eat it in the form of stale muffins or one-day-old bread. Not so good that way? Well, you

(*Continued on page 111*)

Sylvia kept her in trim: Marion Davies

One indebted male: Ronald Colman

On her feet today: Constance Bennett

Exclusive Series On Dieting

Makin' Talkie

Kling

Most of the Hollywood girls are getting their tans, this summer, high and dry on studio roofs, but here are nineteen from the ensemble of "Dixiana" all at sea, and all upholding their rights to pose there

HER place in the sun: Greta Garbo is very fond of sun-bathing. But since she does not have a sun room of her own, Greta's habit is said to be to walk up some sequestered canyon, climb a foothill, remove her garments and bask in the full blaze of the California sun without fear of being disturbed. Hollywood is not fond of walking or climbing. Still, when this is printed . . .

• • •

THAT in-law question: First National has put the ban on publicity stories that mention the family connections or relatives of any of their players. From now on, F. N. stars weren't born; they just growed. Possibly this was because every interviewer in Hollywood wanted to ask Jack Whiting how it felt to be the step-papa of Doug Junior, two years younger than he, or the step-papa-in-law of Joan Crawford.

• • •

SPEED limiting: *And now it's Doug Senior who may quit pictures because of the talkies. He feels that he can't get the same tempo, the same swiftness of events in a talkie, that he did in his silent films. Our guess is that Doug is of too restless a temperament to go on making pictures indefinitely. But we wish we knew why he went abroad just when Mei Lan-Fang, the Chinese actor, was on his way West with an invitation from Doug in his pocket. . . .*

Hurrell

Barred from life: Chester Morris serves and bides his time as *Morgan*, the forger, in "The Big House," which is filled with housebreakers

• • •

DOUG'S Sweetheart: On the eve of Doug's departure for Europe, they had a party at Pickfair for the newspaper men and women, just for the purpose of telling them that there wasn't going to be any divorce. However, the trip is startling. Mary told a friend the other day that when she had returned from a visit to Agua Caliente a day earlier than Doug, to transact some business, it was the first night she and Doug had been separated in the ten years of their marriage.

• • •

THE end of the trail: And at last Bebe and Ben have reached the altar. It is the end of a long romantic trail for both of them. Perhaps Bebe's first real love was Harold Lloyd, who told me once that when he was so severely hurt by the explosion of a bomb in a comedy years ago, he was terribly in love with Bebe, and his

Fryer

A bold, good man: another Broadway star who took Horace Greeley's advice, James Rennie is now doing handsomely by Ann Harding in "The Girl of the Golden West"

Chidnoff

"She has a good brain": the girl about whom Josef von Sternberg made his memorable remark—the striking, English-speaking Marlene Dietrich, "found" in Germany

first thought, as he felt his bloody face, was, "No woman will ever love me now!"

• • •

PROFILE to come: *When the first pictures of the new Barrymore baby were taken, this scribe uttered a cry of woe. "What?" she wailed. "Do you mean to say that you didn't take a profile picture of the baby?" The Warner Brothers' publicity lady looked abashed, then hastened to explain. "Perhaps," she suggested seriously, "the baby hasn't any profile yet."*

• • •

BEGINNING young: And they say that Papa Jack is seriously considering taking his brand-new daughter and his wife with him, when he makes his deep-sea salmon fishing trip in his new yacht (named *The Infanta*, in honor of Dolores Ethel) next month. "It is impossible to begin too soon," says Barrymore, "to interest a child in fishing."

• • •

A VACATION, a lost voice: Hollywood is wondering what the real facts are behind Janet Gaynor's recent trip to Honolulu, and George Bancroft's loss of his voice, which resulted, respectively, in giving Rose Hobart, a New York newcomer, the woman's rôle opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom," and Gary Cooper the masculine rôle in "The Spoilers." It has been hinted that disagreement with the Powers That Be lay behind both incidents.

• • •

HIS *alter ego:* George Bancroft has fared so badly at the hands of interviewers, of late, that it is said that hereafter Paramount will not permit any interview with the big, bewildered George, unless there is a publicity representative present "to help Bancroft guide his thoughts."

BAD business: *Said Al Jolson, at the opening of "Mammy": "Remember, folks, I told you several years ago that no picture made was worth five dollars a seat? Well, that goes for this one you've just seen here to-night. But, folks, if you want to see a real motion picture, go to see 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'" And for five minutes he raved on about the rival picture, to the dismay of Warner Brothers. Al is the bad boy of Hollywood. He says what he pleases, and seems to get away with it—so far.*

• • •

HE'S been through the war: Since the opening of his big war picture, Junior Laemmle is no longer the victim of the village wise-crackers. As for Junior himself, well—didn't he attend Carmel Myers' masquerade party, wearing the costume of a Spanish bull-fighter? And, by the way, Louis Bromfield, the novelist, went to the same masquerade as Lilyan Tashman!

• • •

MEMORIAL: *And now, just when they have proved that Valentino's hilltop house, Falcon Lair, is not haunted, except by bats and creaking shutters, The Most Popular Of Them All is immortalized in something more permanent than celluloid or paper. A small monument to him has been unveiled to the California sun, in a park in Los Angeles. Dolores Del Rio pulled the veil from the futuristic bronze Aspiration, a gift of Valentino admirers from all over the world.*

• • •

TOO high tribute: It happened at the luncheon given by Paramount to introduce the new German importation, Marlene Dietrich, to the local press. About the table sat the literary gentlemen and ladies—mostly ladies—consuming squab and commenting upon the guest of honor, who was dressed in a large pink picture hat, a baby blue dress, and flesh colored satin slippers with

English

The covered wagon: one of Hollywood's happiest married couples, Neil Hamilton and the former Elsa Wightner, believe in taking the bumps together

Sunday afternoon, 1890: in "The Floradora Girl" Marion Davies once more has a vehicle to her liking, and plenty of clothes to wear, and a rest

rhinestone love-knots. Josef von Sternberg arose to introduce his "find." "She has beauty," he remarked, "as you see. She has talent, as I can testify. And she has something else, very rare in women—she has a good brain." Whereupon, he sat down, unsuspecting that he had become famous for a *faux pas* which will be remembered as long as newspaper women are newspaper women. But it is a base slander to say, as one paper printed it, that all the men present applauded.

• • •

A HUNDRED chances: "However," murmured one newspaper man, as we all trooped out, "this will be reported to a hundred newspapers and magazines, and I wouldn't be surprised if the editors all wire back, demanding an interview with von Sternberg."

• • •

BLACKS and blues: The two Van Dyke cannibals, imported from darkest Africa to make "Trader Horn," appeared the other day at the publicity office, arrayed in brand-new college-cut suits of a lively blue. One even had a silk handkerchief displayed in a breast pocket. They demanded to have their photographs taken, to send back to their wives in Africa.

• • •

JUNGLE millionaires: They will be millionaires when they return to their people. They get twenty-five cents a day from the British government and fifty cents a day from M-G-M. Aside from acting, they have assumed the duty of cleaning Van Dyke's guns. They insist upon doing this regularly, despite the fact that Van hasn't much use for his elephant gun just at the present time.

SHE couldn't complain: *Sylvia, the famous masseuse, was giving a treatment to a newspaper woman who had interviewed her. A sympathetic friend looked on, while she was pounded and belabored with the energy that earns Sylvia twenty thousand a year from Pathé. "It's a wonder you didn't yell," she remarked to the victim, as they left. "I would have," murmured the reduced one feebly, "if it hadn't been a free treatment!"*

• • •

THE inimitable one: Mitzi, the child star at Paramount, was told to see Rudy Vallée's picture so that she could do an imitation of him in her next revue. She returned, shaking her head. "I can't imitate him," she stated candidly. "He doesn't *do* anything."

• • •

SOMEWHERE in France: A foreign opera singer was trying to tell Grace Moore about the marvelous movie he had seen the night before. "Eet was call—'ow you say?—all—'ow did eet go?—All—All—ah, yes! 'All Silent on the Southern Side.'"

• • •

HEADLINE type: *They were speaking of a cowboy star. "Dumb?" said one. "Why, he's so dumb his friends send him telegrams, instead of writing letters, because he can't read anything but capital letters."*

• • •

THE lights stayed off: At the opening of "All Quiet," the theater was filled with the sound of sobbing and caught breaths. At intermission time, when the first-night audience is supposed to parade in the lobbies and admire each other's new gowns, no one went out. At the end of

Here, There And Everywhere

Schoenbaum

Just between the girls, the third from the front is no bathing beauty. That's Eugene Pallette, who finally manages to get around the golf-course in "Follow Thru," and meets a chorus of approval

the picture, the lights were kept off for five minutes, to give the audience a chance to repair damages to complexions and pass powder puffs over reddened noses.

• • •

THE present generation: *And, by the way, Jesse James's daughter is running a chicken dispensary for the movie trade out near Culver City. Make your own cracks.*

• • •

PITYING the ex-poor actor: "I wonder why they feature prunes on the cafeteria menus?" remarked a visitor to the First National lunchroom. "They have to, or all these New York stage actors would be homesick," explained the publicity man.

• • •

SOCIAL event: M-G-M gave a dog party the other day. "You and your dog," the invitation ran, "are invited to a preview of my first barkie. Hamburger will be served." About forty dogs attended.

• • •

BUT you pay when served: The newest thing in restaurants is the Drive-In-And-Eat type. You drive your car up to a long counter, little flappers dressed like movie pirates pass you trays, and you eat without moving from your seat.

Hurrell

Among the guilty: as *Kent*, the youthful convict, Robert Montgomery is another of the watchful waiters in "The Big House," before the lid blows off

• • •

THE guard of honor: *Polly Moran's old mother says Hollywood is a bad town to raise girls in. "But I never worry when Polly goes out nights with Marie Dressler," she adds. "Marie is a good girl."*

• • •

HIGHBROWS wanted: It was Polly's mother who remonstrated with her about men callers. "I do wish, Polly," sighed she, "that you'd bring home a gentleman friend now and then with more'n an inch of forehead."

• • •

HE can be a baritone: It was at a dinner party the other night. One of the guests, a proud papa of a month-old son, was holding forth upon the professions he would be willing to have his boy engage in. "I would rather see him dead at my feet," he concluded dra-

(*Continued on page 106*)

With Those Who Talk And Play

Advice To Young Men In Love *in* Hollywood

Motion Picture's Specialist . . . Details Some Possibilities And Methods Of Approach

By HALE HORTON

Ray Jones

Hollywood's filled with so many young things.
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.
(Excerpt from *A Child's Garden of Love*)

IF you must be a sucker for Cupid, I presume you could travel far and halloo loudly before finding a happier hunting ground than Hollywood.

Consider the success of William Seeman, Lydell Peck and Townsend Netcher. Did they not steal Phyllis Haver, Janet Gaynor and Connie Talmadge from a crowded field? True, they took several months about it, but nevertheless they are to be congratulated; for since they were forced to operate without benefit of my labor-saving advice, they worked against tremendous odds—while, simply by confining yourselves to about five minutes of attentive reading, you gentlemen may sneak out to Hollywood and snare a wife, with a minimum of wasted time, energy and gold.

At the outset, let me state that this is not to be considered a treatise on "Connivance versus Connubialism." I am assuming that you intend to operate with a view to marriage—for far be it from this writer to contribute a flaming pamphlet which would only complicate the condition of bachelor's bliss that now exists in this philanderer's paradise. Confidentially, when you marry, go home; and take your wife home, too. But now to the crux of the matter:

Work for Specialists

OF course, you worship the girl of your dreams, a girl who is the embodiment of certain fantastic ideals, ideals which you expect to find in the young Hollywood lass, and find them you shall. However, without my assistance, I fear, you would find the quest rather exhausting—*not*, let me hasten to assure you, that our girls have no ideals, but it's just that most of them keep their ideals so carefully hidden that the job of stalking them out is something terrific. A job, briefly, for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S Special Cupid—for who else, I inquire, could have conducted so thorough a research without being shot?

Hollywood is a treacherous spot; and its girls are bound to confuse you.

What, for instance, would be your reaction to marrying Anita Page only to discover that no matter where you went you always found her papa under your feet? Mary's Little Lamb is a deserter compared to papa Pomares. And again with a superficial examination you'll find it utterly impossible to distinguish between an old-fashioned girl, with a penchant for art, classical music and autobiographies of famous men, and a small bunch of dynamite who screams for champagne, orchids and whoopee.

Could you tell whether a girl liked her home filled with small children, yes-men or dogs? And what, if you should be successful up to the crucial point at which the correct gift might swing the trembling pendulum in your favor—what would you give her? Of course, you haven't! However, be of good cheer, for I tell you whether to give your

(*Continued on page 98*)

Above The Horizon

Up where the winds are high and the sea-gulls wheel and his views are his alone, Charles Bickford scans the cinema horizon for another whale of an opportunity. Appropriately enough, for the ship is a whaler—his own, by the way—and took him down to the seas again in "The Sea-Bat"

Adventures Off The Screen

Ray Jones

The Show Took Glenn Tryon To A Town Where Murder Was Always Justifiable

As told by Glenn Tryon

To

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

THE life of an actor is a nomadic one. You meet people, glimpse—or even participate in—their dramas for a moment. And then you lose them. . This episode took place in a little town in West Virginia. The place was a hotbed of those family feuds in which the inhabitants of those regions used to indulge, year after year, with the members of one group popping away at the other with persistent enthusiasm. Never a year passed without its several killings.

Each spring they went through the formality of an arrest and a casual sort of trial in the interests of law and order. The authorities would gather in the killer who had the most corpses to his credit for the season, and the entire county would rally at the court house for the show. The trial seldom lasted more than twenty-four hours, all told, and it almost always ended in an acquittal.

The reason was that these mountaineers wanted to attend to their own killings and, no matter who was at the bar, both sides would work for his release in order to proceed with the feud in their own fashion. They didn't want any executions or penitentiary sentences interfering with their fun. It was impossible to get a jury in that section which would convict a member of either faction.

The year before I visited the little town an amazing thing had occurred. There were two men on trial—a man of about thirty, and a boy of eighteen or nineteen, who was studying, as it were, to take the elder's place when he should meet his inevitable, violent end.

The trial, conducted in the usual musical comedy manner, ended with acquittals for both men, although it had been proved that they had at least four murders to their joint credit for the year. Their guns were handed to them when they were released and they turned to face the assemblage in front of the court house.

Aware that there were as many enemies as friends in the throng, they took the precaution to leave the building simultaneously but by different doors. These doors were about seventy-five feet apart and both opened on the little village square.

As they emerged, a man, crouching on the grass, drew two revolvers—one in each hand—crossed his arms, aimed and fired a shot at each of the acquitted murderers. By some miracle of marksmanship he drilled a hole neatly through the forehead of each one!

He was arrested then and there, released on his own recognizance and told that he would come to trial a year hence at the annual event!

The Friendly Native

THOSE were the days when I was "on the road" and my company arrived in the little town on the morning of the day before this second murder trial. I had read something of the affair in the papers, but it seemed so fantastic and far away that I had paid little attention to it. Our trunks were delayed, as usual, and there was nothing for me to do until they should arrive in the afternoon; so I dawdled about the little hotel and finally sat down in the lobby with a magazine.

(*Continued on page 102*)

That prepossessing young woman of Manhattan, Claudette Colbert, has come from the Long Island studios and "The Big Pond" to the West Coast studios and a little pond. And there, coolly enough, she is engaged in "Manslaughter" —and the smile assures us that she is anticipating no trials

• Marriages In

By

Dorothy Calhoun

Grace Tibbett says:

They tell me a great many women envy me. I can't imagine why they should.

All this happened to the wrong woman. I never wanted the things this success could give me.

I knew, that first year of our marriage, that I was going to have a different married life from most girls.

I've set a goal for myself. He is going to be singing magnificently still when he is sixty. Nothing else matters—my feelings or others' feelings.

I love him more than he loves me, or than he could love any woman.

It's been glorious. The struggles, the heartaches, everything.

Lawrence Tibbett

"THEY tell me that a great many women envy me," she said. "I can't imagine why they should. There are very few people in the world who have as little romance in their life as I."

On the screen of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, a block away, a gallant figure in a crimson coat gallops his horse through a mountain town, singing in a voice to tear the heart out of any feminine breast. Bold dark eyes, a flashing white smile, a great ringing gusty laugh. "What a man!" the women in the audience whisper hungrily and enviously. "What a lover!"

"Few women have as little romance in their life as I," says the wife of the new romantic hero of the screen, Lawrence Tibbett, quite matter of factly. Ladies had hysterics at the première of "The Rogue Song." Critics acclaimed him the greatest film find since Valentino. In the midst of the tumult and shouting Grace Tibbett sits unmoved. She has been the wife of a musical celebrity for eleven years. The most important names in New York society are on the invitations which she throws into the waste-basket. From long experience she knows that her particular kind of wife must be a combination of duenna, secretary, manager, mother, guardian, and friend.

There is a tenseness about her, as though she is always holding herself ready to meet a crisis at any moment. Her sports suit is well cut, but without a trace of coquetry. The wife of a genius has very little time to think about herself.

His Name For Her

ON a table in the Tibbetts' charming living-room in Beverly is a large picture of Lawrence inscribed thus, "To The Only One. Dynamo, Wife, Sweetheart, My Dearest Grace, Lawrence Tibbett." *Dynamo*—that's it! Behind that controlled look there is tremendous power. There is need to be. In her marriage to this laughing, emotional, adventure-seeking boy with one of the world's few great romantic voices, Grace Tibbett has offered herself, body and heart, as a willing buffer between the world and Lawrence Tibbett's career. Between those who wished to turn his celebrity to their own purposes and his career. Between hospitality and his career. Between women and his career.

"Women?" she said. "There have always been women. There always will be, I suppose, all kinds of women, young and middle-aged, married, rich, beautiful, plain. Women in the theatrical profession, society women. All kinds. They never let him alone. I suppose any man who sings romantic rôles has the same experience. Letters—'Why don't you answer my notes?' 'You were magnificent tonight.' Telephone calls—'I'm expecting you to dinner.' 'Did you see me at the concert?' Invitations. Flattery. Men like to be flattered. Why not? It's natural! And an artist admires beauty, and needs romance. Where else would he get the romance he must give out in his singing?"

One Particular Threat

ONCE, in the early years of Tibbett's success, a woman came to her at a party, young, beautiful. "Mrs. Tibbett," she smiled, insolently, "I am in love with your husband."

"I wasn't looking my best that evening," she says—"There are so many last-minute details always. Usually I

Grace Tibbett Knows How To Be Happy Though Married To A Romantic Hero

Grace Tibbett

ave just time to drag on my own dress with hardly a look
n the mirror. I'm not the success at parties that Lawrence
. Perhaps it's the actor in him that makes him fit so
ell, anywhere he happens to be. I could feel my knees
aking, but I said to myself, 'Grace, it's come. You've
ot to fight back!' I managed to laugh and I told her,
My dear, don't be absurd. There are hundreds of others
ho think the same thing.' She looked as if I had struck
er. She said, 'I'll put a stop to *that!*' You would have
ought *she* was the wife speaking! It's strange how
omen hate the wife of a popular singer. I have been
sulted in every way that one woman can insult another."
Women. The inevitable menace to the wife of a genius.
is amazing how shameless good women can be!

"It isn't real feeling I resent," Grace Tibbett says
gorously. "It's these others, the women who want to
aste his time, who try to manage a flirtation for their
anity's sake without thinking of him. If Lawrence ever
ime to me and told me he was in love with someone else,
would try to say—I think I honestly would try to say—
My darling, if it's so, I am sorry. But we can't help it.
will just have to wait for you to come back.' But I will
ot let these others, these silly, cheap flirtations hurt his
areer. That's all I can allow myself to think about. I've
t a goal for myself. Lawrence Tibbett is going to sing.
e is going to be singing magnificently still when he is sixty. Nothing else matters–my feelings, or others' feelings. I won't allow myself to be drawn aside from my goal. Singing at sixty!

Working Hands

"BUT if you think it has been easy—" her fingers, vital, restless, close slowly, *hard*. Her hands have the look of having worked, washed, scrubbed, cooked, tapped typewriter keys. They betray the years of struggle that preceded that amazing night at the Metropolitan when the most blasé audience in the world rose in their seats to split their gloves, in a thirteen-minute ovation to an unknown American boy singing a small part. That amazing morning when the New York *Times*, the most conservative paper in the world, carried for the first time in its history a column-and-a-half about an opera singer—on the front page.

Not that Grace Tibbett tries to hide those shabby years. She loves to talk of them. "All this—" she sweeps out in a wide impatient gesture, "happened to the wrong woman. I never wanted the things this success could give me. Money, social recognition, jewels. I don't want them now. Lawrence and I are very simple people. That first year of our marriage, we lived in the cottage at La Crescenta. We had almost no furniture, but a wonderful view of the mountains and a forty-year-old honeysuckle vine at the front doorstep. We had the best phonograph records and fifty books, and often not enough to eat. We had real friends, brilliant young people just starting, the way we were. Lawrence was just an awkward boy with a big voice. That was the happiest year I ever had. Few knew then that he was a genius, so I had him to myself. I've never really had him to myself since. We try sometimes now—but we can't get away from things."

Even then she had known that she had married a genius. She preached his genius to him, until he came to believe in it himself. An extremist always, with a restless mind,

(*Continued on page 86*)

Sez YOU-

You Think She

But Anita Page

The skeptical public thinks a movie star keeps house in a chiffon evening dress, satin slippers and pearl necklace, and whether holding a duster at arm's length, visiting the incinerator, boiling an egg, or pressing a hankie, work is only a pretty pose

Portraits by C. S. Bull

Sez SHE

Doesn't Work---
Fools You

But there is no servant in the Pomares' home, and plenty of work to do—and Anita does it, in house dresses, moreover. And she gets down on her hands and knees to clean, handles the rubbish, irons pleats, and even makes fudge for her small brother

Portraits by C. S. Bull

Not The Type . . .

Archer

Claudia Dell Is Not Hollywood's Idea Of A Follies Girl

By DOROTHY MANNERS

IN the long run Miss Claudia Dell, who will burst upon eye and ear simultaneously in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and follow it immediately in duet with Al Jolson, is not what we have come to expect of last year's Follies girls in Hollywood.

To give you a rough idea of the discrepancies: she lives at home with the "folks," consisting of Mother, Aunty and Grandmamma, and that's not forgetting a couple of stray cousins she may have overlooked.

She does not even live in Hollywood, preferring a comfortable and spacious flat with a dining-room over in the non-professional Wilshire district.

Nor does she flit hither and thither from the Warner Brothers studio in a taxicab. She purchased a conservative coupé of her own six months ago when she came out from New York to try a fling at the flickers.

She smokes, but prefers a drawing-room to a night-club or a street car for the privilege.

Not Proud

ON rare evenings when she isn't too tired to step out, she had just as soon *table d'hôte* at one of the tea rooms as to *couvert charge* at the Roosevelt or the Embassy. And a first show is just as good as a first night any old ten o'clock.

Though she dresses in good taste, she isn't out after Lilyan Tashman's décolleté honors.

She's witty without wise-cracking, and sweet—but not so sweet as Billie Dove, who is sweet, too.

Only in Claudia's tall, show-girl figure is there any give-away of her Follies past. And, of course, her face, which is an awful blow to any preconceived idea that all women are created equal. To my way of thinking, the only other woman who got a facial break with Claudia is Mary Nolan.

By courtesy of Nature and a lemon rinse she is a blonde. Neatly, but not gaudily, trimmed in pale cream skin and Alice-blue eyes. Even in a good light she gives the same effect. If Ziegfeld didn't use her at least once as "Miss Springtime," he overlooked a grand opportunity.

She Doesn't Know

WHEN you bring it to her attention that she does not look, act or talk like a Follies girl, she's right back at you with, "What does a Follies girl look, act and talk like—Hollywood version?" And then she laughs throatily like a débutante, while you just laugh.

Though she had just come out of Darryl Zanuck's office with a five-year contract under her arm and a thrilling vocal test that was the cause of it all, she managed to keep her mind on this Follies girl question long enough to discuss it with me. But first Mother, Grandmamma and Aunty had to be telephoned about the contract. After all, contracts like Claudia's didn't happen every day—even to Follies girls.

"Hollywood is awfully naïve about things—like

(*Continued on page 113*)

E. A. Schoenbaum

• Riding High •

High-ho! and a back-seat driver takes her eyes from the road! And Nancy Carroll is taking off her hat to no one, for she may have lost the Derby, but she has raced ahead in the Talkie Sweepstakes until now she is leading all the other Paramount entries, and looking forward to "Laughter"

The Star Without A LOVE-LIFE

Lois Moran Is This Phenomenon--And Explains Why

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

WHAT, sages rhetorically demand, is life without hope? What is a bath without soap? The answer is, very little.

What, then, is a movie star without a love-life? A unique specimen, anyhow, as you will agree. Lois Moran is the girl I'm talking about. For two decades Lois has been free and white. On March 1 last, she was twenty-one. For three years she has been in Hollywood, always and without ceasing under highly lucrative contract to Fox. And yet—and yet:

"I have never been in love," she said to me, quite plainly, just like that.

Not an eyelash did she bat as she spoke. It was, for a movie star of her standing, as grave a confession as it would be for the ordinary person to say, "I bumped off the old lady."

Somehow, I expected an officer to arrive at the head of constabulary, warn her that anything she said would be used in evidence against her, and march her off to the jug. Either that, or else a manifestation of some kind from an outraged deity. But nothing happened. We both jumped slightly as the evening paper landed with a thud against the outer side of the front door. A limousine purred past in the street and was gone. The ice tinkled against the sides of the glass in my hand. Nothing happened which you could mark down as peculiar or untoward.

When She Was Very Young

NOW, two years or so ago such a remark from Lois would not have arrested attention. She was so young, so unsophisticated, so dairy fresh— even if she did read Nietzsche on the set. One didn't expect her to have been in love.

I had not seen her for about two years. On the last occasion, she and I visited a preposterous spiritualist *séance* together. They turned out the lights and phosphorous-painted trumpets waved in the air, and assorted voices assured us that it was very beautiful up there. Lois talked with the supposed spirit of an old school-friend. I talked with the "spirit" of my uncle who (God bless him!) was as alive at the time as I was. He, too, thought it very beautiful "up there."

Spiritualism was one of a series of crazes which Lois passed through. She was afflicted with a violent desire

(*Continued on page 92*)

Russell Ball

Merrily Widowed •

Verily, losers are not weepers, for Gloria Swanson, putting on her widow hood, permits a veiled suggestion of a smile to lighten this, her darkest hour. And "sad, but true" can never be said of women who look their best in black, as Gloria does in "What A Widow"

Going

By
Cedric Belfrage

Illustrations by
h. o. hofman

They studied books of etiquette on how to address a butler. And some made a pretty good job of it. But others?

FIRST they go Hollywood; then they go Beverly Hills. And the last stage is, if anything, worse than the first.

Hollywood stands for wine, woman and song, for reckless expenditure of luxuries, for no thought of to-morrow. You get a contract; you go Hollywood; your contract is not renewed; and you are back practically where you started—with nothing but your big roadster, your automatic radio, your wardrobe and your debts.

Beverly Hills stands for Solid Respectability, with the accent on the Bill. Respectability is probably the most expensive commodity in Hollywood, and you have to Arrive before you can afford it. Fly-by-night stars do not go Beverly Hills. The stodgy atmosphere of that refined suburb would not appeal to them. They do their drinking and spend their money on Hollywood hilltops and in Hollywood apartment houses.

You go Beverly Hills when you have been in the big money for some time; when the feeling that nature always intended you for the life of an aristocrat or landed gent becomes too strong to be contained in your Hoboken- or Brooklyn-born breast.

Beyond Your Income

YOU then make the first payment on a lot on one of the gracefully curving, palm-bordered drives, and build yourself an ancestral mansion. All this costs you plenty. It can't be done out of income. It's necessary to have been in the money long enough to have an important bank account. You have to be able to act as to the mazuma born—which means at least two or three years steadily over the thousand-a-week class. None of your bally old *nouveaux riches* in Beverly Hills. A restricted area, suh—very restricted. Only the best people.

Douglas Fairbanks made Beverly Hills what it is to-day. He reproduced the life of a feudal Sporting Squire so nearly that all the other stars wanted to try their luck at it. They built their palaces and hired retainers. They burned the midnight oil, studying books of etiquette on how to address a butler. And some made a pretty good job of it, at that. But others?

Well, one Hollywood cynic (whom Allah speed below with his tribe) says the principal difference between a lot of our Best Families before and after going Beverly Hills, is that previously they threw plates whereas now they throw Rodins and Archipenkows. And who shall say how much of truth there may be in this utterance?

Plunging, Not Dipping

GOING Beverly Hills, you understand, involves a serious plunge into the more artistic profundities of home furnishing—er, excuse me—of interior decoration. As soon as one of our Best Families has decided to make the move to the Nirvana of Old-World Respectability, the conversation is lifted bodily to higher levels. They start "poking" into quaint little antique shoppes and "picking up" little things to give that "artistic" touch to the house. They interview blank-looking young men in suede shoes about color schemes and murals; and the blanker the young men look, the more they pay them for their advice.

Their friends hear nothing, morning, noon and

Beverly Hills

It is, one concludes, even worse than going Hollywood

night, but wails, whispered confidences, little sobs and cries about the progress of the new home. "Just a simple little place," it is confided, "but of course Charles *hates* anything elaborate." Charles, most of the friends know, was noted along the entire Interborough system for his flowery taste in neckwear when he worked as a subway guard. But no one mentions that. Charles is now emerging from his chrysalis in the guise of an Old-World Country Gent. He hates anything elaborate. He'd rather have the little woman throw a Rodin statuette at him than any of your high-falutin' Ming vases. Just the simple dignity of our *best* country people, don't you know.

Decorator In Dutch

"HOW about a Rubens?" once queried the interior decorator of a new Beverly Hills-ite.

"When we want delicatessen we shall call them up—and *not* until," replied that lady, with *hauteur*. I am only repeating what someone told me. Call me a gossip if you like.

When the ancestral home in Beverly Hills is completed, then begins the real business of Going B.H. Ornamented as the place is with priceless murals, hung with Old Masters (at least ten years old) and with oriental tapestries (bought from pedlers in sea-boots with salt in their mustaches), furnished with Chippendale and Sheraton masterpieces (by your favorite dealer), and equipped with a magnificent library (absolutely untouched by human hands), it is clear that a lot of careful selection has to be made before mere Hollywood "friends" of pre-country-gentleman days can be allowed over the threshold.

Off With The Old

MANY former friends or drinking companions are frigidly told they are not welcome. Others are permitted to enter the new premises—sacred to the god, Rural Respectability—but are shown their place without much ado. For instance, the thirstier newspaper and magazine writers, previously the companions of many a friendly gin party, are at this point given to understand that they are low persons who sully the purity of the atmosphere. One very well-known woman writer was asked to dinner by a famous star shortly after the latter went Beverly Hills. She sat in the hall waiting for the hostess to come downstairs, for almost an hour. Then she left in a fury, went to the nearest cafeteria, and sent a wire to the B.H. lady saying she was unaccustomed to waiting an hour for her meals and was eating elsewhere. But she had been put in her place.

Another new resident of Beverly Hills received a magazine-writer guest in the back room and told her right out that her presence was very annoying. It is considered likely that Beverly residents will shortly adopt the procedure of labeling their rear entrances "Tradesmen and Writers."

Charles is now emerging in the guise of an Old-World Country Gent. He hates anything elaborate. He'd rather have the little woman throw a Rodin statuette than any of your high-falutin' Ming vases

The Foreign Element

FOREIGNERS who have gone Beverly Hills generally make a close scrutiny of fellow-countrymen who are newcomers to Hollywood, before making them welcome to their super-respectable and refined homes. Not until they are absolutely convinced that the newcomer will not try to sponge on them, that he has the right kind of clothes and general appearance, and that he will add luster to their highly-publicized "social connections" in the old country, do they throw open their doors in anything like a cordial spirit. Particularly great is their horror of being sponged on and thus "having their hospitality abused."

One Englishman, for instance, who arrived about a year ago, was inspected by his successful countrymen of Beverly over a series of lunches and dinners. A conference was held and it was decided that thumbs were down on the new arrival. For one thing, he had made an indelicate noise after drinking a glass of beer at one Beverlyite's home; for another, he was strongly suspected of being short of ready cash. The two crimes put together definitely labeled him an outcast, so far as the Beverly Respectability clique was concerned. The man in question has now Gone Hollywood. There was nothing else for him to do, except perhaps remain a normal human being—but you couldn't expect that. He is making whoopee outside Beverly's borders, and is a fixture in the Not Nice To Know class.

Changes To Be Made

ANOTHER thing which has to be considered very carefully by a star going Beverly Hills is the exact professional rating of his or her acquaintances. In Beverly Hills one just doesn't keep company with people out of one's class in salary and notoriety. Old friends, who shared their beef stew with one in $7.50-a-day times, and who have failed to get along fast enough since then, are not encouraged to come around. If they call up, one is very busy trimming the rose bushes and will call them back. Like H—l!

When the move to Beverly is made, all household effects in the old home are re-

(*Continued on page 107*)

Carey Scarey • • House •

On a hilltop above Benedict Canyon brooded Falcon Lair, home of the tragic Valentino—a "haunted house," a place of weird moans and eerie flitting shadows. Empty for years, until Harry Carey moved in—and went horror-hunting. Top left, he points out to his small daughter where someone saw Rudy's ghost. Above, he dares her to go in first. Right, they explore the dark cellar. And, top right, the Careys all smile at the stories—for the shutters no longer moan and the bats are gone

Portraits taken exclusively for Motion Picture by Russell Ball

The Woman Pays Back

Mary Brian Gets Not Only The Last Word But The Last Laugh

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

E. R. Richee

THEY say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. It's a true adage, but a good belly-laugh is often just as effective as a piece of pie. If you can make a man laugh, or make him think he makes you laugh, he is practically yours.

That, I believe, is the secret of Mary Brian's success with the boys. Not that Mary hasn't all the other desirable attributes. A gentle manner, beauty, youth, fame—all the things dear to the masculine nature.

But that's not all.

In the past year Mary has blossomed out with a real Irish sense of humor. She's responsible for the era of good clean fun on the Paramount lot. With equal skill, she can deliver a wisecrack or chuckle at someone else's wit. She doesn't want to be bothered with people who won't laugh.

Everyone loves to be in Mary Brian's pictures—that is, everyone who is young and sturdy enough to survive the clowning, rough-housing, and horseplay that go on without let-up. Humor rises to such a peak on the Brian set that they all practically tear each other limb from limb before the picture is finished.

Too Busy to Brood

A PSYCHOANALYST would at once put Mary down under the head of "simple extravert." She's a happy person, because she doesn't spend any time brooding about life. She's too busy thinking up practical jokes. And you'd be surprised how much concentration they require, when you have to compete with such experts as Phillips Holmes and Jack Oakie.

For instance, when Phil Holmes got hold of the key to Mary's dressing-room and upset all the furniture, put the chairs on the tables, turned the pictures with their faces to the wall, and rolled up the rugs, Mary spent hours in meditation before the inspiration of pouring water down his high boots came to her like a flash.

Fun is a life work with Mary. It's the only thing she really cares about. All other subjects she brushes aside with a vague impatience, but she'll go on for hours describing diabolical plots and fiendish revenge, breathless in her eagerness, eyes crinkling with amusement.

"It goes on for weeks," she laughed, "trying to get back at people and to top the last gag. Phil Holmes is the worst menace around here."

The Villain Baffled

I HAD had a little experience with Phil's prankish nature. Mary was delighted.

"If there's anything you want done," she said, "just let me know. I specialize on Phil. While we were working on 'Only The Brave,' I was at an awful disadvantage because I wore a crinoline, and I couldn't get away fast enough. I had to have a little time to take off before every flight.

"But I thought of a marvelous revenge. I had a scene with Phil in which I tried to break away from his hold, weeping bitterly. I told the director not to say 'Cut' at the end of the scene, so Phil wouldn't know it was over. Then when I knew the cameras had stopped, with the tears still streaming down my cheeks, I reached up and slapped Phil in the face."

By this time Mary's lovely voice was almost smothered by laughter, and her eyes had all but disappeared. "He didn't know what to do. He didn't dare say or do anything, and he tried to get hold of my hand, but I slapped him with the other one. It was really a mean trick, I suppose, because he couldn't hit me back, anyway. And all the time I was crying copiously."

(Continued on page 90)

How To Write

Sam Coslow, seen below and opposite, is, in addition to being one of Paramount's better-known song writers, the author of this new method of becoming popular overnight. The idea is simple. All one has to do is to check off the words he prefers for his needs. This gives everyone a chance to write his own theme songs, to fit any and all occasions

When It's	Time In
Apple blossom	Tennessee
Cotton picking	Arkansas
Wienie roasting	Rhode Island
Lawn mowing	California
Hair bobbing	Alabama
Nickel nursing	Argentina
Face lifting	Paducah
Muscle twitching	Tia Juana
Cruller dunking	Tombstone

And Tenderly I'll Put My Arms Around Her	waist neck wisdom teeth Mack truck Aunt Lizzie

I'll Tell Her Just How Much I Long To	kiss love hate sock kick bite tickle	Her

When It's	honeysuckle eyebrow tweezing fly swatting elbow bending electrocuting onion peeling

James Hall and Jeanette MacDonald:
"When it's snowflake time in Winnebago"

Gary Cooper and Mary Brian:
"A garden gate, roses, and you-oo-oo"

Buddy Rogers (with the sword):
"My hero's so romantic"

Jeanette MacDonald:
"Hawaii makes a theme song any time"

A Theme Song

I'll See My Dear Old

Mammy
Sweetie
Sonny Boy
Airedale
Mother-in-law
Iceman
Tomato

Once Again

And Kiss Her Pretty Little

rosy cheeks
golden hair
double chin
powdered nose
cauliflower ear

And Settle Down Among The

sugar cane
eucalyptus
gas works
poison-ivy
new-mown hay
bohunks

Time In

New York
New Haven
Hartford
Greenland
Pittsburgh
Killarney

I'll Whisper

I love you
How ya' been
What have you
Olive oil
What the heck
Abba Daba

Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll:
"You and me, and an apple tree"

Buddy Rogers and girls:
"Red hair and brown hair and yellow, it's hard on a fellow"

Zelma O'Neal: "All a-lone, waiting for you-you-you"

Nancy Carroll: "Wriggle and shake and giggle and—(you go on)"

Gary Cooper and Fay Wray:
"A moon and you, dear" (It's always new, dear)

P. & A.

Just an old Spanish custom—this going out to sea, armed to the teeth. And, there being nothing over her head except a sombrero, Clara Bow stands to get her man. Moreover, he's going to be taken for a ride on her surfboard—and there won't be any comeback

Discoveries About MYSELF

Bebe Daniels Cannot Find "The New Bebe" Critics Are Talking About

Bachrach

As Told By Bebe Daniels To GLADYS HALL

I AM the same person I was as a child.

Most people tell of the great changes that have taken place in them since they were children. I haven't changed since childhood. Or so little that it is amusing, even to me.

I still have the same ambitions. I still want the same things from life. I still have the same dreams, the same point of view, many of the same friends. I always wanted to be an actress. I always wanted romance. I always had to make believe that people were sweet and lovely and fine. I never cared very much about clothes or money or formality or show. I am no different now.

I am still an idealist. The same sort of idealist I was in my teens. Hard knocks haven't changed me.

If I didn't believe in people I wouldn't want to live. It is self-protection. And if ever I am disillusioned, I—well, I pretend that I am not. I won't admit it.

I am as romantic as I ever was. I couldn't bear love, or the thought of love, to grow hum-drum or matter of fact. I still believe in *Prince Charming*.

I dream the same dreams I dreamed in my childhood. Fairy-tale things. . . .

Likes and Dislikes

I FIND that I haven't changed a bit about little things, either.

I never liked desserts or ice-cream sodas or candies. I still don't care about them.

I never liked to make mud pies. Need I amplify that? Cleanliness is, and always was, a sort of fetish with me.

I always hated my name and tried to pretend I was someone else. When I went to different schools, I always changed my name. Perhaps all this was a subconscious desire to lose my own identity in make-believe identities.

I still love presents. And they must be done up in layers and layers of tissue paper and tied with ribbons.

If I am giving a party and expect certain people to come and they disappoint me, I can't shrug it off as something that really doesn't matter. I know that it doesn't matter much. But all the same, I am horribly disappointed and can't help it.

Or if I have planned to go to a party and for some reason it is called off or I can't make it, I feel just like crying—and sometimes do.

If I have planned to play bridge in the evening and someone suggests going to a theater, I don't want to go to a theater. I want to do what I have set my heart on doing—as a child does.

I know I have a great many faults. It doesn't take me long to discover them.

Painful Thoughts

I AM a mental coward.

I can stand any amount of physical hazard or physical pain, but when it comes to mental pain I am done for.

(*Continued on page 94*)

The Big Pond

HAS ITS MOMENTS: If you care to see your favorite Frenchman in overalls, kneading chewing-gum, and using American slang, "The Big Pond" was meant for you. A girl from the Middle West seeks romance in Europe and finds it in a young French guide. Her father, a chewing-gum king who wants no impoverished count for a son-in-law, persuades Maurice to go to America and work his way up in the factory, feeling sure such an effete young man will weaken and give up the marriage. The man doesn't weaken, but the girl does. At the spectacle of her charming Frenchman converted into just the kind of *Babbitt* she was trying to escape, she screams and tears her hair, and the plot is over. However, Chevalier gives an excellent performance, and the picture has its moments. But Chevalier fans are advised to let this one pass and wait to see their idol in a more lively setting.

Cheer Up And Smile

LAKE PUTS IT OVER: In "Cheer Up and Smile" Arthur Lake convincingly demonstrates that he is authentic starring material. He has an adolescent charm particularly his own appealing good looks, and barring those painful occasions when he takes his *naïveté* too big, he is close to being the most charming youngster on the screen. His voice is *very* well suited to his type, and beside him Buddy Rogers seems like an octogenarian.

This opera, taken very slightly from Richard Connell's short-story, "Alone With You," starts the lad back in college and takes him to one of those night clubs where the more ritzy extras sit around and register extreme boredom. There are Dixie Lee and Whispering Jack Smith in the cast, the latter looking like *Dracula* in a happy mood, and Baclanova, who has returned to pictures and vamps.

Let's Go Native

WORTH YOUR WHILE: This picture is worth while if only for the opportunity it affords to watch the elegant Kay Francis take several funny falls. As a musical farce it makes up in freshness of gags what it lacks in tunefulness of songs. A Mack Sennett gang of moving men who break every article of furniture they lay hands on start the fun, a speeding taxicab that smashes into a police station with Jack Oakie at the wheel adds to it, and a theatrical troupe shipwrecked on a South Sea island already occupied by a stranded producer of musical comedies who has trained the native girls to do chorus dancing—well, you see for yourself the plot offers possibilities, and the cast with Jeanette MacDonald, Jimmie Hall, Oakie, Kay Francis, Skeets Gallagher and William Austin takes advantage of all of them. It's downright silly but you'll laugh at the slapstick falls and Jack Oakie's funny faces.

The Social Lion

OAKIE DOES HIS STUFF: After his first successes, Jack Oakie is doomed to go on forever playing the vainest man in the world. But events prove that this character is going to be more annoying than appealing unless the story is carefully and credibly worked out. This picture tries to duplicate the heart-rending situations of "Fast Company," but doesn't. Jack is a dumb, but sweet prize-fighter who thinks he can do everything better than anybody else.

Some society people take advantage of his talent for polo, and he imagines himself a social lion when his real function is merely to win the big game on Saturday. The resulting humiliation should be very touching, but it isn't, in spite of Mary Brian's tears and Skeets Gallagher's eyebrows. The behavior of the so-called society people is unparalleled even in the history of motion pictures.

Parade

Not Damaged

FAITHFULLY DONE: This is the picture for which we have been waiting. In it, and you *must* believe us, the wealthy idler demonstrates that his character is considerably better than that of the hard-working young man. Why wealth and good-breeding are considered by movie producers as excellent qualifications for a rotter, we never have been able to understand. The bounders of life, to these glazed old eyes, are more often the sort of gent played in this smooth production by capable Robert Ames.

Walter Byron is the rich boy, and very good he is, too. Much too good for the welfare of Lois Moran, cast as the young lady with the decision to make. We hope "Not Damaged" has deftly indicated to the cinematic world that a starched shirt is not necessarily the hallmark of a bounder. We can't rightfully expect more than one miracle in a production.

True To The Navy

SOME LAUGHS AND CLARA SINGS: Garbo has talked, Rin-tin-tin barked and now Clara Bow sings! Her efforts are not as successful as the other two. Slightly reminiscent of "The Fleet's In," Clara goes on the woo for the entire Navy. Her soda fountain is headquarters for plain and fancy chiseling—until the whole Pacific fleet sails in at once. She meets her match when Fredric March as the Navy's Ace sharpshooter makes her the target of his affections.

The microphone has done something to Clara's much publicized "It." Her sex appeal is now the standardized Model 3-B variety. She needs livelier plots.

Harry Green as Clara's boss, a druggist with a penchant for games of chance, pops up entirely too often. And too unintelligibly. Rex Bell plays one of her disgruntled suitors. There are a few good comedy scenes.

Under Western Skies

FEW BRIGHT SPOTS: Here we have our old friend "The Great Divide" tricked out in sound and technicolor, but it still remains our old friend "The Great Divide." If talking pictures have done anything at all, they have elevated the standard of cinematic sophistication. The good old plots that did such yeoman service back in the dear departed days should be relegated to oblivion.

"Under Western Skies" has a promising enough introduction, with three hearties bent on a spree. Oddly enough, two of these characters are identical with those played by the same men in a former opus with a similar locale, "Hell's Heroes." So far as that goes, however, Messrs. Kohler and Hatton form the one bright luminous spot in an ordinary picture. Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee are adequate if uninspired in the other leads.

He Knew Women

TALKATIVE BUT CLEVER: Admirers of "The Second Man," of which this is the talkie transcription, will still find much to chuckle over in the clever dialogue, but will be disappointed in general. The picture is miscast and indifferently directed, Lowell Sherman alone making the mixture palatable. Sherman's performance may almost be called superb, although it is hardly the author's conception of the part. From a technical standpoint at least he is always worth watching. Others in the cast are Alice Joyce, David Manners and Frances Dayde.

The average fan may not subscribe to this entertainment, which is nothing but talk, if brilliant talk. Lowell Sherman devotees and those who have a passion for Smart Sin are alone recommended to see it. We fear it will make no new admirers for the others in the cast.

Here They Are--Advance and Authentic

★

Raffles

NEATLY DONE: Ronald Colman is perfectly swell as the amateur cracksman in the film adaptation "Raffles."

You know the story, don't you—about the handsome lad with the Lord Chesterfield manners, light fingers, who wins his way into the heart of society's elite, tries to reform when he meets the only girl—but finds temptation too much for him.

Plenty of suspense has been injected into this adventurous romance—especially the scenes between Colman and Scotland Yard's best "dick," the latter impersonated by David Torrence. These two play a fast little game with a diamond tiara, not unlike button-button, who's got the button.

Kay Francis is superb as the girl and nearly carries off the show at times. The less menacing her rôle the more potent this dark-haired lady grows. Others noticeable in this first-rate thriller with its abundant suspense, thrills and humor are Frederic Kerr, Alison Skipworth and Bramwell Fletcher, all new names.

The Richest Man In The World

TRIED AND TRUE: Be superior if you will, be cynical if you must, the old tried and true formulas for pulling the heartstrings are still in good working order. Watching Louis Mann's Dutch-accented paternal sacrifices, watching the spoiled son of the hard-hearted rich man lead the young girl astray, watching the mortgage on the barber shop foreclosed, and, in short, hearing the sobs of the modern, hard-boiled audience we are forced to conclude that such situations must be grounded in Truth to retain their vitality.

There is nothing lacking in this picture—not even the impassioned speech in which the shabby Dutch papa tells the millionaire, "I have my children, you have nobody to love you. You are the pauper, not I." The final scene in which the children and grandchildren break in upon the old couple's lonely Christmas Eve, dragging a lighted tree hung with cancelled mortgages and certified checks sends you home just too full of the milk of human kindness for words!

Let's Be Gay

TALKY BUT SMART: A very talky talkie, in the pseudo-smart manner. As the grass widow heroine remarks when her former husband discovers a new admirer in her bathroom, "It's just like a French farce." Maybe it's just like Life too, in a circle we *hoi polloi* know very little about. If you have a taste for reading the Society Notes in the newspapers, you will enjoy this glimpse of the eccentric dowager (Marie Dressler) who gathers a week-end group of sophisticated folk in her country home, including an intriguing Paris divorcee (Norma Shearer) and her philandering Ex (Rod La Rocque) who hasn't seen her since she wore home-made silk dresses, crimps and spectacles instead of the latest thing in *Rue de la Paix* and expensive cosmetics which certainly make a difference in a lady! It takes a brave and sincere actress to appear as unattractive as Norma in the first reel. If the transformation to the dazzling charmer seems a bit obvious, it is forgiven for the very fine scene at the close where the real woman breaks through the shell of cynicism.

The Sea Bat

BICKFORD PUTS IT OVER: Another South Seas picture. I almost said, "just another South Seas picture" but with Charles Bickford in the cast it's bound to be different, in spite of the familiar grass skirts, the native voodoo dances and—since talkies-the dialect. In this case the *dialects* are curiously assorted, varying from Swedish-English spoken by Nils Asther as the first victim of the Sea Bat, through Raquel Torres' Spanish-English to George Marion's, which has a flavor of wop. An escaped convict from Devil's Island steals a missionary's clothes and arrives in a remote South Sea island where his cloth forces him to the unfamiliar duties of converting and burying the natives. The spiritual battle between Bickford and the torrid Torres is far more intense and thrilling than his physical battle with the Sea Bat, a large animal which resembles one of those inflated rubber creatures summer maids disport with on the beaches. Not a very good picture, but to one reviewer at least, a Bickford picture is never a waste of time.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures

White Hell Of Pitz Palu

A SILENT MASTERPIECE: Whatever your particular feelings about the Teutonic cinema, this entry from the Fatherland will give you one of the biggest thrills you ever had. It's a very simple story of three mountain-climbers in Switzerland marooned on the side of a glacier and gradually freezing to death as efforts of every kind are made to rescue them. It starts off rather slowly, but when it gets going it's one of the most tremendous and awe-inspiring things ever seen on the screen. Every scene is real, including avalanches, snowstorms, scenes filmed at the bottom of green crevasses, daredevil airplane stunting where one slip would mean disaster. It was filmed by experts who spent many months getting the shots included in the picture. The acting is very fine in the rather ponderous Teutonic school, but the players are unknown to American audiences. The picture is silent, but it contains thrills never seen in American pictures because not a foot of it is faked or studio made. Everybody ought to see it.

The Devil's Holiday

DON'T MISS IT: Splendidly devised entertainment for everybody, which we can recommend unreservedly. Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed "The Trespasser," has used his whole bag of tricks here on a story (from his own pen) which basically is the oldest, most threadbare screen hokum. But the way Goulding has treated it is nothing less than superb. His dialogue is wellnigh faultless, of its type, and his direction has brought out great performances from everyone in the cast. Nancy Carroll does her stuff gorgeously, but she comes perilously near having the picture stolen from her by Phillip Holmes, who here emerges as one of the very finest juveniles produced by the talkies. Bouquets are also in order for Ned Sparks (a great big one) and for James Kirkwood.

It's just the story of the gold-digger who makes a play for a rich young man and then falls in love in spite of herself, but what this Goulding does to it is nobody's business. Be sure to see this one.

Bride Of The Regiment

GOOD SINGING IN FAIR PICTURE: "The Lady In Ermine," which was a starring vehicle for Corinne Griffith several years ago, comes to the audible screen under the title of "Bride of the Regiment." The film as a whole can only be rated as fair entertainment although it is a charming story which takes place in Italy at a time when they're at war with the Austrians. An invading army takes possession of the castle of *Countess Marianna* on her wedding night and the bridegroom is forced to flee. When he returns disguised as a silhouette cutter, he is captured and ordered shot at sunrise. The hysterical bride pleads for his freedom and promises to do the *Colonel's* bidding to save him. The drunken *Colonel* falls asleep and dreams that the *Countess* visits him to make her sacrifice, which makes it unnecessary for her to go through with her promise, inasmuch as he believes his dream to be a reality. *Marianna* is played by the beautiful Vivienne Segal who has a delightful voice. Walter Pidgeon portrays the *Colonel* excellently and Alan Prior is only so-so as the bridegroom.

The Big House

STRONG MEAT—WELL DONE: In the vanguard of the pictures which have seized upon the recent sensational prison riots for plot comes this powerful—and powerfully unpleasant—story of three prisoners who shared the same cell. Probably few who see it will be personally qualified to speak of the true-to-lifeness of the prison routine depicted. Whether the local color is correct or not, the director, George Hill, has managed actually to photograph hopelessness, dank, unsunned air, reeking bodies, undercurrents of unrest, hate, menace so well that when the prisoners make their futile break for freedom the onlooker beats at the gates with them.

Wallace Beery has never had a better chance in the unsavory rôle of the sentimental killer, Chester Morris makes a gallant effort to make the pure-hearted forger convincing, while Bob Montgomery plays the weakling accidentally become a criminal because he killed a man with drunken driving. It is a pity they are identifying this charming and very able young actor with unlovable rôles.

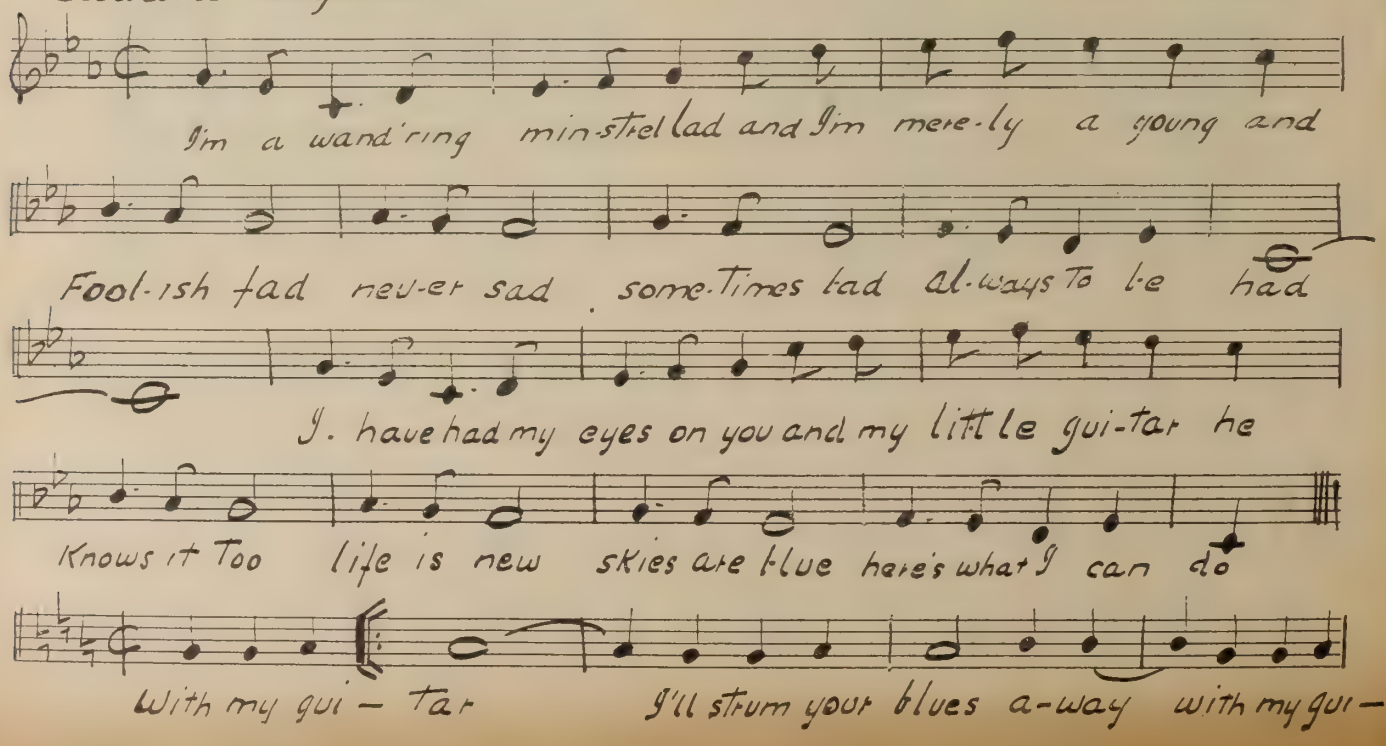
Theme Songs *of the*

Close Harmony: left to right, Fred Scott, who sings the song; Mort Harris, who supplied him with the words; and Ted Snyder, who furnished the music

With my Guitar and you

Words by Mort Harris and Edward Heyman

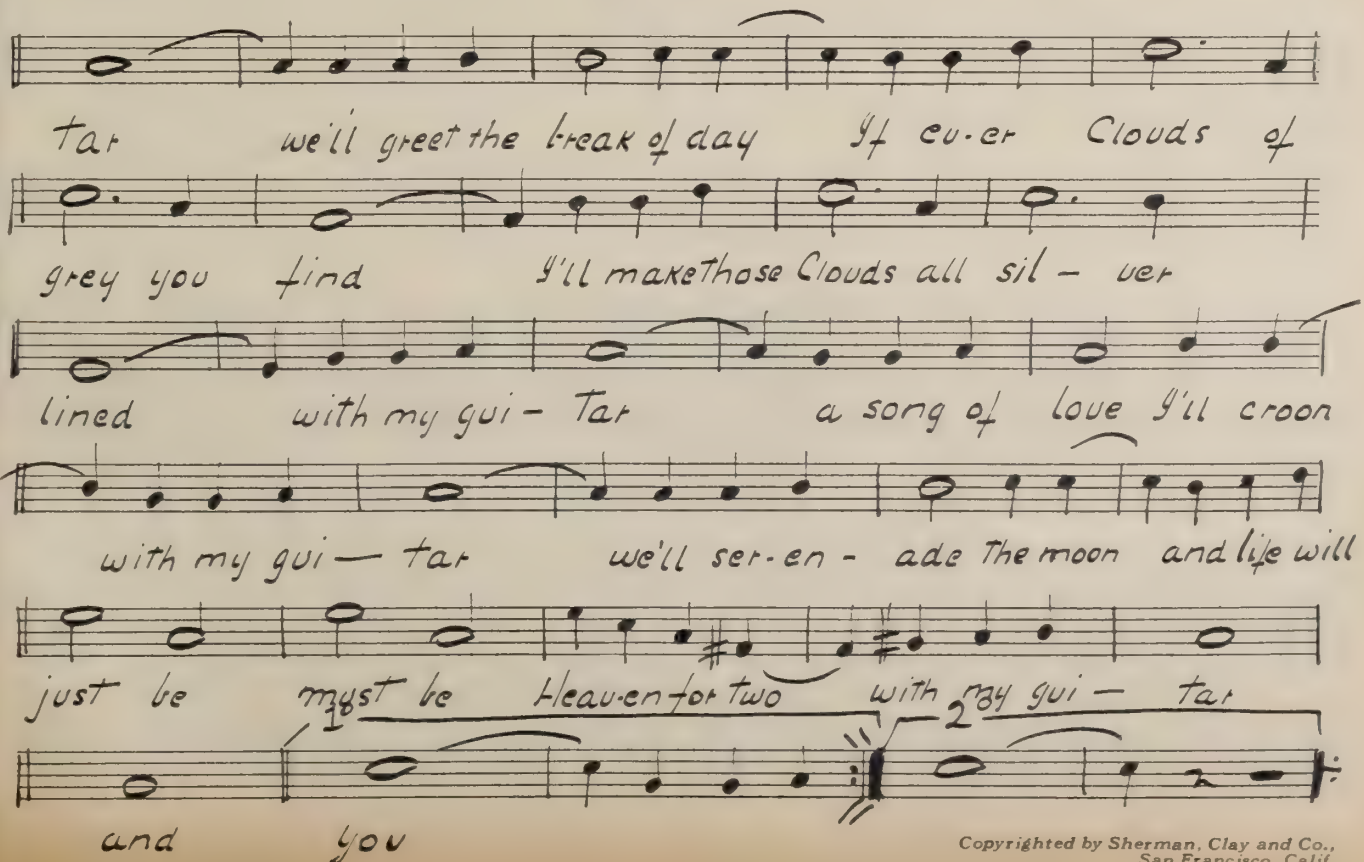
Music by Ted Snyder


I'm a wand'ring min-strel lad and I'm mere-ly a young and
Fool-ish lad nev-er sad some-Times lad al-ways To be had
I. have had my eyes on you and my lit-tle gui-tar he
Knows it Too life is new skies are blue here's what I can do
With my gui — tar I'll strum your blues a-way with my gui —

Movies

Introducing The Song Which Makes Helen Twelvetrees Stop Swinging In "Swing High"

The circus is here. The circus has come to the talkies. And it's a big show, a big show. The Big Top is unfolded for the first time in Hollywood in all its glamour. In sound. In color. Helen Twelvetrees goes up and up as the trapeze performer—then falls. Falls for Fred Scott, and his guitar. No longer does she "Swing High." The big show stops, and they are alone. He looks up to her, and promises, "We'll serenade the moon, and life will just be, must be heaven for two—with my guitar and you"


tar we'll greet the break of day If ev-er Clouds of
grey you find I'll make those Clouds all sil - ver
lined with my gui - tar a song of love I'll croon
with my gui — tar we'll ser-en - ade the moon and life will
just be must be Heav-en for two with my gui — tar
1
2
and you

Copyrighted by Sherman, Clay and Co., San Francisco, Calif.

Ballyhoodooed BILL

Now They Are Saying There Is A "New" William Haines

By ROBERT FENDER

Hurrell

THERE are lots of little helpers in Hollywood. They come in both sexes, large and small, and they like nothing so much as to do your work for you—if you let them do it their way. I found that out when I went after a story of Bill Haines.

"Notice the new Haines," they cried. "See how the boy's changed. Let us tell you about him!" And they did, whether I let them or not. Haines, it seems, was no more the wisecracker; no more the good-time Charley. The new Haines collected books and rare porcelains; lived a sedately quiet life with his friends, The Philosophers. There had been a right-about-face in the Haines household, with the result that where once had blossomed the horse-laugh, there was now only a professional sigh as our Bill dug deeper in his quest for Knowledge and The Things Worth While.

It was, of course, only accidental that the fish man blew his horn outside the office just about then. Accidental, but oh so apt! For the fish man, whether he knew it or not, had furnished sound effects for a swell little drama entitled: "Don't You Believe a Word of It!" So, thanking my kind friends for their kind information on Bill Haines, I took my leave. And so to work.

Statistically Perfect

WHAT is Bill Haines to-day? Outside appearances are rosy. If you ask, they will tell you that never before has he been so firmly entrenched with his public. They will point to his box-office earnings, mute index to such things, where you may see the new high he has set for himself. They will point, too, to his fan mail, greater than ever and still on the increase. They will then rest their case, and you may or may not be impressed. If you are the hard-to-please kind, you will say, "Everything's all right to-day, yes, but how about to-morrow?" Colleen Moore, established star about thirty seconds ago, not so now; Corinne Griffith, as bright a star as ever there was, at present somewhat bedimmed. Just one thing, you may say, brought about the eclipse of these old favorites: the fact that they were *old*

(*Continued on page 96*)

Where he can sit in solemn silence and call his soul his own: the fireplace in the upstairs sitting-room

Another place where he can be himself: a corner of the walled garden of the Haines mystery house

Russell Ball

Once one of the glorified galaxy of good-looking girls of that bathing beauty magnate, Mack Sennett, Mary Lewis was lured away from Hollywood by Broadway, and became, first, a musicomedy prima donna, then a Metropolitan Opera star. And now she is back, to star in musical romances for Pathé, and to prove that chickens come home to roost

Patterning

GLORIA PRESENTS SOME

How to wear fashionable clothes is a question that is always well answered by Gloria Swanson. The pale green crepe Mogul gown (upper left) has an oval neckline with an edging of fine stones. The smart beige suit (left) of French Leda is trimmed with leopard and has a beige satin blouse. With it she wears a hat of beige felt trimmed with a small bow of leopard. Above she shows you the back view of the gown with the long scarf, which also makes a graceful train, described on the opposite page

After The Stars

ASWANSON
NEW FASHIONS

Portraits by Russell Ball
Posed exclusively for
Motion Picture

The above gown of nude satin has a narrow strap over the left shoulder and the right has a cape effect which continues around the back to form a long scarf that may be used as a train. (See view on opposite page.) The large sleeves of the black transparent velvet tea gown (upper right) are bordered with white velvet gardenias. It is fitted at the waistline and flared below the knees to form a train. Right, wearing bracelets above the elbow which match her earrings

Have They Forgotten

In The Old Used To Be But Times

Richee

Unlike the old days, the kissing scene of Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in "The Texan" (above) was not the reason for the picture. Right, Rudy Vallee kisses Sally Blane in the modern mild manner in "A Vagabond Lover"

By HELEN

WHAT in the world has happened to our love scenes? Where is the old-fashioned, juicy, long-drawn-out kiss in the close-up? The one which used to cause hysteria in the ranks of the censors and which finally induced them to carry stop-watches by way of limiting its duration? The one which inspired all those impassioned editorials in the more reformed publications, about the corruption of youth who, presumably, were enlightened as to the mysterious facts of life, merely by watching two actors necking on the screen.

Love scenes have fallen off in the most dismaying fashion since the advent of talking pictures. And especially since the advent of musical pictures. The movies are becoming positively sexless.

In the old days, the love scenes—or the "clinches," as they were inelegantly described—were the most important parts of any production. The picture was, very often, built entirely around them. In many cases the story was nothing more or less than a mere excuse for a bit of hot "goozling" in a close-up.

Lovers Were Screened Then

A GREAT deal of time and thought used to be expended upon the process of developing these episodes to the highest mercurial point permitted by the censor board in Pennsylvania. So warm did these scenes become upon some occasions that screens must needs be erected about the principals in order to save them the embarrassment of having all the prop men, electricians and visitors on the set witness their amorous acrobatics.

There would be two little holes in the screens—one for the camera, and one for the convenience of the director who would peek through and urge the actors to greater and still greater heights of histrionic ecstasy. I regret to recall that members of the company used sometimes to poke additional surreptitious holes in the screens in order to peer, with indelicate snickers, at what went on inside—despite the fact that anyone who had fifty cents was going to be allowed to see the entire proceeding at some later date, upon the screen.

Soft music would sound—sometimes for long, long moments before the scene started—and there was a great deal of directorial exhorting to work the actors up to the proper pitch of excitement.

Oh, those were, indeed, the days!

How To Kiss?

Days, Lovers Screened--- Have Changed

Bachrach

Not filmed behind a screen: Chester Morris and Betty Compson (above) kiss in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." Love in the old days: the unforgettable Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky (left) in "A Son of the Sheik"

LOUISE WALKER

Pink Passion

I REMEMBER visiting a set one time where Lloyd Hughes and Mae Murray were endeavoring to record a passionate moment upon a strip of film. Miss Murray was delectable and gorgeous in cloth-of-gold and tulle, but Mr. Hughes, dressed inexplicably in a pink sailor blouse with a diminutive blue collar, his wavy hair rumpled and his sailor tie askew, looked incongruously like a twelve-year-old boy.

The director, whose name I forget—a rotund person, with an accent—was dissatisfied with the effect that was being produced. "Look lewd, can'tcha?" he would demand of poor Lloyd—a tough job for any actor, in that costume. "For gosh sakes, look lewd! Now, let's have some real lewd music for a minute and you concentrate!"

The orchestra would respond to this request by moaning out a strange and wonderful rendition of a snatch or two from "Carmen." Mr. Hughes would turn his back upon the assemblage and hide his face in his hands. Presently he would whirl around, wearing what was intended to pass for a lewd expression—a strained sort of look, suggestive (and reasonably, too, I thought) of extreme pain somewhere. But somehow he couldn't seem to hold it. The expression would fade before the scene was finished and then they would have to begin all over again.

Music Lovers

IT WAS very exhausting for the actors, no doubt, but it was certainly interesting for the bystanders. You never see anything like that on a set now.

For one thing, the moment a love scene impends nowadays, they all burst instantly into song! As soon as the hero gets the lady alone, he seems to feel that he must twitter. And the convenient placing of the orchestras is too amazing. Remember, in "Devil May Care"? Sounds of a full orchestra emerged, apparently, from under the bed in one scene—and it certainly came from behind a tree in another, while Ramon Novarro intoned his romantic sentiments in melody.

Personally, it seems to me that it would be a little uncomfortable. People sing so lustily, if you know what I mean. Why, when Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Rogue

(*Continued on page 101*)

Elmer Fryer

In the Land of Sky-blue Water, where the silence is unbroken by the put-put of a motor, stands a copper-colored maiden in a boat carved out of birch-wood, and "How" is she exclaiming to a brave man come to woo her. And Loretta Young her name is, is this standing invitation, who the season now is rushing, who is dressed for Indian summer

"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult . . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

DR. N. G. PAYOT

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPANSE, PARIS

The best way to safeguard the beauty of the skin is the regular use of this soap made of olive and palm oils

Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, graduate of the University of Lausanne.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

You have probably heard of Mme. Payot

Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. Payot. And in this country you no doubt have heard of her reputation as a beauty expert.

Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 23,720 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.

A soap that touches your face *must be pure.* Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

Retail Price 10c

5236A

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Some Silents were Golden

But Will Talkies Become *Moving* Pictures?

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

1928

Memorable moments in the good old days: 1926—the chariot race of "Ben Hur"; and 1928—Emil Jannings as the ill-starred Russian aristocrat of "The Patriot"

1926

1925

1924

Pictures that were moving: 1923—the epic of pioneer days, "The Covered Wagon"; 1924—the spirited fantasy, "The Thief of Bagdad"; and 1925—war made real, "The Big Parade"

1923

STOP me if you've heard this one. It hasn't much to do with the story, anyway. It's about the fellow who was sick. Each day his physicians reported improvement. Then the chap passed away. His wife, queried as to the cause of his demise, declared that he had died of improvement.

Not much of a story. But somehow it came to mind while reading over the list of photoplays selected by nearly four hundred motion picture critics as the best ten films shown during the last year.

The experts seem to have experienced some difficulty in making up their minds. Their ideas were as many and as diverse as those at a Naval Parity Conference. As each of them must have voted for ten films, a total of slightly under four thousand ballots was cast. About seventy pictures were named ten or more times. Only one had a clear majority. "Disraeli," the leader, drew five more than half the votes.

Then the critical acclamations strayed to "Broadway Melody," which came in second, although only one hundred and sixty-three of the oracles named it. After this, things sort o' straggle along with "Madame X," "Rio Rita," "The Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Bulldog Drummond," "In Old Arizona," "The Cock-Eyed World," and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" receiving increasingly fewer ballots, until the tenth film, "Hallelujah," staggers across the line with one hundred and one marks to its credit—less than thirty per cent. of the total.

Seven Had Antecedents

HOWEVER, accepting the verdict of the critics that these ten pictures are the finest products of the studios during 1929, there is considerable food for thought. At least, enough mental pabulum to stew up into the present fable.

In the first place, no less than six of these motion pictures prove, upon investigation, to be no more and no less than photographed stage plays. The big winner, "Disraeli," is an antiquated vehicle dating back many, many theatrical seasons. "Madame X" is no chicken.

(*Continued on page 108*)

On wings of song *and waves of color*

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Noted Metropolitan Opera star raises the talking screen to new heights in THE ROGUE SONG, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's magnificent All-Technicolor musical drama.

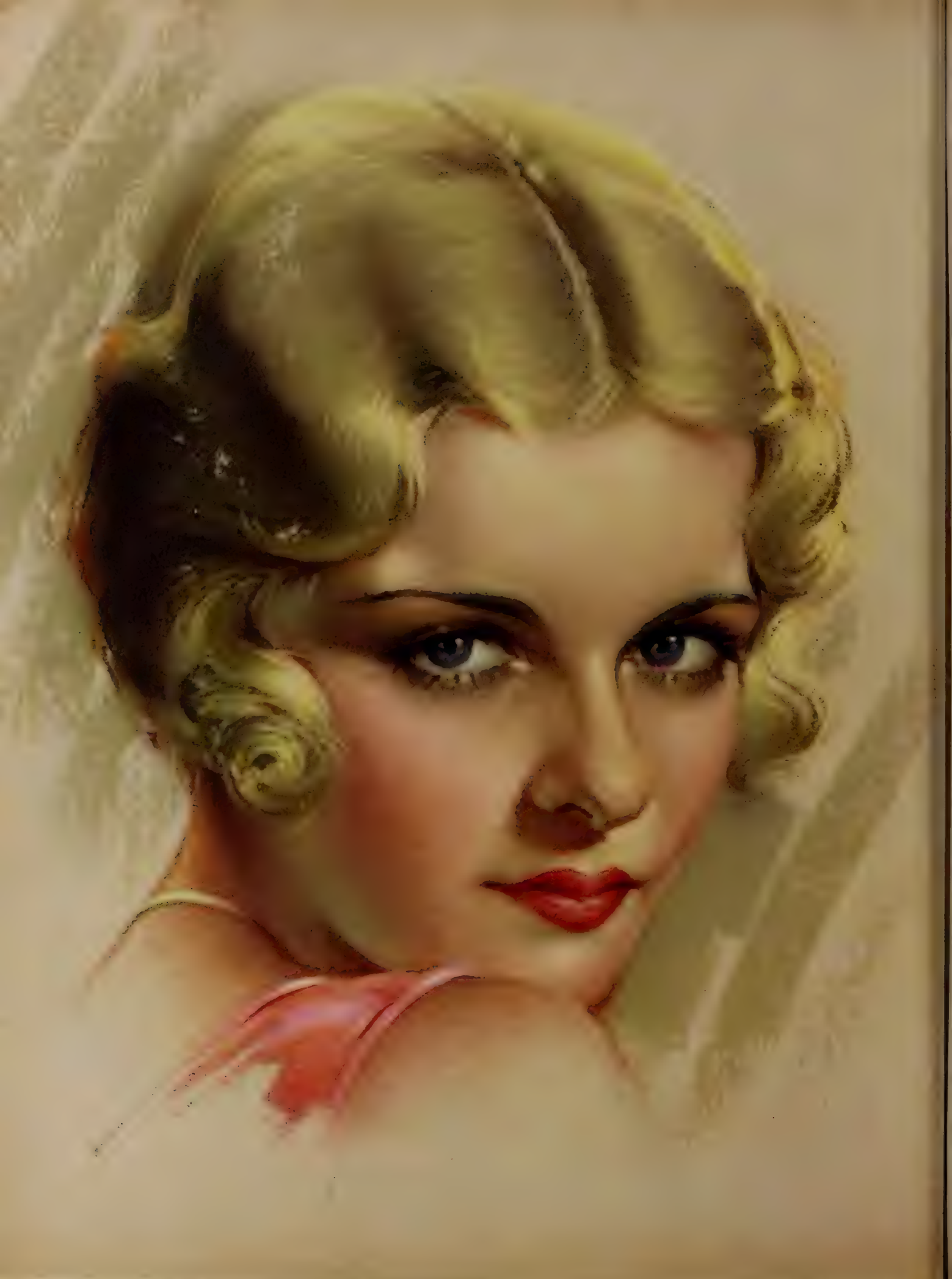
★ TECHNICOLOR IS NATURAL COLOR

LAWRENCE TIBBETT! Never, you're tempted to say, has the screen been turned over to such a superb personality. To such a dynamic actor. To such a brilliant, roguish, lovable king of *song!* In *Technicolor,* the Tibbett of opera fame appears before you in one sweeping, indelible surge of *reality!* From curtain-rise to finale, "The Rogue Song" pulsates with intrigue, romance, drama—with the sheer resplendence of its two irresistible stars, *Tibbett and Technicolor!* See it. Marvel at it. Move through it, thrilled by the enchantment of *natural* color *truly* interpreted!

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MLLE. MODISTE,** with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio Pictures); **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

★ Technicolor



SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR MOTION PICTURE BY MARLAND STONE

JOAN BENNETT

Vamping *is* Harmless

So Thinks Natalie Moorhead, Who Cannot Help Looking Sophisticated

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

NOBODY can drive a car onto the Paramount lot. It's a privilege accorded to no one, not even Clara Bow. She has to leave her car outside and walk to her dressing-room and to the set.

But every day, of late, a long green town-car sweeps through the forbidden gates, stops in front of one of the sound stages, and out steps Natalie Moorhead, made up and ready for the morning's work.

It's something that could only happen to a blonde—a very pronounced blonde, elegant and sophisticated. Miss Moorhead isn't even under contract to Paramount. She has made only two pictures there—"The Benson Murder Case" and "Manslaughter."

People regard it as a miracle. "How does she do it?" they demand, awed and reverent.

It's simply that all things come, unsought, to a certain type of woman. This royal immunity to laws that govern others is the grand climax in a career that has been for the most part unsolicited.

The pattern of Natalie Moorhead's life was predestined by Nature. She was given a face with certain definite possibilities and limitations, and she proceeded to do everything her face demanded of her.

"You see, I have a sophisticated face," she remarked with her air of complete detachment. "It has sophisticated contours—and a full mouth, grey eyes, and severely blonde hair."

With her fingers she traced the features that are responsible for all the turns of Fate she has known.

Twenty At Fifteen

"PEOPLE always say to me, 'How lucky you are to be able to wear your hair off your face! It looks so smart and sophisticated.' But as a matter of fact, I couldn't possibly wear it any other way. I look simply unbelievable with my hair fluffed around my face.

"I've always looked this way. At fifteen I looked twenty, and tried to act it. I cared for absolutely nothing but going to dances, and I refused to study."

Accordingly, as part of her frivolous program, Natalie was retired from several schools, for such crimes as using lipstick, smoking, and other harmless things that a girl who looks five years her own senior would naturally do.

Pittsburgh was the home of the Moorheads, reduced now to a family of three: Anna Catherine, a French mother with stern, old-fashioned ideas; the naughty Natalie; and another daughter, who was the antithesis of her blonde sister.

"She is four years older than I, very dark, settled, and now doing social work in Santa Barbara," Natalie said. "She's a really lovely girl, and it's too bad she has to be related to me."

The sister studied and behaved and saved her allowance while Natalie pursued her Fate. Mad about clothes, mad about boys, always engaged to the best-looking one in the crowd, she whirled through her inconsequent life and one day landed in New York, to see a big football game.

Her Trunks Came

WANDERING into a Fifth Avenue shop to do some shopping, she was observed and scrutinized by a theatrical man who, Natalie vaguely says, was either the husband or the manager of Anne Nichols, author and producer of "Abie's Irish Rose." That face did not fail

(*Continued on page 115*)

How to

As told to KATHERINE ALBERT *by*

Evelyn Brent

"A GIRL may be appealing for ever so many reasons," says Evelyn Brent, the star whose own magnetism has proved so irresistible on the screen. "But the most compelling charm of all is smooth, soft skin.

"An exquisite complexion, somehow, is *always* alluring. It attracts and holds attention as nothing else will.

"Long ago the directors in Hollywood found out that no girl could hope to win out on the screen unless she has the kind of skin that makes you fairly gasp with admiration. The close-ups, you know, are taken under glaring lights that would show up mercilessly even a tiny blemish.

"And now that the talkies are here, there are more close-ups to face than ever, so you may be sure we all take mighty good care of our skin!

"I can't remember who began it," this charming star goes on, "but now almost every girl in Hollywood uses the same method I do—regular cleansing with Lux Toilet Soap. We find it most refreshing. Indeed it is Hollywood's favorite soap.

"So naturally when girls write to ask me the secret of being attractive, I'd like to say to every one: *Keep your skin really lovely—smooth and flawless. You can do it just the way we screen stars do.*"

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe
9 out of 10 lovely stars use
Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. On Broadway the stage stars are equally enthusiastic. And even in the European capitals the screen stars are now using this fragrant white soap.

You will be delighted with the fresh smoothness it gives *your* skin!

(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(*Above*) MARY BRIAN, exquisite Paramount star, in the bathroom designed by a well-known New York artist and built for her in Hollywood. She says: "A star just must have a smooth skin if she is to face those cruel close-up lights successfully. I find Lux Toilet Soap so very pleasing and soothing. I wouldn't be without it!"

Ravishingly lovely in the close-up is EVELYN BRENT!

ATTRACT

(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(*Above*) EVELYN BRENT beautiful Columbia star, has a skin so exquisite she faces the glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. Not only in her own luxurious bathroom, but on location as well, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, for this daintily fragrant soap is *official* in all the great film studios. "The most compelling charm of all," she says, "is smooth, soft skin. You can keep your skin lovely just as we screen stars do, by using Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

AGNES AYRES is one of the 511 charming Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. "It's so soothing and refreshing to the skin," she says. "I am certainly delighted with it."

(*Below*) LOIS MORAN, adorable young Fox star, has the exquisite, creamy skin which is so necessary to stardom. Like hundreds of other lovely stars, she cares for her complexion regularly with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Nice skin is really *essential* to a star's success. Lux Toilet Soap is really a lovely soap. I depend on it to keep my skin smooth and clear."

(Photo by Clarence Hewitt, Hollywood)

LUX TOILET SOAP

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

PITTSBURGH FAN—Bernice Claire was born in Oakland, Cal., Mar. 22, 1909. She began to study voice with Alice Eggers, supervisor of music in the Oakland schools and Miss Eggers still travels to Hollywood for Miss Claire's lessons. She received thorough training in all forms of dancing from Madame Morosini of San Francisco, Cal. She followed her mother's advice and went to New York where she met Maria Jeritza, Metropolitan opera star, who was captivated by the girl's voice and personality. Bernice coached with Emil Polak, Jeritza's accompanist. She is five feet, two and a half, weighs 116 pounds, blue eyes and dark brown hair.

GUAREZ—I think your English is fine, keep up the good work. Al Jolson was born in Washington, D. C. His real name is Yoelson, pronounced Johl-son. Married to Ruby Keeler, the dancer. Latest picture "Mammy," Warner Brothers Studios. Drop in again sometime.

CHEVALIER FAN—Maurice was born at Menilmontant, near Paris, France, about thirty-one years ago. Has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Yvonne Vallee, not related to Rudy Vallee. Got his first real start when Mistinguette took a fancy to him and made him her dancing partner. Was a great favorite at the Casino de Paris singing "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" and "Yes, We have No Bananas." Then he sang the number, "Valentine," which became one of the biggest song hits in Europe.

LAZY—I wouldn't brag about it. There's one thing we didn't get from our ancestors, and that's the liberty they fought for. Regis Toomey was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Regis graduated from the University of Pittsburgh, he smiled his way into motion pictures when an alert manager caught a flash of it across the footlights in a Los Angeles theater. Toomey at the time was playing in the musical show "Hit the Deck," and had no thought of entering film work. His first picture was "Alibi." He is five feet ten, weighs 150 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. You bet I can supply you with his photo, just send along a remittance of twenty-five cents.

THE Y BOYS—The blonde who played opposite John Gilbert in "His Glorious Night" was Catherine Dale Owen. The mother was Nance O'Neil. Miss Owen was born in Louisville, Ky., July 28, five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Not married, hobbies: swimming and riding. Appeared on the stage before entering pictures. Latest production is "Born Reckless."

PLAZZIZZY—Gary Cooper is not mar-ried. Ben Turpin was born in New Orleans, La., Sept. 19, 1874. His latest picture is "Swing High," starring Helen Twelvetrees. Alma Rubens is appearing in vaudeville at this time. No record of any star born on June 14 or Sept. 2. The scenes you refer to were filmed at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

COKE—I'll not call you coal, seeing you prefer the other. Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe are still married, where did you get your information they were not? Lilyan appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies before entering flickers. Edmund hails from San Jose, Cal., six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Latest picture, "Sez You, Sez Me," starring Victor McLaglen.

BROWN EYES—Your favor-ite Hoot Gibson has been married and divorced from Helen Johnson. Born in Tekamah, Nebr., in 1892. Five feet ten, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is a typical Westerner, was reared on the range, when still quite young won a cowboy riding championship, after which he was signed to make an Australian tour with a circus. Began his motion picture activities with the Universal Co., with whom he is still under contract. He is reported to be that-a-way about Sally Eilers.

SPARE RIBS—They're good too. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. Donald Reed was the chap in "Naughty But Nice." Barry Norton is playing in the Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case," Paramount Studios. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll have the leads in "Follow Thru." Charles Farrell and Rose Hobart in "Liliom," Fox Studios.

FREDA—Ralph Graves was born Jan. 23, 1900. Six feet two, married to Virginia Goodwin. The rumor you heard about Ralph writing the story of "Flight" is true, this picture was released in Sept. 1929. His latest picture is "Hell's Island," Jack Holt and Dorothy Sebastian playing opposite. This is in production at the Columbia Studios.

MURIEL WHITE—You better send a-long a self-addressed envelope for the list of pictures Janet has appeared in, there are too many to mention here. Janet's mother is living in California. Janet was born on Oct. 6, 1907. Nancy Carroll's latest production is "Follow Thru," Buddy Rogers is to be her leading man again. I'll bet you're glad!

SPLASH—How's Chester these days? Joe E. Brown was born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28, 1893. Married to Frances McGrau, non-professional, has two boys. Never lived in Middleton, Conn., so far as we know. Julian Eltinge can be reached at Jesse Weil, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Gary Cooper's ranch's name has been changed from Sunnyside to Gary.

Y. U. T. L. D.—In the spring New Yorkers like to get out on the open turnpike where they can breathe plenty of fresh gasoline fumes. If every one that claims she looks like Greta Garbo were in pictures, what a flock of Gretas we would have. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is five feet six, weighs 126 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Not married or engaged. Appearing in "Romance," Gavin Gordon, a new-comer, plays opposite.

CHINESE FAN—Don't stay away so long next time. The film you refer to that Clara Bow and Tom Mix played in was "The Best Bad Man." Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in "Men of Steel." Lillian Roth has the feminine lead in "Animal Crackers," starring the Marx Brothers. Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are taking a fling at vaudeville.

K. Y. Z.—Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, July 20, 1906. Has ash blonde hair and brown eyes, five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, real name, not married or engaged. Marian Nixon at Superior, Wis., Oct. 20, 1906. William Haines is six feet one, 179 pounds. Alice White's real monike is Alva White. Florence Turner is living in Hollywood with her mother. Pearl White, the most famous of all the serial stars, when last heard from was living in Cairo, Egypt. She is the wife of an Egyptian millionaire.

R. R. FROM SAGE COUNTY—Well! how's that for answering in the issue you requested? Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, Helen Kane and Lois Moran are not married. Norma Talmadge was married to Joseph Schenck on Oct. 20, 1917. Constance has been married three times: John Pialoglou, Capt. Alastair Mackintosh, and her present is Townsend Netcher, whom she married on May 8, 1929. You refer to Helen Foster in "The Gold Diggers of Broadway." Nick Lucas was born in Newark, N. J. Aug. 22, 1897. Married and has one daughter, real name Nicholas Lucanese. Nick, Bull Montana, Richard Talmadge, Josephine Borio, Monty Banks, Nina Quartaro, Mario Carillo, Cesare Gravina and Fred Malatesta are some of the Italian players.

MIGS—The instrument Janet played in "Sunnyside Up" was a Zither. Colleen Moore was divorced from John McCormick, May 13, 1930. John Holland and Una Merkel are playing in "Eyes of the World," Columbia Studios.

M. R. H. L.—Helen Kane did not appear in "On With the Show." I believe you refer to Sally O'Neil. Katherine MacDonald was once billed as "The American Beauty." She is today Mrs. Christian K. Holmes and owns a wholesale cosmetic establishment in Hollywood. Marguerite de la Motte, wife of John Bowers, has been appearing in vaudeville with him. Buck Jones is playing in "The Lone Rider," Columbia Pictures Studios. Betty Blythe and Mary Miles Minter are planning a come-back.

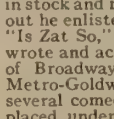
MICKY S.—Audrey Ferris has been free-lancing. Victor McLaglen comes from a family where all the members are tall. At six feet three, he is one of the small McLaglens. Some of his brothers are six feet four and one is six feet five. He has a sister six feet one and a young niece who gives promise of being all of that. Bet you'd have to look up to them all right? Doris Dawson hails from Goldfield, Nevada, about twenty years ago. She was married to Pat Rooney, the 3rd. on April 16, 1930.

DEE BEE—Charles Bickford was born in Cambridge, Mass. He was originally trained to be an engineer, and he made a trip as a first-class fireman with the United States battleship fleet which the late President Roosevelt sent around the world. Since then even when he was a successful leading man in stock, in scores of cities in the United States, he kept himself fit by working during vacation on tunnel and bridge construction. Six feet two, has flaming red hair and is playing in "The Sea Bat."

EDDIE QUILLAN FAN—Eddie was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Mar. 31, 1907. He is five feet four, weighs 140 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Yes, he is back at the Coast after his vaudeville tour. Helen Ferguson, the screen star who is featured in two new Vitaphone Varieties, both made from George Kelly playlets, "Poor Aubrey," and "The Flattering Word," made her first appearance in pictures as an extra for Essanay at the age of twelve.

BABY—Marjorie Beebe is ap-pearing in Education comedies at this time. Gladys Walton, who used to be a Universal star, is now married to a film salesman and lives here in New York. Charles Morton was born in Vallejo, Cal., in 1908. Six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and is not married. Latest picture released is "Caught Short," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

GLEASON ADMIRER—James Gleason is married to Lucille Webster and has a son Russell. When a young fellow, he joined the Spanish-American War and upon his return he went to the stock company at the Liberty Theatre in Oakland which his father and mother were operating. Played in stock and road shows. When the World War broke out he enlisted. Later he took to writing and wrote "Is Zat So," which he produced in New York. Also wrote and acted in "The Fall Guy," "The Shannons of Broadway." Wrote, "Broadway Melody" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Then the Gleasons made several comedies for Christie. Recently both were placed under contract with Pathé, Lucille to act, Jimmie to combine writing and acting.

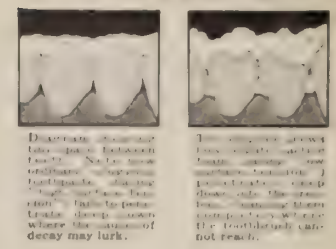


CANADIAN FAN—You're right regarding Anita Page. Miss Page was born in Murray Hill, Flushing, L. I., Aug. 4, 1910. Real name Pomares, Spanish and French descent. She began her career at the Anderson-Milton School of Drama in New York City, and was a favorite pupil of John Murray Anderson. On her graduation she went to work as an extra at a Long Island studio. After acting in a few pictures at this place she was seen by one of Thaw's representatives and asked to sign a contract with the Kenilworth Company, which she signed. Later signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her first picture being "Telling the World."

(*Continued on page 117*)

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-624 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

There Are Other Kinds of LOVE

Beryl Mercer Has Something The Garbos And Bows Do Not Have

By GLADYS HALL

Dyar

BARRIE might have "done" Beryl Mercer. Perhaps he did. She should have been the mother of *Peter Pan*. Perhaps she was.

She is short and rather "exceeding tubby." She has a very soft and fragrant face, a gentle mouth, a cunning nose and the darkest brown eyes that ever looked from under strong black brows. The life of her face is concentrated in those black-brown eyes. And the strength. Her hair is graying and curly. She keeps pushing it back under a hat that rides atop her head. She is so genuinely herself that you really can't believe in her at first. And she has a gentle voice, too, and says gently wise things with it.

She likes to ride to the tops of high mountains at midnight and like *Peer Gynt*, gaze down upon the sleeping universe and up at the wakeful stars.

She takes vacations from her job and mental vacations from herself.

Her long years on the stage have left no mark of the stage. She is much more the mother you saw in "Seven Days' Leave" than she is an actress doing movies in Hollywood.

"Seven Days' Leave," in which she played opposite Gary Cooper, was notably without sex appeal. But Beryl Mercer scored another hit

She has a daughter, Joan, aged twelve, and they go everywhere together. She lost her little son, aged eight, two years ago.

She says it is often harder to lose a child to life than to death.

She has seen such things. She has seen so many things . . .

She was married to, and then divorced from, Holmes Herbert. She doesn't, of course, talk about it. That was some time ago.

Some Live in a Dream

SOME people, she says, live their lives in a dream. Gary Cooper's memorable mother in "Seven Days' Leave" was one. That love, that situation, Miss Mercer says, is utterly true to life. To that little, lonely woman, Gary was the embodiment of a dream, scarcely more a dream than the dear reality.

Some people in a dream . . . and some people in reality. It's an interesting conjecture. The people in a dream, Miss Mercer says, are happy people, for dreams are of our own making and we can make them what we will. The people in reality have to find and then fix their own happiness.

"And you . . . . . ?" I asked, and I sincerely thought that she would unhesitatingly answer, "In a dream." However she didn't.

"Oh, I live in reality," she laughed. "I have had to work too hard, I have experienced too much for anything else. I could never get back to a dream. I would never want to. Not to have had experienced, all kinds of experiences, bitter and gay and brave and sad, is the saddest thing in the world. It is never to have lived. To have experience, no matter

(*Continued on page 110*)

Black net gown by Bonwit Teller & Co.
Huge tulle fan by Lord & Taylor.
Complexion by Armand!

clothes are more alluring now....

complexions must be too!

Armand Cold Cream Powder, your choice of becoming new shades, $1. Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and $1.25.

ARMAND

CLEANSING CREAM

COLD CREAM POWDER

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

BACK to feminine fashions! Back to luscious curves and alluring outlines. Never have women had greater opportunities to make themselves utterly irresistible! But with the new clothes, come the new complexions—

Today the skin must be ALIVE

—warmly, vividly, lusciously alive, with soft, tempting texture. And a new *tone* is in vogue—rich, mellow, like real pearls. All this demands a new kind of skin care, of course . . . deep, thorough cleansing with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love this dainty application that wipes away so freely, leaving such refreshing cleanness.

Then that soft, pearly finish

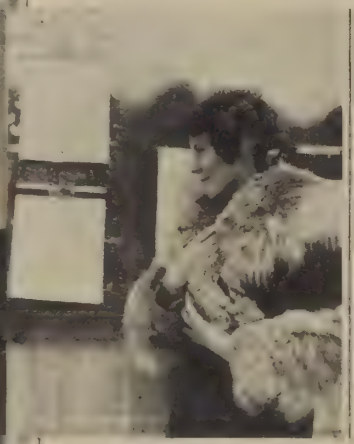
And here's the magic of the New Complexion. Armand Cold Cream Powder! You use it in a different way—and get amazingly different results! Rub it first into a clean puff—then smooth it, blend it well into the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and then behold the soft, fair finish! Best of all, this powder *holds*. Your lovely looks are lasting!

Try these two today—Armand Cleansing Cream and Armand Cold Cream Powder—and let your skin keep step with style! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.

She does not starve herself: Fay Wray (above) comes down the steps of the studio restaurant

Mary Brian (above) puts Jack Oakie's tie in its place before he goes on the set

French waiter: Maurice Chevalier and a friend (above) wait for the restaurant to open



June Collyer (left, above) scans the bulletin board for today's assignment and Mitzi Green (right, above) hops the studio bus

Waiting for his pay: Regis Toomey (above) at the cashier's window

Out in the open: Warner Oland (above) makes up by sun light

With his part in hand: Buddy Rogers (below) leaves his dressing-room

Bound to eat: Gary Cooper (below) strides along to the restaurant

On her way up: Virginia Bruce (above) climbs to the cutting-room, to see her latest picture edited

Maria Alba (above) waits for her luncheon date and Clara Bow (left) steps off a sound stage

"We have our secrets . . . my perfume and I"

says JOAN BENNETT

"At first you think it's so naive . . . so dryad-shy . . . discreet . . . my new perfume, Seventeen.

"But what that perfume knows of life! It tells me the strangest things . . . hints at magic . . . sings of Youth and its own allure . . . invites me, dares me, lures me . . . on and on . . . to lighter moods, to gayer talk, to thrilling living!

"My perfume asks so much of me! I just can't disappoint it . . . . I MUST be young . . . and gay . . . forever!"

Seventeen

Seventeen . . . a fragrance so close to you . . . so matched to your own quick tempo . . . so *right* with your daringest costumes . . . you'll never quite know if it's perfume upon you . . . or a fragrance that's actually part of you!

Eight glorious toiletries to keep you radiant as Seventeen

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted sheen . . . the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of you. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brilliantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

Marriages In The Movies

(*Continued from page 45*)

Lawrence Tibbett was brooding over Tolstoy when she first met him, planning to become a monk. She argued and laughed him out of that, and coaxed his bewildered young mind through the jungle of Nietzsche that followed, obsessed then as she is obsessed now with the heavy duty which lay on him to give his gift to the world. Lawrence Tibbett's voice is religion to his wife.

When he was singing in Seattle, she donned khaki hiking-breeches and walked from Los Angeles to marry him. When the chance came for him to sing in a Hollywood picture house and it seemed it must be lost because his suit was too shabby to wear on the stage, she went to work as a typist and bought him a ready-made suit with her first week's pay.

"I knew, that first year," Grace Tibbett says, "that I was going to have a different married life from most girls. There was the time before the babies were born, when I discovered that he was frightened for fear life was going to imprison him. I said to myself, 'It shan't.' When the twins were five months old, a man in Los Angeles who was interested in Lawrence sent for him, to talk about financing him for a year so that he could have his voice trained. He came home white as death. 'Wouldn't he do it?' I asked him—I was cooking, and couldn't stop—"

A Non-Stop Life

ONE feels that she has always been doing something and couldn't stop. Even now, talking, her mind is straining ahead to a thousand duties, telephone calls to make, letters to write, invitations to refuse, tradesmen and agents and studio executives to see "—'He might as well have refused,' said Lawrence. 'He wouldn't look after you and the babies while I was in New York. Of course that means I can't go.' I said, 'Don't be foolish! You're going. I'll manage.' I gave him that year of study. I took boarders. We got along, somehow."

They tell me that Grace Tibbett fainted from hunger more than once in that year. But she saw to it that Lawrence did not hear of it. Some women marry in order that they may have someone to share their worries and problems with, or to be taken care of. But not women who marry geniuses.

"They'll tell you I am a dragon," she smiles a bit wistfully, "jealous. If I didn't watch him at a party to see that some girl doesn't blow cigarette smoke into his throat or that he doesn't sit in a draft or talk too much, if I didn't insist on his going home early—what would become of his voice? They say, 'Oh, don't drag him away! You're always spoiling his fun!' But that's one of the things I have to put up with, though the difference in people's attitude toward me and him sometimes hurts. But I think—singing at sixty! And he will be."

Lawrence Tibbett is still a young man. Thirty-two. There are still a great many years ahead before sixty. Years in which a million women movie fans will be added to those beglamoured by that glorious voice in opera and concert hall. Dynamo, he called his wife. It will take a dynamo to live those turbulent years of fame beside him.

Somehow, I think she will be able to do it. "I love him much more than he loves me, or than he could love any woman." It is the understanding heart that looks from those rather weary eyes. "Music is first with him. It is right that it should be. I wouldn't try to hold him by talking about his duty to me, or reminding him of the children. He isn't the man to be held that way. A genius needs freedom, not responsibility. Lawrence knows that he is free.

"I try to keep details away from him. The more successful he has grown, the more details there have been. My life is made up of small errands and messages. A singer's routine is as complicated as a baby's—so much sleep, hot food at regular hours, time to practice, time to rest. He would be partied to death in a week if I'd allow it, but I must accept some of the invitations. We have never been even comfortably well off till the last few years. Hardships sound romantic when you write about them. But they leave scars. Now they say he is going to be paid a million before he's through with the movies. What is a million? I'm sure I don't know! We are such simple people we don't know how to be rich. He gives me all his checks and says, 'Spend it on yourself and the children and the house.' Imagine spending a check for ten thousand! This last year I said, 'It's time the Tibbetts had a roof over their heads,' and we bought our first home. But now he's off again on a concert tour."

Top left, Lawrence Tibbett as *Yegor* in "The Rogue Song"; top right, as *Ford* in "Falstaff," the rôle which first brought him fame. And in the light spot in the left foreground above is La Crescenta, the Tibbetts' mountain home

What She Saves Him

DETAILS. Big business conferences, tests, costumes to be chosen, bills, interviews ("I do the talking. It might hurt his voice."), invitations, fan letters, the twins, photographs, people wanting to sell things, people wanting to capitalize on Lawrence Tibbett's popularity, concert dates, contracts, naps, dress-shirt studs, hot coffee at three in the afternoon, accompanists, reporters, women . . .

"They say people envy me. I can't imagine why," she says. "And yet it's been glorious! The struggles, the heartaches, everything. If I had a daughter and she were like me, I couldn't wish her any better life!"

The last time Lawrence Tibbett went to New York for the opera season, his wife remained behind. The twins were under-weight. A magazine wanted her to write articles. She had always had a talent for poetry, and now seemed a good time to develop it. They had a new home, and there were no money worries. She would live like other wives for a while.

Within a week he sent her frantic telegrams, panic-stricken, helpless. "Come at once. You will have to come. I cannot manage without you."

I think these telegrams were her rewards. Rewards for many things. He needed her. He could not do without her. Let the others have their thrills at the sight of his red-coated figure galloping along the mounains, at the sound of his song. Here, in these little yellow telegraph blanks was *her* romance.

The Reason Why

ONE feels that Lawrence Tibbett will always need her, that she is as necessary to him as song, as vitality, as freedom.

Imagine yourself alone on a mountain top in very early morning. The sky is growing lighter in the east. From gray it changes to purple, to pink, to crimson. The light pushes back the heavy sky. A new day is dawning, and before your eyes a new world will soon be unfolding glamorously. But you are alone. There is no one to whom you can describe your emotions, no one to share the thrill of the coming beauty, no one to know what you are feeling.

Lawrence Tibbett was wise enough to have an understanding companion when he went mountain-climbing.

Read Constance Bennett On Marriage—Next Month

VACATION SPECIAL

This new TRAVEL PACKAGE FREE *to acquaint every woman with the sensationally popular* MODESS COMPACT

AS you probably know, we announced early in the year a thinner Modess suitable for sheer, closely fitting gowns, but having the same high absorbency as regular Modess. It is called Modess Compact. Three Modess Compacts were packed in each box of regular Modess.

This refinement has been so appreciated and the demand for Modess Compacts so overwhelming that we are introducing a new Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts. During July and August, this new twenty-five-cent box will be given absolutely free to purchasers of regular Modess.

OUR OFFER

Buy two boxes of regular Modess, value forty-five cents each, at the special price of 79 cents. You will receive free, the twenty-five-cent Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts.

You will find this small, thin box admirably suited to go in your traveling case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation or brief visits. That is why we call this unusual offer "Vacation Special."

These three packages, two boxes of regular Modess—considered by those who use it the finest, most comfortable and efficient product available—and the useful Travel Package, will be particularly appreciated this summer.

MODESS COMPACT

Thinner . . . for the snug silhouette . . . of summer wear

Modess Compact was especially created to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with closely fitted afternoon and evening gowns. The Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed.

Most women have found that their requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions.

This offer enables every woman who acts promptly to learn at our expense the convenience and desirability of Modess and Modess Compact.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

The Vanishing Screen Stars

(*Continued from page 29*)

sixty-six have been added since January last. Of the total just given, one hundred and seventy-two are newcomers, men and women who have been recruited from the stage or the concert platform. That leaves just one hundred and seven who have survived the onslaught of the talkies; survived because of their adaptability, or because they had previously known the stage and its necessities. If you have a turn for figures, this means that in the nine principal studios two years have seen sixty-one per cent. of the favorite screen players disappear. And, as a rule, those who have survived are not the youngsters.

Noteworthy Exceptions

SUCH established players as Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson have not only held their own because of their superb mental equipment, but they are stronger to-day than they ever were. Add to them Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Richard Barthelmess, Clive Brook, Edmund Lowe and a few more, and it will be found that of these men most have come from the stage. But William Haines, Ramon Novarro, Gary Cooper, and a few more have spanned the gap without a misstep. It would be unfair to mention those whose fate is still in the balance. A few of them will win through, but unquestionably more will fall.

Artists from all over the world are flocking to Hollywood, and this makes the situation doubly difficult, for there is a fierce competition and the producers have the pick of them all. It was about two years ago that Cecil B. deMille deplored the effort then being made to keep young film-struck folk from pouring into Hollywood in their efforts to crash the movie gates.

"Let them come," said C. B., "the more the better, for it gives us a wider choice."

Which, to paraphrase the late Mr. Æsop, was fun for the producers, but mighty tough on the laundries, garages and cafés, as a look at these will eloquently testify.

And Still They Come

HERE we are, then, with Hollywood cluttered to the guard-rails with real talent: with artists who have won acclaim everywhere in every line of endeavor; and more coming with every train. It is but a few days since the casting director of the Fox studio escorted twenty-three new "discoveries" from New York to the West Coast. No need to name them, for you have heard of but few, but they fill a momentary need. They come from musical comedy, grand opera, vaudeville, radio and the night-clubs, even including a mannequin or two. What will happen? Frankly, I can't even guess.

However, with all this influx and the heavy demands on the New York stage, there is one factor to be considered. To-day, with dialogue in every picture, real artistry is needed. REAL artistry. The cute and cunning happy little accident of a couple of years ago is as completely washed up as can be imagined—unless, in that one per cent., in whom there is the will and the innate ability to win back. And types—in appearance—are no longer in much demand. There must be unquestioned ability, too; and please remember that the technique of the artist is not acquired overnight. That requires time, labor, sweat and grim determination. Ellen Terry told me once:

"*Juliet* should look sixteen, but unfortunately no woman under forty knows enough of life, or men, or of love to play her."

And They Come to Stay

THEN there is another reason for the influx. That is the advent of the stage director to handle dialogue. He arrives, and in his first cast-discussion remembers this or that player who did a fine bit of work on the New York stage. If he were only here! Well, let's send for him, the studio people suggest amiably. So Jimmy Whoosit or Agnes Whamley arrives in Hollywood, plays the apportioned rôle, and—decides to stay. He likes the climate, the studio environment, the friends he finds here. Multiply that by a few hundred, and you may be able to see why the list of actors and actresses who can, and did, play good parts has risen from forty-five hundred to close to half as many again.

Don't ask me for any formula for success. I have none. But I have learned some lessons—and they have paid. They will be described for you in the September MOTION PICTURE

Robert Montgomery

It is an economic law that supply and demand regulate prices of any commodity. That applies as much to actors as to sugar. If there are fifty people for one job, the price is likely to fall. If the price falls and jobs are farther apart—no bookkeeper is needed to forecast the result.

I talked with the vice-president of a large picture organization the other day. We spoke of salaries.

"It isn't how much, but how regularly—or often," he said. "I pay Miss Blank, my secretary, fifty dollars a week but at the end of the year she has earned more money than many actresses who can draw five hundred a week—for a few weeks."

No Longer a Gold Mine

ONCE we were regaled with tales of the ten- and fifteen-thousand-dollar weekly salary. In perhaps a half-dozen instances these tales were true. And some featured player received from one to three thousand a week, sometimes for as much as forty weeks a year. Those figures were not bunkum. They were true. A sixteen-year-old flapper from an Eastern oil town who left school when they were trying to teach her to spell Tennessee, leaped from a hundred a week to fifteen hundred, all in one year. Another, who happened into a part that fitted her like a glove, went up from two hundred to two thousand in six months. Why wouldn't these little people believe in fairies?

But those golden days have passed. Salaries are half what they were. In some instances they are less than reasonable. Some of the recent imports from the stage are thankfully receiving one hundred and fifty to two hundred a week. What chance has a two thousand-a-week movie player against them? But some of the old screen players are still getting the big figures—until their contracts come up for renewal.

Money-Saving Actors

GOING over the casts as they come from the studios, one is struck by the increasing proportion of new names. A studio casting director, who once was a well-known actor, though he has spent nearly fifteen years in pictures, chooses experienced stage players if he can get the ones he wants.

"Give an experienced actor a part to-day and he'll be letter-perfect in it two days later. Give him five days' rehearsal and he'll give you a performance that you can play anywhere. Start shooting with a company of such people and you have your picture in a week. That's twelve days' production time, which saves you plenty of dollars. That's part of your answer to the problem of the disappearing screen player."

"But suppose the public won't accept the stage player of more experience and—generally—less appearance?"

"They'll accept the new people," he replied. "Audiences are being treated to some real acting. Remember, talking pictures are no longer a novelty. It is real entertainment in actual, simon-pure dramatic values you buy for your thirty-five cents in these days, and it is just that which draws in a large part of the one hundred and fifteen million patrons a week into the picture houses. They are new people, mind you, who never could be coaxed near a picture house in the dear, dumb days."

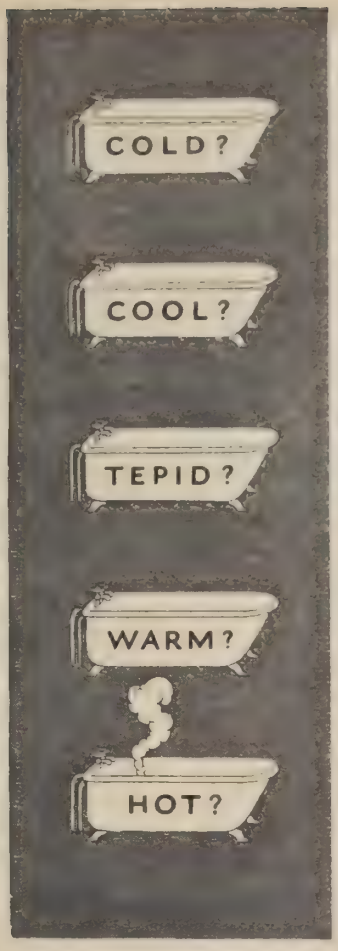
Not a Chance To-day

A FEW years ago, the earnest young movie gate-crasher had a chance for stardom—one chance in ten thousand or so. But to-day even that slim opportunity is gone, or faded to not even one in a hundred thousand. The studios are not incubating stars from promising raw material; they are buying seasoned, known talent.

In the last six months who do you suppose made the greatest artistic ten-strikes in pictures? Lawrence Tibbett, mature star of the Metropolitan Opera Company and father of a family; and Marie Dressler, sixty-three-year-old stage actress! Why? Because they are both ripe, competent artists!

The old screen luminaries are disappearing. Three years ago—yes, two years ago—each Wednesday afternoon saw a cloud of admirers clustered at the entrance of the Montmartre on Hollywood Boulevard to see the gorgeous picture players—kings and queens of the earth—come out from their weekly luncheon rendezvous. Last Wednesday I saw two newsboys, a street sweeper and a female realtor from Ventura waiting. Their time was wasted. No stars came out.

The golden days are over!



What kind shall I take??

"I'VE just read the most *astonishing* booklet. And what do you think it was about? *Baths!*

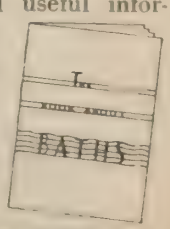
"Imagine a book about baths being so interesting and so helpful, that you don't want a single friend to miss it! Well, I couldn't imagine it either . . . until I'd read it. Keeping us clean, it seems, is only one of the *many* important things that baths can do for us.

"When I think, for instance, of all the hard-to-wake-up mornings I have had, and the sleepy, 'no-account' forenoons; the evenings I have spoiled by being *inexcusably* dull and tired; the nights I've been too excited or nervous to get to sleep! And then when I realize that probably the right kind of baths would have saved many of those precious hours for me...well!...I can't tell you how sorry I am this little book wasn't published a long time ago... or how grateful I am to have it now.

"To say nothing of all the information it contains about baths to make one cool in hot weather, to take after hard work or exercise, to ease sore muscles, to help avoid colds, to sometimes wash away nervous headaches or spells of the blues.

"Cleanliness, of course, is something that everyone must have. Who, in this close-crowded and strenuous world, can deny it? But it's nice to know, and *why*, daily baths at the same time can do so much for us in the way of health, efficiency, comfort, and good looks.

"So I'm going to tell everyone I know, about this little book that is so full of surprising and useful information". And you will too, we're certain, when you've used the coupon below, and gotten *your* free copy of "The Book About Baths".



CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test". These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. MPM-3,
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name .....

Address .....

Beautifiers of fragrant distinction

The delicate fragrance of Duska toiletries is the very odor of beauty itself. Beautiful women everywhere choose the clinging, silken-smoothness of Duska Face Powder ...the elusive, captivating Duska perfume. And Duska brings beauty... giving the skin the fragrant bloom of youth. You'll be proud of the distinguished Duska containers on your dressing table. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

English

A change of scenery: Jeanette MacDonald is another of the Hollywood legion who like the warmth of the desert and mountain vistas, and find both at Palm Springs

The Woman Pays Back

(*Continued from page 55*)

Two-Minute Tears

YOU can see the genuine quality of emotion that we have on our screens to-day. It used to be very hard for Mary to cry for her rôles, because she was brought up in a stern school. Nothing makes a girl a better Spartan than the companionship of boys, and Mary was brought up with several who wouldn't tolerate a tear. So in order to be an emotional actress she had to break down all the instincts ingrained in her for years.

"But now I can get up a good cry in about two minutes. It's a little hard if people come near you. You've been laughing at lunch, and you can't feel like crying unless you sort of sit in a corner and stick pins in yourself.

"And just as you get yourself all worked up, the hair-dresser comes up and hands you a powder-puff! The first time she did that I screamed at the poor girl and scared her almost to death. But now she serenely combs my hair and powders my face while I'm shrieking, 'Get away from me!'

"The worst of it is that people feel sorry for you and want to comfort you. And they needn't at all, because of course there's nothing personal about it and you don't feel badly. One day Eddie Sutherland came over sympathetically and offered me some handkerchiefs, and I turned on him and screamed, 'Go away!'"

He Paid

EDDIE SUTHERLAND is a director who is inclined to be very cruel on the set, in his humorous way. Once he heckled Mary all day long, but she merely said, "You'll pay for this!"

Late that afternoon Eddie's recent bride came on the set. Eddie, directing a scene, became very business-like. "Now, Mary," he said briskly, "we'll do it this way."

Mary wrapped her arms around his neck and said in dulcet tones, "Why, Eddie, what's the matter? You haven't spoken to me like that all day!"

Eddie turned perfectly white, his wife turned green, and Mary chalked up another victory.

She works so continuously that she made up her mind she'd either have to have her fun at the studio, or it would be just too bad. The same theory applies to her beaus. Buddy Rogers, Phil Holmes, and Jack Oakie have all supplied romantic moments right on the lot—or at least romantic rumors.

A Discouraging Girl

BUT Mary moves in many circles, though she never lets them overlap. She gets on equally well with movie actors, old friends from Texas, leisured lads from Pasadena, and the inevitable college boys, but she's too wise to expect them to get on with each other.

"I haven't done so much business with the college boys lately," she smiled. "It's a bad season. It's pretty hard for me, too, because I have to work nights so much. Men are easily discouraged, and besides, so many girls use that 'I'm working to-night' excuse that they're immediately suspicious.

"They say, 'Oh, you're working to-night. *I* see!' and are never heard from again. You feel that you have to have a written excuse from your mother."

Like any girl in any profession except the movies, Mary lives with her mother and brother in one of Hollywood's least pretentious apartments. Though she makes a handsome salary and her acting is being regarded with more and more respect all the time, you'd never suspect it from Mary's surroundings. No limousine, no servants, no splurge.

As She Likes It

"I'VE never had anything to lose my head about," she said. "It's all been so gradual. I never have had any conspicuous success. And, anyway, I've never felt I had to do things just because everybody else does them. Our house is very untheatrical, and that's how I want it to be."

It's all true, what you've heard about Mary. She's a grand girl. Her only vice is practical jokes. She never drinks. She is self-possessed, assured, but with no temperament.

Alluringly lovely . . . charming . . . totally at ease because Del-a-tone has left her skin satiny-smooth and free of all traces of disfiguring hair.

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record peak—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

"Now . . . I can stand the Public Gaze" . . *Can You?*

MOMENTS THAT MATTER: When you slip your beach coat from your shoulders and your bathing suit seems all too brief . . . When you tee off in front of a watchful gallery and the sunlight glances on your stockingless legs . . . When the dashboard light of your favorite roadster shines full on your sheer chiffon hose . . . When you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock and your dress is sleeveless . . .

You can meet such moments with nonchalant poise if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair. And it's so easy to keep your under-arm, fore-arm and legs free of fuzzy growth when you use Del-a-tone Cream.

Perfected through our exclusive formula Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only *white* cream hair-remover.

Easy to apply as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in 3 minutes or less. When you see how smooth and clean it leaves your skin, you will understand why actresses and society women, who are constantly in the public gaze, consider it an indispensable aid to loveliness.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c—use coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Del-atone Co., The Delatone Bldg. (Established 1908). Department 78, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Swift . . . safe . . . and faintly fragrant, Del-a-tone Cream is the most pleasant, *modern* way to remove hair from legs, under-arm, fore-arm, back of neck and face.

DEL-A-TONE

The Only *White* Cream Hair-remover

Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 78, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....

you always have time to use MUM

MUM is applied in a moment!

Its protection lasts for hours.

A dab of snowy cream beneath the arms - - or anywhere there's need to guard against body odor - - and you're ready to go! No waiting. Nothing to dry. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy, so it can't injure fabrics.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a regular part of your toilette. Morning and evening. Every day. Know the joy of permanent protection!

And what complete protection! Mum neutralizes every vestige of odor. The moment Mum is applied, all odor is gone. For convincing proof of this, try Mum on the sanitary napkin. This most important use of Mum makes a woman sure of herself at all times.

Mum brings comfort and security for which most women would pay any price. Yet it costs only 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg Co., N. Y.

The Star Without A Love Life

(*Continued from page 50*)

to know and understand the secret of the universe. She was in love with art, too, and had the highest sort of ideals about it. Of life, I think, she knew next to nothing. Her wealth and position, acquired so absurdly early in life, placed her apart from other young people for a long time, until she became adjusted to it.

Not the Same Girl

IN those two years since the time of the *séance*, Lois had gone through a tremendous change. Almost overnight, it seemed, she grew into a woman, physically, from the slip of a girl she had been. Her mother, who had always devoted herself to Lois's care, realized the change and encouraged her to go out. Lois began to be seen at openings and at dances, kicking up her heels, having a good time, in company with young males of all sorts and sizes, including the collegiate.

She began to be known as one of the most dated-up females in Hollywood. Three applied for the post of her cavalier for every one who got it. And it even was whispered in bachelor circles that Lois—the startled fawn of "Stella Dallas" days—was what is known as a "hot date." From Nietzsche to night-life Lois had journeyed. She stopped spending all her evenings poring over philosophy. Instead, she gave a whoop and a hey-hey and tore off up the street in some swain's sporty roadster, to tread a zippy measure with said swain under the primeval cocoanut trees of the Ambassador stomping-ground.

By now, Lois has calmed down considerably from that stage. She is back with her books a good deal again, and with a new and fascinating hobby—writing. At the same time, she still steps out more than most of Hollywood's young things; she hasn't lost her enthusiasm for going places. She has been escorted by all the best and brightest of our eligibles, not only in the movie world but in exalted circles of local business and high finance. Yet—never once in love.

Too Much Choice

"EXPLAIN yourself!" I said sternly.

"Well," said Lois, "the men here are all just too attractive. It's difficult to choose one. I like so many.

"I don't know if I should be any good as a wife, anyhow," she went on. "I'm far too selfish, and too wrapped up in my career. The great things in life for me are acting, singing and writing. Nothing is really important except those. I want terribly to write—and then again I want to sing marvelously. But how can I give up acting? My contract with Fox is up in July; after that I don't know at all what I shall do. Perhaps I shall concentrate, from then on, on writing and singing. But I can't bear the idea of leaving pictures until I'm at the very top. Oh, there's so much I want to do!

"Of course, I've been rumored engaged now and again. Mickey Neilan was one, and Howard Sheehan was another. There was nothing in it either time, but I suppose I must have been seen with them two or three times within a month, which is all you need for an engagement rumor. There are so many attractive men in Hollywood now, since the talkies brought all the writers and actors from New York.

"I *do* want to get married, though, too—some time. I want babies—lots of twins, if possible. But when I marry it's got to take; so there's plenty of time to look around."

Mrs. Moran's Problem

HERE Mrs. Moran appeared on the scene. She heard the tag-end of the conversation. "I'm sure I don't know why she doesn't get married," she said. "Heaven knows I do all I can. I encourage her to go out with all the nice young men, and when they come to call I make myself as scarce as possible. But she thinks each one is so handsome and so clever. She can't make up her mind."

"The fact is," said Lois, "nobody will have me. I shall get me to a nunnery."

To change the subject, Lois looked up a couple of manuscripts of short stories she had just sold to a national magazine. One was called "Kisses" and the other "The Honeymoon." Oh, those stories! Lois read them to me with charming enthusiasm, and I listened delightedly. There was so much of Lois Moran in them. They were sincerely and simply written, but astoundingly naïve. "Kisses" described all the different ways of osculation, and the reactions to them of a young girl. "The Honeymoon" was a description of a first night in the bridal suite, from undressing to tooth-brushing and on into the night.

Listening to them made me feel very old. And then Lois brought out the MS. of her own "Book of Philosophy"—extracts culled from all the foremost philosophers, with wildly enthusiastic comments by Lois written under each. And the long and arduous reading for which this compilation stood, made me feel very young again. Had it not been for the breezy naïveté of Lois's footnotes, I should have felt like calling a perambulator to take me home.

She Has Read Her Books

A TRULY amazing girl, this Lois Moran. I should estimate that her book-learning is greater by far than that of any other picture actress. This, I know, is not saying much—but there it is for such as care for it. The walls of her living-room are lined with shelves of well-read books, mostly philosophy, many of them in French, which Lois reads and speaks like a native.

Does she talk philosophy to her boy-friends? That I don't know. Does she speak to the waiter in French? That, too, must remain a mystery for the present.

We had discussed Lord Byron, religion, love, twins, F. Scott Fitzgerald, South Sea Islands, bleached hair, radios and Havelock Ellis—and time flew on swift wings; when the door-bell rang and Lois sprang up to admit the swain of the evening, come to bear her off God knew where. He was tall, dark, and . . .

"We think he's the handsomest thing," whispered Mrs. Moran to me, as the new arrival followed Lois into the kitchen to see she didn't cut herself with the ice-pick.

Now that the question: *Could* there be a star without a love life? has been settled, it is time we looked into another burning question. *Is* Hollywood acquainted with *the* seven deadly sins—or does it have seven of its own? Don't miss "The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood" in the big September issue of

MOTION PICTURE

Here's That New Way of Removing Arm and Leg Hair

So many women are asking about

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

A new discovery
that not only removes hair instantly
but utterly avoids fostering coarsened re-growth

252

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors, in both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

If women talk at all about Feminine Hygiene

Some say THIS Some say THAT

SOME women prefer to listen during discussions about intimate matters. Perhaps from delicacy. More often from fear of leading others their own way when they themselves are not sure. Women certainly should know more about feminine hygiene. Too many different opinions are held and expressed.

In their desire for surgical cleanliness many of them use—and advise others to use—caustic and poisonous antiseptics that their doctors will not condone. They mean well. But they do not know the dangers accompanying bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

Zonite is safe to use regularly

Today these old-fashioned antiseptics are no longer necessary. They are replaced by Zonite. There can be no areas of scar tissue when Zonite is the germicide. No interference with normal secretions. No mercurial poisoning. Zonite is as safe as pure water and *far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.*

Actual facts in this booklet

Mail coupon and get this booklet. The whole subject is covered in frank, honest words that will not confuse anybody. It will tell you what you want to know. In the meantime, buy a bottle of Zonite at any drug store. Full directions come with it. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *Both in U.S.A. and Canada*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MP-08
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(*Please print name*)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 59*)

If I should be told to-day that to-morrow I would have to see myself cut open, I could say, "Well, I'll bear it." But if I knew I had to watch someone else undergo the same thing, the mental torture would kill me. Anything physical I can stand. Mental strain I cannot stand. I thought, for instance, that I would go mad while I was waiting for the showing of "Rio Rita."

I'm always dropping things. I never get up from a chair or out of a car that I don't drop my handkerchief or my purse, which usually opens and disgorges all of its innumerable contents.

If I have a fault and am called for it, I resent it. Particularly if I know that it is so and more particularly if it is mentioned to me in front of someone else.

I am afraid of the truth when the truth is unpleasant.

My feelings are too easily hurt. Fortunately for me they are not hurt very often; but when they are, my first impulse is to cry. The only way I can repress the tears is to have a fit of temper.

I have a very quick temper.

I am still self-conscious. Awfully self-conscious with people I know very well and like even better. Perhaps because I care for them too much. I can never be clever or witty with people I like. With people I do not like I have no self-consciousness at all and am indifferent.

A Simple Lifer

I FIND that I am not personally extravagant.

I would never, for instance, buy myself a sable coat. If I *wanted* a sable coat (which I do not), I'd buy a mink one. I would never buy a diamond necklace or expensive bracelets. But I would build a house costing twice as much as any of these.

I have no use for formality of any kind. When I give parties, they are almost always buffet suppers and the slogan is "Don't dress up!"

I would rather ride around in the little Ford town-car Ben gave me than in the Rolls.

I have more fun eating at a dinky little seventy-five cent table d'hote we discovered than at the Ambassador, de luxe.

I care very little for clothes. I can go shopping all day for a piece of colored tile for a house or some enameled kitchen ware; but if I have to buy a dress for some opening or a big party, I wait until more than the eleventh hour. For my own opening of "Rio Rita" I waited until three in the afternoon of the day the picture opened before I went shopping for my gown.

Pet Hates

I RESENT the possessive quality in anyone manifested toward me. I can't bear to feel *owned*. Yet I am fiercely possessive myself. Perhaps, knowing what it is, what it means, is why I resent it and fear it in anyone else.

I have discovered that I hate, above all things on earth, to be pitied.

After I left Famous Players I knew, or I thought, that people were feeling sorry for me. I hated it. I felt that they were saying, "Poor Bebe, too bad the talkies came in and she couldn't make the grade." It may have been my ego. Perhaps no one was even thinking about me. But I felt that they were. I feared that they were. I never mentioned pictures and no one, not even my mother, ever mentioned them to me. And all that while I either retired into myself or I adopted a cloak of bravado to hide my own feelings.

Not Born Happy

I AM not a happy person.

That is, I am not, by nature, a happy person. I wasn't born sunshiny and serene.

I am an extremist. And extremists are never consistently happy. They can't be. They are up in seventh heaven one day and down in the eighth hell the next day. And that is the way it is with me.

I am foolishly responsive, no doubt, to the way things are going with me. If I am making a story I like and believe in, I am floating on clouds and the rest of the world is dim. If I am making a story I do not like, I am morose around the house, can't see the humour in anything, want to be left alone. It is the same with my personal life.

I find that I take my work very seriously, more and more seriously as time goes on. And I find that, hand in hand with that, I take all of life seriously. It is very earnest and very real to me.

I am more nervous than I used to be. Especially about my work.

Speaking of Marriage

I HAVE discovered that I want from life both marriage and a career. I believe I can have both. I believe anyone can, if they are married to an understanding person. I couldn't marry anyone outside of my profession. It is so much a part of me that a man who didn't know about it, didn't understand, would necessarily be a stranger.

I want to go on developing my voice. So that, when my screen career ends, as end it must, my music can still go on.

I believe that I am a fairly good business woman in some ways, but too soft, too gullible to be really good. I still buy stocks I shouldn't buy. I still invest in gold mines if I hear a good story.

Money is the least essential thing in the world to me. That much I have certainly discovered. There could never be any choice for me if I had to give up my career my romantic life or my money. The money would go, without a doubt. I know that I could be just as happy, just as content, living in a small apartment struggling to make ends meet. If I had love and friendship and my mother, the trappings would be unimportant.

I believe that I have really had the things I wanted from life, the things I set out to get. I've had a great many set-backs and a career of many cycles, but this past year has made me realize that I have really got just what I want in just the way I want it.

I have discovered that I am very fond of life, of living. I love it. It is a gorgeous adventure. It matters. It's *great.*

He was not happy as a child. He brooded, delighted in melancholy. He felt the handicap of having a famous father, of living in a house divided against itself. He wanted to dominate, to be seen, heard, talked about. To-day many say that he has changed; some even say that Joan Crawford has changed him. But what does *he* think? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will tell you in an amazingly frank self-revelation in the big September issue of

MOTION PICTURE

Hollywood's Magic Beauty Secret . . .

Color Harmony MAKE-UP

WINNIE LIGHTNER
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor Pictures . . . . "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Hold Everything."

. . . *Revealed in Technicolor Pictures*
Now Ready For YOU!

In Society Make-Up, Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Gives to You, and Every woman, the Beauty Magic of Cosmetics in Color Harmony. Discover How to be More Beautiful Than You Really Are. See Coupon Below.

OUT of the motion picture world which is Hollywood comes the most revolutionary beauty discovery of the age . . . color harmony in make-up individualized for every type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow . . . the complete ensemble called Society Make-Up . . . to blend with every variation in complexion coloring. Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up King.

Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty. Now in Technicolor Pictures you see this beauty glorified in natural color.

Imagine the utter perfection of make-up by Max Factor used exclusively in all big Hollwood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

VIVIENNE SEGAL
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor Pictures..."Golden Dawn" and "Viennese Nights."

MARIAN NIXON
Featured in Warner Bros. Technicolor Pictures . . . . "General Crack" and "Sweet Kitty Bellaire."

BETTY COMPSON
Warner Bros. Star, featured in "Show of Shows" and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, approving the correct color tone in Max Factor's Rouge

When you see a Technicolor Picture, you see the magic of Make-Up by Max Factor

Colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., so alive with natural beauty as to give a new radiance to the star herself. Texture so fine as to blend indetectably with the skin. Adherent qualities so wonderful that make-up appears always as a part of nature's artistry. And the make-up ensemble so lovely in color harmony, so exquisitely emphasizing every natural bit of beauty that even the blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun, cannot find a flaw to expose to the searching lens of the camera.

What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. And Max Factor, who for twenty years has been personal make-up advisor to Hollywood's stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up. A priceless beauty gift for the asking . . . just mail coupon.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP
*"Cosmetics of the Stars"**
HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Key: 2-5-26

Dear Sir Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling

Name _____

City _____

Address _____

COMPLEXION COLOR EYES
COLOR LASHES
SKIN
COLOR HAIR
AGE
Answer with Check Mark

"Hair Magic"

MILLIONS CALL IT

a priceless secret—and it's FREE!

Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to *accent* the *natural* sheen of your hair!

Magic? Yes, the magic of just *one* Golden Glint shampooing! For Golden Glint is far more than a cleansing, film-removing shampoo! It imparts just the least touch of a tint—ever so little—but how exquisitely it accents the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo—anywhere like it! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. H
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Color of my hair:

be SWEETER than SWEET use
BLUE WALTZ
Perfume
—use BLUE WALTZ,
department stores . . .
Dainty purse size at the
JOUBERT CIE. Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs, snapshots, enlargements and miniatures. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and beautiful Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
114 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Ballyhoodooed Bill

(*Continued from page 66*)

favorites. Which would be as good a place as any to rest *your* case.

Hollywood, always cruel, is to-day barbarous. Stars that you and I have been brought up on are, right this moment, wondering what the Rolls will bring on a trade-in. And when whispers begin making the rounds to the effect that So-and-So may not have her option renewed, is it so out of the way to wonder about Bill Haines and his fate? And now, keeping the flux that is Hollywood in mind, are you beginning to see why there is a New Bill Haines; or if there isn't, why there should be one?

Outward Changes

SO variety, the secret hocus-pocus that makes good stars better ones, is being used on Bill Haines. Someone (I just know it) is trying to get us all excited over a new Bill Haines with the hope that we'll get out an extra. And whereas we'd get out an extra any day for Bill Haines, if we had reason to, we just can't help feeling that this time it's a lot of ballyhoo. Because they're not going to change Bill so easily. In fact, we doubt if they ever change him. We'll believe it when they say that Clive Brook plays chess or that Alice White plays the zither. But that Bill Haines has become the white-haired boy of the Arts? No. I'm sorry, but, no, we don't want any.

"All right, then," they say. "Just go out to his house and see for yourself!" And all right then. We did. And still we are unimpressed. Bill has fixed himself up a place in Hollywood that would, we think, startle the world. But there is nothing of a new Haines about it. No, nor old Haines, either. It's a downright puzzle. Not that the porcelains are not genuine and horribly expensive. Not that Bill was not almighty sincere when he ordered the exquisite consoles, decorated by Angelica Kaufman, famous for her work with the brothers Adams. Not that the ceramics, rare hunting prints by William Daniels, costly chandeliers, flawless hand carving, Georgian living-room entirely paneled in knotted pine, marble fireplace, Sheraton beds, rare chairs, Georgian silver and extravagantly concealed radio are not priceless in themselves. And not that Bill cannot call each art object by its correct name, with just the right air of boredom. But simply that the whole kaboodle is incongruous when one tries to match it up with Bill—the Bill we know.

No Statue to Success

JUST what his motive was in putting up the place is a tough one to answer. When Harold Lloyd and Doug Fairbanks erected their million-dollar shacks, everyone knew why. Their houses were simply statues erected to their success: visible proof that the good fight had been won: symbols of security. But that doesn't fit with the Haines lad. He isn't the kind to erect a symbol of security. He doesn't care a hoot, we believe, what people think of his position.

He would want no reminder to the effect that he has arrived. Nor do we think he's trying to put on the dog. Bill would be the last one to do that; diametrically opposed as it is to his devil-may-care attitude. If he ever tried to impress anyone, it would be in just the opposite direction. He'd pose as the worst boy in town with the hope of shocking 'em. No, Bill isn't out to convince outsiders with his solid citizenhood nor advertise his éclat as art-lover-extraordinary.

But still, there's the house with all its exquisitry. How come? The answer, of course, is Bill Haines; eccentric Bill Haines. The same Bill (and you've heard all this about him) who is the life of one party and the despair of the next. The same Bill who entertains royally in his own home and behaves abominably as a guest elsewhere. The same Bill who for one week is as gay and exuberant as champagne itself, and for the week following so morose and despondent that none may approach him. The same who wisecracks incessantly, until one day when the smart words lie dead in his mouth and he is sad and alone. Bill (the one) Haines.

And now for a final attempt to figure it out. What about this house of Bill's and why does it figure so prominently in a portrait of him as he is to-day?

Where He Can Be Himself

SIMPLY, it's this: those who have given thought to it sense that perhaps Bill's tired of the whole business and has cut loose (with the house) to express his ego. Five long years he's stood before the camera; three-and-a-half in stellar capacity. That's a long time to play straight parts; longer than that, to play The Kidder. And no matter how badly Bill would like to change his character, it just can't be done. They've got him down as a smart-aleck; smart-aleck he'll remain. Too, there is little of solace in Hollywood to-day for the established stars. New faces, hostile to the pioneers, are everywhere.

The very air is charged with activity that is unwelcomed by those who have seen 'em come and go. Gone is the slow, even tempo; gone the repose and chumminess that was Hollywood. In its place is bustle, struggle, competition. The enemy is at the gates. And along with newcomers in every branch of the business have come new smart-alecks, whose very new names and faces capture the public interest gained by the others only after long years of effort. Truly, Hollywood is a bloody battleground to-day. The stars whose names are household words have pitched their tents and are looking to their guns. For some, it is a battle of life and death. Others will grasp this opportunity to chuck a career with which they have never been in total accord, and to make graceful exits. These latter will have among them the true artists; those who will disappear from Hollywood and its crazy glitter as quietly and mysteriously as they arrived.

Predictions are out of our line. We leave such things to those with the fishy eye and damp handshake. But we recently saw Bill Haines; saw the disgust in his face when an ambitious publicity man tried to make him say smart things for the company assembled. And if we saw a New Haines, it wasn't of the new variety which they're trumpeting.

Rather, it was a mature, rather tired Bill Haines: one, say, who might like to run away from it all to his house (a grand-elegant house, miles out of character, maybe, but his) which, after the world had been locked out, he could call *Home!*

Like William Haines, the public is tired, very tired, of ballyhoo. The producers are conscious of it. They have warned theater owners to use the tom-toms for the really big pictures, and for them only. Movie-goers have been fooled a few too many times by big noise

More New Pictures

Subscribe to the next six big issues of "Motion Picture Magazine" at the special $1.00 price—and you receive this set of 24 pictures (set No. 8) free.

Send one dollar to pay for your subscription to the next six big issues of "Motion Picture Magazine"—the authority of filmland, the favorite family fan magazine,—and we will send you postage prepaid—and with our compliments—a Beautiful Set of 24 Pictures, sepia finish, each picture size 5½ by 8 inches. Start your collection now. We will also tell you how to get a big album for these pictures absolutely free!

Here are the subjects, all new poses (set No. 8)

Loretta Young	Joseph Schildkraut	Kay Johnson
Grant Withers	Catherine Dale Owen	Lila Lee
Dennis King	Jean Arthur	Jeanette Loff
Lawrence Tibbett	Bernice Claire	Jeanette MacDonald
Jack Oakie	Claudette Colbert	Chester Morris
John McCormack	Marion Davies	Lupe Velez
George Arliss	Alexander Gray	Stanley Smith
Norma Shearer	Neil Hamilton	Vivienne Segal

Send Your Order Now

This is an entirely new set of pictures, now offered to our readers for the first time. Renew or extend your subscription now. You will be well pleased.

Subscribe for your family and friends.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — S. M. P. M.
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. — Set No. 8

Here is One Dollar. Send me the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the gift set of 24 pictures. If you reside in Canada add 25c extra: Foreign, 50c extra.

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town

State

Start with .....issue.

Extend my present subscription (check) ☐

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Nonspi
AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

Keeps Your Armpits Dry and Odorless

THERE is no excuse in allowing armpit perspiration to discolor and ruin your clothing, and its disagreeable odor to humiliate and embarrass you.

More than a million men and women keep their armpits dry and odorless and protect their clothing with NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) used, endorsed, and recommended by physicians and nurses.

NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation—and need be used on an average of but two nights each week.

You, too, can have dry and odorless armpits and save your clothing. Get a bottle of NONSPI today. Use it tonight. Use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall, and winter.

Your Toilet Goods Dealer and Druggist has NONSPI at 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply).

The Nonspi Company
2643 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

$80 to $150 A WEEK

MOTION PICTURE OPERATORS EARN THIS - and MORE

Big Pay—Easy Work—Short Hours

YOU can quickly qualify for one of these well-paid positions. Big demand now for motion picture projectionists—in theatres, schools, industrial motion pictures or for spare-time entertainments!

We train you right at home or in our studios for well-paid, fascinating position as

☐ Motion Picture Cameraman, or ☐ Projectionist
☐ "Still" Photographer, or ☐ Photo-finisher

FREE Book tells how you can quickly qualify for the position of your choice—gives details about the thousands of opportunities that await you in the amazing, billion dollar photographic industry.

Send for it **today**—NOW!

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. P-718
10 West 33rd Street
New York City

Advice To Young Men In Love In Hollywood

(*Continued from page 40*)

sweetheart a book, a string of gardenias, a riding horse or a stuffed owl. (I merely mention this to impress upon you the thoroughness with which I have undertaken my task.) Now, if you really have determined to go on the prowl, let's face it. Consider the field:

Take Your Choice

AMONG the more desirable blondes we find Jeanette Loff, Jean Harlow, Jeanette MacDonald and Connie Bennett. While the brunettes are headed by Lillian Roth, Mary Brian, Fifi Dorsay (Sizzles), Virginia Valli, Sally Eilers, Olive Borden, Lupe Velez (bring a gun), Armida and Polly Moran, if you like that kind.

Then, of course, there's the medium type, which some of the skilled workers consider as the more feasible for all-around use. I'm referring to girls like Bernice Claire, Dorothy Sebastian, June Collyer and Marguerite Churchill. And it's your own fault if you overlook the three red-heads, Lola Lane, Clara Bow and Margaret Livingstone. And, oh, yes, Greta Garbo. Although, if you fall for the Garbo, you're either an unusually ambitious young fellow or partially insane. For days I went without food while trailing her in the hope of catching some words of encouragement for the young lover. I had been informed that she was easily recognizable by her habit of wearing dark glasses and a beret at night; but you'd be surprised how many girls go for that fad. Naturally my efforts were fruitless. All I can do is to quote no less an authority than Harry "Kibitzer" Green, who claims that the simplest way in which to approach Garbo is with a mashie-niblick. He adds that in the event of a successful approach, the same club might prove effective in winning her love. His argument being that no other method would.

The Men They Want

ASSUMING, however, that you're bright enough not to attempt the impossible, let me acquaint you with the type of men the more approachable beauties desire, with bits of their philosophy and their weaknesses. Once thoroughly digesting this knowledge, check up on your sales points, sing out, "*Omnia vincit amor!*" and go to it.

"Beeg" or "leedle," you might appeal to Fifi Dorsay. But, above all things, you must be a man of affairs—love affairs. Stay away from this girl unless you have memorized Ovid's "How To Win Love." Fifi cries for efficiency. She has no time for bunglers. On the other hand, if you happen to be the boyish or "kiddish" type, you might go after Lillian Roth. She has a mother complex something like Polly Moran's, only not quite so matured. While Jeanette Loff insists on a slender, tallish young man whose hair is shiny black. Practically all of the Hollywood girls insist on smartly dressed men, poised and imbued with considerable suavity.

Connie Bennett for one, however, holds intelligence and sophistication above all else.

Now, if by some queer quirk of fate you resemble a lumberjack or something very vital, you would have an excellent chance with Olive Borden. "I despise pretty men," she exclaimed, looking exactly as though she meant it. And both Sally Eilers and Lola Lane go for athletes in one of the bigger ways.

Athletes Preferred

"ALL girls," Lola Lane insisted, "like the physical prowess of the other sex. For instance, I get a big thrill out of hearing people say that the young man I often go out with is one of the country's greatest polo players. I would certainly advise the young man in love to take up one or two sports and keep at them until proficient."

"Exactly." And this was Sally Eilers. "The man I marry must be an all-around good sport. He must play tennis and golf, as well as ride and swim, and be equally interesting at bridge or some indoor game." So, even though you do feel quite satisfied with your performance on the links or in a swimming pool, I would surely advise you to polish up on your indoor sports.

Jeanette Loff's man must be "athletic enough not to be considered a sissy, although a little aestheticism would do no harm," while Mary Brian and Clara Bow want men capable of playing up to their various moods.

"But I like them all!" was Jean Arthur's startling admission. "No," she added vaguely, "maybe you'd better not say that—just tell the young lovers that I like all men who appeal to me." And I am somewhat undecided as to just how one interprets the word "appeal." It may mean one thing and it may mean another. However, she does like men who appear to advantage on horseback. As does Jean Harlow, who also requests that her men be not too young.

Are You Musical?

NOW if you happen to be musically inclined, you could do far worse than to fall in love with Marguerite Churchill, Jeanette MacDonald or Bernice Claire. But you had better be sure of yourself. They have no time for poseurs. They actually know and appreciate good music and expect, most unreasonably, that their intimate friends should do the same. To call on them, for instance, before you could distinguish between a Strauss concerto and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, would be nothing but suicide.

Jeanette MacDonald also expresses a preference for the "silent worshiper," reticence and American Beauties. The only hitch to this method is that most of the Hollywood girls consider silent worshipers rather innocuous and feel that reticence is to be deplored. And the whole crowd abhors persistence or "stickiness."

"I always endeavor to get rid of a persistent man," Jeanette Loff informed me. "Especially when I dislike him. If necessary, I impersonate my maid and tell him, 'Miss Loff has gone out.' After a few times he usually despairs. But if I liked him, I certainly wouldn't want him to be reticent about admitting his love. Actually, I'm warm-hearted and want attention. If I should object to his loving me, I'd tell him soon enough!"

You can just leave that to her—and to Mary Brian, who also dislikes the silent worshiper. "One time," Mary wailed, "a man was so backward about declaring his love for me that I was left out in the cold, unaware of his feeling, until he had given up. And that's no fun!" True enough. So when rushing any girl but Jeanette MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, Virginia Valli, Bernice Claire or June Collyer, take a tip from me and be a man of action. Throw out your chest, as it were, and growl.

Hot From Paris

FIFI DORSAY is a priceless example—and the adjective is well taken—of a girl who cheers the *coup d'amour*. Fifi's a bundle of dynamite that's guaranteed to keep you

(*Continued on page 100*)

Who's Sophisticated Now?

(*Continued from page 33*)

I mean, of course, the most interesting people from my own point of view.

"Because we of the stage have few opportunities to meet the outstanding figures among, say, statesmen, philosophers, doctors, financiers and so on. The people to whom we are drawn are more likely to be artists, writers, musicians. And these are all flocking to Hollywood!

"I must admit that I have not become well acquainted with the younger set of screen actors—the ones who are literally growing up in the profession—so I cannot judge them. But Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Gloria Swanson, Lois Wilson, Corinne Griffith—these people I have come to know and enjoy intensely. I know Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks less well, but I like them immensely. And then there are the writers. Sidney Howard, Louis Bromfield—charming!

"Where in the world would you find a more interesting group? Traveled, cultivated, *alive!*"

She Does Not Object

MISS CHATTERTON does not object, as do so many of the Hollywood-haters, to the continual "shop-talk" she hears on all sides. "We do it in the theater," she said. "It is only natural."

Nor does she find us "provincial," as charged, in our point of view. "How could it be?" she demanded. "People are drawn here from all over the world!"

She does admit that she finds a surprising number of—er—mentally unbalanced individuals in our midst, but avers, optimistically, that "the lunatics only make things more amusing." Was there ever a woman so easy to please?

She admits, too, a slight tinge of naïveté in the methods employed by the makers of pictures. But she excuses it brightly on the ground that the industry is so new—still in its formative stage, still experimenting, learning and feeling its way. Which cheered me up some.

And how the Chamber of Commerce is going to love her! For she attributes most of Hollywood's charm—and even its propensities for sophistication—to its climate.

No Rush Hours

"IT is such a leisurely place," she said. "You could never feel harassed and taut and nerve-worn here. There are so many charming places to go, such pleasant things to do. And all in a summertime, lazy atmosphere. You have time for things, somehow.

"I spent a few weeks in New York not long ago. I was thrilled at the prospect of going. But after I had been there a few days, I was oppressed by the necessity for haste which pervades the place. Up in the morning to try to do a little shopping; but you don't finish it because you must tear off somewhere for lunch. You are late for tea, and must rush to dress for dinner. You must hurry through your dinner in order not to miss too much of the play you are going to see; and you rush away from that to get in a few rubbers of bridge——

"No time to reflect. No time for leisurely, expansive conversation. Hurry! Hurry! And for what? Where are you going? What is your purpose?

Here to Stay

"OH, I could never be happy to live there again! I have bought a home here and hope to live here always. I was

(*Continued on page 103*)

Unchanging Beauty for your Fingertips

GLAZO POLISHES, *which never vary their tones, are the smartest colors you can wear*

1

The delicate sheath of Glazo that gives your fingertips loveliness by day . . .

2

. . . retains the same charming tone by evening light. Glazo's smart colors . . .

3

. . . never vary with a change of light. The beauty it brings is constant, and lasts for a week or more.

© 1930

IN a less active generation, lovely nails and fingertips signified a woman with very little to do. Today, thank goodness, women are busy—at sports and at work. Hands are exposed to this and that. And Glazo, with its unique virtue of looking as well in evening as in day, helps the busy woman to guard her beauty and her time.

Only with Glazo will your fingertips be constantly smart

Glazo liquid nail polish, in a few moments' time, brings to your nails a lovely delicate sheen that lasts a week or more. It never peels, and it never verges on artificiality.

And Glazo's smart colors never change their tone, regardless of varying lighting conditions. Other polishes, pleasing by daylight, take on a different and disappointing cast by candlelight or electricity. Glazo alone, because scientifically made so, remains unaffected.

With Glazo on your nails, your fingertips will always be lovely, will always be admired.

Be sure to see Glazo's Lipstick Reds—Flame, Geranium and Crimson—three new nail polishes that harmonize with the popular lipstick shades. With a "light" lipstick, use Glazo Flame. Use Geranium with a "medium." And with a "dark" lipstick, use Glazo Crimson.

These Lipstick Reds, as well as the standard Glazo shades, may be found at all toilet-goods counters.

GLAZO *Coupon*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GM80
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands." (If you live in Canada, address P.O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

30 lbs. Off -safely!

REDUCE my way

Annette Kellermann

"I weigned 160 pounds," says Mrs. F. B. McC., of Philadelphia. "Now I weigh 130 pounds and my measurements are much better. I feel so relieved to know that I need never be stout again."

This is only *one* of hundreds of other letters in my files always open to inspection giving actual evidence of sure results with my *safe* reducing methods. Many women report better health, boundless energy, losses of 15, 20, 35 pounds and even more. All are delighted with their newly-found freedom from the burden of weakening fat. Over 40,000 women

have benefited—my way. You can lose—you can regain shapely, graceful slenderness and keep it! Here's the way you send it. I'll show you how. Nothing "risky," dangerous or fake about my methods. I offer you only the simple, natural way I myself discovered and used for 19 years to keep my own figure correctly proportioned at exactly *standard* weight for my age, height and bone. Whether you are generally overweight or just a little plump'—if you want slender hips, trim waistline, graceful limbs, supple arms, firm bust, rounded shoulders, chest, neck and throat—no matter what part of you you want to lose, I'll show you how to do it. Simply send for my *free* book "The Body Beautiful." With it I'll send you full facts about my easy, delightful way to reduce—a way that will appeal to your own common sense as the pleasantest, safest, far-banishing method imaginable. And the sooner you ACT the quicker you will be able to slenderize your body and gain increased vitality at the same time. There is no obligation. Mail coupon below or write a letter TODAY. Address Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 388, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 388
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose.... pounds. Tell me about your method and send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." There is no obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Your Dog Won't Have Can't Have FLEAS

if you use PULVEX, the powder that *kills* fleas and keeps them off 14 days after a dusting. Pulvex alone contains what U. S. Bulletin 897 declares is *the only powder substance that actually kills fleas.* When Pulvex is used, fleas never revive and reinfest your pet. Harmless, even if swallowed by the animal. Non-irritating, odorless. Easy, pleasant to use.

Keep fleas off the pets your children play with and out of your home. Give your pets a flea-free, scratchless summer with Pulvex. Ask for it today. At drug stores, pet shops, 50c; or from William Cooper & Nephews, Inc., Dept. C-126 1925 Clifton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PULVEX

Sold on Money-Back Guarantee

Advice To Young Men In Love In Hollywood

(*Continued from page 98*)

dizzy, especially when you start buying champagne. "Eet's good for zee digestion," she explained naïvely. And perhaps it is; but think of its effect on "zee" pocket book—or, rather, don't. Just look at Fifi and set your jaw. She has no objection to animals, orchids or a Rolls-Royce. A good way to catch her interest would be to present her with an airedale. "I jus' loff airedales!" she has cried out on more than one occasion. But don't give her a stuffed owl. She hates stuffed owls and canaries. Give her an airedale, if you must, but not, I implore you, a stuffed owl.

True enough, most of the girls require simple flowers. (And since flowers in Hollywood constitute the town's cheapest commodity, this should be played for all that it's worth.) Orchids are always good. Indeed, they seem to be necessary when rushing Armida, June Collyer, Jean Harlow and Fifi. Gardenias—but they're not so simple, either—satisfy Jeanette Loff and Lupe Velez; not to mention a dozen American Beauties. Oh, yes, Lillian Roth prefers carnations.

She Also Likes Horses

WHEN the peculiarities of the situation call for something more elaborate, you might try biographies of famous men. Most of the Hollywood girls read; but why they prefer the modern biography is more than anyone knows. Fortunately we have an exquisite exception: "I like Dreiser," Jean Harlow remarked, "and the English novelists. But, I'm sorry, I simply do not enjoy biographies—no, not even of famous men. However," she added as though agreeably surprised, "I do like horses, hostess gowns and Regor!" Jean has peach-blossom skin, cream-colored hair and she's lonely. A great bet, gentlemen! And here's a tip: In the event you have achieved the point where she's about to say "Yes," and you feel that some little gift might clinch the matter, why not trot out to her Beverly Hills home with a thoroughbred riding horse? What could be neater than that?

Now, most of the Hollywood girls come out strong for marriage with plenty of love; but if this is your ultimate desire, I advise you to shy at Virginia Valli, Olive Borden, Bernice Claire and Jean Arthur. They want a husband for companionship, and Frances Lee wants hers to be just a good pal. In fact, Virginia will put you up on a pedestal. While being placed on a pedestal might prove diverting for the first two weeks, eventually, I contend, you'll begin to feel a trifle inadequate, something like a flagpole sitter. And, as Mary Brian might say, "that's no fun!" Furthermore, this type shuns parties. Rather than waste their lives away at the Roosevelt or Embassy, they profess to prefer quiet evenings at home, reading, or perhaps just being companionable.

Bring Your Check-Book

"BUT don't let them fool you," Evelyn Brent kindly advises. "The popular vocation in Hollywood is seeing and being seen. When you meet a girl that raves about a quiet evening at home—and they all will sooner or later—don't be deceived. It's a two-to-one bet that she regards a quiet evening as a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. She's just resting up for a big night with some other fellow. Prepare to spend money while in Hollywood."

In about eighty per cent. of the cases, Miss Brent is right. Mary Brian, for one, would rather dance than eat. And can you imagine rushing Margaret Livingstone, Clara Bow, Fifi or Jean Harlow on a couch in front of a roaring fireplace? Yes? Well, don't let your imagination run away with you, for such a procedure is practically impossible. They want whoopee, and whoopee's expensive. And even though no less an authority than Lilyan Tashman says, "If you are always as attractive and charming as possible, failure cannot meet your efforts," my suggestion would be to bring along a little money, just in case.

None of the Hollywood girls seem to think that wealth on the husband's part would render marriage objectionable; that is, of course, with the exception of Olive Borden, Virginia Valli, Jean Arthur and Bernice Claire, who want only enough money "to live on"; and *that*, my kumquats, may mean almost anything.

Now, I believe I mentioned that Sally Eilers and Lupe Velez were dangerous. And I meant just that. If you should be so foolhardy as to fall for those girls, you would have to shoot, maim or otherwise dispose of Hoot Gibson or Gary Cooper, either of whom you'll find efficient with his fists.

Final Instructions

SO, unless you have signed a suicide pact, take my advice and confine your attentions to the unattached young women, plenty of whom you'll find around Hollywood; more than you can possibly handle. And the field's wide open to the intelligent lover.

In summing up, let me suggest that you wear good clothes, move cautiously, and keep these instructions well in mind:

Don't, for instance, in a moment of confusion, give Jean Harlow an airedale and Fifi a horse.

Don't frighten June Collyer with the boldness of your advance, and don't be a shrinking violet with Jeanette Loff or Margaret Livingstone.

Be prepared to play up to the moods of Brian and Bow; and unless you're in society in a big way, I might even suggest that you remain far away from June Collyer.

Waste no time. If your suit is a losing one, make an immediate change. This is done by experts.

Don't, by any means, call on Jeanette MacDonald or Marguerite Churchill while singing, "Put on your winter underwear when you climb a tree." That won't get you anywhere!

And if you feel that Fifi or the red-heads might like your type, be prepared to break out with the champagne, considerable gold and your father's Rolls-Royce.

Furthermore, when calling a young star, remember that she usually answers the 'phone herself, stating that she is the star's maid.

"This goes on for about fifteen days," Mr. Harry "Kibitzer" Green avers. "And if at the end of that time you are still disturbed, simply call another number and ask for the star's maid."

Efficiency is the cry of the day. I wish you luck, gentlemen. Lord knows you'll need it!

But what about young women in love in Hollywood? There are but two things for them to remember: Watch the Weight, and Don't Starve. And all the necessary helpful hints are contained in MOTION PICTURE'S exclusive diet series.

Have They Forgotten How To Kiss?

(*Continued from page 71*)

Song," lured the fair Catherine Dale Owen to an upper room in the inn, to sing "The Little White Dove" to her, his voice, I am certain, could have been heard for blocks.

And it looked so uncomfortable for Miss Owen. He made such a *bree-e!* Her hair blew back from her face and the cape collar of her chiffon frock fluttered frantically when he struck a high note. I was really concerned for fear the girl would take a frightful cold.

They tell me, moreover, that Mr. Tibbett's voice is so powerful that Miss Owen was obliged to put a great deal of cotton in her ears, lest her ear-drums be split and she be rendered deaf on the spot.

Alas, For the Thrills

LOVE scenes, you can see, are becoming pretty trying.

Betty Compson, who has had ample experience in both the old and the new eras, bemoans the passing of the tempestuous technique in love-making and decries the newer subtlety which merely suggests, with restrained gestures, what used to be expressed in—er—terms of action.

"It was fun," she declares. "and don't think it wasn't! I never was one of those actresses who proclaimed that a love scene in a picture meant no more than any other sort of scene—that there was no thrill, no feeling in being kissed by an attractive leading man. Of course, we got a thrill out of it. Don't be silly!

"But passion is so difficult to handle, when you can hear what the characters say. In life no one says anything sensible while making love. If you did it on the screen as it is really done—think how it would sound! Murmurs and mutters of 'Darling! My own! Beloved!' Just repeating them over and over and—and—well, *you* know how people act under such circumstances. Think how *silly* it would be on the screen!

The Good Bad Lovers

"THERE was one surprising thing about those scenes, though," she added, reminiscently. "That was that the men who were advertised as 'great lovers' were hardly ever as thrilling, really, as some of the others. Often the villain was much more attractive to the leading woman than the hero. And sometimes it was hard to keep from showing it.

"We do not have any 'great lovers'—romantic heroes—now, do we? Who is there to compare with Wallace Reid or Valentino? Even Jack Gilbert is going in for much less of the 'great lover' sort of thing. He is turning more to character stuff. And Ronald Colman is actually making love as if he thought it were a sort of joke. With his tongue in his cheek.

"Shades of all the 'love teams' of the old screen! I call it a shame."

Stilling the Small Boys

ALICE JOYCE, on the other hand, who has also graduated gracefully from silent pictures into articulate ones, feels that the new technique is an improvement.

"It used to be so embarrassing—" she mused. "Although, of course, I never had many of the really 'hot' scenes—not being the type.

"We do it so much more nicely now. It is so much more adult. With dialogue and cleverly handled situations, you can suggest emotions and states of mind with a well-turned phrase and a significant gesture.

"However, I do not give all the credit for the modulation of love scenes to talking pictures. The audiences really put a stop

(*Continued on page 103*)

results are immediate . . . . the easy, delightful way to keep your skin soft, smooth and silky

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face.

Harmless and Refreshing

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

LINIT

is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Now

a marvelously better way

TO REVEAL THE FULL BEAUTY OF YOUR EYES!

EVERY woman who cares for the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes, is adopting this chic method . . .

Smart, sophisticated women, who have tried many eyelash beautifiers—seeking the ideal—come eventually to Winx. For two reasons:

Winx keeps eyelashes soft. It never cakes nor clots—just gives a shade of emphasis to the natural loveliness of your lashes. And the lashes never get hard—the effect is always soft, silky.

Winx gives a wholly natural effect. No artificial "stagey" look—just the deepened expression and irresistible fascination of your own eyes.

Would you like to try Winx? Just send the coupon with 10c, and we shall send you a practical, handy, purse size—more than enough for a month's trial. Specify whether you want black or brown.

WINX

For Lovely Lashes

Send for a month's trial!

A month of beautiful eyes! Send for the "Midget Winx" complete with brush. Just mail the coupon and 10c.

Ross Co., 245 W. 17th St., New York

Please send me a bottle of Liquid Winx—enough for a month's trial. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

☐ Black ☐ Brown

M-1

Adventures Off The Screen

(*Continued from page 42*)

Presently I became aware that a pleasant-faced, sandy-haired little chap had sat down next to me and was gazing at me with that curiosity with which the natives of these small places always regarded us. I nodded to him and, thus encouraged, he edged his chair closer to mine and said, "You're an actor, ain't you?"

I nodded again. "I seen your picture in front of the theater," he went on. "You're the *star* of the piece!"

I admitted that I was and he fished a ticket from an inner pocket. "I'm goin' to the show!" he announced, displaying it proudly.

"That's nice. I hope you'll like it."

"Mmm-hm! Say! Which guy do you play—the mean one or the good one?"

Not Mean or Too Good

I TOLD him that the "guy" I played was not so very bad—nor yet was he too noble. "Wait and see what you think of him," I advised, "and then tell me after the show."

He went on to ask pretty much the usual questions. "I s'pose you know a lot of actors and folks like that. What are they *like?* Do you have a lot of fun travelin' around? It must be great!"

I told him that it was fun, but pointed out some of the disadvantages. "You see, we have no real homes. We stay a week in one place and a half-week in another. Then we make one-night stands, like this one, on the long jumps between. It gets a little tiresome sometimes."

"And you go a lot of places—all over the country. All over the *world*, maybe. . . . You know, stranger, I've never been in any other town but this one," he said. "I'd like mighty well to go to New York—maybe—sometime. Or some place like that. And see things——"

"Perhaps you can," I encouraged him. "It isn't so far from here."

He shook his head. "No," he said, hesitatingly. "I don't reckon I'll ever get to go. No——"

There to Stay

"WHY not?"

"Well—I don't know." He sighed. "Little old home town, you know. It's pretty nice. No. I don't reckon I'll ever go—to—New York—or anywhere——"

He seemed so depressed about it that I asked him if he would like to go over to the theater with me and see what it was like backstage. His eyes lighted and he jumped up with tremendous eagerness. We strolled out—I with my stick, as befitted the star of the troupe, my new acquaintance walking at my side, as proud as if I were the President or somebody. People recognized me and stared at us and the little chap strutted and nudged me lest I should not notice the impression we were creating. He was like a child. And he was charming!

I took him backstage and showed him my dressing-room. I was traveling in great style that year. I even had a dresser! I paid him ten dollars a week to press my clothes and so on, and he received a small salary from the company for playing a valet in the first act of the show. My new friend thought that was fine, indeed!

Killing Time Together

HE walked out on the stage and gazed at the dark, gloomy, empty auditorium. "Just think!" he murmured. "Tonight that'll be all full of people and you'll be up here and I'll be right out there——" He picked out his seat and wondered how he would look to me from the stage.

"Afterward," I suggested, "we'll have something to eat somewhere and you tell me what you think of the show!" He would get a kick out of that.

We went back to the hotel and I spent the afternoon in his room, answering his questions about the life on the stage, about distant cities, about things I had seen and done. He told me a little about himself. His childhood, there in the hills. A little about the remote life he led. Nothing very personal. It sounded inconceivably drab and humdrum to me—although he had a great love for the country.

We had dinner together and parted at the stage door, to meet afterward and have a sandwich and coffee. He was ecstatically enthusiastic, of course, about the play and about every performance in it. I enjoyed his comments a great deal.

It occurred to me, after we had parted for the night, that I had not caught his name—if, indeed, he had told it to me.

Next morning as we were preparing to leave town, people were pouring in to attend the big murder trial—the annual event which was so important in the life of that feudal community. They came on horseback, in rickety "rigs" and on foot. They brought all the children and dogs and they brought beds and food for a two days' stay. The trial would not last longer than that. Strange, shaggy mountaineer folk, they were.

His Last Day

"WELL, Bert has twenty-four hours—or maybe thirty-six—to live," I heard someone say. "Whether he's convicted or acquitted, he'll never leave town alive. And he knows it!"

"Yep," was the laconic answer.

As I turned in my key at the hotel desk, the clerk said, "Say! You sure pick your company, don't you?"

"Why? What do you mean?" I asked.

"That guy you was with all day yesterday—so thick with him and all. Didn't you know who he was? He's the bird who goes on trial to-day for killin' two men at once a year ago!"

My mild-mannered little friend! The kindly little chap who was so thrilled at being allowed to go behind the scenes of the theater! One of the most charming, naïve, simple souls I had ever met. He was the man who had killed two people at once! The man who had come calmly to town, voluntarily, to go on trial for his life—that very day—and who "knew he would not leave town alive!" No wonder he had been so sure he would never take that trip to New York!

I heard afterward that the trial ran true to form. He was acquitted, released—and killed before sundown of the second day by a member of the opposing faction. He spent his last day of freedom with me—and never told me.

Four years have passed down the long hall of Time since Rudolph Valentino became one of the immortals. Four years is a long time, yet in all that while no one has come to take his place. It is likely that no one ever will. Next month, as our own small tribute to his memory, we shall publish a full-page picture of the never-to-be-forgotten star in one of his greatest rôles, *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

Who's Sophisticated Now?

(*Continued from page 99*)

actually distressed when it was mentioned that I might have to go East to make a picture! I should like to go back for a few weeks in the autumn—to see the new plays, and to shop. But my visits would always be brief in New York, if I could have my own way."

She cannot understand the yearning for travel which keeps so many Hollywoodians in an unsettled and unhappy state. She cannot imagine what they hope to find somewhere else which is not right here.

"The most surprising people of all," she said, "are the ones who yearn for Europe. The ones who make brief trips across the ocean and then come back to sneer at this gorgeous place. What do they think they acquire in those flying trips which makes them so superior? What do they gain? And at just what, in particular, are they sneering when they return? I cannot comprehend it."

Test of Sophistication

SHE added slightly to her definition of sophistication.

"It is a state of mind," she remarked. "The art of seeing what is lovely, what is amusing, in the things about you. You have to work at it, rather. You have to learn to weigh and balance and analyze. You have to learn how to look at things and how to deal with situations. You must develop a sense of value. You should look at life impersonally, as a writer views it. But you should also react emotionally—perhaps as an actor reacts!"

But the final gauntlet which she threw down before the sneerers and the critics was this: "Anyone who cannot find anything to like in Hollywood, anyone who does not find it stimulating and interesting, is *not sophisticated!*"

Have They Forgotten How To Kiss?

(*Continued from page 101*)

to the passionate moments. Small boys who cat-called and jeered and made kissing noises in the balcony during those scenes spoiled all the effect for older people. It wasn't the censors with their stop-watches, timing the kisses, who accomplished the change. It was the rude little boys. In their small hands was the power to decide what the rest of the audiences should see.

"You can depict passion much more safely on the stage than you can in the picture theater—because, after all, there is but a small percentage of twelve-year-old boys who attend the legitimate theater."

Pallidly Passionate

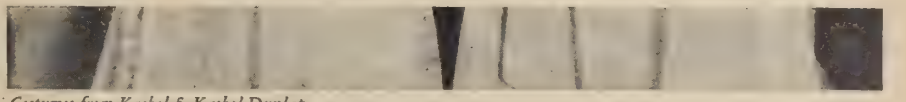
NO—there are no more great lovers on the screen. And the technique of the lovers we have is pretty pallid, in comparison with that of an older school.

The studios have tried hard to convince us that the singing heroes are romantic. John Boles, Tibbett, Rudy Vallee, Alexander Gray. But they are so busy singing—

One of the hottest stills from Vallee's picture showed him standing several feet away from Sally Blane. They were goopling at each other and he was singing. (If you don't know what goopling is, it's no use to try to explain it to you.) But—compare such a scene with almost any of the passionate moments in "Flesh and the Devil."

And Alexander Gray, singing the love duet with Bernice Claire in "No, No, Nanette," didn't even *look* at the lady! He sort of gazed vaguely into space. And we were supposed to get a thrill out of that!

Your poise and charm are safe with this *deodorizing* protection



Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Because Kotex deodorizes . . . is inconspicuous . . . stays light and cool for hours . . . it is really necessary to your summer poise and comfort.

DON'T sacrifice your feminine charm one single day in summer. Kotex protects when daintiness is especially difficult.

All through every Kotex pad a wonderful deodorant is sprinkled. This deodorant is your protection. It is safe and gentle . . . soothing, even . . . yet deodorizes as long as the pad is worn.

Meantime, Kotex gives a degree of comfort that seems almost miraculous. This is largely due to its unique filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

Preferred by hospitals

Cellucotton is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its many advantages. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which absorbs five times as much as an equal weight of finest cotton!

Do you realize what this means? It means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than any cotton pad, and give equal protection. Think of the difference in summer, when bulk and weight are so trying.

Kotex keeps its original delicacy an amazing time. It is made of sheer layers, laid lengthwise. These layers permit free circulation of air, and carry moisture quickly *away from the surface.* This method of absorption is important both to comfort and hygiene.

Round, tapered corners keep Kotex always inconspicuous. And you dispose of it as easily as tissue. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS

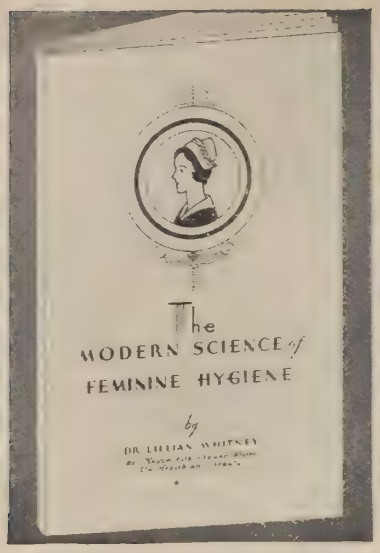
1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. *Kotex is soft* . . . not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



FREE *book of Facts*

Well-known authority tells "why" and "how" of modern feminine hygiene -- how to secure freedom from dangerous carbolic or bichloride -- how to use instead the mild dependable action of German antiseptic discovery -- LUCOROL.

"The Ideal Measure For Feminine Hygiene"

States Dr. Whitney in referring to LUCOROL, because non-irritating, non-injurious, (1) it is applied full strength; (2) action may be continued much longer than with liquid antiseptic solutions. Superior because it is both safe and dependable.

LUCOROL is sold by better dealers or write direct for full size package, sufficient for 25 applications. Price $2.50 everywhere.

Remember -- Dr. Whitney's book is FREE.

Written by a woman for women, this attractive illustrated booklet gives real information frankly and clearly. You may have a copy absolutely free without obligation. Know the facts as a woman and a doctor views them. Just clip and mail the coupon TODAY.

Lucorol
for Feminine Hygiene

PECK & SIERBA, INC.
6 West 24th St., Dept. B,
New York City.

Kindly mail me free copy of Dr. Whitney's booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

most of the remainder of the film is ordinary travel stuff, such as might be found in the cuttings of newsreels and travelogues, there seems to be little doubt that it is the sex sensation of the gorilla-wild woman episode which made the picture's success.

Not only did the public swallow down the strange discrepancies in scenery, the feats of the animals hitherto seen only in circuses, and the gorilla episode as authentic fact; but scores of critics agreed it was "a scientific achievement without parallel." An enthusiastic and credulous newspaper owner in Seattle invited every Boy Scout in the city to see it at his expense, because it was so "educational," and Judge Ben Lindsay and other important civic men wrote encomiums about it, all of which the canny producer of "Ingagi" seized upon with glee. (Didn't Barnum claim that "Jo-Jo, the Dog Face Boy," was indorsed by scientists and men of letters everywhere?)

Discovery Number One

YET "Daniel Swayne" has been identified by Hollywood friends of one Arthur Clayton, well-known actor, as being none other than Clayton himself. "Sir Hubert Winstead" cannot be located by the British Consul in the English "Who's Who" or in the records of the peerage. And Hollywood has suddenly awakened to the possibility that somebody has put something over on it—Hollywood, which thought itself so wise and knowing, and which flocked with the rest of the gullible fans to see "Ingagi."

"I will wager you thirty thousand dollars that 'Ingagi' is not a fake," one director said hotly, when the rumor was first repeated to him.

Yet the picture seems without doubt to be a strange miscellany of stock film which was actually shot in Africa at different times, by different people—some of it as far back as 1914, which might account for the bad condition of much of the film, attributed by the producer to "the terrific heat"—to which has been added sensational episodes produced around Hollywood.

It is one of those miracles which infrequently happen in the movies.

Hollywood Has Resources

O. O. McINTYRE remarked in his column the other day that the American business man is romance-starved and dreams over his desk of trips into far-away places. Capitalizing on this human hunger for the strange, several clever men, temporarily on their uppers and seeking a way to remedy their fortunes, apparently conceived "Ingagi." (Accent on the GAG.)

How was it done? Very simple to anyone who knows the resources of Hollywood, where almost anything can be produced at a moment's notice.

Film libraries and laboratories have thousands of feet of stock film, of travel and animal pictures made all over the world—some of it cuttings from feature-length travel pictures; some, reels of travelogue sold for debt or storage rental. This film may be purchased for a nominal sum.

But the "gorillas" and "native wild women" and "pigmies?" Everyone knows there are no gorillas in America. No, but in Hollywood there are several men who have made a living for years by playing gorillas in the movies, in realistic gorilla suits which cost as much as three thousand dollars apiece and can hardly be told from nature itself. And, as for the wild women—Los Angeles has an extensive black belt, from which men and women of all shades of color often come to play in the pictures.

They Knew Their Animals

TO begin at the beginning.

Visualize several men—one, a former circus man with a flair for showmanship; one, a scenario and short-story writer, who had written several stories about gorillas; and one a director of animal comedies, who knew every tame "wild animal" in the local zoos, and every foot of animal and jungle film in the libraries. Such men are those who guided the destinies of "Ingagi."

The producers themselves have admitted that certain portions of "Ingagi" were made by the Mackensie Expedition and not by the supposed "Sir Hubert Winstead." Lady Mackensie herself may be recognized in several of the groups in the African sequences, it is said.

The producers also admit that it was necessary to make a "small number of connecting shots" in Hollywood to provide smooth continuity for the picture. Further than that, the producers refused to admit anything. They were vague as to the identity and previous fame and exploits of "Sir Hubert Winstead." They would not state that the entire travel part of the film had been gathered from laboratory vaults and cans and in reality included scenes from the four corners of Africa, India and South America. They would not confess that, instead of "a small number of connecting shots" being made in Hollywood, whole sequences were produced there—including the climactic punch showing giant gorillas living in Africa with native women, a thrill worthy of any scenario writer of serials or melodramas.

Actors Who Talked

YET such appears to be the case, from all testimony. An actor, recognized by his friends in the guise of one of the hunters, admitted readily that he had played the part on the jungle set at the Selig Zoo. Several weeks later, he repudiated the statement.

George Camora, hearing that an ape would be needed in the talkie version of "The Unholy Three," appeared at M-G-M with his suit, which, he told executives, he had just worn in "Ingagi;" and on the strength of this got the part in "The Unholy Three." A close study of a still from this M-G-M talkie shows the same markings of teeth, face and hair on the gorilla suit worn by Camora as on the "Gorilla" in the "Ingagi" still.

In addition to the gorilla-wild women episode, flaunted so widely on the billboards and supposedly discovered by this scientific expedition, there are several thrilling encounters with wild beasts, which—it is said now—were actually made in the back yards of local zoos, with trained animals.

He Sees Some Old Friends

A DIRECTOR, who for fifteen years has worked with zoo animals in serials and features for the movies, went to see "Ingagi," and had a happy reunion with his old friends. As they appeared on the screen, he identified them by name. There was "Jackie," identified as the lion which "attacks" a cameraman in the picture—a great animal, as easily handled as a kitten. He is the beast who has been seen in so many newsreels, wrestling with a man in front of a sound camera. Then, according to this director, there is "Duke," one of the best-trained lions in pictures. In "Ingagi," where a lion is seen perched on a pedestal against the full moon, the director recognized the very pedestal he had had made for "Duke" about seven years ago!

Where the lion is shot and falls "dead," the director exclaimed, "I've shot that lion myself a half-dozen times. That's his trick—to be killed!"

But he had his biggest laugh when he recognized the "native gun-bearer" and other "Africans" as film extras he had used repeatedly in jungle serials!

Vaccinated "Wild Women"

THE "wild women," many of them high yallers instead of jungle brown, look wild enough certainly, nearly naked and with shaven heads, but—do jungle belles carry vaccination marks on their arms? And their ears are untouched, instead of having the lobes pulled down to the shoulders, as African women's ears are disfigured from the time they are two years old. As for the "pigmies—strange little creatures that would not be tempted with trinkets and who scampered away at our approach," as "Sir Hubert" tells us in the lecture which accompanies "Ingagi," it seems incredible that even the most credulous spectators should not recognize them as little colored urchins from five to ten years of age, such as may be found in any Darkeytown.

Armadillos, which are found in South America, are seen in this glimpse of "Africa." Likewise are orang-utans, found only in the Dutch East Indies. Likewise are California pepper trees.

For two months, "Ingagi" went unquestioned. Yet the producers apparently did not even attempt to verify their scenes. Where the party of explorers in the picture are pictured traveling from Mombasa to Nairobi, a roaring river is shown beside the railroad—and there is no river within fifty miles of either town and the railroad does not even cross a stream on the journey, according to five travelers who have made the trip in the past year.

Despite the overwhelming evidence against the authenticity of "Ingagi" as a single scientific expedition, which actually came across and observed all the sensational events depicted, the producers are sticking to their story. Hollywood's Breakfast Club, one of the largest organizations of its type, is, at this writing, scheduled to listen while the actor who plays "Daniel Swayne" in the film broadcasts his "experiences in Africa while making 'Ingagi.'"

And the Congo Films announce that they will make other "scientific thrillers."

Barnum must have been right.

Self - supporting: Johnny Weismuller, Olympic swimming champion, leans on his friend, Charlie Farrell, who leans right back

You'll enjoy

the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads!

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots* up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Eleanor Boardman

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. M-8

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name _____

City _____

Addres _____

"I'd no more carry a lipstick than a hair brush"

Says MYRNA LOY

"I don't have to carry a lipstick with me," explains the charming actress whose lovely lips fascinate countless film fans. "Before going on the lot or out for the evening, I simply make up my lips with Kissproof. That's my assurance that they will look their best—and keep looking their best—all day or evening long."

See the Kissproof lips of Miss Loy in "The Great Divide," and remember that she is but one of the 5,000,000 women who have found that they can leave their lipsticks at home—free themselves from constant "making up"—if they use Kissproof.

Follow their example and you'll find that this lasting waterproof lipstick will do more than stay on—it will flatter your lips tremendously, making them glow with natural beauty.

Kissproof is available at toilet counters everywhere. *Black and Gold Case, 50c; Swivel Case, 75c.*

Kissproof

Have Shapely Limbs. . $6.75
or Slender Ankles. . . . $5.00
per pair

RELIEVE swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER's famous medicated (flesh colored) gum rubber hose. Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world.

Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order—(no cash)—or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York
Near 36th St., Suite 605

PHOTOS ENLARGED
Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.
98c
SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.
Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing Offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 West Lake Street Dept. K-680, Chicago, Ill.

Makin' Talkie

(Continued from page 39)

matically, "than an adagio dancer or a—" A worried expression appeared on his face. He leaned across the table toward Alexander Gray. "Say," he asked, "what do you sing?" "Baritone," answered Alexander, slightly astonished. "Ah, then, that's all right," said the proud papa, with a sigh of relief, and finished his sentence, "—or a tenor."

• • •

CHARACTER actor: The oldest member of the picture profession is one hundred and three years old, and lives on a pension from the Actors' Fund in a Glendale sanitarium. "But I don't see why they think they've got to support me," he quavered. "Why don't they give me a part in a picture? That's what I want to know!"

• • •

AFTER-EFFECT: *And now it's Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez who have come to the parting of the ways, and after Ricardo stood by so gallantly all through Alma's long illness. There is this difference between married couples outside and in the movies: Ordinary married couples stick together through thick and thin. Movie couples seem to stick through the "thin" times, but when prosperity is piled on "thick," they fall apart.*

• • •

DIET news: The latest rumor current along the Boulevard is that Paul Whiteman may open a sidewalk café in Hollywood late this summer, and entertain his guests with his own orchestra. No matter how many restaurants are started, they seem to keep full. The renovated Montmarte is crowded, the Embassy is popular, Brown Derby patrons stand in line for seats, the new High Hatters has a big clientele, and the Town House looks like a reunion of Algonquinites.

• • •

THE suspense is terrible: It seems that it takes eight months for the sleeping-sickness germ to declare itself in those who have been exposed to this African menace, and that when it does, it manifests itself in swollen neck glands. "So," sighs Olive Carey, wife of Harry, who accompanied her husband on the "Trader Horn" trek to Africa, "we can't be sure for another four months whether it's sleeping sickness we have, or merely a pain in the neck some supervisor has given us."

• • •

THE nameless one: And now another Rogers enters the Paramount ranks—"Bh" Rogers, brother of Buddy, boasting the same infectious smile. The name "Bh," he explains, is just a "temporary title," although it is the only name he has had for twenty-one years. When he was born, his parents could not decide on a name good enough for him, and so chose two initials, until they could find just the right cognomen. Up to date, they have not found it, but perhaps in the movies—where so many have acquired new names—"Bh" will at last get his final title.

• • •

THE time for pity: *"It's pitiful," declared a Hollywood visitor, "how these poor movie people have to be stared at! Yesterday there was quite a crowd gathered at the Embassy and they were watching two actresses waiting for their cars. I can't tell you how much I pitied those two girls." "When they really need your pity," said the cynical Hollywood citizen, "is when there* isn't *a crowd to stare.*

FAMILY parties: Anita Page has been out only twice with boys alone in the evening since she came to Hollywood—once with Bill Haines, once with Ramon Novarro. An invitation for a date with Anita automatically dates up Papa and Mama Pomares and Moreno, the small brother. An evening call on Anita at her home is a call on the whole family. The funny part of this is that it's true!

• • •

ROUGH romance: I'll be kind. I'll give the movie star who has become famous for his boyish and wistful charm a break by not mentioning his name. But the little incident I oversaw on location at the beach not long ago makes me wonder whether the tales of his happy second marriage are true or not. This star sent for a ball of popcorn and ate it while his wife looked on. When he had had as much as he wanted, he passed her the crumbling fragments in the oiled paper wrapper. She twisted the oiled paper, and with flashing eyes slapped the star across his famous face. They went on down the boardwalk, walking a half-block apart.

• • •

A SIZABLE tale: *Paul Whiteman deserves a place in the "Believe It Or Not" columns. On returning from a trip to Agua Caliente, he confessed that from Friday night to Monday morning he had consumed one hundred quarts of beer, not glasses, not pints even—but quarts! A newcomer to Agua Caliente Monday morning demanded Pilsener at the bar. "Sorry, sir," said the bartender, "but Mr. Whiteman has drunk it all." Do you believe it—or not?*

• • •

THEY should bother: The chorus of "Whoopee" was chosen, and the girls lined up for a final inspection by Ziegfeld himself. Glancing up and down the lines, he indicated several girls. "Take those out," he directed. Tear-blinded, the girls moved away. They had been so sure of the job, and of fame and fortune! The assistant director looked after them. "Say," he said to the script girl, "he wasn't pointing at that blonde. He meant the girl beside her." "Why 'n't you go after her and tell her?" asked the script girl, shifting her gum. "Aw, well, what's the difference?" yawned the assistant director. "Ziggie'll never know. I should bother!" And so the little blonde went home to cry her pretty eyes out over her lost chance. What's the difference? It's only one extra more or less!

• • •

EMBARRASSING moment: It was at a downtown theater. The crowds swarmed around the gorgeous town-car, waiting for Buddy Rogers to come out and drive away. Buddy appeared, with the nonchalance befitting a movie star. He climbed into the glittering automobile, waved a debonair farewell to the crowd, and sank back into the deep cushions. The chauffeur touched the starter. Touched it again. Leaned forward and fiddled frantically with everything on the dashboard. The crowd gawped. Buddy's superb nonchalance wavered. Panting and crimson, the chauffeur finally had to give up the struggle, and Buddy clambered out of the magnificent car and departed hurriedly in a humble taxi.

• • •

HIS silence broken: One day back in 1924 Rudolph Valentino, for his own amusement, spoke some words of Spanish into a small voice-recording device. The record has just been discovered. There are to be one million copies made of it.

Going Beverly Hills

(*Continued from page 53*)

garded as more or less unclean, and with a grand gesture everything connected with the old, rather sordid Hollywood life is discarded. All the decorations in the new home have to be specially "created," and carried out in a certain definite style. The fact that the style is often a mixture of everything from Louis Quatorze to Publix generally passes unnoticed by the owners, who rely implicitly on the impeccable taste of anybody who wears suede shoes—an article of clothing seldom omitted by the higher-class interior decorators.

One leading man who made the Big Move not long ago had a fifteen-hundred-dollar oriental rug on the floor of his old home. A friend came to call just as the family was moving. "Haven't you forgotten your beautiful rug?" asked the friend. "Oh, that!" said the actor's spouse. "We wouldn't know what to do with it." And they just left it lying there.

In Town, But Not In

THE big laugh in this Going Beverly Hills matter is provided by the less prosperous, but Old-World-Respectability-intent people who encamp on the edges of Beverly and try to pretend they are really part of the scenery. Beverly Hills, as the postman knows it, stretches over a considerable area, but only one small section of it means anything, so far as the *creme de la creme* of Respectability is concerned. Below Santa Monica Boulevard there are miles of houses technically in Beverly, stretching nearly to Culver City. Many of these are occupied by small fry among producers, players and writers, who make the fact that their postal address is "Beverly Hills" an excuse for going haughty. As a matter of fact, most of these do not pay any more rent than they would in Hollywood—and in many cases, less.

One independent producer and his wife recently built a small bungalow just over the Beverly side of the Culver City boundary line, nestling pleasantly among oil-derricks and other rural manifestations. Once installed here, the wife, whose occupation used to be that of a stenographer, and who had lived with her husband for years in small Hollywood bungalow courts, proceeded to go Beverly Hills in a big way. For months before moving in, she talked of nothing but all the "imported" objects of art with which her home was to be titivated, and heaved plaintive sighs at all the worry attached to building a home.

The Pay-Off

FOUR of the few friends she had left by the time she had moved in called one evening to see her. Through the windows, whose shades were not pulled down, the house looked strangely bare, and the lady and her husband could be seen occupying two lonesome-looking chairs. On ringing the bell, however, a slight scuttling sound came from within, and the lady opened the door to greet her friends with: "Sorry I can't ask you in—my husband is in a story conference." Completely dumbfounded, the callers walked off. A few minutes later one of them called up to ask the lady what it was all about. He reminded her that on the scores of occasions when she had visited his house she had always been made welcome, however inconvenient it might have been. And here is the lady's answer: "Anything we have had at your house we have paid for. You need not call again." With these charming words, Beverly Hills rang off.

Such things really do happen in "Beverly Hills." After all, you just can't ask a lot of rough persons into a Respectable Country Gent.'s home. It's so dashed *infra dig.*, you know.

disfiguring hair growths permanently destroyed—(not merely removed)

The undergrowth must also be removed in order to prevent a bristly regrowth

Applied as easily as cold cream, *ZIP* gets at the cause .... the roots .... and *permanently destroys* hair growths. So simple; so rapid; and so pleasant to use since special provision has been made in its preparation so as to avoid any semblance of pain or discomfort. Ideal for face, arms, legs, body and underarms.

Harmless—Painless

ZIP is not to be confused with depilatories which merely burn off the surface hair temporarily, by chemical action. *ZIP* attacks the undergrowth and roots ... and in this way destroys the growth. It is also entirely different from ordinary "wax" treatments made to imitate the genuine Epilator *ZIP*. After years of research this safe and *painless* product was created. *Remember, there is no other Epilator.*

ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin; no prickly stubble later on; no dark shadow under the skin.

A Permanent Method

It is a harmless, fragrant compound containing no sulphides. Moreover, there are no disagreeable fumes, no discoloring of porcelain and tile. *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. You will be delighted and you risk nothing, for *ZIP* is sold on a money-back guarantee basis.

Simply ask for ZIP at your favorite Drug Store or Toilet Goods counter

Madame Berthé Specialist

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Entrance on 46th Street

Treatment, or Demonstration without charge in New York only at my Salon

ZIP

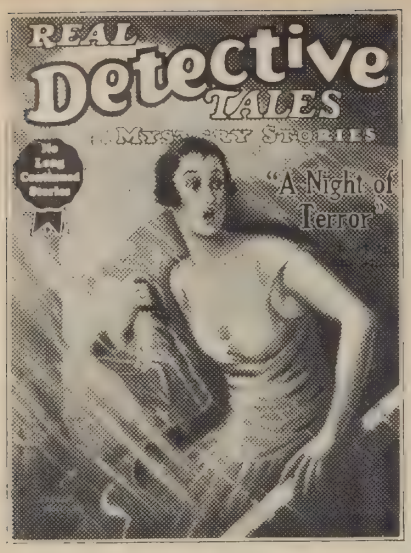
Madame Berthé, Specialist 812
562 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

By mail, in plain envelope, tell me about *ZIP* and how to be entirely free of hair. Also send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" without charge.

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Overcome Annoying Perspiration with AB-SCENT *Harmless, Colorless Deodorant*, 50c



LOOK FOR THIS COVER

Thrills!
Mystery!
Excitement!

•

"A NIGHT OF TERROR"

M. M. MUSSELMAN'S
Latest Detective Novel
The Scalp-pricking story of what happened to a group of motorists when they spent the night in a lonely tourists' camp.

•

"THE DEADLINE"

A Smashing Mystery Novelette
By FERRIN FRASER

•

"THE MOVIETONE AT Police Headquarters"

How Talking Pictures are Used to Make Prisoners Confess
By JAMES W. BOOTH

•

"WHO KILLED ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN?"

The Inside Story of New York's Famous Murder Mystery
By H. MILLS

And a dozen other thrilling stories and startling fact articles in the August issue of America's fastest-growing detective magazine.

Real Detective Tales

Now on Sale at All News Stands

Some Silents Were Golden

(*Continued from page 74*)

"Rio Rita" and "The Gold Diggers" have lived long and useful stage lives. "Bulldog Drummond" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" will never again race as three-year-old's.

"In Old Arizona" is traceable to a short story, if you're good at mystic mazes. "Hallelujah," "Broadway Melody" and "The Cock-Eyed World," of all the ten, are the only originals created primarily for the screen. The story in any of them was of practically no importance. The direction was foremost in "Hallelujah." In "Broadway Melody" it was the music. And "The Cock-Eyed World" gave our puritanical and hypocritical land insinuating ribaldry at which to leer and nudge its neighbor—or its neighbor's wife.

Yet this was a great year in the movies. The screen had found its tongue, and had added color to its charms. It had improved—oh, so much. Everyone said so. But . . .

In Days Not Beyond Recall

WAY, 'way back in the scoffed-at dark ages of 1922, the critics again voted their choices as the year's best films. Let's see how they compare with the 1929 selections. Here they are: "Orphans of the Storm," "Grandma's Boy," "Blood and Sand," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Nanook of the North," "Smilin' Through," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood" and "Oliver Twist."

Will they be remembered longer, do you think? The best the Gish sisters ever made; Harold Lloyd's record-breaker; a Valentino masterpiece; Norma Talmadge's memorable picture; the Barthelmess triumph—and the rest. Yet the movies are improving. The doctors will tell you so.

The films of medieval 1923 included "The Covered Wagon," "Merry-Go-Round," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Scaramouche," "Safety Last." In 1924 came "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Sea Hawk," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Beau Brummel," "The Marriage Circle," "The Ten Commandments." A year later, "The Gold Rush" thrilled us, as did "The Merry Widow," "The Last Laugh," "The Big Parade," "The Freshman." While in 1926 "Variety," "Ben Hur," "The Black Pirate," "Beau Geste," "Stella Dallas," "What Price Glory?" made the year memorable in the movies.

Where are there spectacles to compare with some of these? Where the laughter? Where the tears? Where the inspirational beauty? Are pictures dying of improvement?

Let's skip along to the last year of the silent drama. "The Patriot" leads the list. There could be no doubt of that. No quibbling, no uncertainty, no difference of opinion. Of less than three hundred critics participating in the poll, two hundred and ten voted "aye" to "The Patriot." In addition the year 1928 offered "Sunrise," "The King of Kings," "The Circus," "Sadie Thompson."

It is significant that until this year no talking picture has been included in the best-ten picture line-up. Therefore, it must be concluded that until 1929 no sound film merited that distinction. In the present list there is no silent film. They're all sound.

Will Pictures Move Again?

BUT there may be other reasons. It may be that the producers are remiss in developing writers to work exclusively in and for the new medium. It may be that directors are too much hedged in by the stick-tappers, the microphones, the supervisors, the sales managers. It may be that whatever art there ever was in the making of screen dramas is being stifled in the choking feathers sloughed off by the golden goose of the talkies.

The name motion pictures once conveyed something. Pictures that moved, they were. Not entirely physically. They moved their audiences spiritually. But now there is music, and color, and photographed left-overs from the theater. Chaplin says that the talkies have set back film technique a matter of ten years.

But let's be optimistic. Let's believe that the producers have too much sense to burden the screen with—let's say—opera, which is quite definitely washed up. Let's believe that, in the great upset following "The Jazz Singer," perspective has been temporarily lost, and the screen has been groping blindly in its endeavor to improve its robes with a new embroidery which it scarcely knows how to apply.

Trying it on the dog: A doggy preview was held the other day in Hollywood with "The Dogville Murder Mystery," a picture with all canine actors. In the front row can be found Charles Bickford, Karl Dane, Anita Page and Carmel Myers and their dogs

Talkie Voices While You Wait

(*Continued from page 31*)

song-writer. Charlie Farrell, who had been taking lessons for years, didn't do half so well as Janet in the picture. It begins to look like a case for *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson*. What's at the bottom of it all?

Farrell, incidentally, is another for the village-choir alumni list. It was in Boston that he joined his boyish treble with his fellow-choristers in church.

Clara Bow, Alice White, Lois Moran—they and their like all started to take singing lessons for the first time with the outbreak of talkies. To-day they are prima-donna-ing all over the place. Is it a gift, or a disease? All they have to do is think back to village-choir days and they can turn on a voice which would launch, or possibly sink, a thousand ships. And nobody in musical history ever did feats like that before.

Two lone souls who went in for arduous studies of the old-fashioned sort in Europe are John Boles and Walter Pidgeon. The latter, while a broker in Boston, went every year on "vacation" to Italy, and spent the whole time studying voice. When his firm went flooey, he was all set to go as a warbler. He wired to Elsie Janis for a job and got one. The voice which he acquired at such great pains has stood him in good stead since the talkies, but not signally better than the home-grown while-you-wait voices of competitors in the hero field.

The only person I can find in Hollywood who did not immediately answer to treatment, and produce almost overnight a voice hailed by press-agents as stupendous, is Sue Carol. There must be something wrong with Sue these days; for when I asked her about her voice she said she was no singer and didn't pretend to be. That, after prima-donna-ing as she has in several talkies! Sue was coached by Archie Gottler (another of those song-writers), but for some strange reason she did not promptly acquire a mezzo-soprano of Metropolitan calibre. She just got through her songs on her personality and then went around telling everybody she couldn't sing.

Here's the explanation of the whole matter, which I got from Annette Yde Lake, one of Hollywood's busiest voice teachers, who is responsible for equipping Alice White and many other young things for the singies.

"Going to Europe is out of date because most of the European teachers have come to America. You can get a European voice training without leaving home.

"One reason why the picture actors can do with less training than concert and opera singers used to have is that for the most part the songs they have to sing are simpler. Also, where the voices leave off, the microphones start; a lot can be done to improve a voice by good recording.

"The thing that takes time for most people to learn is vocal quality. That's the only thing the mikes can't fake. A good teacher can give that to you, with enough time, just as well in America as in Europe. There are no great technical difficulties in the songs of an average talkie, so for talkie purposes you don't have to go to Europe for ten years to acquire a voice."

Erno Rapée, who is Warner Brothers' new musical director, and has years of European experience as a conductor behind him, is scornful of the idea that training in village choirs and such-like can fit a singer properly for the Metropolitan opera, as it now seems to do in many cases.

"Bah!" says Mr. Rapée. "Do you not know how people get into the Metropolitan? It has nothing to do with voice. If you know Mrs. So-and-so, and she will introduce you to Mr. So-and-so over the teacups, you will get in the Metropolitan."

Jo-cur offers $1000.00 For Beautiful Hair!

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it **soft, silky and easy to finger-wave.** It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset — sets natural - looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10 cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

FIRST PRIZE
$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women
SECOND PRIZE $100.00

2 Prizes $50.00 each	10 Prizes $10.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each	70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are! And the beauty of your hair may mean real money to you in the Jo-cur Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not? Your chance is as good as anyone's. Read the simple rules that follow—then enter the contest.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial.

Hazel Kozlay, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

Alice White, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions.

Charles B. Ross, famous painter of lovely women.

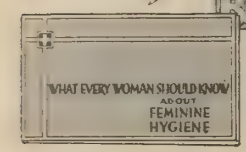
If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street New York, N.Y.

Physicians prescribe it

approved by women who know. This free book tells why



Every woman should read this book. Full facts about feminine hygiene in simple words. Tells why Tyree's makes a more effective antiseptic solution.

TYREE'S Antiseptic Powder is different from any other preparation used in the routine of feminine hygiene. Its unique formula has been approved by physicians for many years.

Tyree's is a quick-acting and thorough feminine antiseptic. Non-poisonous, non-irritating. It is both healing and soothing. Frequent use cannot cause irritation.

You will like Tyree's. It is easy and economical to use. No druggish odor. Will not stain or harm fabrics or colors. Your druggist has Tyree's Antiseptic Powder. The blue tissue-wrapped box comes in three sizes with directions for use.

Tyree's

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

Also an effective deodorant and safe-to-use antiseptic for cuts, insect bites and skin irritations.

DOROTHY N. RIKER, *Service Dept. M-8*
J. S. Tyree Chemist, Inc., Washington, D. C.

☐ I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me a large size sample package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and your free booklet, or:

☐ Please send free booklet "What Every Woman Should Know About Feminine Hygiene."

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

SAFE LIQUID ENDS CORNS

Deaden pain instantly

ONE drop of this amazing liquid and soon any corn or callus shrivels up and loosens. Peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. Don't risk dangerous paring. Removes the whole corn. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic, to stop pain while it works. Doctors approve it.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

There Are Other Kinds of Love

(*Continued from page 82*)

what, is the only thing that matters."

No Park Benches for Her

BERYL MERCER was born in Spain. She loves the hot countries, yet makes you think of London. Her father was in the diplomatic service of Spain and her mother, Beryl Montague, who was English, was a concert singer.

Beryl Mercer lived a great part of her life in London. She was eight years at the Drury Lane Theater there, and two years in "Two Little Vagabonds," produced at the Princess Theater. She did Barrie's "Little Minister" and was with Lena Ashwell. And finally, with the Shuberts in New York. She always used to play boys' parts. For Beryl Mercer to have been born in Spain, to claim reality, to have played boys' parts, smacks of whimsies that even Barrie couldn't imagine.

She did "The Shulamite" in New York and first dipped into pictures with a special comedy bit in Maurice Tourneur's "The Christian." She has been with the Theatre Guild and never has she known hard times or walking the pavements, or casting offices, or theatrical boarding-houses, or any of the hinterlands bordering on the now histrionic Park Bench.

All Work, and No Play

SHE came to Hollywood this time at the behest of Joseph M. Schenck. They exchanged about four words. There was no contract. She was told, "Mr. Schenck's word is his bond." She found that to be so. She thought to make the one picture, "Three Live Ghosts," and have a bit of holiday. She made the one picture, but she did not have the bit of a holiday. Not even the teensiest, weensiest bit. The rotund, little Babbiesque lady has been kept trotting from one lot to the other just as fast as she could cover the distances. Her latest work has been in "Common Clay" for Fox.

It is significant, this glory of a rotund little lady with a fragrant soft face and graying hair . . .

It means that Hollywood has discovered that there are other kinds of love, other kinds of appeal. Loves the Clara Bows and Greta Garbos wot not of. Appeal that Madame Glyn had never dreamed of. Less spectacular loves, perhaps, than demonstrated by the blazing Bow and the enigmatic Garbo. But loves that penetrate the heart as April rains penetrate the earth, causing things to grow . . .

Other Kinds of Love

BERYL MERCER smiles her quiet, very knowing smile and says, "Oh, yes, there are other kinds of love . . . so many. They are not the dramatic loves, perhaps. They are the loves of self-sacrifice. And *real* self-sacrifice is never dramatic. It has no audience. It has no 'box-office.' It is lived alone in the heart.

"There is the long, long love of mother for child, Mother-love. The deepest love of all.

"There is the love of sister for sister. I have seen it so often. The younger sister, sometimes the elder one, sacrificing everything for the other one. Standing in the background. Going without. Giving up, so that the other may have all the first fruits—even giving up a lover to the other's first demand.

"There is the love of daughter for mother. How often I have seen that, too. Daughters who never marry, who never develop their own abilities, their own lives, who give up everything, youth, opportunity, love—to care for the demanding parent.

"There is the love of brother for brother, capable of some of the greatest sacrifices ever made.

"There is the love of friend for friend, rarest of all, perhaps, but stoic and eternal once it is given.

"There is the love of sister for brother. So many mousey, uncomplaining little women, aging, tired, living in households not their own, smoothing things over so that the beloved brother may have peace and comfort.

"Sex love is, so often, the most momentary of all loves. It flames the highest, no doubt. It *shows* more. It is the temperamental love. It is almost always selfish. It is jealous. It is intolerant. It demands everything and gives only when the mood is there.

Experience Unnecessary

"I DO not believe that a woman needs to have had children in order to portray mother love on the stage or screen. It is not really necessary to have experienced any definite kind of love in order to act it. Some of the greatest loves of the whole world take place only in the spirit.

"Too often mother love, for instance, is blinded by physical demands. Feedings. Clothes. Schools. The worry about the small bodies. These are the immediate things that tug at every mother's skirts and attentions. Such a one hasn't much time to contemplate the needs of the spirit.

"Barrie knows such love. Childless himself, a good deal of a recluse, he writes of children with an immortal pen. They are the children of his observations and of his dreaming spirit. And he can give to them what flesh and blood parents seldom can—*souls*."

Beryl Mercer has an apartment in Hollywood and a house at the beach. She says there is one living-room there, and "the rest of it is nursery." She borrows a puppy for week-ends and begs her friends to come to call and bring their babies. She has her house and her heart filled with her small daughter's friends. She has a canary and no hobbies. She likes to tour about the country in her car, discovering things. She reads biographies and historical novels and plays the piano. She didn't have any consuming ambition as a child. She was just a child. She loves to play parts with both comedy and pathos, because life is like that . . .

She doesn't understand what people mean by "going Hollywood." She doesn't know anything about Hollywood. The world, to her, is pretty much the same, from pole to pole. There are high places from which one can see the stars, there are books and firesides and the sea and puppies and canaries and little children. There is the multifold experience of living—and it is good.

As there are other kinds of love, so are there other kinds of marriages. Marriages seldom described, except superficially. Hollywood marriages. Starting something again, MOTION PICTURE this month begins a series of intimate interviews describing Marriages in the Movies—*from the inside.*

Eat and Stay Thin

(*Continued from page 35*)

have to choose between your appetite and your figure once and for all.

Not a Meal to Miss

"NOW we come to *lunch:* Don't skip lunch. I've no patience with people who starve themselves. It isn't necessary. You can begin with a nice glass of tomato juice. Put in tobasco or worcestershire sauce to make it tasty, if you like, and have it very cold or very hot. Another time, begin lunch with half a grapefruit. Eat the pulp as well as the juice.

"Then you may have a big vegetable salad. Shredded lettuce, fine string-beans, small peas, sliced tomato, celery, green onions are all good vegetables. Mix them with a dressing of mineral or vegetable oil and lemon juice.

"Another good salad is pineapple and cottage cheese. Still another is made of carrots and raisins, or shredded apple and chopped cabbage, with a dash of onion.

Mineral Salts, De Luxe

"FOR *dinner*, I always advise my clients to start off with vegetable bouillon. You can make a delicious one by simmering lettuce, celery and turnips together, and straining them. Meat cooked with vegetables makes an acid condition which I don't like. But the mineral salts from a number of vegetables cooked together are marvelous for anybody, dieters or not. In hot weather, thicken the bouillon with gelatine and serve it iced.

"The meat course may include broiled steak, lamb chops, fish, liver or roast lamb, chicken or beef—but nothing fried, and no pork. Cut away the fat from the meat before cooking, and use the pure juices for gravy, without thickening. Eat plenty of vegetables—such as summer squash, asparagus, string-beans, lima beans, small peas or small carrots and boiled beets; but no corn or rice. Spinach and beet greens are good for you. Funny, how people hate food that's good for them! Brussels sprouts, broccoli, turnips and cabbage sometimes cause gas. Boil the vegetables with very little water, and season with lemon juice or a little butter, instead of creaming them.

Eat Only the Skins

"INCLUDE baked potatoes on the menu frequently, but eat the skins and not the inside. All the worth while part of the potato is next to the skin.

"For dessert: a baked apple, stewed or fresh fruits, or gelatine, or occasionally a water ice or custard. Gelatine is an exceptionally good food for dieters. It contains bone-making material and has almost no caloric content. Don't swamp it in sugar and cream, though. Drink your coffee black and after, not with, the meal. No cake or pastry, and no ice cream. Maybe you can celebrate Christmas or Fourth of July with a dish of ice cream—but it should be as rare as that on the menu.

"If you want milk, drink it skimmed or as buttermilk. Don't eat too many eggs.

"Don't eat between meals if you can help it. If you can't help it, eat an apple and keep both the doctor and Sylvia away.

"Don't cheat. If you say you've kept to my 'Sensible schedule of eating' and the scales show you've gained even a pound, *I* know that somebody is lying—and it isn't the weighing-machine!"

And, above all, don't cheat yourself of the pleasure of learning the safe and sane Hollywood way of getting thin and staying thin, revealed — for the first time anywhere — in

MOTION PICTURE

REMOVES .. HAIR

as if by Magic

Imagine the joy of having Satin-Smooth Skin—free from the Blemish of Hair.

It is so easy when you use the delicately perfumed, liquid De Miracle. *You Can Actually Wash Away Unwanted Hair!*

Just sponge the unsightly growth with De Miracle and rinse with clear warm water. You can *see* the hairs dissolve.

IT SOUNDS LIKE MAGIC! YET THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS.

No razors, no pastes, no waxes, no powders to mix. The hair is washed away, quickly, safely—and not only that but De Miracle retards the reappearance of hair, and positively will not coarsen the growth.

It is so important to have hair-free skin under sheer-silk stockings, when you wear evening dress, or bathing suit. Every fastidious woman must use De Miracle—and it is the "only" liquid depilatory you can buy!

Sold everywhere: 60¢, $1.00 and $2.00. If you have any difficulty obtaining it, order from us, enclosing $1.00. De Miracle, Dept. B-3, 138 W. 14th Street, New York City.

De Miracle

WASHES AWAY HAIR

STORY IDEAS For Talking Pictures and Magazines wanted for development, revenge, copyright and submission to studios and publishers. Established 1917. Location and exceptional facilities make our SERVICE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS. Sales dept. on commission basis. FREE BOOKLET gives full particulars.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
425 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

WE PAY CASH

For Old Gold and Silver. Mail us your discarded jewelry, Gold Crowns and Bridges. **Money sent at once.** Goods returned if our offer refused. **STANDARD SMELTING WORKS**
Dept 4, 202 So. State St. Chicago, Ill.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

MYSTIC DREAM BOOK Tells what all sorts of dreams (and interpret dreams for your friends. Tells them when they will marry, and other interesting [illegible]. Tells "fortunes" by cards, tea palmistry, etc. Lists lucky and unlucky days. More [illegible] 200-page book and crystal [illegible] would buy anywhere. Regular $1 value. Send only [illegible] stamps, that's all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FREE LUCKY COIN FROM CHINA [illegible]

MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick Sta., New York, Dept. MP-8

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick, *Director*

Year Opens September 18, 1930

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Courses Leading to Degrees and Diplomas in Major Subjects; Normal Dept., Soloist Courses.

Major Subjects: Pianoforte, Organ, Voice, Violin, Violoncello, Viola, Contrabass, Harp, Wind and Percussion Instruments.

Theoretical Subjects. Solfeggio, Harmony, Harmonic Analysis, Theory, Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue, Composition and Instrumentation.

Departments: of Public School Music; Languages; Dramatics; Ensemble Playing. Operatic Training; Free Lecture Courses.

Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus. Participation for advanced instrumental and vocal pupils in symphonic and operatic concerts.

Radio Broadcasting. Practical experience from licensed station in our building.

Recently enlarged, the Conservatory contains: Three Concert Halls; One Hundred Instruction Rooms; Fifteen Pipe Organs.

Dormitories for women students. Catalogue on request.

Pupils Received for a Single Subject as well as for Full Courses

Address: **RALPH L. FLANDERS,** *General Manager,* **Huntington Avenue, Boston**

« « X-BAZIN IS DELICATELY PERFUMED

X-BAZIN

THE SAFE « « SURE « PLEASANT HAIR REMOVER

That unnecessary hair which is so embarrassing to women, can be removed safely and at once by X-Bazin. This dainty cream . . . so pleasantly fragrant . . . pats on like a cold cream and rinses off with water just like soap. With it goes the hair, leaving a skin that is white, satin-smooth and lovely. *X-Bazin definitely retards future growth.*

Try X-Bazin . . . cream or powder . . . 50c at all drug and department stores.

Trial size 10c at five and ten cent stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN
CREAM DEPILATORY

"Keeps Blonde Hair from darkening"

—says Jean Harlow

"WHEN people ask me how I keep my hair so bright and silky I tell them 'Blondex'," says Jean Harlow, lovely star of "Hell's Angels". "It not only prevents darkening, but brings back true golden color to faded light hair. You know what that means to a movie star—those Kleig lights just seem to burn out all the color."

Blondex leaves hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights. Over a million blondes have found it fine for scalp. Try Blondex today. At all leading drug and department stores.

The only *Really* Waterproof Mascara — *The* ONLY *one!*

KATHERINE MacDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC

Longworth

They love to rehearse, and *vice versa:* Director Mervyn Le Roy gets Jack Whiting and Bernice Claire into the swing of "Top Speed," against a romantic background

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

ANOTHER RUDY FAN—And still they come. Well! the more the merrier. Harry Richman was born in Newark, N. J., Oct. 10, 1895. He is five feet ten, weighs about 165 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Real name is Henry Reichman, Jr. Rudy Vallee can be reached at the Paramount Theatre in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mary Brian was born Feb. 18, 1908. Vivienne Segal is appearing in "Viennese Nights."

MOVIE LOVER—But aren't we all? Fay Wray has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married to John Monk Saunders. Helen Twelvetrees's next picture is "Beyond Victory." Yakima Canutt, Buffalo Bill, Jr. and Wally Wales are appearing in westerns at the Big Four Film Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

MARTY—Rosita Duncan was born in Los Angeles, Cal. Her professional career began in 1916, when she entered vaudeville in a "sister act," with her sister Vivian. The Duncan Sisters organized their team, and opened on the Orpheum "Split Week" in Fresno, Cal., where they proved an immediate success. They are not emoting in any new picture at this time.

PEGGY—How's the swimming pool these days? Do I envy you, well I guess. Zelma O'Neal was born in Rock Falls, Ill., she is five feet, two and three-quarter inches, weighs 116 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes, married to Anthony Bushell. She is appearing in "Follow Thru." Receives her fan mail at the Paramount Studios.

KAY—Your favorite Regis Toomey is playing in "Good Intentions," Fox Studios. Florence Eldridge was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1904, she is five feet, four and a half inches weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and brown eyes. Her real name is Florence Eldridge MacKechnie. She is married to Fredric March.

"SKEETS" FAN—Richard "Skeets" Gallagher was born in Terre Haute, Indiana. He is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. Some of his pictures are: The Racket, Close Harmony, Fast Company, Dance of Life, Pointed Heels, Honey, Let's Go Native, The Social Lion and Paramount on Parade.

LARRY GREY FAN—Larry was born in San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1898. He is not married, hobbies, riding, music and literature. Playing in "Children of Pleasure." Sophie Tucker started her career at the age of sixteen as a singing waitress in her Father's Jewish restaurant in Hartford, Conn. Buddy Rogers's brother has been signed by Paramount, the new player's name is Bh Rogers, which he calls a "temporary title," as his father and mother selected the initials until a satisfactory cognomen could be decided upon.

THE SEVEN GALS—Glad to hear from you all again so soon. Robert Montgomery we have just learned is married to Elizabeth Allen and has been for two years. I'll bet you're sorry to hear that, eh! what? Raymond Hackett was born in New York City, July 15, 1902. Has brown hair and eyes. Married to Myra Hampton, they have a son Raymond, Jr. Raymond's latest pictures are "Numbered Men," "Let Us Be Gay," "On Your Back" and "Our Blushing Brides."

INA CLAIRE FAN—Ina was born in Washington, D. C. Educated at schools of that city and at Holy Cross Academy. She made her first stage appearance in 1907 impersonating Harry Lauder, then in Orpheum and Keith and Proctor Circuits. Later in "The Quaker Girl," and "The Honeymoon Express." Her next experience was in England in "The Girl From Utah" and "The Belle of Bond Street." She returned to America and appeared in "Lady of Luxury." Was a member of the Follies of 1915 and 1916. The only picture she has appeared in up to date is "The Awful Truth." No new picture has been announced for her at this writing.

JACK HITT—Aileen Pringle was born in San Francisco, Cal. Corinne Griffith was born Nov. 24th. Jacqueline Logan, Nov. 30th. Rod La Rocque also on the 30th. The ten best pictures for 1926 were; Variety, Ben Hur, The Black Pirate, Beau Geste, The Big Parade, Stella Dallas, The Volga Boatman, What Price Glory, The Sea Beast and La Boheme. Lola Lane and Quinn Williams had the leads in "The Big Fight." Jack Buchanan has signed a new contract with Paramount, his first picture will be "Monte Carlo," Jeanette MacDonald also appears in this production.

(*Continued on page 117*)

Not The Type

(*Continued from page 48*)

Follies girls, for instance, don't you think?" she began dutifully, because the sooner she got this over, the quicker she could get home to the folks with all the details about the contract. "They don't realize that there are hundreds of show-girls who ride in subways, and try to save out of their salaries, and live with their families and *don't* get invited to millionaires' parties. In comparison there are only a few of the other kind, with an apartment on Park Avenue and a limousine at the door.

"The very words 'Follies girl' seem to bring up something sophisticated and smart to the Hollywood mind. Even if you are only there for a season, you are tagged forever after.

Things Just Happened

"IN my case I wasn't born in the Follies or anywhere near i . My home was in Texas and my family was not theatrical. I have an aunt in vaudeville, but with that exception the rest of them never saw backstage. I was not brought up with the idea of a career. It just happened to me.

"I was on a visit to my aunt in New York when she suggested that I try the work and see if I liked it. She encouraged me so much about my voice, but it was more as an experiment than anything else that I happened to get into the Follies. Even then I wasn't exactly serious. There isn't much opportunity for a show-girl to sing in a revue. It was in the back of my brain all the time that I might pack up my things and go home to my family.

"Instead, I had an offer to go to London with Marilyn Miller's rôle in 'Rosalie.' This was more like the opportunity I had been looking for. So I sent for my mother to join me. All the time I was on the stage I lived with some member of my family. Usually," she laughed, "all of them."

Not Meeting Expectations

NATURALLY, when Claudia moved to Hollywood, the family troupe, including Grandmamma, came with her. You don't need to meet the folks to know that Claudia is the apple of their eye.

"At first," continued the apple herself, "no one paid much attention to me. I wasn't particularly *chic* or Follies-girlish and I would wear tennis dresses and socks instead of afternoon gowns. I think some of the people here felt I was putting on an act. A rather ga-ga one. I certainly was not living up to what they expected a Follies girl to be.

"The night I was introduced to Mr. Zanuck at the Cocoanut Grove, I looked so little like a Follies girl that he asked me if I had ever done any professional work! But I didn't mind a bit when he followed it up with an invitation to make a test at his studio the next day. As for the rest—I've just been unbelievably lucky."

Well, you can call it luck if you wish. But when a girl sings like Jeanette MacDonald, looks like Claudia Dell, comes from the Follies and still has the courage of her convictions to lead her own life, you've got to give her a little credit all her own.

Each day the talkies are bringing new personalities to the screen.

Which are the most promising of the newcomers? And why are you going to hear more and more of them, the longer they stay in Hollywood?

And where can you *first* acquire this information, and *in detail?*

In

MOTION PICTURE

The Oldest—The Newest—The Best

FOOD FOR THE FAT

TWO GRAINS OF GLAND FOOD DAILY THEN THE FOODS YOU LOVE

FAT people, of course, should not over-eat. They rarely do. But starvation is a very risky way to reduce.

Modern science finds that a common cause of excess fat lies in an under-active gland. That gland largely controls nutrition. People grow fat when its secretions are scanty, despite all exercise and diet.

So physicians everywhere, in treating obesity, now feed a certain gland food. They combat the cause. The results are amazing, and they come in the right way.

A famous medical laboratory embodies that method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. All can see the results on every hand. Excess fat is far less common than twenty years ago.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. The formula is stated in every box. All the good results are explained. So users know why the flesh reduction brings such extra health and vigor.

No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply take four tablets daily until you reach the weight desired. Then you will know that the cause is corrected. An abnormal condition has been changed.

Try Marmola. It has served so many for so long that you owe this to yourself. Watch the new youth and beauty as it comes, the new health and vigor. Then tell your friends. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Your **NOSE** *Beautified*

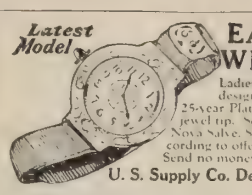
NO OPERATION··NO PAIN

··30 DAY HOME TRIAL··

Dr. Josephs Nose Correctors produce amazing improvements by painlessly moulding the flesh and cartilage. Can be worn night or day in complete comfort. Quick and lasting results. Write for **FREE BOOKLET.**

DR. JOSEPHS, Inc.

Dept. H-30, Irvington, N. J.



Latest Model

EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

Ladies' wrist watch of latest jewelled design and guaranteed movement, 25-year Platinoid tone engraved case with jewel top. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalogue sent with Salve. Send no money, just name and address today.

U. S. Supply Co. Dept. PS36 Greenville, Pa.

The MADISON

Illinois Avenue overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean

"A Hotel Distinctively Different"

JUST COMPLETED

in

ATLANTIC CITY

Fireproof Showers & Baths Throughout

Unexcelled Colonial Hospitality

Now Ready for YOU

From $4.00 daily, European Plan

From $7.00 daily, American Plan

Fetter & Hollinger, Inc.

Eugene C. Fetter, *Managing Director*

Behold— Your New Skin!

A NEW Skin—clear, youthful, radiant, lies just beneath the surface of your old *Outer* skin. *Remove* your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, large pores, signs of coarseness and age—simply, safely, quickly—with an amazing NEW liquid. No bother, no fuss. Presto off comes your old, faded, worn out, blemished, [illegible] skin. Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.

Uncover Hidden Beauty

"The Modern Way to NEW Skin" tells all about this [illegible] method. Everything simply explained. Send for your copy TODAY. No cost, no obligation. Mailed in plain envelope. Just send name and address TODAY. **Colee, Dept. K-08, 853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

Write for *FREE BOOK*

Freckles Vanish!

Tells How to Rid Your Complexion of These Ugly, Rusty-Brown Spots

If you freckle easily, yet find these blemishes hard to remove, read what thousands of women do to fade out every last freckle and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. They use Othine — and no longer dread the summer sun and winds.

You, too, will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these ugly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine-double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE B-828 FLATIRON BLDG. N. Y. C.

CARE OF YOUR PETS

in health and disease. Write for FREE booklet by Dr. Erich Breitung, Dog and Cat Specialist. (Formerly with the Royal Veterinary College of Berlin, Germany.) 8973 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

By MARION MARTONE

Ames, Robert—recently completed *Not Damaged*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Amos 'n' Andy—playing in *Check and Double-check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—recently completed *The Forder Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *Old English*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *The Record Run*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *The Record Run*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—recently completed *Common Clay*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—playing in *Moby Dick*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *This Modern World*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Billy the Kid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—recently completed *Common Clay*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Moby Dick*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—recently completed *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blackmer, Sidney—recently completed *The Bad Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blane, Sally—playing in *Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *The Love Cavalier*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *Love Among the Millionaires*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, William—playing in *Beyond Victory*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed *The Social Lion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *New Morals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—recently completed *Top Speed*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *Billy the Kid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Byron, Walter—recently completed *Not Damaged*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—recently completed *She's My Weakness*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chaney, Lon—recently completed *The Unholy Three*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Lady of Scandal*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—latest release *The Big Pond*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Bernice—recently completed *Top Speed*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *What a Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—recently completed *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Inside the Lines*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Courtney, Inez—recently completed *Not Damaged*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Reaching For The Moon*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Rosalie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Square Dice*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Doran, Mary—playing in *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *She Wears the Pants*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dove, Billie—recently completed *The Devil's Playground*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Love Among the Millionaires*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Devil With Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Queen of Main Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *For the Defence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

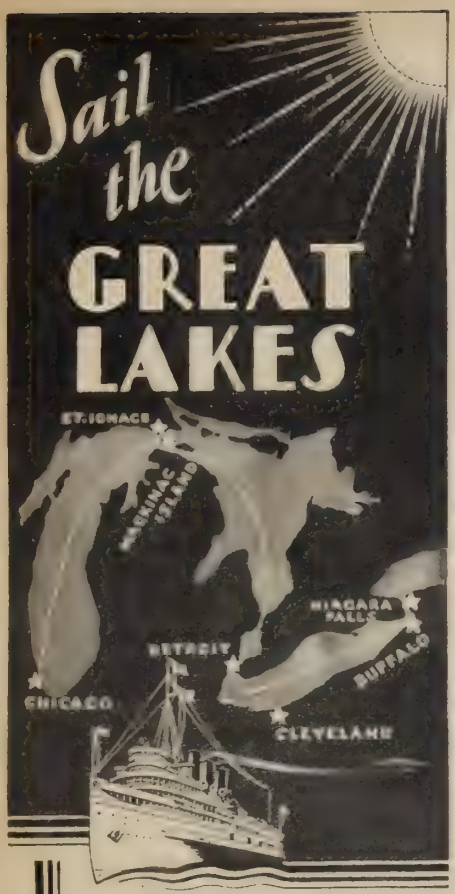
* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Love Among the Millionaires*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—recently completed *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—latest release *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Way for a Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gray, Alexander—recently completed *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studios 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hackett, Raymond—playing in *On Your Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Haines, William—playing in *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Widow from Chicago*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Beyond Victory*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Grumpy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—recently completed *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—recently completed *The Bad Man*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—recently completed *The Big House*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 116*)



● You'll find a land of perfect vacations around America's inland seas. Pleasure facilities abound for every taste.

Attractive cities of smart avenues and splendid shops vie with the lure of dense balsam forests and "fishin' holes" of fighting pickerel. You can swing your mashie over any number of splendid courses . . . go boating . . . or riding . . . or swimming! There's Niagara Falls to see . . . and restful Mackinac Island.

Everyone has a wonderful time in the land of the blue Great Lakes. ■ ■

You'll travel, of course, on the D & C lines. A fleet of the largest steamers on inland waters to serve you. Staterooms and lounge rooms assure comfort; splendid cuisine; deck sports; social hostesses; dancing; afternoon teas . . . all to make your every minute pleasant.

DAILY SERVICE	1 WAY	R. T.
Detroit-Buffalo	$5	$10
Detroit-Cleveland	$3	$ 5.50

3 SAILINGS WEEKLY
Beginning June 26
Fares include meals and berth

Detroit-Chicago	$31	$52.50
Detroit-Mackinac Is.	$15	$26.50
Chicago-Mackinac Is.	$16	$27.50

Tickets, reservations at any authorized tourist agency

Liberal stop-over privileges. Autos carried. Send for illustrated book, "Vacation Days."

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION COMPANY

E. H. McCRACKEN, P.T.M., 14 Wayne St. Detroit : Michigan

Vamping Is Harmless

(Continued from page 77)

her now. The gentleman politely inquired whether she was an actress.

This sent chills of ecstasy up and down the spine of Natalie, who had that passion for the stage inevitable in her type.

She replied, with poise, that she wasn't, but that any offers would be considered favorably.

A brief interview with Anne Nichols followed, and she suddenly found herself a bridesmaid in the cast of "Abie's Irish Rose."

Anna Catherine, informed by telephone of the new career, was true to her French traditions.

"I will send your trunks," she replied, "and I never want to see you again."

So Natalie was in New York, learning how to sustain life on twenty-five dollars a week. She used the family's charge accounts to augment her wardrobe. And she discovered that a girl with a sophisticated face can always look across a bountiful meal to a young man on the other side of the table. Meanwhile her sister loyally wrote to her and sent her money, and after a few months she got tired of it all and went back home.

A Truant From School

THE next winter, she managed to entice Anna Catherine to New York while she embarked on a career at dramatic school.

"But even there I hated to study. And I thought the whole process was ridiculous. Besides, they all came out of the school so blessed English that you couldn't understand a word they said. So I left there, and got a job in Charlie Brian's stock company in New Jersey, where I played for two seasons. You know, they'll take any young girl who can supply her own wardrobe and will accept a very small salary.

"It was just the experience I needed. I was very shy on the stage, and it took me years to get confidence and work out of that shyness."

Soon after that, George M. Cohan got a glimpse of the Moorhead features, and he gave her the lead in "The Baby Cyclone" without even a second glance. She traveled to Hollywood with that play, and at that moment the movies were ripe for a blonde vampire with sophisticated contours.

Now Natalie is almost threatening the supremacy of Lilyan Tashman. She's the only other woman in Hollywood who likes to play mean parts.

Vamping Is Harmless

"I DON'T think vamping hurts you at all, and at least it's something you can get your teeth into. My face doesn't permit me to play an ingénue part, so I have to choose between vamps and society parts, which give you nothing to do but stand around and wear clothes. I love the clothes, but I loathe standing around."

The trouble with Natalie is that she leaves you quite weaponless. There's nothing the matter with her. She's intelligent, literate, extremely agreeable. She hates conceited people. She's amused, detached, and discreet. All her sins are secret ones.

Since coming to Hollywood she has completed the cycle of events that one would expect of a girl who had her start in life. She has been married, to an idle scion of a fine old family—according to the best traditions. She has been divorced in Reno. She has been pursued by polo players; sought after by directors; taken, in faultless diamonds, to opening nights and the best cafés. All according to the pattern that her face cut out for her.

Peel Off The Ugly "THINGS"

Have a New Clear Skin in 3 Days!

Remove Those Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles and Blemishes This New Way!

Read Free Offer Below

LOOK in your mirror in just a few days after you do as instructed, and behold the clear, new, youth-like skin and beauty complexion, instead of seeing those awful "things" in your skin called pimples, blackheads, large pores, freckles, signs of ageing and other ugly blemishes that hide the true beauty you possess, but do not know it.

A new discovery now actually peels them off, and they're gone positively, **not covered up as with paint and powder.** It's the most amazing, yet simple, way of removing skin blemishes and making yourself more beautiful and youthful-looking you ever read of. And it's all explained in a new treatise "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of this magazine ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address, and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may also wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. W-32, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

HOW TO OBTAIN
A Better Looking Nose!
Improve your personal appearance

My new Model 25 Nose Shaper is designed to improve the shape of the nose by remoulding the cartilage and fleshy parts, safely, and painlessly. This is accomplished thru the very fine and precise adjustments which only my patented Model 25 possesses. Results are lasting. Can be worn at night, or during the day. Money refunded if not satisfied after thirty days' trial. Write for free booklet to

M. TRILETY
Dept. 190 Binghamton, N. Y.

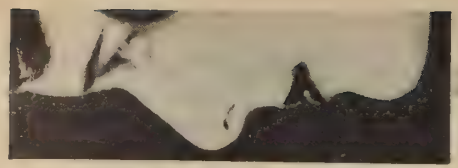
TURN YOUR SPARE OR FULL TIME INTO MONEY

With our **Christmas Box Assortments** which contain 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged borders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope. SELLS FOR $1.00—COSTS YOU 50c. **WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.**
If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and FREE SAMPLES
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 34, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE
on treatment for
reduction of Corpulency
will be mailed without
charge upon request to
Dept. "K"
Garfield Tea Company
313—41st Street Brooklyn, New York

Fat Learn how to control fat by rehabilitation of the digestive organs. No starving. No injury. Write for free information on why obesity is a weakness and not a disease. Dr E L Holt, 512 Haas Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

U.S. GOV'T. JOBS
Pay $35 to $70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free.
Write Instruction Bureau, 294A St. Louis, Mo.



My Face is 10 Years Younger

Free From Blemishes, Discolorations, Wrinkles

THIS grateful woman describes what has happened to thousands of women. Clasmic Pack, perfected after 13 years' research in the laboratories of Boncilla, is used and endorsed by Andrelys of Paris, Emile of London and the foremost beauty experts of Europe. Smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After 30 minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, lines and crows' feet removed, radiant color in the cheeks, the skin velvety soft, smooth and refined. The quickest way known to end enlarged pores, blackheads, discolorations and other blemishes. The scientific way to meet ageing of the skin of face and neck, that dermatologists say begins soon after 20. Ask for Boncilla Clasmic Pack at any good drug or department store. The cost per treatment is but a few cents. Your money refunded if you are not delighted.

FILL OUT YOUR FIGURE IN 30 DAYS

Say good-bye to the straight-line figure! Fashion demands the full, rounded curves of the feminine form. Fill out the contours my new easy way. Just follow simple instructions for 30 days and I GUARANTEE results.

SPECIAL OFFER
Write TODAY Send name and address and only 50 cents (coin or stamps) and I will send my complete Course in Figure Development. Mailed in plain wrapper. Limited Time offer. Write NOW.

Nancy Lee Institute of Physical Culture
Dept. K-8
853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PERFUME with PERSONALITY

Sometimes it is the faint, pleasing odor of a delicate perfume that attracts—especially if that perfume adds charm to the user.

Love Charm Perfume

is in a class all by itself. It is a new creation from the secret formula of a celebrated French Perfumer. You may try it and convince yourself of its merit by simply sending 10 cents to cover the cost of postage and packing of a *generous sample*. Send today. **Love Charm Co.**, 1814 Franklin St., Louis, Mo., Dept. 109-H

I WILL DRAW YOUR PORTRAIT!

In crayon, carbon pencil, pen and ink etching or beautiful French Conte. Crayon or etching in red, blue, green or purple. Not a tinted enlargement, but actual drawing, size 11x14, by famous Russian artist. Carbon pencil, or pen and ink $2.48. Etching, colored crayon or French Conte $3.98. Specify color desired. Send no money, just send snap-shot or photo. Pay postman on delivery.

OBRAZOFF STUDIO, 210 E. Erie, Chicago

JUST WIPE OFF Superfluous Hair

Banish unsightly hair *instantly*. Negroes—no more. NO ODOR. Just apply dainty Mystic Stone. No acids—no burning chemicals. Just clean, harmless Mystic Stone. Will not smart or injure delicate skin.

Try This New Way
SPECIAL OFFER NOW

Mystic Stone is the easier, quicker, surer way to rid yourself of unsightly hair growths. Send only $5.00 for large size Mystic Stone Combination, and many features. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write NOW. **COLEE Dept. K-8, 853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 114*)

Johnson, Kay—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Jolson, Al—playing in *Big Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Like Kelly Can*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—playing in *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Keaton, Buster—playing in *Forward March*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Lake, Arthur—recently completed *Cheer Up and Smile*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
La Rocque, Rod—recently completed *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lebedeff, Ivan—recently completed *Midnight Mystery*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—playing in *Queen of Main Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Leonard, Barbara—playing in *Monsieur Le Fox*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lewis, Mary—playing in *The Siren Song*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lillie, Beatrice—playing in *Are You There*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *The Love Cavalier*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—playing in *Conspiracy*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Men On Call*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Last of the Duanes*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *Queen of Main Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Broken Dishes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Monte Carlo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Maris, Mona—playing in *Sez You, Sez Me*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Sez You, Sez Me*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *The Sea Bat*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miller, Marilyn—playing in *Sunny*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Like Kelly Can*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moore, Owen—playing in *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Lois—playing in *The Red Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—recently completed *The Road To Paradise*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—playing in *The Red Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *Scarlet Pages*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—playing in *Outside the Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nugent, Elliott—recently completed *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *The Sap From Syracuse*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Last of the Duanes*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—playing in *Forever Yours*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—recently completed *Mlle. Modiste*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *For the Defence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rennie, James—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *On Your Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rogers, Ginger—playing in *The Sap From Syracuse*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rollins, David—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roth, Lillian—playing in *Animal Crackers*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rubin, Benny—playing in *Like Kelly Can*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Ruggles, Charles—recently completed *Queen High*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott Fred—playing in *Beyond Victory*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sebastian, Dorothy—recently completed *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—recently completed *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Let Us Be Gay*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sherman, Lowell—recently completed *Midnight Mystery*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—playing in *Love Among the Millionaires*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Starke, Pauline—recently completed *What Men Want*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—recently completed *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—playing in *What a Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tearle, Conway—playing in *The Truth About You*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *New Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Torres, Raquel—playing in *Never the Twain Shall Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Trevor, Hugh—playing in *Conspiracy*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Her Man*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *The Storm*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Wild Company*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—recently completed *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *The Widow From Chicago*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—latest release *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Withers, Grant—playing in *Broken Dishes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—recently completed *Dixiana*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—recently completed *The Border Legion*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Broken Dishes*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—playing in *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Fortnightly Sailings
Less than $10 per day

APPEALING particularly to those who have time for a leisurely trip—with rewards beyond measure. Ideal climate and friendly breezes all the way ever-changing sights, amazing scenes.

Days of pure delight on balmy seas and in between ten never-to-be-forgotten visits in Colombia, So. Am., 2½ days crammed full of interest at Panama Canal; then Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico. Opportunity to visit via automobile and train through tropical jungles, the centuries-old capitals of Guatemala and El Salvador. Colorful! Historic! Romantic!

Steamers modern and comfortable, built specially for tropical service. All outside cabins with Simmons beds. Outdoor swimming pool. Orchestra. Wonderful meals.

PANAMA MAIL S. S. Co.
10 Hanover Square, N. Y. C.
Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Life's Secrets!

Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections. 1—Science of Eugenics, 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Childbirth, 5—Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseases and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9—Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

Send No Money

Write for your copy today. Don't send a cent. Pay postman only $1.98, plus postage, on arrival. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
FRANKLIN PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. 6624, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves.* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-828 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

BUNIONS GO QUICKLY

I end bunions forever with my new PEDODYNE SOLVENT process. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so quickly you'll soon be able to wear new, trimmer shoes with ease and comfort. It is amazing!

Make This Test and Prove It!

Just write and say "I want to try PEDODYNE" and prove the quick, sure, amazing results. There are no obligations.
Address KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. 323-H
180 NORTH WACKER DRIVE • • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 112)

JANNIE B.—Richard Barthelmess after enjoying a cruise in the Pacific in his yacht, the *Pegasus*, On his return to the studio he will commence preparing for a picture that will take him to Mexico City for its scenes. It will be an all-Technicolor production entitled "Adios," First National Studios. Bob Steele is playing right along, why not write him at Syndicate Pictures, Hollywood, Calif. I'm sure he'd be glad to hear from you.

CURLY—Clara Bow has lost quite a few pounds, her weight is now 108 pounds. I would suggest you read the article "Taking the Die out of Diet," which appeared in our July 1930 Motion Picture Magazine. Clara's latest picture is "Love Among the Millionaires," Paramount. Madge Bellamy is not active in pictures at this writing. Barry Norton's first film was "What Price Glory," which was released in 1926.

JOHN BOLES FAN—Anthony Bushell, the talented and handsome young English leading man, has attracted a great deal of attention on the New York stage since coming to this country in 1927 to play opposite the late Jeanne Eagels in "Her Cardboard Lover." He made his Vitaphone debut in an important rôle in "Disraeli." Mr. Bushell has appeared in many English plays. He was born in Westerham, Kent, England, about twenty-five years ago. Completed his education at Oxford University. He is married to Zelma O'Neal. "La Marseillaise" was released as "Captain of the Guard."

IRWIN—Jean Arthur was born in New York City, about nineteen years ago. She was educated in the public schools of New York, later attending Fort Washington High School. For a time after leaving school she did commercial posing. Fox film gave her a screen test which proved satisfactory and in 1923 Miss Arthur left New York and went to Hollywood under contract with Fox. For one year she was featured in two-reel comedies, when her contract expired she chose to free-lance, playing in westerns for Pathe, F. B. O., Universal and Fox. Then came the lead in "The Poor Nut," starring Jack Mulhall. She is five three, has brown hair and blue eyes.

JOE—Well! Joe, My sleeves are rolled up, fan on, collar off, lets go. Lupe Velez new picture is "East is West," Universal Studios. The song she sang in "Hell Harbor" was Caribbean Love Song. Send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of fan clubs. Mary Lawlor, Stanley Smith, Bessie Love, Gus Shy, Cliff Edwards and Delmer Daves have the leads in "Good News."

A CHILDREN'S FAN—Philippe de Lacy's latest picture is "One Romantic Night," starring Lillian Gish. Anita Louise in "What A Man." The little boy was not given credit on the cast of "The Road To Romance." No doubt, you will be glad to hear that Jackie Coogan is returning to the screen in "Tom Sawyer," which is in production at the Paramount Studios.

ALLENTOWN QUESTIONNAIRES— Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah., Jan. 6, 1913. Real name is Gretchen. Chester Morris is five feet nine. William Bakewell, two inches taller. Dorothy Mackaill is appearing in "Bright Lights." She has blonde hair and hazel eyes. My idea of the leisure class is the people who have enough time to read all the Sunday papers every Sunday.

J. H. S.—Some of the stars take care of their own fan mail, others have secretaries. Kay Johnson hails from Mount Vernon, N. Y., about twenty-six years old, five feet four, weighs 120 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to John Cromwell, director and actor. Latest flicker is "Madame Satan," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. You sure can write me again, any time at all.

R. A. Z.—Well! you see this did not go into the waste-paper basket, as you thought. Billie Dove and Clive Brook played in "The Yellow Lily." Billie is five feet six, weighs about 119 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture "The Devil's Playground," First National Studios. Pauline Starke's latest picture released is "What Men Want."

WALTER MILLER FAN—Walter was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1892. Educated at Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y. Married to Eileen Schofield, dancer; hobbies are golf, swimming and books. Played in stock and vaudeville before entering pictures. Has been appearing on the screen since the old Biograph days. Some of his most recent pictures were "Hawk of the Hills," "The Black Book," "On the Border" and "Rough Waters," the latter were not serials. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and eyes.

YOU CAN, BE BEAUTIFUL!

I do *two* things. I correct every defect. I develop *hidden beauty*. My startling results with more than 100,000 women prove that *any one* can be given beauty. No matter how hopeless, *write me*. My way of making women over *completely* is amazingly *different*. Thousands write me that results are almost beyond belief. Yet every Lucille Young beauty aid is scientific—known to me for *all alike*. That is why I can *guarantee* your absolute satisfaction. Not a penny to pay unless I give results *you* say are *marvelous*.

BE RID OF
Pimples, Freckles
Blackheads, Whiteheads
Coarse Pores
Wrinkles
Muddy Skin
Sallowness
Thinness
Fat

IMPROVE
Eyelashes
Eyebrows
Hair
Figure

AMAZINGLY QUICK

No long waiting. In a *few days* clear your skin. Lose pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. *Banish wrinkles*. Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify *completely*.

FREE TRIAL

You can try *all* of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—*absolutely without risking a penny*. I *want* you to make me *prove* that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart *beauty instead*. . . or take *some* prettiness and impart *stunning good looks*. I will send you *everything* to try my beauty aids *full two weeks*. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the *sole judge*. If not delighted, you just say so—and *your word is final*.

And I Teach You Fascination

Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of *fascination*. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a *lifetime*. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman *with her free trial* of my beauty aids. Remember, you have *everything* to gain—absolutely *nothing* to lose. So TODAY—

Send Coupon For Free Trial Offer

LUCILLE YOUNG, 518 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Absolutely without obligation on my part, send your wonderful FREE OFFER and Booklet. This coupon only tells you I am interested. It does not commit me in *any way*.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 Springfield, Mass.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES CASH OR CREDIT

10 MONTHS TO PAY

How to Order

Send first payment—state article desired—name of employer—kind of work you do—how long in position—age—married—where live—how long there. EVERYTHING IS CONFIDENTIAL. Send first payment, OR goods sent for your FREE Examination on request.

No. 930—Blue white Diamond, solid 18-K white gold ring with square top. $25. $1.00 a week.

No. 953—Blue white Diamond in center of square top; 3 smaller blue white Diamonds on each side, solid 18-K white gold ring. $150. $3.75 a week.

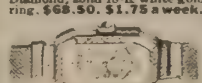
No. 953 No. 930

No. 936—Man's Ring—Blue white Diamond in solid 18-K white gold mounting. $37.50. $1.00 a week.

No. 27 No. 936

No. 27—Dazzling blue white Diamond, solid 18-K white gold ring. $68.50. $1.75 a week.

No. 911—"Lone Eagle"—Man's Bulova strap watch, 15 Jewels, mesh band. $37.50. $3.75 Down; $3.75 a Month



No. 950—Smart-looking wrist watch, 15 Jewels, solid 14-K white gold, with kreisler mesh bracelet. $22.50. $2.25 Down; $2.25 a Month

CREDIT TERMS: One-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly or monthly at your convenience. Order now.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Over 2,000 illustrations. Catalog explains everything.

Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Estd. 1858
The Old Reliable Original Credit Jewelers
Dept. C 1108
108 N. State St., Chicago
Stores in Leading Cities

Get This Album FREE!

This Large Black Seal-Leatherette Album—100 pages, loose-leaf, size 8½ by 10½ inches, weight two pounds, is specially made to hold the 5½ by 8-inch pictures that so many of our readers are collecting.

All you have to do is send us a one year subscription to Motion Picture Magazine—at our rate of $2.00 for twelve big issues—and we send you this Big Album Free! Subscribe to-day for some friend, or extend your present subscription. Money back if you are not delighted.

Please use this order blank

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. SM-P-M
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the big Album—FREE!

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Start with ..... issue.

Extend my present subscription ☐

Canada, add $1.00 Foreign, add $2.00

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY)

With smiles for their umbrella: Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., try to remain white people

MIFFLES AND CHIP—Prohibition isn't the only thing that ought to be repealed. How about the potatoes some of the restaurants are serving? Jack Oakie is in town at this writing. He has started work on his new production "The Sap from Syracuse" at the Paramount Studios in New York. David Rollins' latest is "The Big Trail." Arthur Lake "She's My Weakness," Sue Carol plays opposite. Maurice Chevalier is about thirty-one, that is his real moniker.

LLEWELLYN—Glad you dropped in again. Ivan Lebedeff, formerly a member of the Russian diplomatic corps in the caviar and champagne days before the war, has been in Hollywood about two and a half years. Received his stage training from the great Russian dramatic actor, Vladimir N. Davidoff. Has appeared in such pictures as "The Lucky Death," "Burned Fingers," "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Loves of Sunya," "The Angel of Broadway," "The Forbidden Woman, "Street Girl," "The One Woman Idea," "They Had to See Paris," etc.

TIN-PAN ALLEY'S COUSIN—David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1908. Has brown hair and eyes. Not married. Can be reached at the Fox Studios. I believe his parents are both living. The eighteen moving picture houses on Broadway seat about 37,595 people. And still they come.

G. M. L.—Have you heard our Radio Broadcast yet? William Collier, Jr., was born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1902. He is the son of William Collier, Sr., and appeared on the stage with him between the ages of four and thirteen. The first screen rôle in which he appeared was the part of an office boy in "The Bugle Call" at the Thomas H. Ince studio. His first Paramount picture was "Soul of Youth." He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 145 pounds. Latest picture is "Six Cylinder Love."

LOTTA QUESTIONS—Pile 'em in, who cares, I'll answer them. That is John Boles's real name so far as we know. He has made the following records for the Victor Recording Co.: It Happened in Monterey, Song of the Dawn, For You, One Girl, West Wind, You, You Alone and After A Million Dreams. John is married to Marcelita Dobbs. Neil Hamilton to Elsa Whitner. Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Mackay Smith. Nicolai Koesberg played the rôle of Lafayette in "Janice Meredith," starring Marion Davies.

ROSE—Charles Farrell's latest pic- ture is "Devil With Women." Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers have the leads in "Trigger Tricks." Imagine all the letters of "All Quiet on the Western Front," trying to be squeezed into electric light bulbs—on the marquees—it will no doubt give a lotta exhibs serious sinus trouble. George Arliss and Betty Lawford are playing in "Old English." Al Jolson in "Big Boy," Warner Brothers Studios.

(Continued on page 120)

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 13*)

1—**Lina Basquette did not agree that Harry** Warner should adopt her baby (whose father was the late Sam Warner). She did agree that the child should live with them and Mr. Warner, in turn, agreed to settle $300,000 on the baby. Lina gets none of it.

2—**Betty Compson is the undecided lady** who couldn't make up her mind whether it was harder to live with, or without—James Cruze.

3—**The press lost interest—so, like all** good (publicity) things, it came to an end.

4—**One might also say that, "Mary Astor** is but a shadow of her former weight."

5—**After an hour of "Sarah and Son,"** Ruth Chatterton qualifies as the most natural *immigrant* in Hollywood.

6—**Respectively as follows: One** *grown;* two *kindergarten;* and one *cradle.*

7—**It's Lily Damita's idea—and she hasn't** had any American husband!

8—**The honor goes to Dick Barthelmess,** who boasts among his fans: John Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Lew Ayres, William Powell and Conrad Nagel.

9—**Jack Oakie and George Bancroft hid** out just for spite.

10—**September, 1900, is Marilyn Mil**ler's birth certificate and she's going to stick to it.

11—**There's a new talkie artist from the** stage by the name of William Boyd. Try an' keep them apart.

12—**Nancy Carroll and Jeanette Mac**Donald want what they want when they want it.

13—**In the order named: Richard Arlen,** Jack Holt, Buster Keaton and George O'Brien.

14—**Mary Lewis was the lady surprised** by this offer of a French film producer on a recent trip to Paris. (She did not accept.)

15—**It's Anthony Bushell and Zelma** O'Neal who offer the pretty study in contrasts.

16—**Miss Mary Brian may step forward** and take a bow on that.

17—**Ayres (Agnes) seems to have in**tentions toward Louis Milestone—who also has Ayres (Lew) and "All Quiet" to his credit.

18—**No, you're wrong—it's Nils Asther.**

19—**He just wiggles his nose up and** down three times. Very touching little scene from the balcony.

20—**None other than our little friend** Alice White—and blondes are supposed to be DUMB!

HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT for $1

8 splendid novels of tremendous appeal by such headliners as Margaret Culkin Banning, Morris Gilbert, Faith Baldwin, Eric Hatch and others

6 articles on outstanding colleges, Stanford, the University of Hawaii, Oklahoma, Ohio State, Wellesley, Miami—features such as the College Hall of Fame, the field of sports and things of the hour, cleverly written by today's front rankers

20 exceptional short stories of the marvelous moment in which we live—all fresh, up-to-the-minute fiction by Katharine Brush, James Aswell, Ursula Parrott, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and Lois Seyster Montross

240 pages of sparkling comedy from the leading humorists and illustrators in the country—Donald Ogden Stewart, Don Herold, S. J. Perelman, Peter Arno, H. W. Hanemann, Dr. Rockwell, Groucho Marx, and John Held, Jr.—together with the best of the latest humor direct from 110 college campuses profusely illustrated by those inimitable college artists

Over 2,000,000 read COLLEGE HUMOR—The Best Comedy in America—each month.

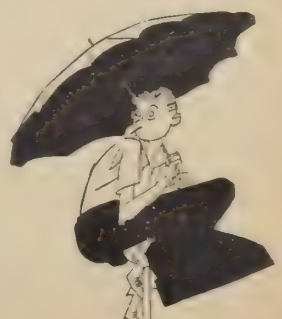
35 cents a copy

$3.00 one year $5.00 two years

Send your check or a dollar bill with the coupon below and get the next six issues mailed right to you.

SPECIAL OFFER LIMITED TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

6 issues of COLLEGE HUMOR, $1.00



College Humor

1050 N. La Salle St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00 for which you are to send me six issues of COLLEGE HUMOR beginning with the ..... issue. I am a new subscriber.

NAME.....

CITY..... STATE.....

The "Idol Rich"

Few wealthy people
Are sincerely loved
By other members of
This sometimes human race.

And most of them
Abide in Hollywood.

Strange, isn't it,
What a difference
Money makes
If it comes
After fame,
And not before?

A strange place,
Hollywood,
All around.

Filled with unusual people,
Leading unusual lives.

Filled with unusual stories,
True and fictional.

The fictional ones
Are to be found
In any movie theater.

But the true unusual ones
Are to be found
In only one place:

When you want the stories
Never told before—
Of love, adventure,
Tragedy, comedy—

Of the inner life
Of the old stars
And the new—

The one place to find them
Is in

MOTION PICTURE
The Oldest—The Newest—The Best

Bruno

Up on his steps: and fancy steps are Arthur Lake's, even at home

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 118*)

MUGGY AND FLOSSY—I don't think you'll go wrong about that bet. I agree with you. Allene Ray was the blonde who appeared in "The Green Archer." She is appearing with Tim McCoy in a new serial "The Indians Are Coming," Universal. The picture you refer to, starring Ruth Roland, was "The White Eagle." Fred Thomson died Dec. 24, 1928. Constance Talmadge is not emoting in any new pictures. Richard Barthelmess and Marian Nixon have the leads in "Adios," First National."

JUST JEAN—Well! Lets hear from you more often. Robert Montgomery receives his fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901. Norma Shearer, Aug. 10, 1904. Sally O'Neil weighs about 105 pounds. Don't recall any star being born on your birthday.

GRACE GUZZO—Margaret Living- ston was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 25, 1901. She is five feet three, weighs about 118 pounds. Ben Lyon, Atlanta, Georgia, Feb. 6, 1901, five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds. Marjorie White has appeared in the following pictures "Sunnyside Up," "Her Golden Calf," "Fox Movietone Follies of 1930" and "Happy Days." Clara Bow's new picture is to be called "Love Among The Millionaires."

LOUISE U.—That wasn't much of a wait was it? Nils Asther and Raquel Torres are appearing in "The Sea Bat." Chester Morris was born in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902, he is five feet nine, weighs 150 pounds, black hair and green eyes. Married to Suzanne Kilborn and has one child. Latest flicker is "The Big House."

S. G.—Ann Harding was born in Texas, no record of the year. Married to Harry Bannister, they have a daughter, Jane, about a year and a half old. Joan Bennett in New York City, Feb. 27, 1911. Her daughter Adrienne is about the same age as Ann's child. Claudette Colbert's next picture is "Manslaughter." Her name is pronounced Co-Bear.

SHIRLEY MASON ADMIRER—You were a little bit late for the July issue. Shirley hasn't done much screen work lately, last I saw of her was in the sister act in "Show of Shows." Lawrence Tibbett was born in Bakersfield, Cal. He is six feet one, weighs 187 pounds, is married, has two children, twin boys. He is a noted baritone opera singer and is best known for his rôles in "Rigoletto," "La Tosca," "La Forze Del Destino," and "La Boheme." He has appeared in opera in the Orient and in Russia. He was the first grand opera star to be starred in a talking picture, which was "The Rogue Song." You will see him again soon in "New Moon," Grace Moore plays opposite.

DALE KERR—Louise Brooks is not active on the screen at this writing. Lillian Roth was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, 1911. In 1916 she began playing child parts in motion pictures at the

(*Continued on page 122*)

Charles Farrell is about to paddle his own canoe on the shores of Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, where he maintains a bachelor home and where he spends a good deal of his spare time when studio work permits

Letters To The Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

Wants Bill Boyd to Stick to His Type—He-Man Stuff

Los Angeles, Cal.—The pictures William Boyd used to make—his railroad pictures and his policeman pictures, were a welcome change from the old style stuff. Also his picture "Power" was a dandy. Then the directors got hold of him and gave him a starry-eyed little wisp of vacant-faced sweetness to kiss and gaze at and wander around over the rocks with and—goodbye Boyd. Trying to take a he-man of his type and make a John Gilbert out of him didn't work. I hope Boyd wakes up and sticks to his type and gets back to the big he-man he used to be.

Bernice E. Smith

Cut out the Preliminaries

Washington, D. C. About the most useless thing appearing on the screen to-day is the array of explanatory items preceding the picture itself. When will the picture people get it into their heads that nobody cares a sardine who turns the crank of the camera, who designs the costumes, who arranges the sequences, who cuts the film, who the fifth assistant producer may be, who directs the music, who made the microphone, who painted the scenery, or who did a thousand and six other things necessary to make a picture. What the people want is the picture that has been advertized. At the very most, the title, the author, and the producer may be noted, followed by the cast of characters, which should be left on long enough for the average person to get them in mind before the play starts. So much preliminary is wholly unnecessary and detracts from the picture. One gets tired of reading it or even waiting, without reading, for it to pass from view.

C. F. Stoddard.

All in the Interest of Progress

South Bend, Ind.—Whether or not the talkies will eliminate our favorites, we don't know. If they do not measure up to the new requirements, we will see them no more. For reasons of sentiment, this is to be regretted. There is nothing to be done about it. Progress always brings with it a certain amount of cruelty. As you have said many times in Motion Picture, in the last analysis, it is the fans who make the final decision. In other words, the producers are bound to give the public what it wants—and the producers' yardstick is the box-office return.

In this month's mail-bag I noticed a letter about Bill Hart. Shades of my childhood! I heard Bill the other night in a newsreel and the old-timer looked as good as ever. He has an impressive voice, with tones as full and deep as an organ's notes.

C. W. Copeland

A Hint to the Stars Regarding Divorces

Halifax, N. S., Can.—There is something which lowers a movie player in the eyes of the fans, and that is divorce. We may be inclined to excuse one divorce. Everyone may make a mistake once, but persons who fail at marriage continually must have something lacking in their characters.

After all, divorce signifies the breaking of a sacred promise. It sometimes seems an easy way out of marriage difficulties, but a person who needs it more than once, does not profit by it. Such a person loses both dignity and respect in the eyes of others. So, movie stars, if you must obtain divorces, you will be wise to keep them from being made public.

Dorothy Grant

NEW—
easy way
to develop
long silken
lashes . .
IF nature has not endowed your eyes with the beauteous setting they deserve, you need no longer despair. Just get a tube of LUR'EYE, apply at night before retiring, and in a month or less you'll be amazed and delighted with the results. For over a year this remarkable medication has been employed by beauty specialists with extraordinary success.
LUR'EYE not only promotes the rapid growth of eyelashes, but is wonderfully efficacious in relieving strained, inflamed and bloodshot eyes as well as granulated lids. Try LUR'EYE at our risk. If after a month's trial you are not fully satisfied, your money cheerfully refunded.

Madame Louise, famous beauty specialist of Chicago and Los Angeles says, "I can very highly recommend LUR'EYE as an unexcelled eyelash developer."

LUR'-EYE

If not at your favorite shop, use coupon to order LUR'EYE direct.

LUR'EYE, Inc., Dept. C-126
307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

I enclose $1.00 for a tube of LUR'EYE (3 months' treatment) which is guaranteed to be entirely satisfactory to me.

Name .....

Address .....

KURLASH doubles eye allure

KURLASH curls your lashes—makes eyes darker, deeper, softer. The secret of fascinating eyes, known to beauties of stage and screen, is now yours. Nothing like it. No heat to use. Not a cosmetic.

Kurlash is easy to use. Just a second's pressure and your lashes are curled, right after the first try. You'll never part with it. At drug and department stores and beauty shops, $1.00.

Shadette—eye shadow, $1.
Tweezette—automatic hair tweezer, $1.
Kurlene—grows lashes, 50c.
Lashtint—waterproof eyelash tint, $1.
Lashpac—eyelash and brow compact, $1.

KURLASH COMPANY » » » » Rochester, N.Y.

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
510 Western and Santa Monica Bldg.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough Pimply Skin?

Then Use **CUTICURA**

And Have a Clear Skin!

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 8B, Malden, Mass.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 11442 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis**

All this jewelry is your for selling only 6 Boxes Mento-Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours.
U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. ES36 Greenville, Pa.

Hendrickson

Two perfect: according to Hollywood connoisseurs, Ray Murray, young newcomer from a San Francisco high school, has the most beautifully formed legs in moviedom

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 120)

film studios of Fort Lee, New Jersey. Later appeared in a little part in the play "The Inner Man," then being only six years old. Later appeared in "Shavings," "Artists and Models," and after that went out in a single in Keith vaudeville, later in Texas Guinan's "Padlocks," "Delmar's Revels," Earl Carroll's "Vanities of 1928." Florenz Ziegfeld featured her in his show atop the New Amsterdam Roof where Maurice Chevalier appeared. Latest flicker "Animal Crackers," starring the Marx Brothers.

JANE R.—Nancy Carroll did not appear in "Fascinating Youth," starring Buddy Rogers. Ivy Harris, Mona Palmas, Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunn, Thelda Kenvin and Jeanne Morgan were the girls in this production. Jean Arthur was born about eighteen years ago, her real name is Gladys Greene. Norma Shearer's latest picture is "Let Us Be Gay," Rod La Rocque, Raymond Hackett and Sally Eilers play opposite. John Gilbert in "Way For a Sailor."

DIANA WHOOPEE—Thanks for the salutations. Viola Dana was born June 28, 1898. Marion Davies, Jan. 3, 1900. Eddie Phillips, Aug. 14, 1900. Ivan Lebedeff, June 18, 1899. Latest picture released is "Midnight Mystery," starring Betty Compson. Lawrence Gray hails from San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1898. Nancy Carroll, Nov. 19, 1906.

THE QUESTION MARK—Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., on July 29, 1895. He is six feet tall, weighs 145 pounds, curly brown hair and deep blue eyes. Appearing in "Convict 786," Syndicate Pictures Corp. He is married to Loca Hearne. "Red" Grange is not appearing in pictures at this writing, he is acting as Master of Ceremonies at "The Green Mill" in Culver City, Cal.

STL.—Your favorite, Grant Withers can be easily reached at the First National Studios. His latest picture is "Broken Dishes." Nancy Carroll played opposite Charles "Buddy" Rogers in "Close Harmony." Baclanova in "Are You There," starring Beatrice Lillie. Dorothy Janis in "Ourang," Universal Studios. Maurice Chevalier in "The Little Cafe."

J.—Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 30, 1896. Six feet three inches tall, weighs 181 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Married Vilma Banky on June 26, 1927. Joan Crawford, San Antonio, Texas, Mar. 23, 1908, five feet four, weighs 120 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Doug. Jr., June 3, 1929. Doug., New York City, Dec. 9, 1907, six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Let's hear from you again real soon.

Are You Coast Wise ?

Are you sure
You know everything
That is going on
In Hollywood?

Are you sure
That you know
Hollywood
Inside and out?

Do you know
The stars
Like old friends?

Are you sure
Of having your wit
About you
When Hollywood
Is mentioned?

And do you insist
Upon seeing
The best pictures
The stars appear in?

And are you sure
Of seeing them
In stories
That do them justice?

Then,
Sure enough,
You must be another
Regular reader
Of

Motion Picture CLASSIC

"It's The Magazine with the Personality"

Like Knights of Old

YE OLDE KNIGHTS used to fight to protect the fair fame of the devices emblazoned on their shields. And the knight without escutcheon was looked upon askance. He had no name to protect. He could live fairly or unfairly, as his whims directed.

Modern knights of industry have devices—the advertised trade-marks of their products. They must safeguard the reputation of these trade-marks to keep them worth while.

Advertising throws a powerful light on a trade-mark. If it proves worthy, it gains popularity and confidence. If it is shown to be unworthy, it quickly fails.

So you can be sure that every consistently advertised product is good. The advertising test has proved it. The name of its maker stands behind it. The trade-mark is your warranty of satisfaction and true quality.

Read the advertisements to choose what you would buy

KNOW YOUR FUTURE Health, happiness, prosperity, love, courtship, marriage, home, family, etc. Complete astrological forecast, 25 large pages. Send 75c and birthdate or sent C.O.D. (plus postage). **Money back if not more than pleased. THURSTON, D-20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago**

BOWLEGS AND KNOCK KNEES STRAIGHTENED

Permanent Correction assured by absolutely painless scientific method. Night treatment only quick results, hundreds of enthusiastic letters. Endorsed by physicians and hospitals. Why suffer needless humiliation? Write today for Free Booklet. **WM. M. EISEN CO.**, Orthopedic appliances. Est. 36 yrs. 159-02 Jamaica Ave. Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.

Otto Dyar

French at-a-glance: but look again, and you'll see that it's Mary Brian, as she could have been

FLORIDA FAN—Lon Chaney's latest picture is the talkie-version of "The Unholy Three." Lila Lee has the feminine lead. Helen Kane is about twenty-four years old. Ruth Chatterton's latest picture is "A Lady Of Scandal." Gloria Swanson in "What A Widow." Ralph Forbes is the husband of Ruth Chatterton. Sorry we cannot supply you with the back issue you requested, the supply is exhausted.

BILLIE BOY—Helen Chandler was born New York City, Feb. 1, 1909. She is five feet three, weighs 105 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Educated at the Finishing School, The Bennett School, and College of Millbrook, N. Y. First picture was "Salute." Grant Withers was born Jan. 17, 1904. Loretta Young, Jan. 6, 1913. Mary Brian's latest picture is "The Social Lion," starring Jack Oakie.

DREAM BABY—Rosemary Theby has been free-lancing. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Loretta Young was also known as Gretchen Young. Lupe Velez, Villalabos. Billie Dove, Lillian Bohny. Anita Page, Pomares, she is Spanish and French descent. Greta Garbo, Gustafson. Yes, Sally Starr does resemble Clara somewhat. Sally's latest picture is "Swing High."

NONA B.—I would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of fan clubs. Buddy Rogers hobbies are music and gymnastics. He is six feet tall. Appearing in "Heads Up." Eddie Quillan was born in Philadelphia, Mar. 31, 1907. Eddie has to attend eleven birthday parties in a year in his own family. Ma Quillan, mother of nine was born Jan. 17th; Helen, Feb. 2nd; Isabelle, April 18; Rosebud, May 17; John, June 25; Joe Jr., July 27; Dad Quillan, Aug. 31; Buster, Sept. 13; Marie, Oct. 17; Margaret, Nov. 4th. Why not write Eddie at the Pathe Studios?

JEAN RHODES—That was Joe Frisco who gave that clever impersonation of Helen Morgan in the Vitaphone Varieties skit called "The Benefit." He has just completed a two-reeler entitled "The Song Plugger." Marceline Day and Kenneth Harlan are appearing in "Paradise Island," Tiffany Productions. Joan Peers was the girl in "Around the Corner," Columbia Studios. Fredric March plays opposite Nancy Carroll in "Laughter." David Durand who played in "Ladies Love Brutes" with George Bancroft, is about eight years old. William Collier, Jr., and Joe Cook are emoting in "Rain Or Shine." Jason Robards hails from Hillsdale, Mich. He is about thirty-six years old. Married to Agnes Lynch and his real name is Jay Nelson.

GRAYCE—The shortest distance between two points is a straight eight. John Barrymore's real name is Blythe. Yes, David Lee had a small part in "The Bellamy Trial." Charles Farrell is not married or engaged. Mary Doran has appeared in the following screen productions, "The River Woman," "The Broadway Melody," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Lucky Boy," "They Learned About Women," "The Girl in the Show," "The Divorcee" and "Our Blushing Brides."

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use **Bleach Cream** you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only- **Stillman's 50¢ Freckle Cream** *for* FULL OZ. JAR — REMOVES FRECKLES — WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
33 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE *your* NOSE

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

78,000 men and women have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage of the nose—quickly, safely and painlessly, while you sleep or work. Your age doesn't matter. Results are lasting. Doctors praise it. Small cost. Money-back guarantee.

Send for FREE BOOKLET *"The Nose and Its Shape"*

Gold Medal Won 1928

ANITA INSTITUTE, 832 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-E. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Art Corner Your Pictures—an Album

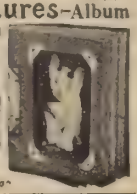
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel 5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write

10¢ Buys 100

ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 23E, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply . . . Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

You
Have it coming
To you - - -

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
ON THE AIR

Happier quarter-hours are coming.
And no longer will Fridays be dull.
From now on you will have something to think about, talk about, sing about, over the week-ends.
For the best that Hollywood has to offer is coming your way.
Music and songs all America will soon be playing and singing.
Fast scenes from fast-moving films you will want to see.
New sidelights on the stars and players.
New news of Hollywood.

From these stations:

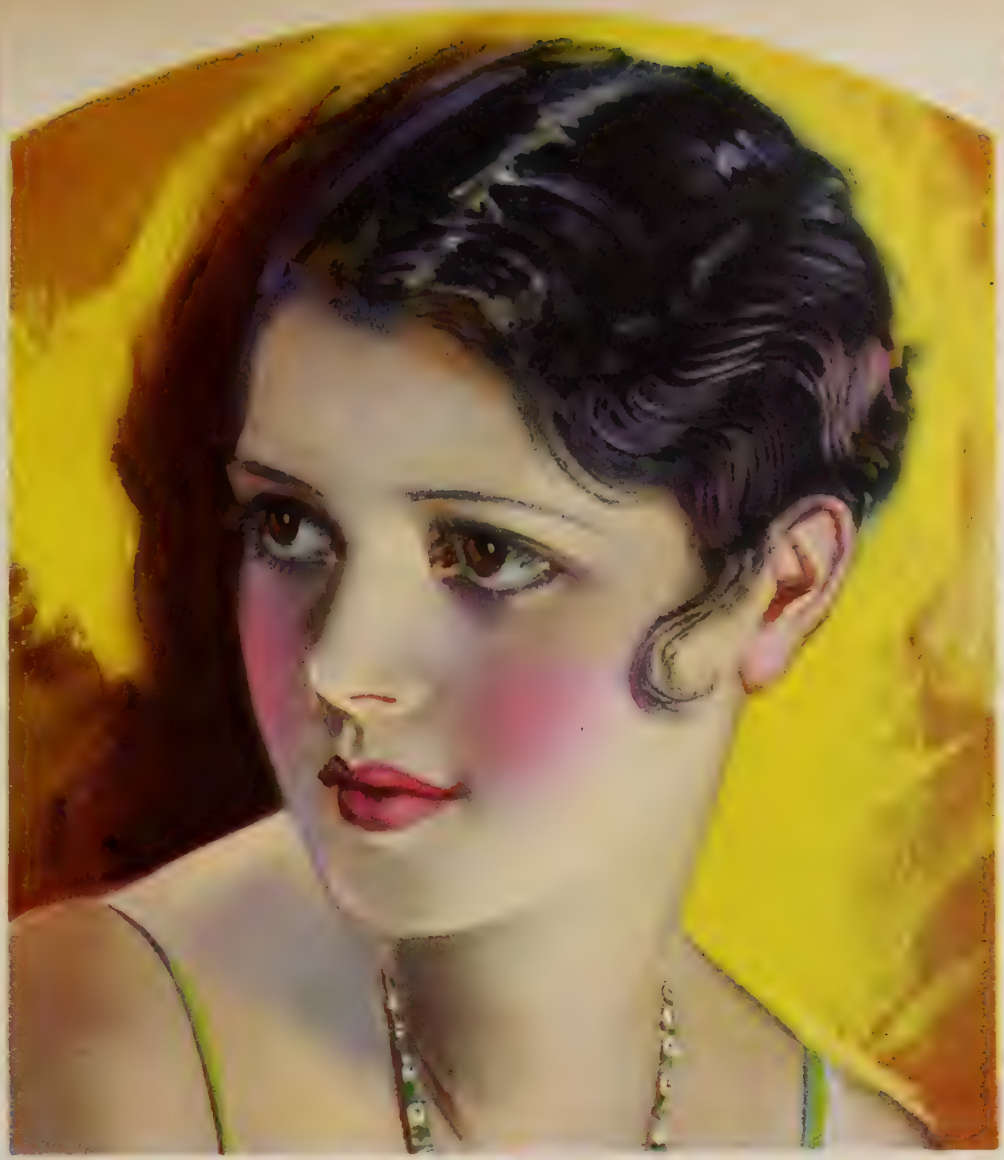
WNAC	Boston
WEAN	Providence
WJAS	Pittsburgh
WJR	Detroit
WTMJ	Milwaukee
KMOX	St. Louis
WFAA	Dallas
KLZ	Denver
KFRC	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles
WMCA	New York City

Watch for the MOTION PICTURE program, each Friday morning, from the station nearest to you. Watch for this all-talking, all-singing, all-new attraction—miraculously compressed into fifteen minutes—presented as only MOTION PICTURE could present it.

- - - MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

*Go to the Movies at Least Twice a Week
See Your Newsdealer at Least Once a Month

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO



SUMMER!

YET YOUR POWDER CLINGS, ROUGE STAYS ON AND YOU LOOK ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder—the most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for two weeks' use—to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful—all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self". The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly*

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. A-1018

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) . . .

Street

City and State

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U.S.A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Siesta

Sometimes in the whirl of existence one likes a moment apart . . . a moment of reflection and tranquillity . . . siesta. Camels fit this mood of introspection. They are so fragrant and delightful; so unobtrusive and so satisfying. No other cigarette, at any price, gives quite so much of pleasure. . . . And no other has been so generously accepted by smokers the whole world over.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Motion Picture

S-M

'30

SEPTEMBER

25¢

Clara Bow

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF HOLLYWOOD

MARY PICKFORD'S FIGHTING MAD

Brand New GENUINE *Model 3* CORONA

·Lowest Price·
·Easiest Terms·
·Ever Offered·

$2 DOWN

···Send No Money···

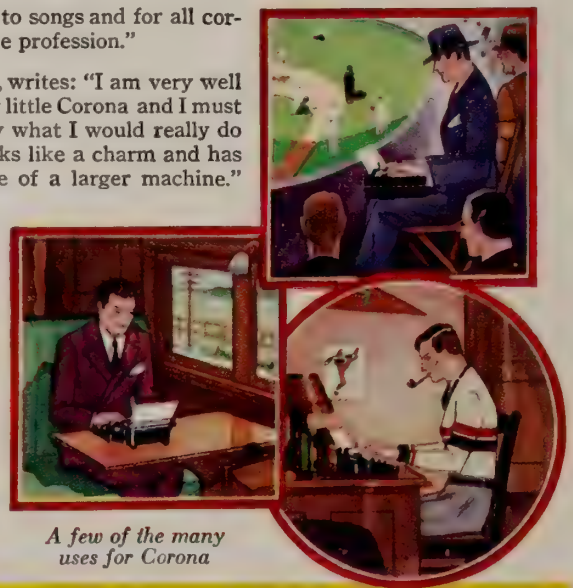
HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered — at the LOWEST PRICE ever offered. Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc. ***Manufacturer's Guarantee.*** Recognized the world over as the **finest, strongest, sturdiest portable built.**

S. Joveton writes: "It truly is a wonderful machine. I am very pleased with it and find it very simple to work although it is the first typewriter I have ever used."

Don P. Fina, composer and pianist, says: "Corona has helped me put my songs over and is still doing it. I find it just the thing for writing words to songs and for all correspondence to the profession."

F. J. Barsuglia, Jr., writes: "I am very well pleased with your little Corona and I must say I do not know what I would really do without it. It works like a charm and has every convenience of a larger machine."

Mrs. G. Bernstein says: "Allow me to thank you for prompt delivery of the Corona. I am delighted with it and know I shall derive great pleasure from its possession."



A few of the many uses for Corona

Yours for 10 days FREE

Try this wonderful portable typewriter—the same machine that has satisfied 500,000 users. Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it ten days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office, desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, manuscripts, reports, bills in poor hand-writing when you can have this Corona at such a low price on such easy terms. Remember, these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

CARRYING CASE INCLUDED

SEND NO MONEY—Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions also included. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This special offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP.
(Corona Division)
469 E. Ohio Street, Dept. 29 Chicago, Ill.

Money Saved *by using* Coupon

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP.
(Corona Division)
469 E. Ohio Street, Dept. 29 Chicago, Ill.

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid, the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent and get my money back. You are to give your standard guarantee.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Employed by*_____

TEN-MINUTE THRILLS...

that will add 100 Hours a Year to your Talking Picture Entertainment!

Now you'll like the "SHORT SUBJECTS", too!

Why not enjoy ALL the time you spend at the Talking Movies?

You will if you'll make sure that the one and two-reel pictures on the bill are VITAPHONE VARIETIES.

VITAPHONE VARIETIES have raised "short subjects" for the first time to the quality level of the finest feature pictures. All the vast resources that back VITAPHONE full-length pictures have been marshalled for the making of this new series of "Ten-Minute Thrills"! Look and ask for VITAPHONE VARIETIES. They will add many hours of real enjoyment to your evenings at the theatre.

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Imagine Seeing Stars and Novelties like these as "Extra Attractions!"

Only by patronizing theatres that advertise VITAPHONE VARIETIES will you be sure to see—

RIPLEY drawing and describing his world-famous "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" oddities.

"LOONEY TUNES"—the funniest animated cartoon series ever devised.

CAPSULE MUSICAL COMEDIES in all the glory of Full Natural COLOR.

And such famous stars as—LEW FIELDS—ANN PENNINGTON—FRED ALLEN—BERT LAHR—EDDIE BUZZELL—RUTH ETTING—CHESTER CONKLIN—HENRY HULL—SPENCER TRACY—MARTINELLI

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

Color scenes photographed by the Technicolor Process

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

MINIATURE MASTERPIECES OF THE TALKING-SINGING SCREEN

Greatest wonder in an age of wonders!

Talking motion pictures!

Today's greatest value in entertainment! Screen stars, once but moving shadows, you see and hear! The living voices of famous stage stars come to you! Song hits of the day on the screen! New personalities born. New types of entertainment created. Because the world's foremost stars, authors, directors, composers are now concentrating their talents on the SCREEN! Go often —as often as it's a Paramount Picture— *"the best show in town!"*

•

JACK OAKIE JEANETTE MacDONALD

in

"LET'S GO NATIVE"

A mad, merry musical farce with a hand picked cast of Hollywood fun makers including Skeets Gallagher, James Hall, Kay Francis, Eugene Pallette, William Austin. By George Marion, Jr., author of "Sweetie" and "Safety in Numbers" and Percy Heath. Directed by Leo McCarey. Music by Richard A. Whiting. Lyrics by George Marion, Jr.

"MANSLAUGHTER"

with **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** *and* **Fredric March**

The gripping story of a spoiled darling of society, who thought the world her playground and almost proved it until Fate took a hand, stripped her of her pride and power, and threw her into prison to fall in love with the man who jailed her!

With Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Emma Dunn, Natalie Moorhead, Hilda Vaughn and Stanley Fields. Directed by George Abbott. From the famous Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Alice Duer Miller.

•

PARAMOUNT SOUND NEWS . . *twice weekly*

The livest sound news is Paramount! See it — compare it with any other for breezy, timely news of the day, striking personalities, showmanship — then ask your Theatre Manager to make it a regular part of his program.

•

On the Air!

Tune in on your favorite screen stars in the Paramount Publix Radio Hour each Saturday Night, 10-11 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

•

"GRUMPY"

***starring* CYRIL MAUDE**

Now Paramount presents on the talking screen the distinguished star Cyril Maude in his most famous role, "Grumpy." With Philips Holmes, Paul Lukas, Francis Dade, Paul Cavanagh. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. From the play by Horace Hodges and T. E. Percyval.

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Publix Corporation, Adolph Zukor Pres. Paramount Building, New York

Volume XL, No. 2 September, 1930

Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait of Clara Bow by Marland Stone

The Hot Spot ..... Dorothy Calhoun 8
Bebe And Ben Were Married After Passing A Love Test

The Gossip Test ..... Walter Ramsey 14

The Seven Deadly Sins Of Hollywood ..... Gladys Hall 28
The Sin of Having Children—I.—

Mary Pickford's Fighting Mad ..... Campbell MacCulloch 30
A Bomb Is Set Off Under The "Absurdly Generous" Players And Producers

Diet Quickies ..... Dorothy Calhoun 33
Three Stars Tell How To Lose Weight Fast Without Fasting

A Modern Victorian ..... Mollie Merrick 40
The Most Colorful Comeback Of All Is That Of Cyril Maude

Adventures Off The Screen ..... Helen Louise Walker 42
Kay Francis Has Her Worries, Owning Nell Gwynne

Marriages In The Movies ..... Dorothy Spensley 44
Every Girl Should Marry At Least One Millionaire

The Real Clara Bow ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 48
She Is A Girl You Have Never Seen Before

He Has Learned His Lessons ..... Gladys Hall 50
Robert Montgomery Proves The Importance Of Being In Earnest

Go To The Movies And Succeed ..... Robert Fender 52
There's Method In This Madness Of Making Millions

The Father Of A Family ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 55
Buddy Rogers Is No Longer A Man Of The World

Discoveries About Myself ..... Gladys Hall 58
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Finds That He Still Has A Napoleon Complex

Breaking New Grounds For Divorce ..... Dorothy Manners 64
You'd Be Surprised At What Hollywood Tells The Judge

Not—So—Old English ..... Herbert Cruikshank 66
George Arliss Is Planning Years Ahead

Are You A Screen Shopper? ..... Dorothy Donnell 70
If You Are, You're Up To The Minute

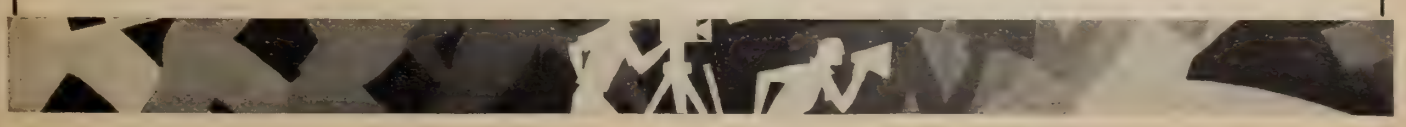
The Kiddies' Korner ..... Dorothy Manners 74
Can You Spell "Expatiate"? Mitzi Can

Shy And Sincere ..... Cedric Belfrage 77
Una Merkel Believes In Being Herself

Trade-Marked Stars ..... Helen Louise Walker 82
Are Known By Their Tags—

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* Copyright 1930 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries $3.00 European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres, Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



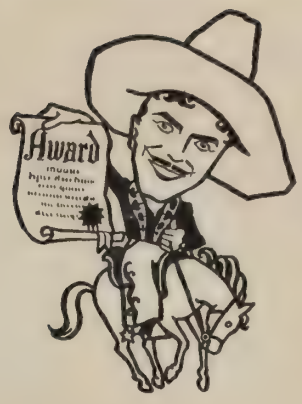
You SIXTY OTHERS BE

Who made SUNNY SIDE UP the most popular motion picture of the past year? .... YOU did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country .... Who made THE COCKEYED WORLD the runner-up? .... YOU again—with your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. .... Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities.... Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? ... FOX—last year with John Ford's FOUR SONS—year before last with Frank Borzage's 7th HEAVEN. .... Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? .... Nobody but YOU.... Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and

leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? ....YOU, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like .... Will you get it? .... Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in OH, FOR A MAN!—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made SUNNY SIDE UP, David Butler.... McLaglen and Lowe chasing WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of WHAT PRICE GLORY. Direction by Raoul Walsh.

What a line-up!.... Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,

AND MILLION CAN'T WRONG



in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success....And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year — THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton....In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites.... Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures — SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack — two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN — and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections....The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures.... If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST.... DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel.... We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!

FOX

The HOT SPOT

OF THE MONTH

Bebe And Ben Were Married After Passing A Love Test

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"I CAN'T stand it!" gasped Marilyn Miller, dropping into a chair, "I can't stand it any longer!"

The wedding guests at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel fluttered around her with fans, water, restoratives, and presently—quite recovered, Marilyn was dancing with the others gathered to wish happiness to Bebe Daniels, hitherto the most famous spinster of the screen, and Ben Lyon, its most famous bachelor. There are those who claim that though Bebe was a radiant bride in her gown of hand-woven satin, Marilyn really stole the scene from her by her dramatic collapse!

Hollywood has been intensely interested in the romance of Ben and Bebe. For years, gossip has been busy, marrying them off to first one, and then another, but never, strangely enough, to each other. "It's just because we are in the movies!" Bebe declared recently. "I haven't had any more romances than the average person who has waited till my age to marry, and neither has Ben."

The line-up left to right: Mae Sunday, Adela Hyland, Lila Lee, Diana Fitzmaurice, Louella Parsons, Bebe, Ben, Rita Kaufman, Constance Talmadge, Marie Mosquini Betty Compson

Partners, not parters: at left, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in "Alias French Gertie," an interlude from their more serious Separate endeavors

Perhaps that is so. Ben and Bebe are both twenty-eight years old. They have been before the public for many years—Bebe since she was thirteen, and had to put up her hair to play grown-up ladies; and Ben since he was eighteen. They are both good-looking, famous, and exceedingly popular.

Time Would Tell

BEN and Bebe became engaged a year and a half ago, in November, after an evening of full moon on the beach before Bebe's Santa Monica home. But they decided to wait their marriage until they had had time to test their love. They were neither of them new to romance and perhaps their several hectic love affairs had taught them to distrust emotion. Neither believed in divorce. When they married, it would be for keeps—so they gave themselves time. Plenty of time.

In this year and a half, many things happened to the two of them professionally.

Bebe, unceremoniously let out of Famous Players, where she had made her reputation as a screen star, burst on the startled public as the first prima donna of the talkies in the Radio picture, "Rio Rita." A new career opened up before her. Ben, his friends say, was determined not to marry until he could bring his wife a fame equal to hers. For two years he was buried out of sight in endless retakes for "Hell's Angels." Then, a month ago, the picture was shown. Within two days Ben was offered a contract by every important producing company. He, too, has come back brilliantly with a high score.

Now They Are Sure

IN this year and a half, both Ben and Bebe have been very busy. Bebe was studying voice culture, working day and night on her pictures, giving every bit of her powers to her career. Ben, too, was busy. He was getting the highest airplane pilot's license possible, taking up passengers in his own 'plane every Saturday, and he was rented out to other companies whenever he could be spared from "Hell's Angels."

They were both under a heavy strain. The stock market crash swept away part of their savings and their work kept them apart for days at a time. It was as difficult a test as any love affair could well be put to, and theirs came out unscathed. Not once was there any hint of a broken engagement.

Now they are married. Ben's present to his bride was a diamond necklace. Bebe's to her husband was a tennis court for their new home, soon to be built on top of a Hollywood mountain, close to Ann Harding's house. All Hollywood came to their wedding reception to wish them happiness. Or perhaps not quite all.

(*Continued on page 90*)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

IN "The DAWN PATROL"

GREATEST AIR EPIC EVER!

Five thousand feet up! . . . Forty whirring, purring propellers singing a song of death. Forty roaring, streak-fast war-eagles making a shambles of the sky. Forty youngsters sporting with fate—for they must live greatly, or not at all! . . .

Forty famous stunt flyers helped Dick Barthelmess crowd "The Dawn Patrol" with more thrills than you'd get in a dozen actual flights. And the author of "Wings" has packed the story with heart-throbs such as only heroes know! "Take off" to "The Dawn Patrol" the minute it comes to town.

With

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Neil Hamilton

and 4 other stars. Directed by Howard Hawks. From the story "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. Adaptation and dialogue by Howard Hawks, Dan Totheroh, and Seton Miller. "Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

$20.00 Letter

Movies High-Brow—Oh Yeah?

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—By way of disagreeing with those who have registered complaints against the talkies, charging them with being too high-brow, I wish to say that they are far from high-brow. They are HARD BOILED. In fact, I hate to think of the effect the talkies are going to have on the English language, since it seems to be a natural thing for us to use the slang phrases and so-called wise-cracks and expressions we hear at the talking movies. If we are regular movie goers, we will soon have a complete talkie vocabulary which will sound something like this: "Sez you—Sez me." And if we sound like longshoremen with addresses at Toid Avenoo and Toidy-Toid Street, blame it on the talking pictures.

For instance, the expression "Okay" wins the blue-ribbon for over-use and we don't want to hear "That's okay with me," or "Okay, Baby" or "Listen, Baby" any more. We've had too much of it already. And "Oh yeah?" is the talkies' way of saying "Oh yes?" Now what could be worse? It's sort of a slang plague come over us.

If these expressions had just been used once in one picture, we'd have no cause for complaint.

Now come on fans, let's do something about it. Let's band together and sign a petition against this "Oh yeah?" and "Sez you" business. *A. R.*

$10.00 Letter

And They Call This Progress

DETROIT, MICH.—I wonder why the movies still cling lovingly to the following:

The husband who, whatever his station in life, kisses his wife and family when going to and coming home from work. Real men don't.

The wife who never can tell her husband about "the little stranger" except by knitting little booties and pressing them to her bosom when he comes home.

London scenes which always have a hansom cab lurking around. Such things went out a quarter of a century ago.

The little tin basin and rag which every heroine produces like a magician as soon as her man gets hurt. And the bandage he wears around his head, no matter where the injury is.

The habit of leading men lifting and carrying their leading ladies.

The villain who always stands with his back to the door while locking it. And his habit of seducing the heroine at a roadhouse instead of some secluded spot.

It's high time something was done about discarding these moth-eaten fragments of hokum.

Frank Allen

$5.00 Letter

It Makes a Difference Who Gives the "Big Party"

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I turn to the movie directory and eagerly scan the programs listed. Oh boy, a nearby theater showing Sue Carol in "The Big Party." And chinaware night for the ladies! What a break! My favorite Susie in a "Big Party"—Hot Ziggety! Must rush to get there on time. Gasping for breath, I grab a seat and for the next hour and a half wait in vain to see Sue, advertised as the featured gal, do her stuff. But alas! Dixie Lee was the leading skirt. Dixie gave what was supposed to be the "Big Party;" Dixie sang the songs. Poor Sue didn't even support her. She might have been just an extra, so small a part did she have and the signboards said in glaring letters "Sue Carol."

Now—who is to blame for this misrepresentation in advertising pictures? And when the bulbs flicker "Bancroft" in "Ladies Love Brutes," we naturally want to see George being "bruty." If we didn't, we'd pick another show.

Give us a break. Let us know who actually heads the pictures. It's the fair thing to do.

Grace Turnbull

$1.00 Letters

A Beautiful but Dumb Leading Lady

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lawrence Tibbett was superb in "The Rogue Song." How clear and silvery his voice responded to the microphone. There are not enough words of praise for me to extend to Mr. Tibbett. But why in heaven's name was Catherine Dale Owen selected as his leading lady? Perhaps she is exceedingly attractive and pleasant off the screen, but on the screen she is beautiful but dumb. She has the most nil of nil expressions on her fair countenance and she has no ability so far as acting is concerned. If the film rested on her laurels in the picture, I am afraid it would be considered a "flop." Fortunately though, Mr. Tibbett and those well-known comedians, Laurel and Hardy, make the picture the great success it is.

To those who have not seen this masterpiece I would suggest that you keep your eyes centered on Lawrence Tibbett and try to forget that Miss Owen is there, otherwise you will snicker at her self-consciousness during the close-ups and her inability to be the natural and worthy leading lady of so great an actor as Lawrence Tibbett.

Muriel E. Horner

War Not Glorified in "Journey's End"

ALBANY, N. Y.—The screen version of "Journey's End" left such an impression that I shall never forget it. I have never been to war, except at the movies, where it is usually glorified, but I have seen a few victims of this awful way nations have of settling their disputes and I am sure that for all it is not glory but a horrible dream as depicted in this magnificent drama.

As for the men who portray the different characters in this production, no praise can be given to them that will be sufficient for the superb manner in which they enact their parts. *D. R. Houlihan*

And Who Doesn't Love a Good Cry?

ATLANTA, GA.—Those of the feminine sex who just "love a good cry" can rarely indulge in one since the movies have gone talkie. Personally, I haven't so indulged since Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor appeared here in "Seventh Heaven." I am sure that anyone who could sit through that picture unmoved would have to possess a veritable heart of stone. Perhaps I am becoming hard hearted, but no recent movie has seemed as poignant. While "Sunny Side Up" is a charming picture, I am sure that the first "hit" of these two attractive young stars will be remembered long after the latter is forgotten.

So, in behalf of the sentimental sex, whichever deserves that title the most, this is to request that we please have some more of the good old melodramas that used to pack the theaters of the silent movie. I dare say these could be done even better through the talkies, but there seems to be no desire on the part of the producers to attempt it. And in the meantime we are given one re-hashed musical comedy or play after another. Thank goodness they can't last forever, and so perhaps some day we will have a return of the DRAMA.

Katherine Granger

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, Five Dollars and several One Dollar prizes for letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb.. *When You Ought to Talk?*

How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

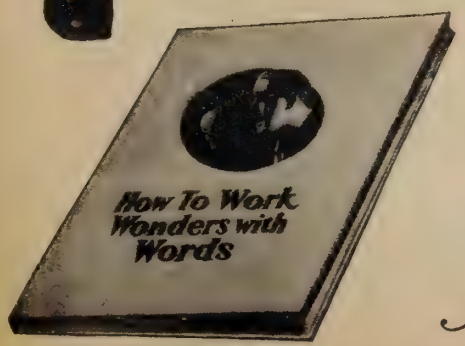
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to address business meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to write better letters.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power.
How to be the master of any situation.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
Dept. 233-A
3601 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.



FREE

How to Work Wonders With Words

Mail Coupon Today

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 233-A
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free, without obligation, a copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your course in Effective Speaking.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Chicago Exposed!

The Inside Story of Why "Jake" Lingle, Chicago Tribune Reporter, Was Killed

Complete in the September

REAL DETECTIVE TALES

When Alfred ("Jake") Lingle, Tribune reporter, was shot down and killed at high noon in the heart of Chicago, on June 9 of this year, the sensation was felt throughout America.

Newspapers everywhere have played up this greatest of all crime stories. But not one newspaper has printed the real facts. These facts are published for the first time in this month's issue of REAL DETECTIVE TALES.

Read

"The Reporter Who Blew the Lid Off Chicago"

See how the "big shots" of Chicago's underworld have corrupted not only the police and men in public office, but even the Chicago newspapers.

Behind the murder of "Jake" Lingle lies an appalling record of crime and graftthat has no parallel. The whole sensational story is told, completely and in detail, in America's fastest growing detective magazine

LOOK FOR THIS COVER

Now on Sale at All News Stands

By MARION MARTONE

Amos 'n' Andy—playing in *Check and Double-check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *The Sea God*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—recently completed *Old English*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *The Record Run*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—playing in *The Record Run*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *A Handful of Clouds*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—recently completed *Moby Dick*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *This Modern World*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Billy the Kid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *In Deep*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Maybe It's Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles— playing in *River's End*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Blane, Sally—playing in *The Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *The Love Cavalier*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bow, Clara—recently completed *Love Among the Millionaires*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Breen, Margaret—playing in *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Captain Applejack*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *The Better Wife*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *Maybe It's Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—playing in *Billy the Kid*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Buchanan, Jack—playing in *Monte Carlo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—recently completed *Dancing Sweeties*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Chaney, Lon—recently completed *The Unholy Three*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The Better Wife*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St. Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Little Café*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Claire, Bernice—recently completed *Top Speed*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—recently completed *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—playing in *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Her Man*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Joan — playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—recently completed *Dixiana*—R. K. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Rosalie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—last release *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dix, Richard—recently completed *Shooting Straight*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Doran, Mary—playing in *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *She Wears the Pants*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—recently completed *The Lady Who Dared*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *The Little Café*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *Reaching For the Moon*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *The Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *Devil With Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—recently completed *Queen of Main Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *The General*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—recently completed *Love Among the Millionaires*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—recently completed *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—last release *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Way for a Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—playing in *Sunny*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Green, Harry—playing in *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hackett, Raymond—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *Maybe It's Love*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—playing in *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Sweethearts On Parade*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *The Greater Love*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—recently completed *Grumpy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *The General*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Johnson, Kay—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Jolson, Al—recently completed *Big Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 116*)

"We have our secrets . . . my perfume and I"

says JOAN BENNETT

"At first you think it's so naive . . . so dryad-shy . . . discreet . . . my new perfume, Seventeen.

"But what that perfume knows of life! It tells me the strangest things . . . hints at magic . . . sings of Youth and its own allure . . . invites me, dares me, lures me . . . on and on . . . to lighter moods, to gayer talk, to thrilling living!

"My perfume asks so much of me! I just can't disappoint it . . . I MUST be young . . . and gay . . . forever!"

Seventeen . . . a fragrance so close to you . . . so matched to your own quick tempo . . . so *right* with your daringest costumes . . . you'll never quite know if it's perfume upon you . . . or a fragrance that's actually part of you!

Eight glorious toiletries to keep you radiant as Seventeen

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted sheen . . . the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of you. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brilliantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Who is the originator of the statement: "their freshman** attempt," and to whom does it refer?

• ● •

2—**Who is the romantic young actor whose real middle name is** Love—no fooling? (One Hollywood Love that is a secret.)

• ● •

3—**Hollywood's champion re**cluse has three current love rumors. Can you name the embarrassed fellow and his trio of admiring ladies?

• ● •

4—**What is considered the** most "mysterious" estrangement of all Hollywood divorce history?

• ● •

5—**Who is the most youthful** screen débutante of the past motion picture season?

• ● •

6—**Do you know the current** boy friends of: Betty Compson, Clara Bow, Mary Lawlor and Constance Bennett?

• ● •

7—**Name two or more screen** actresses who have retained their married names after divorce.

• ● •

Who's this paying French court to Norma Talmadge? None other than our old friend, William Farnum, returned after eight long years to his old realm to be *King Louis XV* in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion"

8—**Who is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood according to** (a) Florenz Ziegfeld and (b) the Baron de Rothschild?

• ● •

9—**What engagement, recently "off," is now "on" again? (Help**ful hint: they have parted, reunited before.)

• ● •

10—**What is the latest, and one of the most successful** grounds for divorce in Hollywood?

• ● •

11—**Who is the now-too-thin actress who weighed close to 145** lbs. when she first arrived in movie town?

12—**What famous actor recently played a small "bit" in a** sensational War picture without receiving any pay for it?

• ● •

13—**Name the beautiful blonde star lately reclaimed from** "absolute retirement" for another talkie.

• ● •

14—**What well-known di**rector inspired the wonderful compliment: "the one-man studio of Hollywood"? Why?

• ● •

15—**Who is the good-look**ing young Unknown who is now holding down the title of "Hollywood's most persistent leading man"?

• ● •

16—**What actress is ex**pected to replace Clara Bow as the chief bread-winner on the Paramount Lot for the past season, when the box-office returns are all counted?

• ● •

17—**What long-awaited** and much-rumored divorce action has finally reached the courts, with both parties telling things to the judge?

• ● •

18—**Who is credited with** the famous Hollywood statement: "Love is a thing to be avoided"?

• ● •

19—**What youthful male star has a jewel safe built into the ton**neau of his imported town car? (Every studio is producing convicts and racketeers these days.)

• ● •

20—**To whom does the credit belong for bringing our newest** matinée idol and best-looking talkie gangster, Chester Morris, to the screen?

You will find the answers to these questions on page 119

RADIO PICTURES Challenge The Entertainment World!

PICTURE goers, this year, can look to the **Radio Pictures** trademark for the utmost in screen entertainment. Never before has there been such an array of outstanding productions.

Heading the procession comes **AMOS 'N' ANDY,** invincible monarchs of the air, in their first talking picture. A red letter event in screen history!

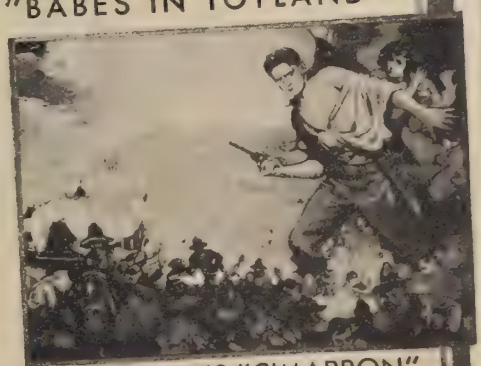
AMOS 'N' ANDY are Coming!

"CIMARRON," Edna Ferber's magnificent novel, will be presented on a colossal scale. This epic of empire brings RICHARD DIX in the picturesque role of Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskin, dreamer, crusader, fighter, who helped make history in a day.

"DIXIANA," glamorous romance of old New Orleans in Mardi Gras time, presents BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL, Metropolitan Opera star; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's immortal **"BABES IN TOYLAND"** will be the year's supreme extravaganza. **"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE"** featuring BERT WHEELER and ROBERT WOOLSEY, promises the season's comedy sensation.

"BABES IN TOYLAND"

Rex Beach's **"THE SILVER HORDE"** and John Galsworthy's **"ESCAPE"** typify the high type of authorship in Radio productions. Many more attractions of equal merit await you! Millions of dollars and the creative genius of the best minds in the talking picture art are being poured into these productions, which challenge the whole world of entertainment.



EDNA FERBER'S "CIMARRON"
With RICHARD DIX as YANCEY CRAVAT, the most picturesque character in recent fiction.

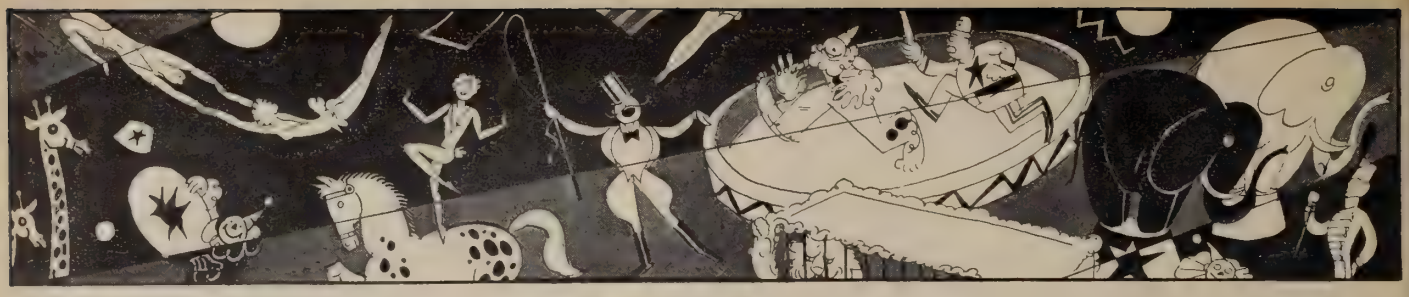
"HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE"
Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in a grand bombardment of mirth and melody.

RADIO PICTURES
"TITANS OF THE SCREEN"
R K O Distributing Corporation
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 Broadway
New York City

GLAMOROUS "DIXIANA"
Brings BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL and 1,000 others in a supreme romantic spectacle

Your local theatre manager is now arranging his season's program. He is always interested in knowing your wishes and is guided by your desires in entertainment. ***Tell him you want to see these outstanding Radio Pictures at his theatre.*** *He will appreciate your interest.*

Radio PICTURES



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

THE other night I got tired of listening to theme songs . . . and talkies . . . and somehow I longed for the old days . . . of silent pictures . . . and other folks that I used to know . . . and so I started out to see if maybe I couldn't find them . . . in the **Hollywood** I once had loved . . . and the first place I visited was a little café where I used to go every night . . . where you could sit around and laugh . . . and look out the windows and watch the **Boulevard** . . . and when I got there I climbed the stairs . . . the same old stairs that I used to climb when I wanted to go to the **Merry Widow** . . . and when I got to the top I found a tap-dancing school . . . and a lot of noisy people in odd-looking clothes . . . dancing to the tune of a loud and tinny piano . . . and I stood there in the entrance and watched . . . just to see if I couldn't remember something I had once known . . . when all at once . . . over in a far corner . . . where actually stood a hat-rack . . . I saw a dimly lighted table there . . . and seated at the table was an old friend of mine . . . who used to sit there almost every night . . . **Rudolph Valentino** . . . and I saw him smile and raise his frosted glass in my direction as though he wanted to drink a toast . . . and I heard the wild but soft strains of the darky orchestra that used to play there . . . and then the table disappeared . . . and I saw the hat-rack once more . . . and then I wanted to get out in the air again . . . quickly . . . and so I went down the **Boulevard** to where an old and once famous hotel stands . . . a hotel with palm trees in front . . . like sentinels . . . and I walked slowly up the front steps and into the lobby and sat down . . . and while I sat there I saw an exquisitely gorgeous woman come down from the upper floors and stand in the lobby . . . her hair was a beautiful raven black and her eyes were as deep and blue as the night . . . and then she turned toward me and nodded . . . as though she were glad to see me, too . . . and at once I saw that it was **Barbara La Marr** . . . and she was smiling . . . her beautifully formed mouth lifted lightly at the corners . . . and she looked extremely happy and somehow very tired . . . and I turned and looked away because the mist over my eyes was making it hard to see her very clearly . . . but when I looked back she was gone . . . and I thought she might have gone out on the veranda . . . but she wasn't there and so I decided to leave right away . . . and I had one more place that I wanted to visit . . . so I went to where the ocean rolls in on the beach . . . to an old and desolate-looking building . . . and the name it once had was **Sunset Inn** . . . no one was around any more . . . so I walked over to the entrance and looked in . . . it was dusty and foul-smelling now . . . where once I had seen gay lights and found the odor of perfume . . . and I went over near the far window and sat down on a box that was there . . . and it reminded me of the table that I had once used . . . then I heard music . . . sweet music . . . and I glanced toward where the orchestra used to sit and there they were . . . all of them . . . and who do you suppose was playing the saxophone? . . . why, the same boy who used to play it . . . **Wally Reid** . . . and right next to him sat a big fat man . . . and he was pounding on the drums for all he was worth . . . and he looked up and waved to me . . . and I could see it was **Fatty Arbuckle** . . . and the music stopped . . . and a big burly man announced a dancing contest . . . I saw **Bebe Daniels** and **Harold Lloyd** start out on the floor . . . and also a very small little man without much hair dancing with a blonde girl . . . and when they came close I could see who the little fellow was . . . and I called out and said . . . **"Hello, Larry Semon"** . . . and he smiled and said something back . . . and there was the sound of tinkling ice in tall glasses . . . and laughter . . . and the saxophone was moaning . . . then suddenly they were not there . . . and neither was I . . . except in memory.

P. & A.

It must be love: after being engaged for more than a year (a Hollywood record in itself), Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon actually married one another—and here is the happy proof

• ● •

Eddie Cantor Says:

Florenz Ziegfeld is the tightest guy in the world. He went down to see the dog races at **Agua Caliente** the other day and bet fifty dollars on the rabbit to show.

President Hoover has had a lot of trouble since he went into office. Nothing but kicks and squawks. And business has been bad . . . awfully bad. But I guess none of us realized the condition of the **United States** until we read where they'd had two fires in the **White House** this season Now that's one sign I'll always believe!

And the stock market . . .! If I ever get my money back, I'm never going to invest in anything that brings in more than 6%. **Mellon** says he doesn't want over 6% . . . why should **Cantor?** I don't even know that I want 6% Gimme those **U. S.** treasury bonds where every morning when **Hoover** wakes up, he'll call for the list of those who have invested in the government and he'll look up and down the long list and say, "Well, boys, what has **Cantor** got? Take good care of **Cantor,** fellows, we've got to protect **his** money!" That's the way I want it.

• ● •

What They Remind Me Of:

Helen Twelvetrees: The understudy of a successful actress—waiting for her health to break down.

Betty Compson: The reincarnation of **Hetty Green** with a much better figure—and a sense of humor.

William Powell: The wayward son of an **English Duke** and an **American** chorus girl.

SECOND ANNUAL
LENZ BRIDGE CONTEST

$15,000.00
IN PRIZES

INCLUDING

Round trip for two from New York to France with a motor trip through Northern Africa. First-class accommodations on the *Ile de France*, *Paris* or *France* from New York to Havre. Accommodations by Thos. Cook & Son while in France. French Line transportation across the Mediterranean. Northern Africa motor trip includes visits to Casa Blanca, Fez, Oran and Algiers, under the auspices of the French Line.

Round trip Mediterranean Cruise, first class, for one person.

Round trip, first class, for one from New York to France on one of the express liners—the *Ile de France*, *Paris* or *France*.

Round trip from New York to France for one, on a one-class cabin liner—the *de Grasse*, *Rochambeau* or *Lafayette*.

Many other valuable and beautiful prizes.

CONTEST STARTS IN SEPTEMBER

J · U · D · G · E

THE OLDEST AND MOST WIDELY READ HUMOROUS WEEKLY

SUBSCRIBE NOW

•

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE

JUDGE M.P.9

18 East 48th Street, New York City, N. Y.
Here's $2.00. Send me *Judge* for 21 Weeks.

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

Annual Subscription - - $5.00

"Beauty is Romance" says MRS BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl or beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so lovely and so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess."

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her. "A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

"Pond's," she adds, "provides the best and easiest method of home complexion care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing to keep the skin flower-fresh . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny!"

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four sure, swift, simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

Pond's four delightful preparations to keep your skin always exquisite—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 113 Hudson Street, New York City

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

Chidnoff

Not only is Lupe Velez in a comfortable place, but definitely looking up. No longer is she compared with Dolores Del Rio. On the contrary, Dolores, turned tempestuous, now is the one compared. No wonder Lupe sings in "Gypsy Love Song"!

E. T. Monroe

A Follies beauty who became a serious actress, Claire Luce is an unusual acquisition for the talkies. And her screen intentions are serious. Just for a beginning, she is facing the cameras with Milton Sills in "The Sea Wolf."

Preston Duncan

Neil Hamilton knows his Hollywood. It does no harm to pray for bigger things, but at the same time he is smiling and keeping his eyes open, and resting on something more substantial than laurels, substantial though his are

Bredell

More enigmatic than Greta Garbo, more poignant than Lillian Gish, Zasu Pitts is a study in contrasts. She looks her best against sombre backgrounds; her real life is very happy. She plays comedy; she longs to play tragedy

Preston Duncan

James Hall was up in the air nigh onto three years—fighting Howard Hughes's battles in "Hell's Angels." When he got back on his feet again, several studios flew for him. Warners got him. Now he is to do "Maybe It's Love"

Hurrell

Sad her expression may be, but not her cinema fate. For Raquel Torres, so far as her opportunities are concerned, has not a thing to bemoan. And she is making the most of them—her latest being "Never The Twain Shall Meet"

E. R. Richee

Mary Pickford may be America's Sweetheart, but Mary Brian is the busiest sweetheart of the Great American Movie. At present, loaned to Warners for "Captain Applejack," she is looking back over her shoulder at the Paramount boys

N. Muray

After "Son of the Gods" how could Richard Barthelmess help looking wistful? He didn't stand a Chinaman's chance of repeating "Broken Blossoms." But "Dawn Patrol" is something else again, as is also "Adios." These have opportunities

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

September, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

LOS ANGELES, it now develops, is neither third nor fourth largest city, the number of unemployed movie extras notwithstanding. Movies may be the nation's fourth largest industry, but climate is only fifth.

• • •

THIS extra-business depression is one kind that cannot be blamed on Mr. Smoot, Mr. Hawley or Mr. Hoover. Jane Arden is the name heading the list of 17,541 registered with the Central Casting Bureau (exclusive agency supplying extras to all studios). Alphabetically fortunate, she gets more mob-scene calls than any other extra; her average weekly salary during the past year was $47.45. The average extra made a weekly stipend of $2.63 in 1929. Only one hundred and ninety-four worked an average of two or more days a week last year. Think twice before you decide to crash the pearly gates of Hollywood.

• • •

THERE is one form of insurance not even Lloyd's of London handles. That is popularity insurance. But at least two of Hollywood's famous are investing in some. John Barrymore is going to alternate between comedy and tragedy, to make sure that the public won't tire of him in too-similar rôles. And Lon Chaney, now that he *is* talking, is developing several voices, to change every time he puts on a new face.

• • •

THE newest Hollywood label for one of the larger studios is "The Fire Works"—the name having its inception in the quaint new custom they have inaugurated, of not renewing options on several of their stars, of uncomplainingly losing glamourous personalities. Their hunch is, apparently, that the era of stars is on the wane—and that the day has arrived when pictures, not stars, must be sold to the public. The making of movies has become an outguessing game, and one studio's guess, these hectic hard days, is as good as another's.

THE boom on "lady" titles having gone into a decline, we now are being deluged by "sea" titles: "The Sea Bat," "The Sea Wolf," "The Sea God," *et cetera.* But the best sea picture we have seen of late is "With Byrd at the South Pole," the true adventure story, stranger than most fiction, of men in a barren world few of us will ever see. The photography is nothing short of magnificent, but much as we enjoy that demon talker, Floyd Gibbons, on the radio, his efforts on this picture's sound track are distractingly zealous.

• • •

HOME talkies are not far in the future now. In fact, at this moment, there is a fight going on inside the industry between the big sound-equipment companies and the producers—the former being hot about the idea, and the latter bothered. The combatants have changed. The battle no longer is between Broadway and Hollywood. It is between Wall Street and Hollywood. And when has Wall Street ever lost?

• • •

THE first great movie, "The Birth of a Nation," is about to flash across the screens again—this time with sound effects, which D. W., the one and only, is now gathering together. The picture itself will be the same, with the same famous cast, including Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry Walthall, Wallace Reid, George Seigman and all the others. Again movie history repeats itself.

• • •

OF all the Broadway plays recently purchased by the film industry, only two of the sixteen rating as "smash hits" are bound for Hollywood. So don't be too dazzled by the "from the famous Broadway success" label.

• • •

UNIVERSAL has announced that there is to be a film-sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front." A Remarquable announcement, say we.

The Seven Deadly

THE SIN OF

I

THERE are Seven Deadly Sins in Hollywood. Nor are they the sins of the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and so-on Commandments. Really, quite the contrary. You'd be surprised. For what was sin in ancient Babylon is virtue in Hollywood, and what was virtue is sin.

Hollywood would hold its palmy sides and roar with laughter at the thought of not coveting thy neighbor's wife. What do neighbors have wives *for?* Why not?

Hollywood does honor its mother—it hasn't any visible father—we'll hand it that.

There aren't *many* murders. Just a few well-chosen ones, now and then, to help the tabloids pay their honest debts.

No, the Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood were not jotted down by Moses. The fashions in sin change apace. And you can hardly expect the sins B.C. to be the popular sins A.D.

For instance, it was said in the Garden of Eden, "Ye, my people, multiply." But then, there were neither movie stars, nor the giving of movie stars in contract. There were neither ingenues nor sheiks nor diets. A slice of venison was afternoon tea to the ladies of the paleolithic caves, and poundage was an asset rather than a liability.

In Hollywood, the command: "Ye, my people, multiply," does not obtain. In Hollywood, the thing is to subtract and divide, rather than add or multiply. And if one among us does commit the biological sin of multiplication, the mathematical fact is hidden under a biggish bushel like the skeleton in the closet.

The Sins of Their Parents

THERE are Seven Deadly Sins in Hollywood, and the greatest of these is—*children*. They are the bars sinister on the escutcheon of perpetual Youth. They are dead give-aways. They are anathema to Romance. One cannot continue indefinitely to be a sexy maiden of eighteen, if one must admit to the parenthood of a gangling youth or lass, shooting up like a plant of life. A vamp is not so much the vamp, if you must picture her as once being called upon to change—well, I mean called upon to apply panaceas for the lowly colic. Fancy—fancy Kay Francis or Natalie Moorhead or Hedda Hopper or even Clara Bow crooning lullabys! It would completely de-sirenize them.

The studios know this. Some of the best contracts contain "no children" clauses. The hand that rocks the cradle will never rule the Kliegs, say they.

One company has gone so far as to issue the edict that no family relationships of any kind are to be mentioned in copy of any kind. *No* relationships. Husbands emerge as bachelors, and wives as maiden ladies. As to mothers and fathers—perish the thought!

Captive Children

BUT even as murder will out, so will children. There are hidden children in Hollywood. Little sins carefully shut away from the light of the lens and the Press. Children who are born into the captivity of secrecy.

Nancy Carroll's little girl was never mentioned, never photographed, never existed—save to her discerning grandparents—until very recently. It was a case of stolen kisses in the dark for Nancy's little girl. They couldn't go shopping together, or to circuses, or to the parks. Nancy couldn't alibi a youngster with

Hollywood children not hidden away: above, Dorothy Revier's little girl, with her mother; at right, the three children of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, with their proud parents

SINS *of* Hollywood

Having Children

By GLADYS HALL

her own *retroussé* beauty. And you can see for yourselves that a growing child—and how children *do* grow, to be sure!—would jeopardize the kind of publicity that Nancy was being given. The boys in college towns would not dream so fondly of dating Nancy up, would not write her the same ardent, adolescent effusions, if they were forced to picture her as reciting the story of the Three Bears or wiping a little nosey.

Marlene Dietrich, Famous Players' new German import, has a small daughter of th.ee. She wore the little girl a; the jewel in her crown of theatrical thorns. Famous Players heard of the infant, and a wail rent the immediate heavens. The baby must be concealed. Marlene must be a virgin of eighteen. They were insistent.

One Proud Parent

BUT Marlene is a German. There's a difference. She is a German housewife and mother at heart, whatever she may be at Art. She couldn't imagine concealing the light of her life. Her pride. Her admitted reason-for-being. The little girl of three is worn in a locket on Marlene's maternal bosom, and Marlene told me that every hour of every day, her thoughts are with the baby. "Now she is having her orange juice—now she is having her luncheon—it's six o'clock, she will be going to bed now . . . " Thus Marlene's thoughts keep time with the child's schedule. It is not a sin in Berlin—the having of children. The German may be sentimental. He may be profoundly wise. He apparently knows that until a woman has achieved maternity she is only half a woman. Incomplete.

Marlene admits to being astonished at the American woman. She finds us intensely interesting to talk to for the first ten minutes, and after that the talk invariably dwindles into rabid discussions of the best bootleggers, of bracelets and Bridge and Straight Eights and Mrs. So-and-So's husband. In Germany, the women do not talk only of such trivialities. They know them to be trivial. In Germany, too much of that sort of thing might be called a sin. But in Hollywood far, far better to admit to a Straight Eight and a diamond bracelet than to a living child.

In Their Idol Moments

IT is said of Francis X. Bushman that in the hey-day of his glory he used to introduce his bakers' dozen of children to chance admirers and to the Press as "visitors."

John Gilbert, a decade or so later, is supposed to have been righteously indignant when, married to Leatrice Joy, he learned that he was to become a father. John had become something quite other than a doting Daddy, carrying a little tot piggy-back and telling bedtime stories. He was mounting to fame as The Great Lover, perhaps the greatest of them all, excepting Valentino. He was become the perpetual adventurer, the love *Lothario*. How would it look to announce to a million palpitant female hearts that he was, by rights, a slippered paterfamilias? It wouldn't look at all. Or would it? Must *Casanova* always wear pointed patent leathers?

One of the screen's most satisfying sirens is rumored to be the mother of a growing son. By a previous marriage. We neither believe it or disbelieve it, having learned that Hollywood is

(*Continued on page 112*)

Not afraid of losing their popularity: above, Ann Harding, with her small daughter, Jane; at left, Margaret Livingston confesses having not only a mother but three adopted children

Mary Pickford's

A Bomb Is Set

The "Absurdly Generous"

PRESIDENT HERBERT HOOVER of these United States may be uneasy because five per cent. of those usually employed in "gainful occupations" are out of work, but what would he do with a situation where *ninety-five per cent. of the workers were unemployed?* That's the predicament President Mary Pickford has to find a way out of, unless most of Hollywood is going to live by panhandling.

President Hoover has advantages. He can urge Congress to set a billion dollars' worth of public works going, and he can call a convention of employers from all over the land and stimulate them to start a lot of new jobs. And further, his five per cent. of unemployed are at least *employable.*

But President Mary Pickford can do neither of these things. She has no Congress to harass, and so far the convention of employers—in this case, the motion picture producers—has been of very little assistance. Further, her ninety-five per cent. of unemployed are nearly all unemployable outside their own line!

If those opening paragraphs sound lightsome, they are not so intended, because I doubt most seriously if there is a parallel anywhere in America to the motion picture unemployment problem of Hollywood, for which Miss Pickford, as President of the Motion Picture Relief Fund of America, has to find a remedy. Let us look at her problem, which isn't easy looking, because there are so many facets to consider.

Liability Town

FIRST, we have the lure of the pictures themselves, augmented by the weird and impassioned tales of Cinderella-King Luck successes scattered broadcast over the world by the studio press departments, and which attract thousands of people to Hollywood, who are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred immediately transformed into liabilities.

At left, the oldest movie actor, aged 103, who is supported by the Motion Picture Relief Fund. He is one of hundreds of needy actors

WHY MARY IS MAD

"By every device we knew, we got promises for our relief work for 1930 to the amount of just $75,000! That from the most prosperous, glamourous industry in the world! That trifling sum from the richest individual group of people on earth! And there are men and women and children here in Hollywood—fellow players and their families—suffering from privation, hunger and disease!"

Second, there is the attraction offered by sub-tropical Southern California, the Mecca of a southward and westward trek such as this land has never before known. For the third item, we have the recent shift from silent to talking pictures, which tossed some thousands of perfectly capable people with no vocal abilities on the pictorial scrap-heap.

Fourth, there is the wholesale importation of hundreds of players from New York theaters and night-clubs to lend variety and spice to the new screen medium. For the fifth cause, we are confronted with a drastic curtailment in production, and for the sixth must be mentioned the fact that the type of pictures now being produced use "shorter casts"—in other words, fewer players. There are two other facets, but I'll save numbers seven and eight while I interpolate something unpleasant.

For years we have had it drummed into our ears that "actors

Fighting MAD

Off Under Players and Producers

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

are the most generous and charitable people on earth. They'll give you the shirts from their backs, etc." Well, perhaps so, but how very seldom we want shirts! It is quite true that there is little difficulty in getting their promise to appear at benefit performances, though I've perspired copiously on more than one occasion, trying to get them to make good. But they don't part easily with money; perhaps because of their nomadic life—until pictures anchored them to the soil—and lack of business ability.

Also, we have in Hollywood a group of the wealthiest business men in the world—men whose annual stipends make the Presidential salary look like the price of a new limousine. I've made a list of thirteen of these men. Their combined salaries for 1929 reached $3,550,750, and that's an average of $257,750 each!

Please keep those two previous paragraphs in mind. We'll come back to them later.

ARE ACTORS GENEROUS?

One of the prominent stars of the screen—a man who earned $230,000 last year—parted with a five-dollar bill after a struggle. He offered a dollar! A little "cutie," who earns more thousands in a week than most business executives earn hundreds, refused to give—because she "doesn't believe in charity!" Three years ago, a dollar looked as big as the *Leviathan* to her

Here's item seven: Fully three-quarters of the unemployed picture folk are not only unemployed but *unemployable*, as I said earlier. That means that they simply are unfitted for any other work than acting. I know. I didn't believe it at first, either—until I investigated. Then I discovered that most of the players are more unskilled, apart from their special line, than anything you can imagine. Their very skill in their profession makes them unskilled in any other!

No Actor Help Wanted

AT five of Los Angeles' department stores I tried to get work for two men and two women, all under forty. The personnel managers were pleasant and helpful until I mentioned that these folk had been in pictures.

"That spoils it," each and every manager said without hesitation, if not in those words, to that effect. "We wouldn't have picture people if they'd work for nothing and give us a bonus. Repeatedly we've spent time and money, training them for simple work, and invariably when a single day's work in a studio is offered, they quit us without notice. Their 'break' has come at last, they seem to think. No, sir. No actors—ever!"

Number eight is that the industry as a whole, actors and producers alike, has lain down, ostrich-like, on this obligation and failed to do the only possible thing—contribute. If these statements are unpleasant, I can only say that Mary Pickford concurs in them one hundred per cent., and if you knew her you'd know that for gentle little Mary Pickford to get sore and angry and fighting mad there has to be a reason, and a good one. And she is sore and mad and in a fighting mood. Here's why:

(*Continued on page 92*)

At right, Mary Pickford in "Forever Yours," the picture dailies said she would not finish. But she doesn't start things she can't finish

Bredell

"And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by": and sea-feverish Richard Arlen is not only very much on deck in "The Sea God," but getting into deep water, with that comely coming star, Fay Wray, for a helm-mate as well as a helpmate

Diet Quickies

Three Stars Tell How To Lose Weight Fast Without Fasting

BY

DOROTHY CALHOUN

IN Hollywood the stars often find it necessary to lose weight quickly. There have been instances in which a picture was begun and then held up in the middle for some reason. When the cast re-assembled to finish the shooting, it was found that the flapper star was pictured going into a telephone booth a slim Size Sixteen, and coming out of the booth a plump Size Twenty! Or perhaps a player's telephone rings and a casting director demands, "Can you lose ten pounds before next Thursday? If you can, the part of *Missie* in 'Burning Kisses' is yours."

Massage takes too much time to begin to show results. Exercise is also too slow. Starvation, pure and simple, would leave the player looking like a wreck. A quick reducing diet is the answer.

Hollywood probably holds the record for speed limit reduction. Sometimes, as in the case with the fast diet of Jean Hersholt which we are about to give you, the player goes back to his usual food habits when the need for dieting is over, or maintains the loss of weight by exercise, massage or a more careful menu. Sometimes, as in the case of Joan Crawford's diet "quickie" which we print below, the player finds it satisfactory to keep the same diet permanently, increasing only the amounts.

Schellenberg

Directly above, Jean Hersholt as he looks between pictures—when he is round of face and weighs two hundred pounds. At top, after three weeks of his special diet—minus thirty-five pounds

Lost: Thirty-One Pounds

WHEN Lucille Le Sueur changed her name to "Joan Crawford," she changed something else as well—her figure. While Lucille was a big buxom girl weighing a hundred and forty-nine pounds, "Joan" became the slim hipless flapper whose ability to wear scanty clothes has made a world of women sigh for vanished waistlines. And the amazing thing was that she decided definitely to reduce all in a minute, did actually reduce in three weeks, and has never varied since then more than a pound or two from her present weight of a hundred and eighteen!

"I haven't had a square meal in four years," says Joan with just the smallest sigh. "I always leave the table hungry—but that's because I've got an awful appetite. I really don't need any more than I eat now. I feel a hundred per cent. better without those extra thirty-one pounds I used to carry around, but it's vanity that gives me courage to refuse when somebody passes me a grand piece of egg-nog pie or a plate of creamed chicken. I'll never, never be fat again. That's the way women lose their husbands, and I'm not taking any risks with Doug!"

Three things are taboo on Joan's menu. Bread. Butter. Potatoes.

(*Continued on next page*)

Three Weeks Is All The Time

Every morning for three weeks—the juice of one lemon, plus a tablespoonful of liquid honey, and Irene Delroy changed from "Nancy from Naples" (right) to "The Life of the Party" (left

"I always adored potatoes. They were harder to give up than candy," Joan confesses. "And the worst of it is, I'm trying to get Doug to put on weight, so the cook serves mashed potatoes every night for dinner—fluffy, creamy mashed potatoes! But so far I've resisted them. I often say to the butler, 'Don't pass me that dish. It looks too good. Just keep it away from me.' "

For breakfast, Joan has a cup of hot water, followed by a cup of coffee with cream. And nothing else!

For lunch, she has salad and fruit. Any kind of salad. Any kind of fruit. And a cup of coffee.

For dinner, she has vegetable soup, chicken broth, or a clear bouillon. Never a thick cream soup. Then she has three vegetables—chosen from beets, stewed celery, asparagus, string-beans, cauliflower. Whichever is in season, but served plain without creaming. For meat, she eats a small piece of lamb or chicken or roast beef. For dessert, stewed fruit or gelatine. Once in a long while, a cup custard or an ice. Only twice last year did she have ice cream!

Of course, this is not a hard and fast menu, but it is an average one. Apricots, apple sauce, prunes, berries, and melons give variety in the fruit courses, and the possibilities of salads are endless. One day she has a cottage cheese and ripe fig salad; the next, carrots and raisins; and the next, vegetables. *But she always allows herself salad dressing.* And cream for her coffee.

Taste Is Essential

"IF I didn't make things palatable," Joan explains, "I wouldn't be able to keep strictly on a diet. And let me tell you right here that any girl who has a tendency to put on weight has to keep dieting. You can't reduce once and then eat what you please. I was a fat baby, and a very fat little girl; I was intended to be a fat woman. And even now, I can put on two pounds' weight in one day if I let myself go. But by this time my stomach must be so shrunk that I couldn't eat as much as other people.

"I found I had to 'piece' between meals. It's a habit I formed when I was a kid, and now I can't keep going on the set unless I do eat something in between. So I bring apples to the studio with me. They're good for me, and they're filling, and they haven't any calories to speak of.

"This diet is my own. I haven't consulted any doctor or specialist, because it's kept me feeling fit as well as slim. I used to experiment with freak diets—hard-boiled eggs and tomatoes, or pineapple and lamb chops—but they didn't work. The acids formed by the combinations made me ill. I think I have stumbled on the proper balance of food elements now. I get enough fats and proteins, and plenty of roughage with all the vegetables,

One Needs To Reduce

and natural sugar in the fruits and simple desserts. Anyhow, I've never had any of the 'diet diseases' they talk about from using it."

His Weight Is Elastic

JEAN HERSHOLT is another player who deliberately changes his size to suit his parts. If they give him three weeks, he can gain or lose thirty-five pounds to order. This was the amount of weight he lost between finishing "The Girl on the Barge" two years ago, and beginning "Modern Love." In the first picture he weighed exactly two hundred and thirteen pounds, and in the second picture he weighed only one hundred and seventy-eight.

He has an inevitable diet which he adheres to without varying a calory.

For breakfast: One piece of dry bran toast. One whole grapefruit. One cup of coffee, with milk instead of cream, and saccharine instead of sugar.

For lunch: Fruit salad or cold consommé. One cup of tea with milk and saccharine.

For dinner: Cold consommé. Fish or small piece of lamb, chicken or beef. All the vegetables he wants. Fruit.

It is a Spartan diet, but it does the work with Jean Hersholt. For a woman, or anyone less robust than he, it might require slight modification. He does not offer it as a universal solution to the problem, but the fact remains that he has deliberately changed his appearance from picture Number One to picture Number Two, whenever the occasion required it, by this method.

Morning Medicine

IT remains for Irene Delroy, who lost eighteen pounds in three weeks, to provide the latest addition to Hollywood's freak diets.

"It was the climate and Western hospitality that were my undoing!" Irene confesses. "The Montmartre avocados, George Olsen's Supper Club caviar! I slept as I never sleep in noisy New York, I rode in automobiles instead of dancing, and I began to grow fat—yes, F-A-T! But I simply can't diet. I haven't the will power, maybe, and besides it hurts the voice. So I tried an old recipe that is a tradition in my family. Every morning I take the juice of one lemon, mixed with a tablespoonful of liquid honey. It isn't hard to take and it forms a combination that certainly does the work. Look at me now in 'The Life of the Party,' and as I was in 'Nancy from Naples.' And that's the only dieting I did between the two pictures!"

This was frankly a quick emergency measure and would not be safe for a prolonged use. But according to physicians consulted by Miss Delroy, it will do no harm for a few weeks. Now she is maintaining her loss of weight by exercise. "And," she sighs, "a little less hospitality!"

So, reduce in a hurry, if you must—but don't follow a "quick diet" indefinitely. Once down, there are better ways of staying down.

Another three-week wonder: Lucille Le Sueur changed into Joan Crawford, and between them they lost thirty-one pounds. At left, Joan when a buxom flapper; above, as our modern maiden

Makin' Talkie

H. Harold Fisher

So Sid Grauman took the $60,000 and opened "Hell's Angels." Sky-aimed searchlights swung in erratic circles, planes zoomed and looped over the helpless city, and Hollywood saw, for the first time, a smoke-screen opening

TWO and two don't make four: Hollywood is wondering about several things these days. It is wondering, for instance, about Mary Pickford's picture, "Forever Yours." On Friday, Mary complimented the cast on their work. On Saturday they received notice that further shooting was indefinitely postponed. A syndicate writer spread the word far and wide that the picture would never be finished, and that Mary herself was about to retire. Both bits of gossip were denied vociferously by United Artists and the star herself, both explaining the lay-off as necessary for changes in the story. Meanwhile, Doug arrived home hurriedly from England via airplane and the talk is that he may play opposite Bebe Daniels in her forthcoming Irving Berlin picture.

• • •

HIS strong admirer: George Bancroft, back from New York, assures us that it was not he who delivered the blow which broke the jaw of a youth in a Long Island roadhouse fight. "It must have been one of my admirers," adds George complacently. Rumor had it, when he went East, that he had had offers from Broadway. But he's back—apparently proving that absence makes Paramount's heart grow fonder.

Fryer

We knew if we hunted long enough, we'd find a Hollywood girl who could be aquatic without being in a bathing suit, and here she is—Bernice Claire, on shore leave

TROUBLOUS times: The studios are seething with insurrection these days. There is Mary Nolan, whose disagreement over "not being treated like a lady" does not seem to be settled yet; and Janet Gaynor still at odds with Fox "because they don't give her the right pictures"; and Jack Gilbert's new M-G-M production not begun in spite of announcements. It is hard to believe, but we hear that in this picture Jack will take comedy falls, throw spaghetti, and either have a tin waste-paper basket rammed down over his head or ram the tin waste-paper basket down over someone else's head (we didn't quite understand which). Also that Jack and Jim Tully will repeat their fistic encounter before the camera for the benefit of those who were not at the Brown Derby that historic night. And Jack has no choice about accepting the picture. His contract does not give him any "say" about his scripts. If he refuses to play it, the contract is broken.

• • •

THAT eternal movie: When "Hell's Angels" was at last safely launched, with the connivance of Sid Grauman and the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, smoke-screens over

Two pillars of cinema smart society: sitting in on Hollywood sets again, Adolphe Menjou wonders how long he'll be limited to French and Spanish versions

He got up to rest: Gary Cooper, tired of being photographed in bed for sequences for "A Man From Wyoming," says you can't keep a good man down all day

theater, searchlights on the foothills and zooming airplanes overhead, Ben Lyon drew a deep breath. But before he could draw another one, a message reached him. "Come to the studio to-morrow," it read, "for retakes on 'Hell's Angels.'" Honest!

• • •

A RARE occasion: Ben and Bebe have, it is thought, established a Hollywood record—their marriage being one consummated between a bachelor and a spinster (two rarities in this center of romance). And already, so the story goes, Ben has shown himself head of the house. According to a friend of the two, Bebe went house-hunting in Beverly Hills and actually put down a five-hundred-dollar deposit on a house. When Ben heard about it, he persuaded her to forfeit the deposit and begin her married life in his bachelor apartment, to save money.

• • •

SCRIBBLERS' sorority: Now the Hollywood women writers have started a Press Club, unique in the annals of clubdom. It has no dues, no mission, no rules and regulations, and it allows no speeches. "For," said Mollie Merrick (you remember her story on Lawrence Tibbett) wisely, "there's no telling where speeches might lead us. They might even lead to *lantern slides*." Its purpose is strictly Food and Fun. Its first official act was to give a shower to Bebe, and since all the members were on papers, it was a paper shower. There was even a paper-covered edition of "What a Young Wife Should Know."

• • •

THEY'RE after him, all right, all right: *This is borrowed from a foreign fan magazine. An actor applied to a director for a part. "Well," said the director, "I think you'll do. I'll let you know in a few days." "But do I go on salary at once?" insisted the actor. "Certainly not." "You'd better sign me up," the actor urged, "a lot of other companies are after me." "Huh, I've heard that one before," grunted the skeptical director. "What companies are after you?" "There's the gas company," replied the actor, "and the electric light company and the auto loan company and the telephone and—"*

• • •

BACK to normal: Hollywood's most tempestuous red-head has gone tame—and, her friends say, becomes her real self again after all these hectic years. Clara Bow is meeker and more deferential than Hollywood ever remembers to have seen her. The reason, apparently, is Rex Bell. Together they are tearing over Bill Hart's ranch these days on broncos.

• • •

THE surprise ending: These Peppy Problems seemingly enjoy being submissive. There is Alice White, who defers meekly to "her honey," Sid Bartlett, while Sid snaps out orders with an air of authority. Young Bartlett always has a tiny part in Alice's pictures, but without screen credit, and interviewers have learned that most queries put to the star are referred to Sid for answering. Alice starts at Christie Comedies, by the way, as this is written. *That's the life of a Show Girl in Hollywood!*

• • •

YOU lose the pounds, save the pence: *Mrs. Tibbett was describing a new Swedish masseuse she has discovered: "Why, she pounds you twice as hard as Sylvia for half the money!"*

• • •

THE hero of the lunch hour. When the Montmartre went into bankruptcy recently, Hollywood gasped; but the famous restaurant is not to close its doors, after all. And its sister restaurant, the Embassy, is crowded every noon. When Carl Laemmle, Junior, entered the Embassy the other noon, the entire room burst into spontaneous applause. He is the producer-hero of the hour for his splendid picture, "All Quiet on the Western Front." And by the way, this story is true, though it has a press-agent scent: At a recent performance of "All Quiet," at a moment when the Germans sent a barrage of fire from their trenches, a

Now that they're together, the Broadway world's well lost. Ann Harding and Robert Ames, once two of Broadway's brightest lights, find one another in "Holiday"

Shamroy

He went six thousand miles to wear the hat: the longest "location" trip in movie history was the African trek for "Trader Horn," and Duncan Renaldo is featured

man in the front row rose with a shout of horror and dove headforemost into the orchestra pit. He was a shell-shocked veteran of the War, seeking the nearest trench.

• • •

RAFFLES steals away: Ronald Colman's disappearance is explained in Hollywood circles by the guess that he has gone to London to get a long-delayed divorce. And the reason for Ronnie's desire for freedom, "they" murmur, is Kay Francis, who recently finished opposite him in "Raffles." When taxed with this, Kay only shrugs her satin-sheathed shoulders and sighs, "So you've heard that absurd rumor, too!" Bill Powell, his inseparable friend, has gone over to join Colman. The former Mrs. Colman was once the wife of a wealthy diamond-mine owner of South Africa, and has a daughter by that marriage.

• • •

THE woman's Hart: *Bill Hart recently received two letters, one addressed to "Miss Lila Lee, c/o Bill Hart," and the other, "Miss Billie Dove, c/o Bill Hart." In each was a clipping from an Eastern newspaper, telling of Clara Bow's friendship for the Two-Gun Man, who was teaching her to ride bareback at his ranch. "Well," smiled Bill, displaying them to a friend, "I may not be such a hot shot in Hollywood, but you see I'm still a wow with the women!"*

• • •

NOT being reduced: Colleen Moore, having a brand-new divorce and freedom to do as she wishes, for the first time in many years, has sold her gorgeous new home and is planning to go to Paris, with Julianne Johnston as a traveling companion. It is said that she and John McCormick divided three million dollars at the time of the divorce. An intimate friend of the couple reports that John was heart-broken and reminded Colleen of all he had done for her. "Ah, yes, John," she quotes Colleen as saying sadly, "you did everything for Colleen Moore!—but not for *me*." John's hair has gone quite gray, but Colleen looks younger and gayer than she has for some time. A dozen rumors of a dozen different contracts have been current since Colleen left First National, but the day of ten-thousand-dollar-a-week salaries for movie stars seems to be over, at least for the present, and her friends say that Colleen will not accept a sharp reduction.

• • •

THESE club bodies: When "The Dominoes," the new Theatrical Women's Club, analogous to The Twelfth Night Club of New York, went house-hunting recently, Lucille Gleason and Louise Dresser had the strange experience of being met in a darkened front hall by a man with a steel-cold voice and a drawn revolver, and of seeing what appeared to be a roomful of corpses beyond. They had blundered into the Sphinx Club, a gambling establishment, and the "corpses" were patrons, sleeping off the excitement of a police raid. Now the Club has swept and scrubbed out the last traces of former tenants and is well launched, with over a hundred members and six thousand dollars in the treasury.

• • •

SWEET sixteen years ago *Eddie Cantor, acting as Master of Ceremonies of the new Pantages Theater, reminded the audience that he worked in 1914 in the most remarkable Ziegfeld show ever staged. In the chorus were Dorothy Mackaill and Marion Davies. Billie Dove was a show girl in the same production.*

• • •

LOSERS aren't weepers in this game: Since Al Jolson moved his make-up box to United Artists' studio, he and Joe Schenck have become ardent card rivals. It is said that huge sums are wagered, won and lost at an evening session. "Oh yes," explains

Here, There And Everywhere

Bullock

Standing room only: when the chorus for "Whoopee" was picked, the pickers had to know their lines. Five hundred of Hollywood's sturdiest did some kicking

ingenuously, a friend who attends these card bouts."sometimes either Joe or Al wins a half-million dollars in an evening. And then at the end of the evening they just say, 'Aw forget it!'"

• • •

BROADWAY bungalow: Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, have moved into their new home atop a Hollywood mountain. The house looks four ways—over the San Fernando Valley, over Los Angeles, over the ocean and over the closer mountain ranges. "It's a little bit of a house with lots of great big rooms in it," a friend describes their home, the first a Broadway stage star has built in Hollywood. Most of the stage people seem to have an uneasy, temporary feeling, accentuated these last two months by reports (source unknown) that the talkies aren't doing so well at the box-office.

• • •

AROUND-THE-WORLD famous: *Maurice Chevalier is the biggest film name, according to Richard Wallace, director of "Anybody's War," who has just returned from a four months' tour of the world. In all countries, Chevalier is a favorite. "I'd play a bit, if it were with Chevalier!" declared a haughty star the other day. Yet they say that Laura La Plante turned down the opportunity to play leading lady to Maurice, because she did not want to be billed "opposite" anyone. Maurice, by the way, has been playing at a local vaudeville house, singing naughty French songs and translating them into discreet English.*

Zerrenner

She'd just as soon go yachting: but what does Ginger Rogers (no relation of the senator-at-large or America's boy-friend) know about being at sea?

• • •

IT'S his type: It is no secret that Joe E. Brown, after the release of "Hold Everything," was able to persuade the studio to recall the posters and replace them with others in which his name was in bigger letters and a more prominent position. Several stars have a clause in their contracts promising that their names will be in "two-and-a-half times as large type as any other player's."

• • •

OR "every body's happy": The famous Sylvia, mas-

(Continued on page 90)

With Those Who Talk And Play

A Modern VICTORIAN

The Most Colorful Comeback Of All Is That Of Cyril Maude

By MOLLIE MERRICK

FORTY-SEVEN years ago, an English lad with a longing to become an actor arrived in New York, with a letter from Jenny Lind to Henry Irving.

Cyril Maude cut his histrionic eye-teeth on Middle West American audiences of 1883. He learned to read his "Cyrano," his "Romeo and Juliet," his "Camille" before Leadville and Butte and Denver and Helena, Montana, audiences gathered in their respective opera houses for the dignified entertainment of the Gay Nineties.

He became the most popular actor and most skilled comedian the London stage has ever known. He starred at command performances for the King and Queen of England. Sixteen years ago, the cycle of his work carried him back to America. He made "Peer Gynt" for the silent cameras of Hollywood. He was first of the famous to interest movie producers. The circle becomes complete to-day with his finished talking picture, "Grumpy." Cyril Maude is closing his acting career in that America in which he began it. He is crowning a lifetime of achievement with a gelatine record of his outstanding stage portrayals.

On my desk, as I write, is an autographed photograph:

"To Mollie Merrick, whom I interviewed one afternoon at tea, from her new-old friend, Cyril Maude."

He Draws You Out

THERE you have the story. Cyril Maude won't talk about himself. Not that he wouldn't turn inside out to do anything in the world to oblige—he's the most gracious human ever created. But he likes to know about the other fellow; and 'way down inside he has ideas about chaps who talk of themselves. It isn't done—even to an interviewer.

You find yourself becoming expansive on the subject of your puny endeavors. You are coaxed to reveal that shy and apologetic self which only peeps forth in rare moments. You are telling these things to one whose true ambition is to give everyone his heart's desire.

And out of the things he says to you and about you, you infer certain things about Cyril Maude. That is as it should be of a worldling and a gentleman.

When motion picture producers brought Cyril Maude from his home at Dartmouth, England, where he had gone into retirement some four years ago, they did a rather mad and very lovely thing. They chose a great star of the generation past. They planned to present him in a new medium—the talking picture—to a generation highly pleased with its own product and a little impatient of things that have gone before.

A Silver-Haired Hero

ON the day Cyril Maude interviewed me at tea, "Grumpy" had just been run on the Paramount lot, and studio officials had, with one accord, descended upon the actor with unqualified congratulations and insistence that he return this autumn to make other films.

"Grumpy," the dangerous experiment, had proved "a natural," in the language of the motion picture profession. And the silver-haired actor, who had come out of his quiet life in Devon to face the microphone for the first time, was hailed a "find" in talkie circles.

Cyril Maude laughingly told me that he first returned to the English stage, after his initial retirement, in order to earn the wherewithal to install plumbing in his Dartmouth home.

He crossed an ocean and a continent to make his first talkie. But the only expression of ambition he made in regard to what must be a very fat emolument was the notion that while he had "a Daimler and a Vauxhall," he'd really love to buy "one of the little tin businesses everyone runs about in here."

His entire diversion, during those four years away from the footlights, has been the training of the villagers in folk-plays which best express their capabilities. A charming preoccupa-

(*Continued on page 95*)

Out of a four-year retirement in a quiet countryside, across an ocean and a continent, did Cyril Maude (top right) come to Hollywood to be *Grumpy* (top left)

A silver-haired hero: yesterday's favorite became to-day's wonder, when Cyril Maude again donned the clothes and character of *Grumpy* (left) for the talkies

Lippman

Dat croonin' Gothamite, Al Jolson, am a-tellin' de gal frien' dat he'd ruthah be a cullud puhson dan a poo' white man. She 'n' he am pals in his latest dahk moments, in "Big Boy," named fuh de dahk hoss w'ich, like Al, runs wild 'n' wins a big puhse

Adventures Off The Screen

Kay Francis Has Her Worries, Owning *Nell Gwynne*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WILL the fateful influence of Nell Gwynne pursue Kay Francis, now that she has come into possession of her portrait?

Fires, thefts, deaths, lawsuits, family quarrels and marital rifts have resulted from the possession of this portrait of the fiery Nell, painted by Sir Peter Lely in the Seventeenth Century.

It was painted, by royal commission, to hang upon the wall of the bedchamber of a king, Charles II, who was enamored of Nell. It was stolen, smuggled overseas, and came into the keeping of Kay's grandfather by a strange and devious set of circumstances.

Nell, you remember, was a fascinating woman. So fascinating indeed, that she set an entire royal family and its attendant government by the ears. Something of her vibrant personality, something of her strength and charm and her proclivity for causing trouble must have been caught by the artist, for excitement has ever pursued the possessors of the picture.

Kay's family has come to regard it with a sort of affectionate superstition—although the feminine members seem inclined to view Nell's pictured countenance with a respect which is mingled with a certain distrust. Kay's mother avers that Nell was, and still is, "just a hussy!" An opinion which was shared by many women of Nell's own day.

Kay's story of the portrait, which is a legend in her family, goes something like this:

In the latter part of the Seventeenth Century, one George Howard, who belonged to the noble line of Howards in England, committed some political offense, because of which he was either exiled or forced to flee for his life. Anyhow, he left his native country in disgrace, and came to America.

Before leaving, he raided the Royal Bedchamber at Windsor Castle and stole the portrait of Nell Gwynne, which always hung there when Charles II was staying at the Castle. He also filched a blue velvet waistcoat, heavily encrusted with gold, which belonged to Charles.

"It was probably mere pique which caused him to steal these objects," Miss Francis commented. "Or perhaps he, too, was enamored of Nell and wanted something to remind him of her. In that case, I cannot see why he wanted the waistcoat—unless he used it to wrap about the portrait. He could not have had any idea of selling the picture, because he cut it out of the frame—so hastily that the artist's signature was left behind and part of Nell's hand is missing."

Howard brought the picture and the waistcoat to America with him and left them to his heirs, as sacred possessions, when he died here, a poor man, many years later.

His Bride Objected

KAY'S grandfather (Franks was his name) drifted to a small town, called Galena, in Illinois, when he was a very young man. It was a "boom town" at that time and he hoped to make his fortune there.

One day the stage-coach brought in another young man—from Eastern parts of the country—who was obviously in a dying condition. His name was Howard and he was a descendant of that other Howard who had fled the English court in the days of Charles II.

(*Continued on page 111*)

He walks on down the long, long hall of Fame. He is alone. No one approaches him. Sometimes he is **Julio,** sometimes **The Sheik,** sometimes **Monsieur Beaucaire.** Once he came back as **Monsieur Beaucaire,** after two inactive years. There were four more pictures, and then—the tragic ending. Four years have passed since that fateful August day. An age, an eon in movieland. An instant, a fraction of a moment, to **Rudolph Valentino**

Russell Ball

Marriages In

By

Dorothy Spensley

Constance Bennett at Twenty-Five:

A heart-shaped face with tangerine lips.

A long bob in blonde waves.

Paris gowns, and a trick Hispano-Suiza.

Five feet four, with a million dollars in cash.

Ninety-nine pounds, and a million-dollar settlement.

A girl who gives the impression of having sampled all the pleasant things of life and a few sorrows, and now sits back, relaxed.

TO begin with, she had been married before. And it was annulled by Momma Adrienne Mabel Morrison Bennett and Poppa Richard Bennett, hastily. She was under age, anyway.

But that wedding isn't being publicized.

He was a school boy-friend, amusing, friendly. But not built to be Constance Bennett's husband. It takes a special order.

"What was his name?"

Cool, poised, she was that day, as always; nimbly forking Eggs Florentine at the Embassy, in a violet taffeta suit by Patou, or Lanvin.

"Enough of that," Constance purred, huskily, slim hand upraised to call a halt.

Two unsuccessful marriages at twenty-five, then. One to a gentlemanly unknown; the other to multi-millionaire Phil Plant, whose father made it in the publishing business. Ninety-nine pounds, and a million-dollar settlement. Her decree granted March 20, 1930, and his wedding ring still on her finger, half-smothered by an umpty-ump carat diamond, square-cut. On her right wrist, a silver linked bracelet which has not been removed since it was locked on, romantically, three years ago by—well someone.

Russell Ball

Left, the Marquis Henry de la Falaise, who has taken Constance Bennett places in Paris

She Has Been Places

A SATIATE, this eldest of the Bennett girls. A girl who gives the impression of having sampled all the pleasant things of life and a few sorrows, and now sits back, relaxed. A satiate, but sentimentally inclined. There are three Bennetts—Constance, Barbara and Joan. Schools at Mamaroneck, on Park Avenue and in Paris. Débuts in Baltimore and Washington for Constance. Heart-shaped face with tangerine lips. A widow's-peak, ending in the blonde waves of a long bob. Stop me, I'm getting lyrical.

Five feet four, with a million dollars in cold cash. With a three-year Pathé contract, and rival producers bidding to borrow her for "Three Faces East," "Common Clay," and others. Howard Hughes, for instance, offering her ten thousand a week to play in his "Hell's Angels," but she preferred to go to Paris, thank you, and get her divorce. And a million.

Not unaccustomed to money, this Bennett, you understand. Father Richard was (and still is) a Broadway bright light, packing them in at matinées and nights. A permanent suite at one of the better hotels for his family. Accounts at the leading shops. A big florist bill each month. Taxis and ices.

And then millions dumped in her lap. She bore it for five years. Then, as the tabloids say, they "agreed to disagree."

"Incompatibility—" Constance says dispassionately, with the serenity of a violet ice, "to which I contributed as much as he did."

Really, it was a question of dependence and independence. Bird-in-a-gilded-cage stuff.

But it has not soured her on marriage. Nor on millions.

Stepping from the boat that brought her from Europe last time, somewhat cluttered with rumors of an interest in the

The MOVIES

R. H. Louise

Right, Constance's millionaire ex-husband, Philip Plant, who agreed to a million-dollar divorce settlement

P. & A.

Every Girl Should Marry At Least One Millionaire, Says Constance Bennett

Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye (Gloria Swanson's Marquis) which she denies amiably, Pathé's press-agent beseeched her to give a statement. It seems that a lady reporter wanted her to warn girls against marrying money.

"All you have to say is that you think girls should not marry millionaires," she pleaded.

"On the contrary," purred she, with a sly smile, "I think they should—at least once."

Seven years ago she was well on her way to motion picture prominence. She was discovered at an Equity Ball by Samuel Goldwyn and promptly ran off with the flapper honors in his "Cytherea."

She did "The Goose Hangs High," seven others, then "Sally, Irene and Mary," in which were Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neil. Erté, the French fashion designer, then at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, got into a pet about her angular shoulders, and people began to refer to her as "that eldest Bennett girl." Success was assured.

In New York, where she repaired for a breath of fresh air, she met Phil Plant, who is known as "a prominent New Yorker." In Greenwich, Connecticut, she said "Yes," sighed, and he slipped on the platinum band which she refuses to remove until the divorce is final.

An Exciting Start

HE wanted his wife to give up pictures. She did, and embarked upon a life of ease.

On their honeymoon they went deep-sea fishing off Palm Beach. Constance isn't much for rigorous sports. She likes hears in the newsreels and adores tea-dances and shaded lamps. Half-way out in the Atlantic, or so it seemed, and directly over Davy Jones' locker, a large wave overtook them. Then another. And another. It looked like a great day for tidal waves. They headed the dory, or the dinghy, or whatever it was, for the shore. Along came a monumental wave that completely drenched them. And another. And still more.

They spent three days in their rooms recuperating, weak and exhausted.

"It was a great way to spend a honeymoon," says Connie, blue eyes almost wistful.

Well, that's the way it went. Ski-ing at St. Moritz, surf-boarding at Cannes, or may-be Antibes, tobogganing at Lake Placid, winter sports at Montreal, summer sports in Santa Barbara. Dancing—which they both loved, fortunately—in Paris, London, Rome, New York.

That part was swell. And so was Phil Plant. But Constance liked to sleep until noon, and he liked golf and polo.

Poor Little Rich Girl

CONSTANCE liked clothes. And Phil liked to see his wife well dressed—expensively dressed, of course. But how can you explain to a husband about the blue and gold pastel dinner dress, tight about the hips, flaring into godets, with its gold wrap and mink cuffs, when your shrimp chiffon and your off-white soufflé have not yet been worn?

(*Continued on page 107*)

Hi, There!

Mitzi Looks Them Up--

If you were eight-year-old Mitzi Green (whose optics are open at the left) you'd look up to them, too. And they'd be pretty high and mighty. You'd wonder if Gary Cooper has snow on his head. And if William Austin is the first English skyscraper. And you'd wonder if June Collyer can see such Mexican resorts as Agua Caliente and Tia Juana. And how William Powell could ever stoop so low as to pick up a scandal-sheet

Lo, There!

--Gary Looks Them Down

On the other hand, if you had reached the heights Gary Cooper has (he's looking down at you from the top of the page), you'd have a different perspective. You'd wonder if it's smoking those fags that's stunted Phillips Holmes' growth. And if Buddy Rogers' pa and ma don't think he's pretty small to have long jeans. And if Mary Brian isn't short and sweet. And it would be a pleasure to have Kay Francis look up to you

P. & A.

The Real

She Is A Girl You Have Never Seen Before

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

CLARA BOW has been thinking. She's been thinking about producers and fame and picture people and newspaper men and fans and marriage and children and talkies and whoopee and Harry Richman—in fact, about Life. And her thoughts are pretty bitter for a twenty-three-year-old girl who is supposed to have everything.

You couldn't find a more genuine or a more honest person than Clara. She is still—when they'll let her be—that crazy kid from Brooklyn. Sweet, generous, simple-hearted.

She was put down in the most cruel and artificial city in the world, and forced to spend her youth there. And she is still at war with the life she has to lead.

After seven years she can no more change her temperament to suit this life than she can change herself physically into a svelte woman of the world.

You can almost see on her face the constant battle that is raging. One minute, brooding and bitter. The next, radiant and child-like.

Clara is confused. She is still instinctively friendly and trusting. But she has had so many slaps in the face that cynicism is putting up a hard fight against her natural sweetness.

Sensational in personality and in success, she has been persecuted more than any other individual in pictures. Everything she does is seized upon and exaggerated.

Shutting Out the World

BY a gradual process of shutting out the world, she is trying to shield herself from the constant barbs. Her beach house is plastered with signs, "Invited Guests Only." But even the high wall she has built around her section of beach can't shut out the prying eyes. So Clara stays in the house, a prisoner to her own longing for privacy.

She has been harshly attacked by movie critics. Once she read every word and cried and cried. Now she has learned never to look at reviews of her pictures. Not even the good ones.

She even turns night into day in her effort to escape from the world. Between pictures, she sleeps until three or four in the afternoon, and leads her life after most people have gone to bed.

When the phonograph is going full blast and she's alone with her

You will not forget this great interview-story. It is Hollywood life in the raw, stripped of its tinsel and gold. It is Clara Bow in the flesh—a girl who has paid in full the price of movie glory.

It is seldom that we hear about "the other side" of stardom—the imprisoning, youth-destroying side. It is seldom that a star is as frank—and as honest with herself—as Clara Bow is here, revealing in brief the story that she will some day put between the covers of a book.—*Editor's Note.*

CLARA BOW

Hommel

friends, Clara is happy. But when she's alone with her thoughts, life is pretty black.

"I was thinking," Clara said, curling up in a big chair, "and I have learned that pictures take away more than they give. You spend all your youth and all your energy to attain the thing you thought you wanted more than anything else in the world, and when you get it, you find you don't want it. It not only doesn't bring you happiness, but you find it has robbed you of all the other things that might have given you happiness.

"People say to me, Clara, you should be the happiest girl in the world.' But what have I got? Money never meant anything to me when I was poor, and it doesn't mean anything now. It's only in the last two years that I've made anything to speak of. And I'm not a girl who is alone—I have a family to support, and I'm always giving money to all kinds of charities. If I weren't a picture star, I could live on a hundred and fifty dollars a week just as well as I live now.

Not Kidding Herself

"I HARDLY ever go out, because I don't like being recognized in public the way a lot of stars do. I feel awfully uncomfortable, get red in the face and can't enjoy myself. And I know all the time that, a few years from now, no one will know me.

"Some people kid themselves about their fame, and that alone is enough to make up to them for everything. But not Clara Bow. I may be dumb about a lot of things, but that's one thing I've thought out, and I don't kid myself. I'm glad people like me, and that thousands of them write me letters. But I know that isn't real friendship, and that the minute I do something on the screen they don't like, they'll turn against me. I'm famous, but it means nothing to me except a lot of hard work and people staring at me on the street and snooping into everything I do. It means nothing to me but a lot of unseen bars.

"It's awful the way you're driven by the studio. The first two years had a lot of glamour, but after that it seemed like work. They give you two weeks off and you have to spend every minute of it posing for pictures, making appearances, giving interviews. You can never go away for even a few days. The minute you go away, they send for you. Your life isn't your own for a minute. You can't love the man you want to, or get married, or have children, without the whole world prying into your affairs, asking impertinent questions. If you don't tell them every intimate detail of your life, they think you're disagreeable and high-hat.

What Fans Don't Know

"WHY, I like to have little secrets—you know what I mean. But I can't have any.

"What if I went to Mr. Schulberg, and said, 'What did you have for breakfast? Where do you live? Where did you spend the night? How old are you?' He'd give me a good crack in the face. Yet he thinks we should tell all those things to perfect strangers.

"People don't know the truth about pictures, and there's just one reason: because the studios don't want them to know it. People don't know that the studios are factories, that you get up at seven and work hard all day under uncomfortable conditions, and get home, dead-tired, in time to have supper and go to bed.

"They think you get up when you please, go to the studio when you please, make the pictures that you like in the way you like, and then have a grand and glorious time all night.

"Some day I'm going to write a book—get someone to help me, someone to write the words and phrases. And I'll just talk to them and tell the truth about the whole thing. It's awful, the way it takes the best years of your life away, the way

Dyar (*Continued on page 108*)

He Has Learned His Lessons

Hurrell

Robert Montgomery Proves The Importance Of Being In Earnest

By Gladys Hall

BOB MONTGOMERY is an in-earnest young man. I wouldn't say an earnest young man. That would be a slam. Unjustified. Earnest young men are apt to be 'orrible creatures with horn-rimmed spectacles and a passion for frogs' legs, guinea pigs' entrails and Nietzsche.

Bob Montgomery is in earnest. He is a thinker in greasepaint. Given New York for his continued *milieu*, he would be (and, indeed, was to be) a member of the Theatre Guild, doing Luntish things by Eminent Authors.

He would dwell in a modern apartment with books and prints about. And he would go to art exhibitions and symphonies and read Mencken and number his friends from among the intelligentsia. He would also ride and golf and fly and raise dogs. In fact, he does all of these things. There is nothing precious about him. Nothing smacking of a type. No posing, no attitudinizing.

He is a student of Russian and Roman history. He is the son of Henry Montgomery, vice president of the New York Rubber Company. And he had a normal, happy childhood and a sound education. Advantages. He was born in Beacon, New York, and went to Pawling School. He has traveled all over England, France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. He is at home with life.

He has, *aussi*, modern ideas about marriage. He believes that the theory of permanency kills romance and that, as there is nothing static about the emotions, nothing static should be expected of them. He believes in the theory of individual freedom in marriage and the consequent practice of monogamy. Love can last forever, if love doesn't mouth things about fetters and forevermores.

He is a person, this Robert Montgomery, six feet tall, brown-haired and blue-eyed, quite apart, quite distinct from any other young man in Hollywood. Apart from those who belong here by right of screen birth on the premises, and apart from those others who, like himself, migrated from Broadway at the contractual call.

There is nothing about Bob remotely resembling John Gilbert, the late Valentino, Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie or any of the other gelatin gods about him.

He isn't flamboyant in the least. He is serious and humorous and quiet.

He isn't sheiky. He is intelligent and well-bred. He was born to the rubber and brought up in Beacon, N. Y., and he shows it.

He isn't perennially and oh, so young! He is mature for his age. Thoughtful, sufficiently sophisticated, charmingly mannered and well-seasoned.

He isn't strong and silent and enigmatic. He says that his father once told him he didn't believe he had a very strong character. He has never forgotten that warning or the advice that went with it about striving extra hard for the ends he hoped to gain. He keeps a goal ahead of him, steadily, and when he has reached that goal he sets another and proceeds again.

The Story's the Thing

HE isn't wise-cracking. He is more like a young man of letters than a young man of the theater. Far more like a young man of letters than a young man of Hollywood with ego breaking

(*Continued on page 102*)

The background changes. The dour sea disappears, and the highnecked sweater, and the Swedish accent. "Romance" comes into Greta Garbo's life, and she is Rita Cavallini, idolized Italian singer moving in charmed circles in the New York of 1856

Go To The Movies

You struggle around as a Poor-But-Honest for five or six reels and then *bang!* her father realizes what a swell guy you are and gives you two or three millions to play with

There's Method Of Making

By Robert Fender

Would you like more money than you are now getting? Of course you would! In the following article are listed five short-cuts to wealth. If you really want to get ahead, jot down these five easy ways in your notebook. Then immediately throw the notebook, five easy ways and all, out the window, because they don't mean anything. It's the movies.—Editor's Note.

"Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief; Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." **(*All Fake.*)**

SO he took the fifty thousand dollars—but when the picture was finished, they made him hand it back to the property man. I'm referring to Bob Armstrong, who gave me the hunch. I'm also referring to the other poor guys who have to play the part of rich men and rich men's sons (virtually the same thing—I'll explain that later) in the movies, when their own coffers, if rapped smartly, would answer with "bong" or "bling" or similar small-change sounds.

"How much have you made in pictures?" I asked Bob.

"Do you mean how much for keeps?" Bob asked.

"No—I mean how much for give-backs," I said.

He started figuring.

"About six hundred and fifty millions is all I can think of off-hand," he answered. "I know it must be a lot more than that, but you'll have to excuse me. I get dizzy easy.

"Let's see," he went on. "I had it all figured out once that if I had only part of the phooey money I've won as a movie prize-fighter, it would make Jack Dempsey's earnings look like a tip in a cafeteria."

That's the way Bob has made *his* movie money. They've been casting him as a big shot in the prize ring for so long that the boy has actually learned to fight. Doing his stuff as a pug in fifteen hundred stage performances of "Is Zat So?" alone netted Bob some six hundred thousand dollars and a perfect left hook. Then, in "The Main Event," he polished off another mere seventy-five thousand by just being gentleman enough to lose the big fight in the right way. Playing the pug in "Be Yourself" with Fannie Brice increased his make-believe revenue by another three or four hundred thousand dollars while "Celebrity" gave him a look at two hundred thousand more—a look, that's all. He did another one like that over at Warners'—"Dumbells in Ermine," which should be good for a win of a half-million at least, considering the big way Warners do things. Just which one has made the most prop money at playing rough—Bob, or that other (excuse me) big bruiser of the screen: George O'Brien, is hard to say. I guess they'll have to fight it out.

Of course, fighting isn't the only way to roll up the phoney decimals. In fact, I can think of much better ways without half—well, maybe half, but *just* half-trying. The way that most appeals to me—and to you, too, if you're as lazy as I (and you probably are, or lazier)—is marrying the daughter of the big boss. Now, there you have something. Nothing to it.

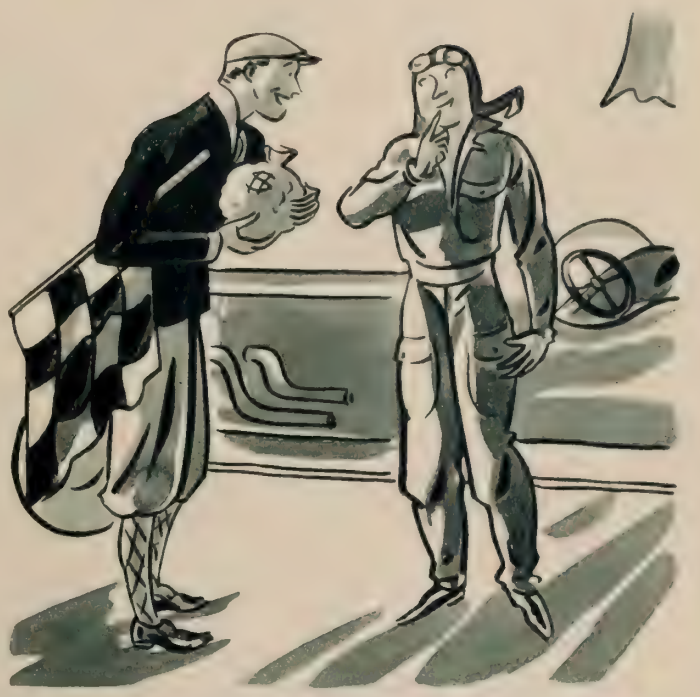
No Nasty Old Work

ALL you have to do is struggle around as a Poor-But-Honest for five or six reels and then *bang!* the father realizes what a swell guy you are (the girl knew it all the time) and gives you two or three millions of your very own to play with. No exertion.

The second-best way of making the pile is to be kind to everyone you meet. Even old ladies, provided they don't carry umbrellas

And Succeed . .

In This Madness Millions



One thing about driving racing-cars is that you always come in first and grab the big purse. But first of all you must have a Girl in the grandstand Who Cares

No nasty old work. You don't even have to clip the coupon! All you must do is look like a deserving young fellow and wait around till the gal's old man decides to hand over the other key to the manor. You don't even get dirty playing those parts. It's swell.

The next best way of making the pile, according to the movies (and I hope you're listening), is to be kind to everyone you meet, in the hopes that one day you'll find you've helped the Grand Duke of Austria (before he lost his fortune) or someone who will leave you a million or two just for old times' sakes.

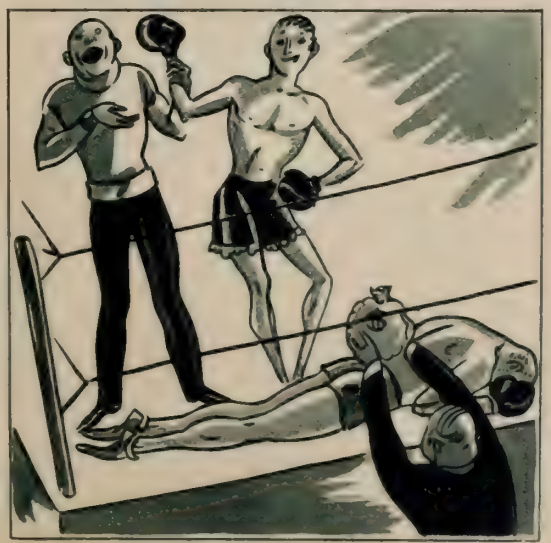
That's not a bad way, but I must say I prefer marrying the boss's daughter. Because you'd be surprised how tiresome it gets, going around being kind all day. Maybe I'm just a nasty old snarler. Or maybe I had enough of that kind-deed stuff when I was an Eagle Scout. I know I've been kind all my life and it's never netted me a nickel. Once, when I helped an old lady across the street, she accused me of copping her umbrella. Wanted to have me run in.

It's All a Gift

ROBERT MONTGOMERY says it isn't such a bad way, though. He's been cast as a Lovable Person so often that he has a hard time wiping the smile off his face at night. Just goes on being a Lovable Person in real life; which anyone will tell you is downright silly. You remember how he made his dough in "Three Live Ghosts." The khaki kid he was kind to in the trenches turned out to be the Earl of Leicester or something—I forget his tag but he was one of these lads who always looks like a bowl of starch (even before breakfast)—who immediately put Montgomery in the money. And all the work Robert had to do was look pleasant while the boys adjusted the lights.

Yeah—but that's risky. What if this buddy of his hadn't turned out right? What if, after Robert had been so nice and gentle, this fellow developed into just another bum Leo who, in the last reel, tried to hit Robert up for coffee money. The more I think of that being-kind racket, the less I think of it. Too easy to spend a lifetime being kind to the wrong guys. Me for the boss's daughter.

But some of these boys don't care how much they work to make the mythical pile. Look at Bill Haines. Always getting hot and bothered and nasty old wrinkles by driving racing cars. I don't think I'd like that. Would you? I mean—well, what if a tire came off? Or what if a gasket blew up? (Don't tell me! Gaskets *always* blow up when I drive over twenty-two in my pile.)



Just step into the prize-ring and the big money. And don't worry about being kayoed. Calamities like that just don't happen

You Can't Lose

ONE thing about driving racing-cars in the movies, though, is that you always come in first and cop the big purse. They arrange that for you. That's a lot better than the real thing. Because the boys who actually do that sort of thing for a living sometimes come in second. Or last. Or sometimes when they do win, the judges foul 'em for having used a locomotive engine or a Diesel or something that isn't half-fair, anyhow. So when they go to get their helping of the prize money, they get two helpings—of nothing.

But these honest-to-goodness race-drivers deserve all the tough luck they get. After all, they must be a dumb bunch. Because the movie boys are willing to show 'em how to win every race they enter, if they'll only pay attention. Just in case there's a racer reading this who is too busy to go to the movies and see for himself, I'll explain how it's done:

First of all, you *must* have a Girl in the grandstand Who Cares. Come to think of it, that's all you need. Of course you have to have an automobile, but that's

(*Continued on page 115*)

Fred R. Archer

Swept off her agile feet by talkie offers, Irene Delroy is in the soft-cushion class, with nothing to hold her back. Spotlighted in "Nancy From Naples"—her Broadway hit, "See Naples and Die," in disguise — she now is sitting pretty as star of "Call of the East"

The Father Of A Family

Buddy Rogers Is No Longer A Man Of The World

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

Dyar

LIFE is full of disillusionment. For years and years, women have been thinking of Buddy Rogers as the symbol of carefree youth, just the sort of boy they'd like to have for a son. And now it turns out that, in spirit, Buddy is practically an old man with a beard.

Not that he has aged visibly. He's still a very new-looking boy, and he has a naïveté that would seem to place his birth date not earlier than 1910.

But to hear Buddy talk you would think he was the Daddy of them all, weighed down by the responsibilities and disappointments of parenthood, buoyed up by the minor joys and successes of his little brood, determined to give them an education and the right start in life.

It's his family—mother, father, and the younger children—that Buddy mothers and fathers with such solicitude.

"I really am a sort of daddy," he agreed when I accused him of this double life. "I have my family with me all the time. I had them all in Chicago when I was playing there in vaudeville."

Buddy speaks low, so that you have to lean toward him a little to catch it all, and with constantly rising and falling inflections that give a strange emphasis to his speech. He has a sort of patient sweetness, which lingers in his smile and in his voice.

She Goes Where He Goes

"I NEVER go anywhere without my mother," he continued. "That's not for publicity, at all. It's just because she's such a darn good companion. She's been to New York with me five times, and we're going again on my next trip. At first I decided not to take her, but I began thinking it over and I didn't know what in the world I'd do without her. It's the same way with all the rest of my family."

It all came out recently, when Buddy's father sold his newspaper in Olathe, Kansas, and the whole family moved permanently to Hollywood. Buddy didn't buy them a separate house in a conveniently remote spot and then forget about them. He gave up the famous sixteen-dollar-a-week room he is alleged to have occupied for years and years, and bought a place in Beverly big enough to house them all.

Whenever he goes anywhere—to the movies, or to the beach, or to get a soda—he takes them all with him. For the first time, Hollywood is realizing that Buddy is a family man.

But it's not just a matter of living under the same roof. Buddy watches over his flock, plans and slaves for them, with all the anxious concern of an old mammy.

The Problem of Bh

BH is his worst problem. Bh is not a typographical error. He's a boy of twenty, and Buddy's brother. They named him Bh, derived from the elder Mr. Rogers' initials, because they wanted to name him after his father but they didn't quite like "Bert." Buddy gets around it by calling him "Squee."

Buddy, an old gaffer of twenty-five, naturally feels competent and really in duty bound to guide the destiny of one so young.

"He left college at the end of his first year," he said with regret. "I would have liked to see him have at least two years. But now, after a taste of Hollywood, he'll never go back."

He shook his head despairingly at this younger generation.

"Now I hope he'll get into pictures. They've given him a test, and I feel sure they'll use him, but I suppose they'll just give him bits for awhile, and I'd rather not have him start that way.

"I've had in mind to ask Henry Duffy to give him the juvenile lead in one of his stage productions, so he could get some experience and then start off with a lead in pictures. He looks exactly like me, when we're not together."

The Sorrow of a Parent

BUDDY lapsed into reverie about his boy's future. He feels, and rightly, that there's no reason why the boy shouldn't travel the same rosy path to success that he himself raced along. It's silly for a Rogers to play bits, when audiences are clamoring

(*Continued on page 109*)

Built With

Gloria Swanson What A Widow

WHEN you see Gloria Swanson's new picture, the appropriate comment will be, "What a widow—and house!" (with the accent on the *hou*). For she wasn't content to have any old kind of a roof over her head. She wanted to live in style—and modern style, at that. She wanted some breathing spaces, and plenty of light. So modernistic Paul Nelson (left) designed some rooms along the lines she wanted—out of concrete and steel, planes and angles. And herewith you see the house that much jack built—for Gloria's sake, and art's sake. Among the most decorative interior sets that ingenious Hollywood has contrived, they create an up-to-the-minute mood

At right, the Music Room (an essential room now in any picture of Gloria's)—The Widow and Owen Moore dwarfed by their surroundings. The top of the curved upholstered seat is the piano bench. Note how the designer has played with blocks on the walls

Russell Ball Photos

At left, The Widow has made the appalling discovery that she is either wearing the wrong clothes in the right set, or the right clothes in the wrong set. She is, in other words, at sea—in the shop aboard a modern trans-Atlantic liner conceived by Mr. Nelson

A Widow's Mite

Reveals

Calls Home

At right, the boudoir of the glass widow. Note the built-in dressing-table and chaise longue. Because of the pillar, the walls have little to support, so two sides of the room can be uninterrupted windows. The glass panels over the windows are lighted at night

Wee moderns: at left, in the main hallway of her Paris house. Note the enclosed spiral stairway in the rear, with frosted glass panels giving out light. The oddity in the foreground is a screen, which divides the mistress's apartments from the hallway

At right, The Widow and Lew Cody seem to be wondering where the front doorway may be found. Here you look out on the terrace, as seen from the main hallway. Large windows between hallway and terrace slide up into the wall. Note the steel furniture, and the floor

Discoveries About Myself

Fryer

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Finds That He Still Has A Napoleon Complex

As told by

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

To

Gladys Hall

"I AM horribly disappointed in myself. That is my biggest discovery about myself.

"I'm not satisfied with what I've done. I'm not satisfied with what I *am*. Neither personally nor professionally.

"I know that I'm young. But that doesn't mean anything in my case. I've been at it a long while—both work and life.

"I feel that I ought to be further along than I am. I feel that I should be a more significant person than I am. Better. Finer.

"I had a Napoleon complex as a child. It grew with my growth. It colored everything that I did and everything that I thought. It made something of a recluse out of me, so that I didn't play the games other boys played. I fancied a brooding solitude. I find that I still have it, though it no longer affects me in the way it once did.

"I must dominate. I must be dominant. It doesn't much matter to me in what field or along what line. I may not always be on the screen. I may not want to be. But whatever the field, or whatever the line, I must be pre-eminent.

"I think my father did this to me. Being the son of my father. Oh, the things, the things that families can do to you! I never could bear to have it said of me, 'There's young Doug, he's Douglas Fairbanks' son, you know.' I can't bear it now. I won't.

"To be the son of a famous parent is a handicap all but impossible to overcome. It is apt to destroy your ego, your self-confidence. It is apt to make all ordinary effort seem futile. Of all the sons of famous fathers, only the younger Dumas ever really 'came across.' Or he is the only one who comes to my mind at the moment.

"To be an individual—that is the most important thing in life. Not to be someone's son or someone's father or someone's husband. To be yourself, significant, triumphant, that's what counts. It's all that counts.

"To make my own mark in the world, to be separate and apart from my father's name and fame—this has been the compelling note in my whole life. It has made me do what I have done. It will make me do what I shall do.

There Was No *Santa Claus*

"I WAS a morbid child. I don't believe, now, that I was really morbid—born morbid. But I enjoyed suffering. I liked to feel injured and oppressed, and in a difficult spot, and different from others. I liked to be pleasantly sad. To brood. An infant *Hamlet*. I liked to feel martyred and misunderstood.

"I didn't have a very happy childhood. A house divided against itself doesn't make for a belief in *Santa Claus* or good fairies. And this being the case, I had plenty of food for intro-

(*Continued on page 100*)

The Picture Parade

Hell's Angels

MAGNIFICENT PICTURE: Howard Hughes's $4,000,000 and three-year-in-the-making "Hell's Angels" has finally reached the screen. The most enormous crowd that ever stormed an opening came and saw and were conquered. Searchlights raked the Hollywood heavens. Planes circled above. It needed one of Hell's Angels to reach the entrance of Grauman's Chinese Theater. And it was worth it. The air stuff is stupendous. Immense and glorious and deathly. The edge taken off only slightly by the numerous other "epics of the air" that we have seen during the making of this one. The scenes on the great German Zeppelin will live long in the most jaded memory. They are not only stupendous they are also stupendous dramatically. The burning of that mighty ship, the bombing of the munitions depot, the final gigantic battle in the air—all great.

Surprisingly, too, somehow, the story has tremendous human interest values. The dialogue is sophisticated and clever and real. And to Ben Lyon and James Hall genuine wreaths of laurel should be given. Ben is the younger brother, avid for life, tinged with yellow and lovable throughout. He gives a splendidly sustained characterization. And James Hall as the upright brother who might so easily have been a prig has dignity and distinction in every shot. Jean Harlow is the feminine interest and shows tremendous possibilities even though the seduction scenes are really a bit too thick.

The Singer Of Seville

GLAMOUR AND EMOTION HERE: With the single exception of "Old Heidelberg" Motion Picture has never liked Ramon Novarro in any picture so well as it does in the "Singer of Seville." He has a quality of emotion, a joyous spontaneity, a lovable humanity, fervor and fire and fun long to be remembered. The story, not outstanding for originality, also has a quality of emotion that left the women previewers, at least, moist-eyed and gulpy.

It is, probably, a woman's picture. Dorothy Jordan is a little convent postulant who has contacted with the World only through hearing the exciting voice of the *Singer of Seville*. And so, she thinks, the world must be beautiful. She escapes from the convent straight into the arms of the *Singer*. He takes her home with him and, subsequently, to Madrid. There he tries out for a famous impresario who tells him he needs to have his heart broken before he can claim a voice. Duly and dramatically his heart is broken, and you *feel* that it is broken.

Ernest Torrence, as the *Singer's* foster father, is sympathetic. Mathilde Comont as *La Rumbarita* is enormously amusing. And Dorothy Jordan is a perfect type for a convent postulant and a figurehead of young dreams. The picture has glamour and beauty and tears. Don't miss it.

Three Faces East

WILL MAKE YOU SIT TIGHT: German spies masquerading as English butlers and English secret service ladies disguised as German spies confuse the audience as well as members of the household of the singularly unsuspicious British Cabinet Minister in this war-time drama. But the daring director who had the idea of casting Eric von Stroheim, Teuton haircut, accent and all, as the English butler, rose to positively spectacular heights of daring when he had sullenly beautiful Constance Bennett fall desperately in love with Eric instead of personable Anthony Bushell. Yet no woman will blame Connie. There is something about Von—he's not only the man you love to hate, he's the man you'd love to love!

Stage limitations as to scene are rather too faithfully observed in this movie version—there seems no other reason for having most of the plotting and love-making done in the young lady's bedroom. It would be ungrateful to quarrel with the likelihood of a war nurse's having such gorgeous negligee and evening gowns when Connie looks so beautiful in them. Inconsistencies or not, this picture moves with a taut suspense which leaves the spectator breathless at the unlooked for ending.

Here They Are - - Advance and Authentic

Romance

GARBO IN NEW GUISE: For the Garbo addicts this screen version of the sentimental stage success will be just another triumph. For the more critical who can take their Garbo or leave her, it will be a trifle disappointing. In crinolines and curls the almost fleshless beauty of this always interesting-to-look-upon star seems miscast as the sumptuous and imperious diva. Yet never has Greta seemed more feminine and human. There will be tears shed copiously in the scene where she yearns over the baby shoe, and she displays coquettish, womanly traits and tricks which atone for a long line of bitter heroines in the past.

Gavin Gordon, the newcomer, who plays the priggish young minister, has a fine presence and voice though his interpretation verges dangerously on caricature, but Lewis Stone, as the former lover, supplies most of the "romance." He never disappoints and his parting with the beloved mistress seems symbolic of man's parting with his Youth and brings authentic emotion.

Good News

PLEASANT TIME HERE: Good old "Good News" is with us again, altered as slightly as possible in its transition from stage to screen. Thanks, no doubt, to the direction of Edward J. McGregor, who directed both mediums. We have with us again Tait College and the rah-rah boys and girls, Bessie Love and her fellow laugh-puller, Gus Shy, being very rah-rah-rahish indeed. There also remains intact the slim tale of the college football hero with rather more brawn than brain. He is the *beau gallant* of the ladies and has got himself engaged to the undulant Lola Lane masquerading under the name of *Patricia*. He falls really in love with Lola's poor little old-maidish cousin who does a Cinderella act in order to teach our hero the ways of Venus and Mars.

The Big Game comes as the climax to many things. If you have seen "Good News" on the stage you know All. Mary Lawlor is the little cousin and, curiously, is given no dancing and very little singing. Stanley Smith is the college hero. Cliff Edwards is more amusing than usual as the trainer.

Grumpy

TRIUMPH FOR THE TALKIES: It is a pity that neither the title of the picture nor the name of its star, Cyril Maude, will mean a great deal to movie audiences who run the risk thereby of missing one of the treats of the screen year. Uncordial silence greeted the announcement of the picture at the preview and people stirred, preparatory to leaving. But from the moment Maude, as the irascible, garrulous, whimsical *Grumpy* appeared on the screen they adored him. Badly made up, the elderly actor labored under a severe handicap but his personality and art burned through tediousness of plot, and completely negated the rest of the cast.

Youth and Beauty seemed insipid in contrast to such ripe skill as Maude's, though a new blonde, Frances Dade, and Phillips Holmes took care of the love element very prettily. A talky and trite plot centering on the theft of an uncut diamond is merely a setting for *Grumpy's* shrill complaints, ironic asides, and cunning strategies. In such pictures as this the talkies triumphantly justify themselves.

With Byrd At The South Pole

BYRD'S THRILLING CONQUEST: This film of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expedition to the South Pole is a comprehensive and beautifully photographed record of the world's greatest adventure which everyone should see. It is not merely a newsreel or scenic as one would imagine, but a full length pictorial feature which is filled with the real and amazing facts of the Antarctic region. It shows the hardships endured and dangers encountered by Admiral Byrd and his men. It is presented in a very interesting manner and has just enough humor injected here and there. The movie cameramen of the expedition, Joseph Rucker and Willard Van DerVeer, deserve a share of the honor for the filming of the scenes, especially the actual flight over the South Pole. Floyd Gibbons, the famous Radio announcer, describes the thrilling and exciting parts of the production. Byrd pays his respects to his dead companion, Floyd Bennett, by dropping the American flag tied to a stone taken from his grave when he is actually over the pole.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures

Blushing Brides

NEAT LITTLE TALKIE: Dancing daughters naturally become blushing brides. The Joan Crawford-Dorothy Sebastian-Anita Page triumvirate support one another in this M-G-M opus in great fashion. Their three boy friends this time are Robert Montgomery, John Miljan and Raymond Hackett.

It all concerns the trials and tribulations of three department store girls. Anita Page finds romance first in the guise of the younger son of the store owner; then Dorothy grows discouraged, meets a dapper fellow one day over the blanket counter and the next they are married. That leaves Joan, who has ideals and dreams, living all alone and repelling the warm advances of the elder son of the store's owner. Lure of the flesh is played up strong in "Blushing Brides."

You'll catch a glimpse of the new Joan they are creating out in Hollywood. The invisible hand of restraint is upon her, and the result is pleasing. Everything considered, "Blushing Brides" offers a plausible enough story, well handled.

Way Out West

PLEASANT AND AMUSING: William Haines in the open spaces isn't so out of character, after all. Because he isn't really a Westerner—just a slick tent-show artist from the city who gyps a bunch of cowboys out of their wages, and is promptly kidnapped and forced to work out their losses on the ranch. The plot after that is a little monotonous—Haines proving, in episode after episode, that he is a good sport, that he isn't yellow, and that love can make an honest man of anybody. It seems a pity to waste such magnificent desert scenery on a picture so trivial.

Still it's a pleasant, amusing little story, full of laughs, and should seem heaven-sent to those who insist on leaving the serious things of life at home. Haines is a nice, big cowboy, and he gets sillier and sillier as the picture progresses. Leila Hyams is the very pretty ranch-owner. Francis X. Bushman, all grown up and very much at his ease, has an important part. Polly Moran is very funny. Cliff Edwards sings as nobody else can.

Top Speed

TYPICAL BUT FUNNY: This is the most typical musical comedy that the movies have yet produced, with the familiar stage conventions and absurdities. A poor bank clerk spends his week's salary to stay one night at a swell hotel. He meets a rich man's daughter. His friend meets the rich man's daughter's friend and it's love at first sight all around. The hero deceives the heroine, drives her father's motor-boat in the race. The villain offers him a bribe. Will he throw the race? Cheers, shrieks, suspense. He is winning! I knew I could trust him. We'll make him a vice president of the firm. And so to the final clinch, with music. The only trouble with this is that there are no good songs, and Bernice Claire and Jack Whiting (Doug. Jr.'s step-father) aren't a very romantic pair. The responsibility rests entirely on the comedians, Joe E. Brown and Laura Lee, who never falter. There are some slightly rough jokes that almost cause hysterics in the audience. This is Jack Whiting's screen debut. He sings nicely, but his engaging stage personality doesn't quite get over.

Holiday

FINE PICTURE, FINELY ACTED: A great cast, a good story well told, by director Edward Griffith and dialogue that sounds human. Such is this Pathé piece starring Ann Harding, smart, modern and utterly fascinating.

Ann tells you how a poor rich girl who has a mind in working order feels about the burden of riches. Robert Ames is the man who finally influences her to cast off the domination of family and money, and start living. Ames gets into the family via the younger sister (Mary Astor) and appears in their pretentious residence as her fiance. Then the trouble starts. He has an idea that $20,135 buys more good times while one is still young, while work can always come later. Ann agrees with him, Mary doesn't. Thus, we have the shifting about of the romantic interest.

Humor is turned into bleak tragedy in a sequence showing Ann giving a party in the old playroom, while her unsympathetic father is entertaining with a lavish New Year's ball downstairs in honor of his younger daughter and her fiance.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies

The Unholy Three

CHANEY TALKS: This old favorite, of the circus, ventriloquist, the strong man and the dwarf who band together for unholy purposes, blossoms into dialogue as naturally as though dialogue had been invented expressly for it. With the plot hinging upon the ability of a crook ventriloquist to make parrots converse fluently, it seems almost impossible that it could have been played in pantomine, and yet oddly enough, it is far less sinister in its new form. Particularly does Lon Chaney lose his mystery in finding his voice, or rather his voices, for he has three different ones in the picture. Vocally versatile as he is, he becomes a man, and understandable rather than a creature outside the natural laws.

However, this was always one of the best picture plots ever seen and it still is, moving swiftly, logically, with the laugh and the shiver close together. Lila Lee makes a charming, arch and innocent heroine and Lon Chaney proves once and for all that his popularity is based upon skilful acting and not grotesque make-up.

For The Defense

YOU MUST SEE IT: So far as we are concerned, here is the perfect picture. Acting just a little bit smoother and better than anyone else in the business, William Powell again comes through with superb entertainment.

Besides Powell, one is conscious also of another man. He is John Cromwell, its director. A whole box car of medals should go to Cromwell for daring to depict gangland as it really is: quiet, deadly and serious, rather than horsey and dramatic. Cromwell has depicted the underworld with its ruthless killers and shyster lawyers dramatically and forcefully but he has spared us all that "Who, Me?" "Yes, *You!*" "Says who?" "Says *me!*" type of dialogue of which our movie gangsters have long been so fond. And there is none of that terrible "comedy relief" which has badgered poor movie audiences all these years.

Fine work is done by Kay Francis, who supports Powell. James Finlayson, as a bribed juror, helps give the picture its authentic ring.

A Man From Wyoming

TRENCH TIDBIT—JUST FAIR: A misleading title has been tacked on this one. The trusting public goes in expecting to see another of Gary Cooper's nice Westerns, and finds just a war story. Everyone should know by this time that a war picture now has to be really great in order to justify itself. This one isn't even so-so. The first half is not so bad—a nice, humorous, romantic little episode in a mudcaked background. But the second half, when the heaving and the dramatics begin, is very mediocre.

It's about a bridge-builder from Wyoming and a General's daughter who meet in the front line and find that war wipes out social distinctions, and that love is all, in the trenches. Later, in Nice on leave, her social position threatens to spoil the romance. So they go back to the trenches, where they are just two Souls, and presumably live happily ever after. Gary Cooper has his usual restraint and charm, and is becoming an excellent comedian. But he plays practically single-handed.

The Bad Man

ENTERTAINING: This was a highly amusing and dramatic play before synthetic Spaniards began to run rampant in Hollywood studios. Now, since we have seen dozens of ex-comedians, masters of ceremonies, and tap-dancers disguised in sombreros, it has lost some of its flavor. A great deal of the native charm and skill of Walter Huston is certainly buried beneath layers of greasy make-up and a thick accent that is as Mexican as Warner Baxter's. It's hard to act convincingly while showing the entire dental department. Still, Mr. Huston does pretty well with the rôle of the bad bandit, who swoops down on a ranch where everything is going wrong with everybody, gives up a whole day to putting things right, and is rewarded with a bullet through the heart

The plot is thick, ingenious, and entertaining, and is intended to have a whimsical quality. Sidney Blackmer is an excellent villain, James Rennie, the upstanding young man and Dorothy Revier the blonde that everybody wants. And O. P. Heggie gives his all to the rôle of a childish old busybody.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

Viennese Nights

WILL PLEASE YOU: What "Viennese Nights" lacks in certain directions it certainly makes up in Box Office power. Consider please, these names: Music by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg; direction by Alan Crosland; assorted songs and yearning by Vivienne Segal and Alexander Grey; artistic villainy by Walter Pidgeon; comic didoes by Louise Fazenda and finished acting by Jean Hersholt. All this in Technicolor.

The bare suggestion of another "in old Vienna" picture is enough to start many people squirming in their seats. It seems that most of us have had all of the "jolly-good-fellows" type of movie we can handle. But you'll like all that in "Viennese Nights" because of the breath-taking music—tremendous singing choruses and an army of symphonists. Now, if you haven't already, you will thank heaven for talking pictures. Many harsh things could be said of "Viennese Nights"—thin plot and threadbare circumstances—but these dwindle to nothingness when one considers its music.

Shooting Straight

LIVELY MELODRAMA: There is a swell fight in this latest gangster picture, that deserves to become as historic as the famous fight in "The Spoilers." It may seem like a simple trick to throw a typewriter and a flat topped desk at a man, but try it! Dix is at his best in scenes where his splendid muscles have a chance to display themselves, but the ladies will be relieved to know that he is beautifully tailored and barbered through most of the sequences. A straight-shooting gang leader exchanges identities with a noted reformer in a railroad wreck and falls in love with the minister's daughter who nurses him and rescues her kid brother from the clutches of the local gang. Nothing new? Oh, but you mustn't miss the scene where "Lucky Larry," in his character of parson innocently asks the tough gambler how to shake dice. Blonde Mary Lawlor is from the stage but fortunately doesn't look it. Oh, and there is a swell fight—and a lot of goings-on every minute.

As for Richard Dix he is at his ease, back on Melodrama Road.

Young Desire

NOT SO GOOD FOR MARY: Now we know why Mary Nolan walked off the Universal lot. Mary said she was being given poor rôles and poor pictures. But until you see this one, you'll have no idea how poor those rôles and pictures really were.

It's hard to figure how Universal, who gave us "All Quiet," could turn out "Young Desire." It's a decidedly sketchy plot that's unfolded here and indicates that it might possibly have been made up as they went along. It's not the type of picture ensuring deep-dyed response in this advanced talkie day, when customers shop for their entertainment.

Mary is a "dime-a-look" dancing girl in a carnival show. William Janney (Young Desire Janney) falls in love with her but his folks frown upon the romance. This breaks Mary up in an emotional sort of way and she jumps out of the carnival balloon without her parachute.

Mary was right about wanting more close-ups. They certainly help in this opus.

Recaptured Love

LAUGHS FOR GROWN-UPS: Strictly theater—hardly a movie, this one is adult fare. It is based on a story of Basil Woon's and depicts, in more or less stock-company fashion, what happens when husbands who are old enough to know better leave their wives for cuties.

John Halliday is the husband who should have known better. Belle Bennett loses, then recaptures (hence the title) his love, and Dorothy Burgess is the cutie. The thing is adroitly directed by John Adolphi and turns out to be good chuckly entertainment. Especially smooth and satisfying are the scenes between Richard Tucker and John Halliday. What a relief to come across actors who are not experimenting on us; actors who deserve the name.

And then Dorothy Burgess—well, Dorothy is so right with us that she considerably weakens the story. We can't believe, that is, that Belle or anyone else could win a husband back from her. Because—but then perhaps you'd better see her *en negligée* for yourself.

BREAKING *new* GROUNDS *for* DIVORCE

By DOROTHY MANNERS

SOCIAL decorum . . . drawing-room manners . . . tennis-court courtesy . . . and casual friendships—not other sweethearts—are breaking up Hollywood homes, if there is any truth in the plaints of the six latest divorces.

The profession of divorce-made-easy is breaking new grounds for separation.

It used to be their careers that came between—that combustive spark of warring egos that wound up in the courts, under the general heading of "incompatibility," and served to sever such links as Florence and King Vidor, Marian Nixon and Joe Benjamin, Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, Dorothy Mackaill and Lothar Mendez, and others.

Now and then, to the despair of Will Hays, another man or woman was the cause of it all. But it is only with the advent of our present state of super-civilization that "manners" have been offered and sustained as a logical plea for divorce.

Unless the boys and girls are fooling us just a little bit in these complaints, you can't help getting the idea that a complete edition of "How to Behave on All Occasions" on the marital bookshelf would have saved many of our local homes from wreckage.

After ten years of what Hollywood and the world in general believed to be an ideally happy marriage, Colleen Moore has divorced John McCormick because he was rude to her guests, late to social appointments, abusive to the servants and "frequently and without cause ordered friends off the tennis-courts."

Among those who have told it to a judge are Betty Compson (above), Marian Nixon (below), Dorothy Mackaill (right), and Claire Windsor (upper right)

Dangers to Health

ACCORDING to her complaint, it got to the point where Colleen was afraid to invite friends out to their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, lest they run into John in a particularly explosive moment. The day Colleen appeared in court in one of the simple little gowns she favors, minus make-up—looking more like a school-girl paying a speeding tag than our latest and most surprising divorcée—several of these "abused" friends accompanied her to bear out her charges of "rudeness."

"On one occasion," Colleen told the court, "several friends and I were on the tennis-courts

You'd Be Surprised At What Hollywood Tells The Judge

They discovered brand-new causes for divorce: Marie Prevost (above), Colleen Moore (left), Billie Dove (lower left), and Florence Vidor (below)

when Mr. McCormick arrived home unexpectedly from the studios, and with abusive language stopped our game and ordered my friends to leave the house. For days after that he would not speak to me and warned me in the presence of the servants not to invite people to our home."

This and similar conduct caused Colleen such great mental suffering that her health was endangered. "Dissolved," said the Court, or words to that effect, severing a tie that for ten years had been a pride and joy to Hollywood.

Only the separation of Mary and Doug could cause more surprise than this divorce of Colleen and "her John." These two, starting on the bottom film-rung together, worked up fame for one and fortune for both. Colleen, the star. John, the manager and supervisor. It is rumored that in the property settlement three million dollars was divided equally between them.

The Last Straw

BECAUSE Josef von Sternberg also was "abusive" in the presence of friends and servants, Riza von Sternberg received a twenty-five-thousand-dollar cash settlement and twelve hundred dollars monthly alimony to be paid for five years. Though this is the first divorce action to reach the courts between these two, it marks their "third or fourth" separation. According to Mrs. von Sternberg, the Paramount director's peculiar social tendencies showed up early in their married life.

"He had a way of treating me with the most humiliating formality," she confided to a friend in discussing her divorce action, "as though I were not his wife at all, and had no business in his home. Incidentally, he always referred to the apartment as 'his' home—never 'ours.'"

But her greatest humiliation, she states in her complaint, came when he forcibly ejected her from the premises, saying loudly enough so that all and sundry might hear that he "didn't care whether she returned or not." Frequently he told friends, within her hearing, that "the greatest mistake he had ever made was his marriage." Such humiliation, and outrage of social decorum, was not to be borne—even by the wife of a famous director; and the court must have felt the same way about it in untying the knot.

All Work, And No Play

JUST by way of reversing the order of things, Betty Compson charges Jim Cruze with demanding her presence at various and assorted parties when he entertained hosts of his own friends in one round of gaiety.

"Our home wasn't any home at all, but a roadhouse," said the colorful Betty in a smart black gown, as she stood before the Judge. "Swarms of people were there, morning, noon and night. Mr. Cruze's reputation for hospitality was so far-flung that perfect strangers drifted in and out, milling among the invited guests. Most of the time Mr. Cruze could not remember

(*Continued on page 104*)

Not-So-Old English

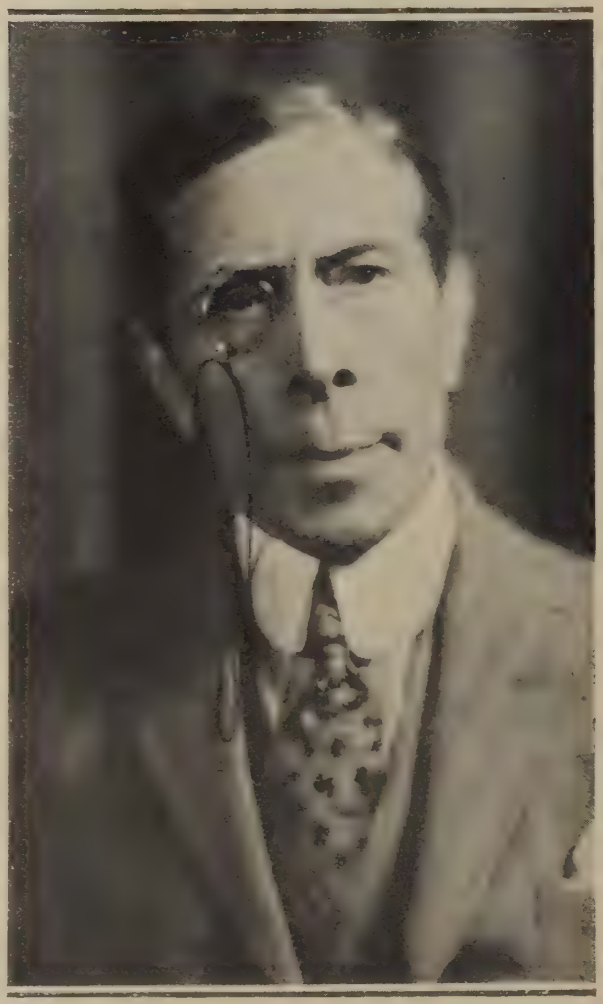
George Arliss Is Planning Years Ahead

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

AFTER a prolonged Hollywood Diet of Mlle. Kane's boop-a-doop, Mr. Jolson's mammy-songs, Mr. Nagel's Kiwanian cooings, and the rhythmic cud-chewing of Contented Claras, God gave me twenty cents (15 and 5) taxi-fare and an assignment to see George Arliss. It came like manna from the movie heavens.

Here, after the hennaed highlights of Hollywood and raw gin aged in the wood-alcohol, was lace and lavender and the rare aroma of amontillado. An "Old English" atmosphere, if you like, with Milord of Beaconsfield, himself, monocle and all, blending perfectly into a background of shadowed mellowness.

After all, one does not spend the first thirty years of life in Britain without becoming imbued with the conservatism of a country that has watched centuries come and go. And George Arliss is a conservative. In Hollywood, his home is in a quiet spot where grass grows on the tennis-courts, and whoopee is the war-cry of the Red Indians. His New York residence lies far to the East, with the spacious acres of Central Park fending off the fury of Broadway. The walls are lined with books—which have their pages cut—and Cruikshank etchings, worth many times their weight in gold, the frames included. His home in England must be flanked by lawns which generations of gardeners have rolled, and rolled, for five hundred years.



Like Unto an Oak

SOMETHING of all this is what George Arliss has brought to the cinema. He stands like an ancient oak, which softens with its protective shadows the crass, crude scars of a too-new, too-recent real-estate-development dwelling. He has done for the screen what Booth and Irving accomplished for the theater. Incidentally, it is his belief that the hope of advancement for the new medium is bound up in the improvement of its personnel. And this, he says, will come. Mr. Arliss isn't selling Hollywood short.

In recalling the glories of "Disraeli," one is liable to date the Arliss genesis from this pinnacle of production. But, as a matter of fact, it is but one of many peaks. For the actor was a star in the days of silence—'way back yonder when he made "The Ruling Passion" for the now extinct Distinctive Pictures. Indeed, that very picture is to be resurrected now as the subject of a new experiment. The old story will be re-made before the microphones, with no less a littérateur than Booth Tarkington using the plot as basis for a play written expressly for the screen—and Mr. Arliss.

But, meantime, there will be an interlude devoted to the theater. The player, steeped in the best tradition of sock and buskin, cannot for long forsake the boards. And, although this is a vacation time, Arliss will boon English audiences by reviving "Old English" on the stage. He has just completed it for pictures.

The Drama-Devouring Screen

"OF course," he says, "all pictures look good in Hollywood. Have you heard of one that didn't? But I really believe that we have some fine entertainment in 'Old English.' I was very pleased with 'Disraeli,' and only a little less with 'The Green Goddess.' The value of the latter always seemed to me to lie more in the literary worth of the story than in its melodrama. It didn't lend itself so well to eliminations necessary on the screen as did 'Disraeli.'

"I believe that the stage has much to offer to the screen in material. It may be true that in producing plays as motion pictures, the screen is limiting itself. But, after all, if an individual suddenly inherits a million dollars, he can only eat so much ham and eggs. It seems questionable as to just how far

(*Continued on page 98*)

That Chinese Proverb *à la Mode*

Joan Bennett Sees No Evil Hears No Evil and Speaks No Evil

Those stories about Hollywood's being a second Babylon have just percolated into Talkie Town—and Joan Bennett, downright worried, has become proverbially fashionable. Making both ends of her new veil almost meet, she sees none of the shameful things studios sometimes do to honest stories. And with the latest of hats protecting her ears, she hears none of those horrible Hollywood wise-cracks. And with the fur muzzle there's not a chance of her repeating any scandal that gets past the hat

Dramalizing

In Hollywood

A cream colored crepe satin blouse with black and gold metallic embroidery bordering the neck and continuing down the length of the sleeves is worn by Carmelita Geraghty with a black crepe satin skirt. The effect is charming

Joan Bennett is resting her elbows and backing our contention that this is a very delightful gown for formal wear. The material, which is embroidered with silver metallic design, is of pale blue taffeta. The very full bouffant skirt is gathered to a beaded yoke at the waistline

The fragile beauty of silk lace is expressed in the elegant gown worn by Sue Carol at the right. The long circular skirt has a circular peplum just below the hip line and the detachable bolero may be removed for the more formal occasions

The Styles

Day and Night

Happy when in print can be said of Sue Carol. This frock of green, black and white printed silk is practical and chic. The tuck-in skirt has a fitted hip yoke and the bolero jacket is removable. A white silk blouse with jabot and other white accessories complete the outfit

June Collyer does not have to beg on bended knee for attention where this distinctive and intricately cut white satin evening gown is concerned. It is moulded tightly to the body and the bottom is flared to permit freedom of the knees

Natalie Moorhead (left) enlightens you on the subject of ruffles. With this gown of black tulle, Miss Moorhead proves that ruffles are not only for the girlish type, but may be adopted by the wordly-wise because ruffles can be sophisticated

Are You A

If You Are, You're

By

DOROTHY

DONNELL

THE modern woman is a screen shopper. You, being modern, are a screen shopper.

Hollywood movies are not only selling American bathtubs to the heathen Chinee, but they are selling clothes, haircuts, and cosmetics to women in Bangor, Me., Atlanta, Ga., Peoria, Ill., and Fort Worth, Texas, and your own home-town.

The actual shears that cut out the first edition of the clothes may have been wielded by the clever fingers of some scented gentleman dressmaker in a loft above the Rue de la Paix, but the words "Paris Styles" no longer have the magic they once held. Now a sign like this has taken its place on waxen shop-window ladies: "Dress worn by Anita Page in this week's Fashion Features, now showing at the Apollo Theater." The most famous motion picture stars obligingly act as models for your evening gowns, sports suits, and hats. Their personal hair-dressers decide your haircuts and the Technicolor picture at your local movie house demonstrates the correct color harmonies for your own complexion.

Nearly every day Jim, who cuts the hair of the picture people to suit their faces, receives a telegram from a barber's convention or a big beauty parlor in New York City or a hair-dresser's magazine, begging for photographs of his Natalie Moorhead haircut or his longer Estelle Taylor shoulder-length bob.

The Originals

JOAN CRAWFORD'S haircut, devised by Jim, was the first "windblown bob." His Colleen Moore "Dutch cut" has been worn by a million schoolgirl heads (more or less) since Jim's scissors shaped it on Colleen. The "Coquette" bob created for Mary Pickford was copied from coast to coast. Two weeks pass and thousands of women are demanding the sophisticated swirl of the Moorhead bob, or the flattering picturesqueness of the Taylor coiffure from their home-town hair-dressers.

In nearly four hundred cities all over the United States, women are asking their department stores for "the same hat Dolores Del Rio wore" or "the Dorothy Mackaill afternoon dress" which they have just seen displayed on the screen in Fashion Features. Telegraphed orders go back East to the wholesalers who made the particular gown or suit exclusively for the fashion newsreel from the latest designs of famous style authorities, and in a few days ten thousand women will be wearing Hollywood-sponsored clothes to bridge parties and literary afternoons at the Women's Club.

In the memory of most of us who admit to being "over thirty," women who

Hollywood Firsts: the brimless hat, introduced by Myrna Loy (top left) in May, 1929; the long tailored suit, worn by Charlotte Merriam (above, right) July 17, 1929; the original "Natalie Moorhead bob" (right). Left, Jim, the barber, does something new with June Clyde's bob

Screen Shopper?

Up To The Minute

"painted and powdered" were spoken of in whispers. It is significant that the tremendous growth in the use of cosmetics in the last ten years has paralleled the frank advertising testimonials of the picture favorites for their chosen brands of rouge and lipsticks.

Friends of the Fans

THE stage stars could not have changed the public attitude toward make-up. They have always seemed to the great mass of people "different," a race apart, surrounded with a slightly sulphurous aroma. But the screen actresses have been personal friends of their fans from the beginning. And their generous praise of face powders and cosmetics has done much to make their use at first respectable, then universal, and now skilful. Today, Max Factor, who provides the make-up for all Technicolor pictures, will be able to continue more effectively to preach his doctrine that white powder and pink rouge are not the only color-scheme in complexions.

Several years ago, George Gibson and his nephew, Meredith Fulton, conceived the idea that the purchasing power of the women in a movie audience might be directed into actual buying channels by short-reel fashion shows, in which the most popular screen stars acted as models for the latest fashions in clothes and hats, which would be sold exclusively by the largest department store in each city. The styles, chosen with a view to reasonable prices and suitability in all parts of the country, were a success from the moment the first Fashion Feature in natural colors was shown. The designs for these garments did not originate in Hollywood, but they brought the latest fashion trends directly to the attention of women, from a month to two months before the same advance styles from Paris and other style centers began to appear in fashion magazines.

Hollywood "Firsts"

"WE showed the American woman the first long skirt to be worn in this country," Mr. Fulton claims. "It was revealed in a Fashion Features reel on the twenty-third day of May 1929, and worn by Raquel Torres. On the seventeenth of July we asked Dorothy Mackaill to pose, wearing the first long tailored tweed suit with the circular skirt. She refused because she had never seen such a style sold in any shop and felt that it would not be adopted by American women. But we had faith in our fashion prophecies, so Charlotte Merriam wore the suit in her place. It was shown on the screens all over the country on

(*Continued on page* 114)

The first long skirt shown in America (above, left)—worn by Raquel Torres, May 23, 1929. Left, Mary Pickford's "Coquette" bob. Right, Max Factor, creator of beauty aids, making up the late Mabel Normand. At top, Meredith Fulton, responsible for "Fashion Features"

Reel Estates

Show Places Of A Show Town

Fryer

Fryer

Don English

Sidney Blackmer, at the top, looks over his Hollywood prospects. High on a hilltop, his house not only places him above many another actor, but gives him views he never had on Broadway. And another house that natives, as well as tourists, look up to is Billie Dove's *hacienda*, center, where she keeps cool, no matter how torrid her pictures are. Far from his native England, Clive Brook, right, surveys the place he now calls home, and his desert garden

PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns . . .

"don't experiment with beauty"

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.

"WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face," says Pierre of New York. " 'The trouble,' I reply in all such cases, 'is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.' "

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,720 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

More than 23,700 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

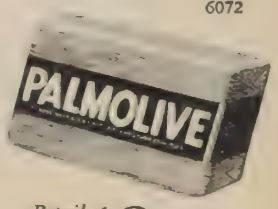
Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.

"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritations, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely."

Pierre

39 W. 57TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

6072



Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

The Kiddies' Korner

Can You Spell "Expatiate"? Mitzi Can

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Mitzi Green is the talkies' brightest little number and little mimic—but she is always her age

AIMING to please all, as we do, with "something for everybody," a special Kiddies' Korner is offered this month . . . guaranteed to make you wonder more than ever what the coming generation is coming to. After a lunch hour spent in the company of that certain party, Miss Mitzi Green, all I want to know is, can you spell 'derogatory' and 'expatiate'? It is only fair to warn you that this is not a yarn of our little feathered friends.

In Mitzi we have a kiddie what is a kiddie.

Without being a "smarty," she's a "natural." Every time I got ready to throw in the sponge, with a copy of "Elsie Dinsmore" after it, Mitzi would fix me with a solemn, gray-eyed gaze and politely request that I lend a hand with the lobster salad she had selected; or to squirt a bit of lemon into her iced-tea, already seasoned with a couple of inches of sugar in the bottom of the glass. It served to remind that little folks are just little folks after all.

She has various frames of mind. At the time of our meeting in the publicity department, when she inquired why certain publicity pictures of herself had not been released, I would have sworn it was Nancy Carroll. But when she was docilely put off with the lukewarm explanation that they hadn't come through yet, I knew it wasn't Nancy.

Exhibit "A"

HAD she been ten years older, the outfit she wore would have passed as a snappy orange sport-suit—but no matter how much you add her up you can't get more than nine years out of the total.

"I'm having my teeth straightened," she remarked sociably, as we headed toward the Paramount commissary, and to prove it she demonstrated a thin gold brace across her upper and most conspicuous molars. Though she does excellent imitations of both Greta Garbo and Ethel Barrymore, this was not one of the occasions when she brought them vividly to mind.

Mitzi has been doing imitations practically all her life.

"Since I was three, anyway, which is quite young. My mother and father were in *vodvil* and I was traveling with them over Inter-State. One day I came into my mother's dressing-room and said, 'Mother, I can do an imitation of Sadie'—it was Sadie Burt I meant, of Burt and Whiting, who were also on the bill with us. Well, of course, mother thought the imitation was just marvelous, like mothers do, you know, and so did Sadie herself when she saw it. When we got back to New York, Daddy arranged a try-out and after that I was headlined even above mother and father in the act. Mostly, I did imitations of Al Jolson and Ethel Barrymore; but since I'm older I prefer doing imitations of Maurice Chevalier best of all.

She Spells Them

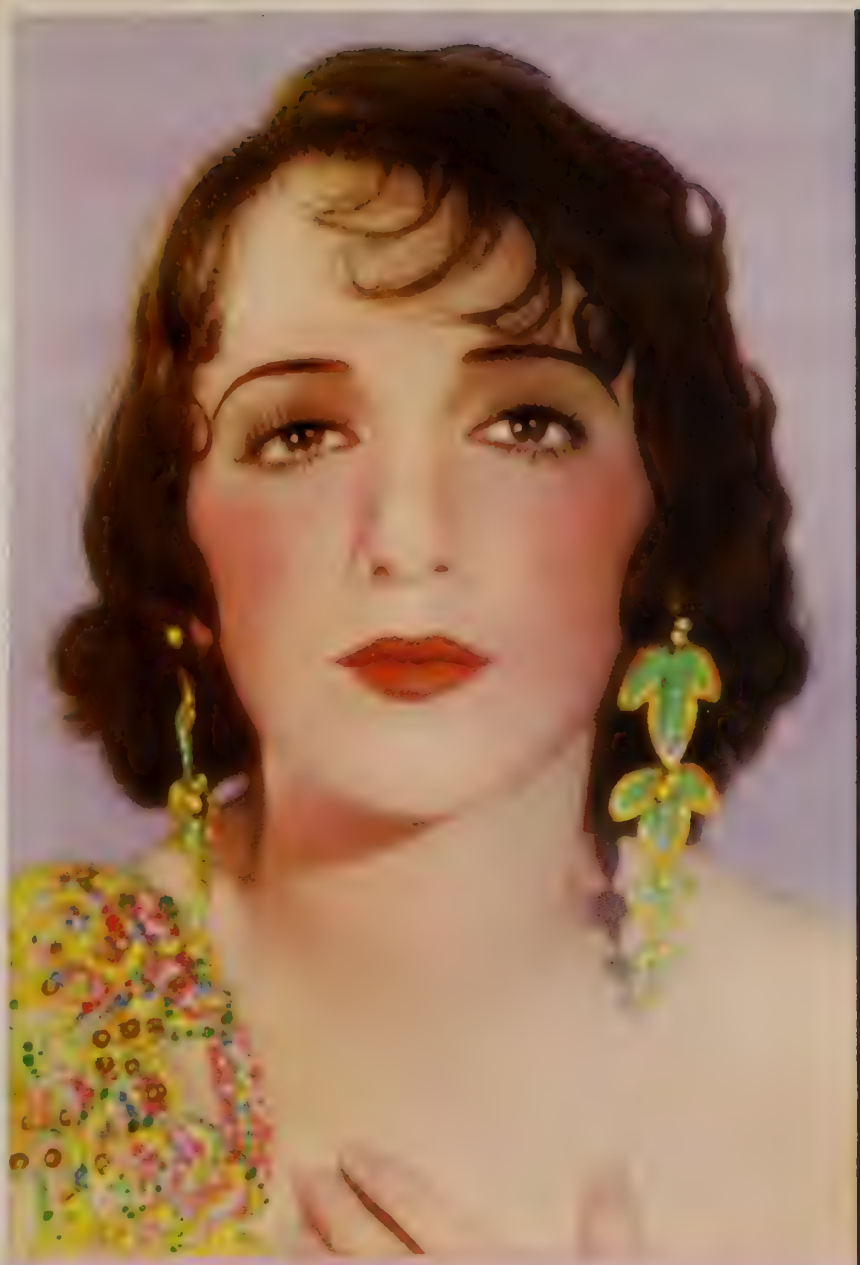
"CAN you spell 'derogatory'?" she remarked out of a perfectly clear sky.

"No," I said, for I do not believe in lying to children. "Why?"

"Oh, I just happened to think of those hard words we had in spelling this morning. I'm taking eighth grade spelling. Can you spell 'expatiate'?"

I couldn't even do that.

(*Continued on page 110*)



BEBE DANIELS in "DIXIANA"—with Everett Marshall, Metropolitan Opera baritone, Wheeler and Woolsey, Dorothy Lee, Joe Cawthorne and Jobyna Howland.

"The Most Beautiful Woman in the South"

Wouldn't you like to see her? Dixiana, star of Cayetano's Circus—"most beautiful woman in the South!" Played by alluring Bebe Daniels—brought to fascinating, vivid life by the modern miracle of Technicolor. Technicolor has put a light in her eyes *and a flush on her cheek*—has given new warmth and meaning to her every glance and gesture. All the stars shine brighter in Technicolor.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures); **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** all-star cast (Caddo), Technicolor Sequences; **HOLD EVERYTHING,** with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **THE FLORADORA GIRL,** starring Marion Davies (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), Technicolor Sequences; **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National).

★ *in* Technicolor

Keep the moonlight with you always

Peter had spent a restless night. He knew it couldn't be true! No one could be so lovely as Lois had seemed in the moonlight. He dreaded meeting her at the house-party breakfast. He knew he had been rather ardent but her cool beauty, her fragrance as he held her close in the dance, had swept him off his feet.

And then she appeared. The morning sun bathed her face relentlessly– but it only enhanced the rose-tinted amber of her skin. She faced the glare fearless of its revelations. Peter knew then, it would ALWAYS be moonlight with Lois.

● the secret that is no secret

Lois had not been born beautiful. For years she had despaired of her sallow skin, with its visibly enlarged pores.

Then she discovered that a film of Pompeian Beauty Powder in a luscious Naturelle shade...a touch of Pompeian Bloom in a provocative Orange tint, would veil her skin in golden, satin radiance.

● it isn't hard to understand

It is only natural that millions of women should prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder.

It is as fine a powder as money can buy. It delicately perfumes...it spreads evenly ...it clings for hours but never cakes. The colors are the result of years of experimenting with the blending of powders on living models. Just as Nature combines many shades to produce each complexion, so does Pompeian call upon a palette of colors to achieve five perfect blends—one of which is a flawless match for *your* skin.

● as for rouge colors

Nor is Pompeian Bloom a *solid* color! Each color is an infinite number of living shades as softly, subtly blended as the tints of a magnolia petal. This rouge comes off easily on the puff and flows gently into the shading of the skin; it clings with velvet tenacity—and the cake never crumbles.

● and this little matter of expense

Have you puckered your brow over the growing costliness of cosmetics? Sacrificed a frock, perhaps, because of your toiletry outlay? Then you'll appreciate what the wisest shoppers have learned: That, because of the vast popularity of Pompeian Beauty Powder, it is possible to produce the purest, finest quality for the amazingly small sum of 60c.

Pompeian Bloom is also 60c, in dainty metal case with mirror and long-life puff.

● do you know yourself?

Your most potent charms? How to enhance them?

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet—skilled specialist in feminine beauty—describes and prescribes for 24 types in her elaborate booklet on making the most of your looks. The coupon opposite tells how to secure it.

● send for new art panel

If you are one of the enthusiastic collectors, you'll rejoice over the 1930 Pompeian Art Panel. Gorgeously painted by Clement Donshea.

Enclose 10c. You'll receive the Art Panel—Mme. de Cordet's booklet—and samples of two other toilet necessities—Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

● PRINT *your name and address*

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet,
Dept. 13-9, Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel; the booklet "Your Type of Beauty;" and samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

(In Canada, address 10 McCaul St., Toronto)

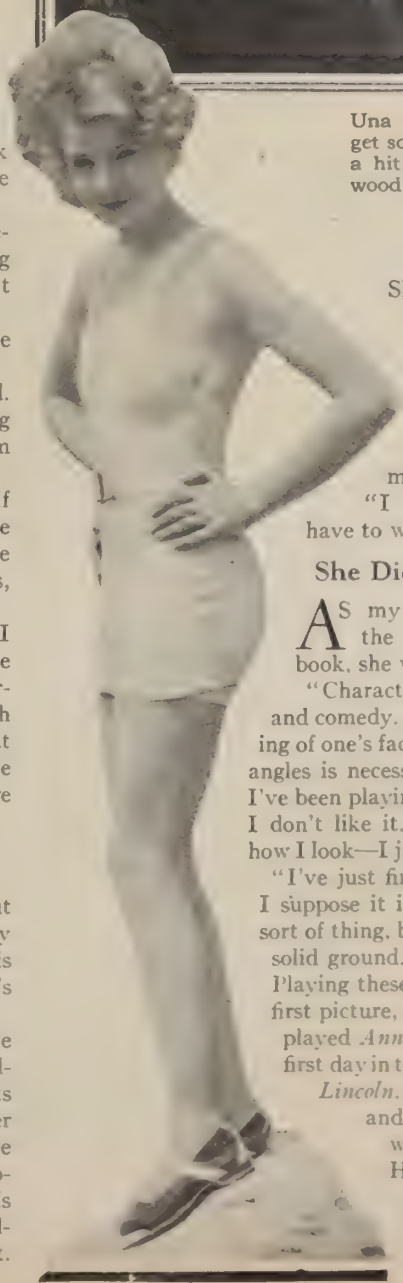
POMPEIAN

The Pompeian Company, Incorporated, New York, N.Y., Elmira, N.Y. and Toronto, Can...*(Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

SHY and SINCERE

Una Merkel Believes In Being Herself

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE



Una Merkel was just beginning to get somewhere on the stage, scoring a hit in "Coquette," when Hollywood came after her, and—well, she didn't want to go

"I WAS no star—nothing of any importance on the New York stage," Una Merkel told me. That's the sort of person she is. Different, as you might say.

"*But*," she went on, "I was just beginning to get somewhere when they came after me for the talkies; I was beginning to get wrapped up in the fascination of stage acting. And I didn't want to come to Hollywood—I really didn't.

"It was no use, though. Of course, they wouldn't ever believe me.

"'Think what this contract would mean to you,' they said. 'A full year's solid employment, without any chance of being thrown out of a job. Why, on the stage you can never know from one week to the next if you'll be working.'

"'Excuse me,' I said, 'but there I have to contradict you. If anything, I've had too much work to do in my five years on the stage. Every play I've been in has been a big success, and I've had three-and-a-half years of continuous work in two shows, "Pigs" and "Coquette." What I really need is a holiday.'

"I might as well have saved my breath. They only thought I was stalling for more money. And—well, finally I decided to take their offer, and left at twenty-four hours' notice. There were personal reasons which made it more or less impossible to refuse such a good contract. But I'm a believer in the trite old saying that money isn't everything. I like it better in the East, and I like stage work better than picture work, although pictures are tremendously interesting in their way."

Finders Are Keepers

I MAY be wrong but—yes, I also think she's wonderful—but what I was going to say was that Una Merkel is probably going to have a big disappointment in her life shortly. She is going to find that Hollywood won't let her go back East. For it's just such nice little girls as Una that the big talkie ogre eats up.

Una is a singularly simple and unaffected girl. She is blonde and attractive without being notoriously beautiful; but intelligence and seriousness shine out of her Gish-like eyes. In all its years of existence, Hollywood has never seen blondes like her until the last few months, and then but rarely. Parties, whoopee and what-not do not interest her in the very slightest. Hobnobbing with the famous she finds even more boring. She is wrapped up in her work and it is her opinion that a merely frivolous life would not be conducive to her advancement as an artist.

She is so completely unimpressed by any sense of her own importance that you can hardly bear it.

Then here's another somewhat daring and original line culled from her remarks to me:

"I want parts in which I don't have to worry about my looks!"

She Died Before Meeting Abe

AS my galvanized pencil sped over the page of my reporter's notebook, she went on:

"Character work is what I want to do—and comedy. Of course, I suppose this turning of one's face so as to get one's best camera angles is necessary for such parts as the one I've been playing in 'Eyes of the World.' But I don't like it. I don't want even to think how I look—I just want to act a part.

"I've just finished in 'Eyes of the World.' I suppose it is my big chance, and all that sort of thing, but I can't quite feel my feet on solid ground. It doesn't seem exactly real. Playing these film parts is so queer. In my first picture, 'Abraham Lincoln,' in which I played *Anne Rutledge*, I had to die on my first day in the studio, before I had even met *Lincoln*. Several days after I was dead and buried, they shot the scene where I was introduced to Walter Huston. Getting the right sequence and tempo in one's performance under such con-

(Continued on page 106)

THE WAY to be

As revealed to KATHERINE ALBERT

by Lila Lee

"EVERY normal girl wants to be captivating," says Lila Lee, the girl whose dark fascination has made her an adored favorite on the screen. "And every girl can be if only she will keep her skin always lovely.

"For smooth, soft skin has an *irresistible* charm—a charm which every screen star, certainly, knows she *must* have.

"Hollywood directors discovered long ago that only with ravishingly beautiful skin can a girl win her way into the public's heart, and hold her popularity.

"When you face the glare of the great close-up lights, you know that even the tiniest flaw in the skin is fatal! So you see why smooth, fine-textured skin is especially important to a star!

"A few years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap and now most all of us do—and are delighted with it!

"Its lather is so quick and gentle, and it keeps the skin smoothly clear—with that soft, glowing look that is so *tempting*.

"Naturally, my advice to the girl who wants to be winning is *take regular, intelligent care of your skin!*"

Hollywood—Broadway—European Stars—use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. *All* the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms!

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin just the gentle care that is required to keep it exquisite.

And now the European stars are using this fragrant white soap! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, the star whose loveliness wins hearts by the thousand, says: "Smooth, exquisite skin is a screen star's most priceless possession! Make-up is of little help under the great close-up lights. Her skin must be genuinely lovely! Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."

Photo by Ray Jones, Hollywood

LAURA LA PLANTE, lovely Universal star, is one of the alluring stars who depend on this fragrant white soap for complexion beauty: "Like those very expensive French soaps, it gives my skin a marvelous softness."

LUX Toilet Soap . . .

WINNING . . .

Photo by Longworth, Hollywood

MARGARET LIVINGSTON, charming Columbia star: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth!"

DOROTHY REVIER, popular Columbia star: "The nicest soap I ever used. It's really delightful!"

LILA LEE, irresistibly beautiful favorite of the screen, in the luxurious bathroom designed for her by a well-known artist and built in Hollywood. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she cares for her exquisite skin with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Since a screen star's skin *must* be so smooth and flawless, it is not strange that we all use Lux Toilet Soap."

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

All Quiet on the Western Front—A saga of youth, disillusion and sudden death. Tragedy at its best, with magnificent acting (Univ).

Anybody's War—Moran and Mack lead a dog's life in the A. E. F. For dog lovers only (Par.).

The Arizona Kid—Warner Baxter is the good bad man again, and has his troubles, both male and female. Colorful, but slow (Fox).

Back Pay—Announced as Corinne Griffith's last picture. A slow-moving story with a moral, involving love, tragedy and the war (F. N.).

The Bad One—Dolores Del Rio, turning tempestuous, is a café dancer with a past, but Edmund Lowe loves her, for all that. Entertaining (U.A.).

Beau Bandit—Rod La Rocque as a bold, bad bandit with a gilt heart. A good outdoor story, good lines, and good humor (R.K.O.).

The Big House—Powerful story of the unrest and hate in a prison, climaxed by a bloody, futile break. Strong stuff (M-G-M).

The Big Pond—Chevalier bright in a trivial little picture of a romantic Frenchman turning **Babbitt** (Par.).

Border Romance—A breezy romance laid in Mexico so breezy it kids itself. A grand fight between two horses. Mr. Hays didn't catch this one (Tiffany).

Born Reckless—Edmund Lowe is born as **Louis Beretti**, and becomes boss of gangland. The best of recent gangland pictures (Fox).

Bride of the Regiment—A slightly risqué and entertaining operetta, with some good singing, by Vivienne Segal, Allan Prior and Walter Pidgeon (F.N.).

Call of the West—An unconvincing cross between a Western and a backstage yarn. Dialogue amateurish (Col.).

Caught Short—Boarding houses and stock markets make Marie Dressler and Polly Moran doubly hilarious (M-G-M).

Cheer Up and Smile—College, night-clubs and adolescent love. Arthur Lake turns in a good performance (Fox).

Cock O' The Walk—Joseph Schildkraut as the vainest man in the world, in a story with a Continental flavor which never arouses one's sympathies (Sono-Art.).

Courage—Belle Bennett makes the most of another mother-love opportunity (W.B.).

The Cuckoos—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey pull some fast and funny ones in the presence of many girls, many songs (R.K.O.).

The Czar of Broadway—Arnold Rothstein (under another name) again comes to life, pulls the underworld strings. Fair melodrama (Univ.).

The Devil's Holiday—A gold-digger falls in love in spite of herself. An ancient movie theme, but this time you don't want to miss it. Director and entire cast get bouquets (Par.).

The Divorcée—The sensational "Ex-Wife" made believable and moving. Norma Shearer superb as the woman who tries to live like a man (M-G-M).

Double Cross Roads—An ex-convict falls in love with a country girl, decides to go straight—until she turns out crooked, too. Better than you might expect (Univ.).

Dumbells in Ermine—The boxer-manager team of Robert Armstrong and James Gleason in a fast-clicking comedy romance (W.B.).

Fat Wives for Thin—A two-reel comedy about dieting which ought to be at least four reels longer. Another time the two-reelers beat the feature producers to a good idea (Educ.).

The Flirting Widow—Dorothy Mackaill invents an imaginary lover, and he appears in the flesh. Lightly entertaining (F. N.).

The Floradora Girl—Marion Davies, as the most innocent member of the famous Sextette, makes the Gay Nineties gayer (M-G-M).

Fox Movietone Follies of 1930—Plenty of comedy, singing and dancing connected by a slight story. El Brendel and Marjorie White steal the show (Fox).

Free and Easy—Hollywood kidded gorgeously by frozen-faced Buster Keaton (M-G-M).

Good Intentions—Edmund Lowe and Marguerite Churchill excellent in a good crook melodrama (Fox).

He Knew Women—Some smart sinners talk brightly, and do little else. Lowell Sherman saves the picture (R.K.O.).

Hold Everything—The rubber-faced man, Joe E. Brown, asserts that he has It, and there is some rough comedy, with music (W.B.).

In Gay Madrid—Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan, and the usual Spanish balconies, duels and songs (M-G-M).

Journey's End—An epic of sensitive men without women, the horror of war, and the tragic necessity of bravery. Unforgettable (Tiffany).

The King of Jazz—Dazzling revue with Paul Whiteman, symphonic jazz, several good songs, few laughs (Univ.).

Ladies Love Brutes—George Bancroft, as a contractor, gets social ambitions, but not his woman. Entertaining melodrama (Par.).

Ladies of Leisure—The life of the party-girls. Barbara Stanwyck makes it interesting (Col.).

A Lady of Scandal—Ruth Chatterton as an actress engaged to scion of wealthy family, who agrees to live with family for six months before their marriage. The son loses her. Fine acting (M-G-M).

Let's Go Native—A theatrical troupe gets shipwrecked on a desert island inhabited by a stranded producer of musical comedies. Riotous fun and gags, with Jack Oakie and Kay Francis very loco. (Par.).

Let Us Be Gay—An eccentric dowager (Marie Dressler) entertains some sophisticates, including a Parisian divorcée (Norma Shearer) and her Ex (Rod La Rocque). A talky talkie farce (M-G-M).

Lovin' The Ladies—Richard Dix, for the sake of some excellent comedy, is misunderstood by The Only One (R.K.O.).

Mamba—Africa at its worst. A lovely lady, sold into wedlock, is almost seduced by her swinish husband, savages paint up and revolt, and the cavalry (British, this time) arrive just in time (Tiffany).

Mammy—Al Jolson sings old songs and new in a feeble tale of minstrel life, innocent murder, and mother knows best (W.B.).

Man From Blankley's—John Barrymore, well-oiled and in modern clothes, joins some freaks at dinner. A freakish farce (W.B.).

Match Play—A golf comedy worth mentioning. It is complete in two reels, and stars some real—in contrast to reel—golfers: Walter Hagen and Leo Diegel (Educ.).

Midnight Mystery—A faked murder turns into a real murder on Hawk Island, during a storm. A novel thriller (R.K.O.).

New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu—Smooth villainy by Warner Oland, but you can guess what is coming next (Par.).

Not Damaged—The wealthy idler, for once in the movies, turns out better than the hard-working young man. A new idea, and a good one (Fox).

Numbered Men—Prison life burlesqued—unintentionally (F.N.).

One Romantic Night—Lillian Gish makes her talkie début in an ironical comedy. Don't miss it. (U.A.).

Paramount on Parade—Several stars shine in the best talkie revue to date—intimate and speedy, with good tunes, good skits (Par.).

Raffles—Ronald Colman as the handsome, well-mannered, light-fingered lad who can't resist temptation. Suspense, thrills and humor aplenty (U.A.).

Richest Man in the World—Louis Mann has children to love **him**, while the hard-hearted tycoon has only money. For sentimentalists (M-G-M).

The Rogue Song—Lawrence Tibbett sings as no one ever sang in Hollywood before. The story is immaterial (M-G-M).

(Continued on page 125)

Marjorie Beebe and George Barraud in "Fat Wives For Thin," which ought to be four reels longer

Marjorie White, with the help of the chorus, walks off with "Fox Movietone Follies of 1930"

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

. . .

Colgate's comes in powder form for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-625, P. O. Box 507, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Addre.....

Trade - Marked Stars

Are Known By Their Tags

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"THE man with a thousand faces."
"The IT girl."
"The man you love to hate."
"A cocktail of human emotion."
"The butterfly man."
"Angel girl."
"Woman of mystery."
"Orchid girl."

Neat, aren't they? Tidy little tags, hung about the necks of protesting actors so that the public may tabulate them by the one quality apiece which the studio proposes to sell. Personality, sex appeal, beauty, a sophisticated air, the ability to wear clothes. These are the qualities the press-agents purvey. These are the attributes around which screen stories are built.

The ability to act profits an actor little. Versatility is a liability rather than an asset. Choose your line and stick to it. Better still, let the studio choose it, develop it and sell it for you. Then—try to change it if you can. Just try it and see what happens to you!

To each actor his slogan, trade-mark or what have you. To each player his "certain thing"—to be exploited until the public tires of it. Then discard it—along with the player. Five years, perhaps—if the actor is lucky and the studio is shrewd. Not much more. After all, a five-year contract is called "long term."

Keeping Up Appearances

BUDDY ROGERS says that he was told when he came to Hollywood: "Now, you have these things to sell: youth, a disarming smile, a collegiate air. Try to keep them. They are *all* your capital."

"And I'm trying very hard," says Buddy seriously. "If I lose these things, I am through." It is a stiff proposition. Tenuous qualities upon which to build a career. Not so easy to retain as one might imagine. Experience, study, a growing knowledge of his profession will not help him much. He must remain ingenuous. He may become the head of his family, as befits a man with such an income. He may be obliged to take responsibility. If he does, or if he experiences grief or passion—and lets it show upon that boyish countenance—he is losing his "capital."

Buddy is twenty-four. How long can he retain a "collegiate air"? It is a question which Buddy must ponder deeply sometimes.

What do they have, these people? Each one his little quality, his little tricks, to be sold by an organization to a hard-boiled, fickle public.

Typed for Five Years

ADOLPHE MENJOU once played in a picture directed by Charles Chaplin. In it he portrayed a sophisticated roué, who proved his sophistication and his cynicism by a shrug and a lifted eyebrow. Instantly Menjou was put under contract and told to shrug that shoulder and lift that eyebrow. It went on for years. Nearly five years.

Stories were written for him, expressly to display his two tricks. Menjou once said of himself, "I don't know anything about women. I merely have a face which looks as if it knew about women!" He sold it over and over.

Then, abruptly, it was said of him, "He has only two tricks—a shrug and a lifted eyebrow! Let's can him!" And that was the end, for the time being, of Menjou.

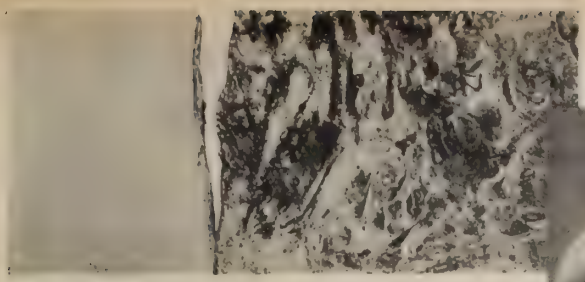
Sometimes the personality chosen for a player is something entirely foreign to the real man. Take George Bancroft.

George is one of those misfits who has somehow got into the wrong body. In appearance he is a big, husky, roistering brute. In actuality he is the mildest, kindliest, vaguest soul imaginable.

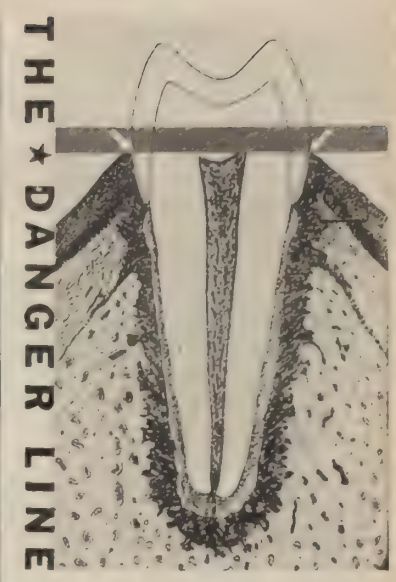
Apparently it has given the publicity boys quite a lot of grief, trying to figure out how to make George live up to his brutal appearance. Recently it was announced that George would give no more interviews without a press-agent sitting by "to guide the conversation."

(*Continued on page 121*)

Three (of many) trade-marked stars are: left to right, Maurice (he sprays personality with that smile) Chevalier; Ramon Novarro, a saint when silent; and Adolphe Menjou, long condemned to eyebrow-lifting



A cross-section of a tooth and the gum, infected with pyorrhea. Notice how the gum tissue (right) is pulling away from the tooth. The continuation of this separation will cause the tooth to become so loose it will probably be lost.



★The Danger Line is the imaginary line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beneath it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection.

AS LONG AS THE DANGER LINE KEEPS HEALTHY,

THERE IS LITTLE DANGER OF PYORRHEA

Start today using Squibb's Dental Cream—for its help in protecting the delicate Danger Line

TRUE, pyorrhea is practically incurable. But there are a number of ways in which you can guard against it. Clean, healthy gums, sound teeth are a protection. For pyorrhea usually begins with an infection of the gum tissue at The Danger Line. And so . . . if you safeguard The Danger Line, pyorrhea will have little chance.

The Danger Line is where gums meet teeth. The gum margin. It is one of the most important tissues of the mouth. Never cause it to bleed by using too stiff a brush or a gritty dentifrice. Never wound it with toothpicks or hurt it with strong astringents. And . . . *never allow acids to irritate it.*

At the edge of The Danger Line is a tiny crevice too small for your tooth-brush to reach. Fermenting food particles collect here and generate destructive acids which irritate the gum tissue. No wonder the delicate gums sometimes become inflamed—and the more they recede, the wider the road is open to infection.

Ordinary dentifrices, ordinary methods are ineffectual against such a menace. But there is a safe way to combat these acids. Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and fissures, *where the brush fails to reach.*

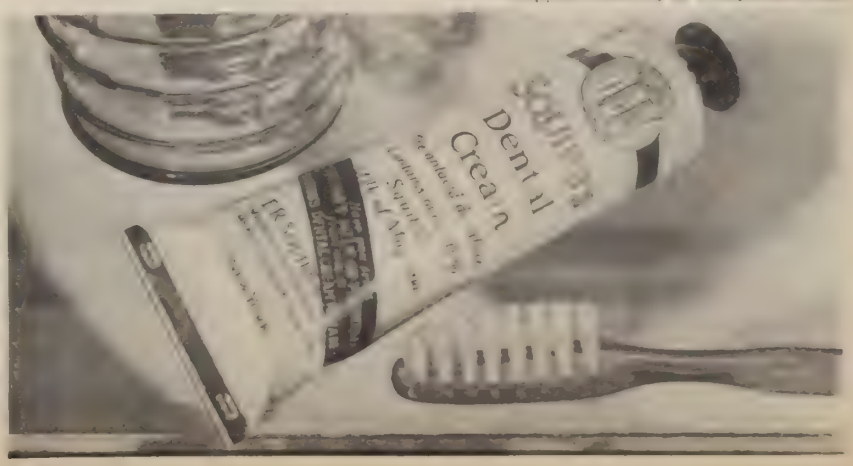
And, because it soothes irritation, Squibb's helps the gum margin keep firm and healthy—a real protection against infection. It cannot injure The Danger Line, for it contains no grit, no astringents.

It cleans beautifully. The *regular* use of Squibb's will restore and preserve the luster of your teeth. And it will clean *between the teeth* and in the *tiny pits and fissures.*

Get a tube and begin using it from tonight. Make it a rule to visit your dentist regularly. *Know that you are guarding against pyorrhea and tooth decay in the safest and most effective way.*

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



Two heads are better than one at lunch, say Karl Dane and Charles Bickford, dieting above

Getting into the headlines: Elliott Nugent and Lila Lee (above) look into the news

He gets a hand: Benny Rubin (above) makes a monkey out of the cast of "The Unholy Three"

Uplifting: Lon Chaney (above) gives Harry Earles, his chee-ild of "The Unholy Three," a ride

Old pals: *Countess de Rigueiro*, of "Madame Satan," and Ramon Novarro, left

Using a bumper for a bar-rail, John Mack Brown (above) gets intoxicated over a fan letter

Left, Charles Bickford and Anita Page chat with Father O'Donnell

Cecil de Mille, Theodore Kosloff and Elsie Janis (below) step out behind the scenes

Monkeyshining up to her: Josephine, of "The Unholy Three," tickles Lila Lee (top center)

Above, Joan Crawford and Charles Bickford meet on the stairs of dressing-room row

Before he invests in stocks again, William Haines (right) is going to become a scalper

It must be a good one: Robert Montgomery and Wallace Beery (right) get a laugh out of each other

A charm that is recognized everywhere

ANITA PAGE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

WHAT a glorious thing it is to face each day, secure in the confidence that you are always attractive! That you can wear the alluring new fashions, so adorably feminine, with the grace and charm for which they were designed!

...Yet for every one girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, sallow complexions and, sometimes, serious disease.

Add two tablespoons of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to guarantee proper elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. But it does contain iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. M-9
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name_____

Address_____

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

VIVIAN NEWELL—Bernice Claire appeared in the stage version of the "Desert Song." Carlotta King, screen production. Bernice is five feet two, weighs 116 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name, Bernice Claire Jahnigan. "Viennese Nights," the first original romance written for the screen by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and Sigmund Romberg, will have a large cast headed by Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray, Jean Hersholt, Walter Pidgeon, Louise Fazenda, Alice Day, Bert Roach and Mjlton Douglas. Some of the song hits are, I Bring A Love Song, You Will Remember Vienna, Here We Are, I'm Lonely, Ja, Ja, Ja, and Regimental March.

QUEENIE—A co-director is one who assists in the direction of the picture and shares in the screen mention. That is George Lewis's real name so far as we know. The song Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers sang in "Illusion" was "When the Real Thing Comes Along." Betty Compson played "My Dream Memory" in "Street Girl." You bet she can play that fiddle.

GIRL WITH THE BLACK CURLS—No permanent wave for you, eh! what, lucky break. Buddy Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904, and he's not married or engaged. Jean Arthur is about eighteen years old, real name Gladys Greene. Appearing in "The Record Run," Radio Pictures Studios. Mary Brian in "Captain Applejack," Warner Brothers Studios. Evelyn Brent is appearing in "The Silver Horde." J. Harold Murray in "The Red Sky." Anita Louise in "Mimi," Tiffany Productions.

ARMIDA FAN—Armida was born in Sonora, Mexico, May 21, 1911. She is four feet eleven, weighs 90 pounds, and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Educated at Lincoln School, Phoenix, Arizona, and St. Mary's College. Stage experience since the age of five years. First picture, shorts with Gus Edwards, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and first big picture with Warner Brothers lead opposite John Barrymore in "General Crack." Real name is Vendrell.

MARION—Helen Twelvetrees hails from Brooklyn, N. Y. Educated at the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, completing her studies at the Art Student's League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She is appearing in "Beyond Victory," Pathe Studios. You bet, she'll be glad to hear from you.

AMBOY FAN—Bessie Love was born Sept. 10, 1898. Married to William Hawks since Dec. 27, 1929. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, April 8, 1893. Latest picture "Forever Yours." Richard Barthelmess, New York City, May 9, 1895. Married Jessica Sargent, April 20, 1928. Appearing in "Adios," Mary Astor and Marian Nixon are playing opposite. Stanley Smith received his education at high school in Hollywood and Kansas City; received his stage training in high school amateur performances.

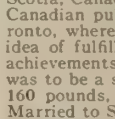
RUSH—Richard Walling played op- posite Sue Carol in "Walking Back." The theme song of "Jazz Heaven" was Someone. Olive Borden did not appear in any current picture with Lloyd Hughes. His latest pictures are "Love Comes Along," starring Bebe Daniels; "Runaway Bride," with Mary Astor. Olive's most recent are "Half Marriage," "Dance Hall," "Dark Swan," "Wedding Rings" and "The Social Lion." Dorothy Mackaill and Sidney Blackmer have appeared in "The Love Racket" and "Strictly Modern."

H. MOSS—Alexander Gray and Anthony Bushell did not appear in "Show of Shows." Frank Fay was born in San Francisco, Cal. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes. Married to Barbara Stanwyck. Latest picture is "Bright Light," First National Studios. Rex Lease was born in Central City, Va. Five feet ten, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and green eyes. Playing in "Sunny Skies," Tiffany Production.

LAURA—Stanley Smith ap- peared in the cafe scene with Ruth Chatterton in "Paramount on Parade." Stanley was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1905. While appearing in an amateur performance of "Robin Hood" at the Hollywood High School, Smith attracted the attention of Lenore Ulric, who induced David Belasco to engage him for the juvenile rôle in "Kiki," a part he played for two seasons. This was followed by a good rôle in "What Price Glory." Later in "The Royal Family" and "Little Orchid Annie" in Los Angeles. It was while working in the latter that Pathe signed him for the talkies. His first picture was "The Sophomore." He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has light brown hair and blue-gray eyes.

A REEL FAN—Yola D'Avril was born in Lille, France, on April 8. Received her stage training in Paris, Lisbon, Barcelona and Brussels. Hobbies, tennis, painting, dancing and writing. Toured Europe with a musical comedy, "Paris d'amuse," and danced on the stage in Canada for about six months. Started out in pictures by working as an extra for two weeks; then in "The Dress Maker of Paris" for Paramount; later in Christie comedies and has appeared in "The Shanghai Lady," "She Goes to War," "So This Is Paris Green," "The Bad One," "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Mimi."

ELLEN—The picture you refer to, that Francis X. Bushman, Sr., appeared in, was "The Call of the Circus," Ethel Clayton, Joan Wyndham, Dorothy Gay and William Cotton Kirby played opposite. David Manners was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 30, 1902. He was educated in Canadian public schools and the University of Toronto, where he majored in mathematics with the idea of fulfilling his parents' ambition for him of achievements in civil engineering. His own ambition was to be a sea captain. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and gray eyes. Married to Suzanne Bushnell.



AN ALICE WHITE ADMIRER—You should send a copy of your drawing to Alice, I'm sure she'd be glad to receive it. Alice was born in Paterson, N. J., about twenty years ago. She was a script clerk before entering the flickers. Appearing in "The Widow From Chicago," First National Studios. Virginia Bruce was born in Minneapolis, Minn., but spent her girlhood in Fargo, North Dakota. She won honors in music and debating in high school. Miss Bruce has appeared in "Why Bring That Up," "Woman Trap," "The Love Parade," "Slightly Scarlet," "Only the Brave," "Young Eagles," "Paramount on Parade" and "Safety In Numbers." Receives her fan mail at Paramount Studios. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, five feet four, weighs 110 pounds.

COLLEEN MOORE FAN—Colleen's new picture hasn't been announced yet. Louise Dresser was the mother in "Mammy." Marie Dressler, note the difference in the spelling of their last names, appears in "Caught Short" with Polly Moran. Renèe Adorèe has been ill, but is recovering nicely, thank you. Her latest picture is "The Singer of Seville," starring Ramon Novarro. Maurice Chevalier's name is pronounced, SHA-Val-Yay, all syllables evenly accentuated.

LONELY TROUBADOR—Are you going to croon too! Rod La Rocque was born Nov. 30, 1896. That is his real moniker. Helen Kane on Aug. 4, 1908, five feet two, weighs about 125 pounds. Real name is Schroeder. Richard Arlen is about thirty-one, five feet eleven, weighs 155 pounds, married to Jobyna Ralston, since Jan. 27, 1927, and his real name is Van Mattemore.

PEANUTS—Flickering tintypes is an old slang term for "the movies." Glenn Tryon was born in Butte, Montana, Sept. 14, 1899. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 174 pounds, has dark brown hair and green eyes. Married to Lillian Hall. Latest picture released "King of Jazz," Universal Studios. Raquel Torres, Hormosillo, Mexico, Nov. 11, 1908. Five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. Latest production is "The Sea Bat."

SMILAX—Bessie Love and Alan Forrest had the leads in "Sally of the Scandals." Myrna Loy, John Miljan and Anna May Wong in "The Crimson City." Dorothy Gulliver in "A Dog of the Regiment." Bela Lugosi was the doctor in "Such Men Are Dangerous." Margaret Livingston in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Dione Ellis in "Leatherneck," starring William Boyd. Elliott and Eddie Nugent are not one and the same person. John Davidson was the villain in "Skin Deep" and the theme song, "I Came to You." Alexander and Lawrence Gray are not related.

QUESTIONING SUE—Lionel Barry- more was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1878, brother of John and Ethel, and a son of the famous actor, Maurice Barrymore, made his stage debut in "The Rivals" in 1893, and there have been few men in the history of the American theater who have equalled his record. Perhaps his outstanding achievement on the stage was his splendid performance in "The Jest," in which he and his brother were starred together. Has dark hair and eyes, married to Irene Fenwick. Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion had the leads in "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

PAULINA—Hedda Hopper was the mother in "High Society Blues." Tom Patricola did the dancing in the Crazy Feet number in "Happy Days." David Rollins and Marguerite Churchill have the leads in "The Big Trail," Fox Studios. Lillian Roth's latest flicker is "Animal Crackers." Jack Oakie and Ginger Rogers in "The Sap from Syracuse," Paramount Studios. Phillips Holmes and Frances Dade in "Grumpy," Paramount.

NAGEL FAN—Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa, and received his education in Des Moines, Iowa, graduating from Highland Park College at the age of seventeen with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Has appeared in stock, vaudeville and the legitimate stage. First appearance before the camera was with Alice Brady in "Little Women." He also appeared on the stage with Miss Brady in "Forever After." It was while thus engaged that America entered the World War and Mr. Nagel enlisted in the navy. His first assignment was as a seaman, but later he was attached to the Admiral's staff. He is six feet tall, and has blond hair and brown eyes.

MISS GUSTIN—You neglect- ed to give me your home address. So I'm answering you here. John Boles was born in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898. He is six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey-blue eyes. Married to Marcelite Dobbs, they have two children. Latest picture is "Gypsy Love Song," Universal Studios. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Appearing in "Our Blushing Brides." Carlotta King in "March of Time," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MISS INQUISITIVE—Larry Kent may have played a small part in "The Lost Zeppelin" but he was not mentioned on the cast. John Boles and Charles Rogers have made a number of phonograph records. Send along a self-addressed envelope for the names of the various ones. You bet, I enjoyed "Rio Rita." Wait until you see Bebe in "Reaching for the Moon." She and Ben were married on June 14, 1930. Robert Castle's latest picture for Metro was "The Single Standard," starring Greta Garbo. Dorothy Mackaill's next production is "Living for Love," Fox Studios.

MISS JACKSON—Glad to hear you liked our radio broadcast. You neglected to give your address in order to receive those six pictures. Send it along and we will be glad to forward you the pictures. Richard Dix's latest picture is "Shooting Straight." Radio Pictures Studios. Irene Delroy and Charles King are playing in "Nancy from Naples," Warner Brothers. Mary Astor, James Hall, Marian Nixon in "The Steel Highway."

(*Continued on page 120*)

Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of *just the right shade for the occasion,* that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation — nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago; Dept. A-1019

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Hollywood Barbers on Strike?

Have just spent a very enjoyable evening at the theater. "Montana Moon" was the picture and the highest compliment I can pay the star, Joan Crawford, is to say that I forgot she was acting a part. But why, oh why, didn't she have "Larry" get his hair cut before she put him into that dress suit to meet her city friends?

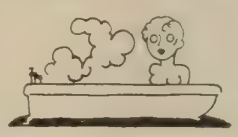
C. Marie Shenk, Lynn, Mass.

Cleaning Up the Movies

Well, well, just look at all the "clean" humor being used in the movies nowadays!

Our friend Buddy Rogers took a good shower in "Young Eagles" greatly to the amusement of the audience.

The solemn Gary Cooper hopped into a bath tub in "Seven Days Leave," proving that he can sing in the tub, that he has boney knees, and that he really needs a larger tub.



And the other sex? Well, I should say so! What about Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade"? By the way, I wonder what kind of soap she uses? She sure used plenty of it in the picture.

Frances Gerken, Hempstead, N. Y.

Disgusted with "The Vagabond Lover"

I guess writing to you will ease my feelings just a trifle. Some months ago I saw Rudy Vallee in "The Vagabond Lover" and I never felt so thoroughly disgusted in all my trips to the movie theaters. Won't someone please tell him what a flop he is?

Estelle Wittmann, Chicago, Ill.

Why the Grudge Against Clara?

I've tried to hold my peace, but I can't refrain from commenting on the way you treat Clara Bow. What did she ever do to you? Not only to you but to any screen magazine? Either in plain spoken words or insinuating veiled hints, you speak anything and everything but nice about Clara.

Her voice is O. K. to me and to everyone else except the writers on the fan magazines. In one story you say 'the Clara Bow punch is giving away to poundage.' If this is true, the weight you give to inquiring fans must be all wet. According to the weight you give she is slim and not fat.

Your magazine is excellent excepting your wise cracks about Clara. However, I've learned to skip over them.

She's the most popular girl in America so please "lay off her."

Alice Deffner, Ashland, Ky.

Now Let's Concentrate on Their Faces

Now that we've seen the lovely legs and figures of Nancy Carroll, Olive Borden and the rest, won't you please put some clothes on them?

When I enter a theater, the first thing I see are the legs of some popular miss swinging at me from the silver screen. The only way I can find out what it's all about is to look at the cast of characters, the name of the show, and then go home to read a review on it.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to tell a Hollywood actress by the dimples in her cheeks rather than by those on her knees?

M. N. H., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Usher Vs. the Patron

"I hate that usher,
I know he hates us,
Never Gives us a seat,
The darned old cuss."
Most Patrons

"I don't hate anyone,
But I've got my work to do,
Anytime you say so,
I'll trade jobs with you."
—Every Usher.

An Usher, Evanston, Ill.

There Should Be a Law Against This Sort of Thing

Have a heart,—those of you who crack gum in your neighbor's ear, munch peanuts, and scatter your backdoor gossip on the air for the destruction of tense moments in the picture. An occasional whisper is pardonable but vocal bombs that literally blow up the whole parade should be prohibited by law. If we don't all get together and decide to become better and more considerate audiences so that each and every one of us may get the full enjoyment of our talkies, something's going to happen one of these days to deprive certain folks of their chief joy in life. And those of us who happen to have 100 in deportment are going to cry out—"goodie'."

E. A. Adler, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cheers and Hisses

For a long time I have cherished a desire to give a couple of cheers and a couple of hisses.

Cheers for John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell and Maurice Chevalier. They are real actors who have talent.

Hisses for the "IF" girls, Clara Bow and Alice White and players like Reginald Denny and Nick Stuart. Heaven only knows how they get by.

Answer this if you can. Why does "True to the Navy" pack them clear to the door while "Disraeli" plays to a half-empty house?

B. C., Portland, Ore.

On this page, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-to-gether where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy.

Those Garbo Imitators

What's all this hooey about Greta Garbo? Must one have a gutteral tone, a foreign accent and a lanky body to be a great talkie artist? Then Greta sure is one grand artist.

For a real talkie entertainer, give me Bessie Love, Janet Gaynor or Norma Shearer. We learn a lot from the talkies if the characters speak good plain English correctly.

I know of girls who are trying to imitate Greta Garbo since "Anna Christie" and believe me I don't care to be around when a dozen females start gibbering way down in their throats. It's horrible!!

S. M. Longhurst, Neenah, Wis.

What's Happened to the Thrillers?

The movies have not been doing justice by us old-timers who remember the days of Ruth Roland and Pearl White in their breath-taking, hair-raising days, when they played such exciting rôles as Pearl did in "The Perils of Pauline." Remember how she jumped from the tops of trains on to horses' backs, off high bridges on to moving trains, etc., to escape from the villain?

The screen has shown a wonderful improvement since the talkies, but can't we have the heroines doing dare-devil stunts like Ruth Roland and Pearl White did instead of just looking beautiful?

Elizabeth Overly, Huntington Park, Cal.

Something to Be Thankful For

I am for the Talkies if for no other reason than the fact that it has stopped the lady in back of me from reading the titles out loud to little Willie!

H. M., Spokane, Wash.

Men Are Jealous of Rudy

I am looking forward to see Rudy Vallee in another picture. Many people said his picture, "The Vagabond Lover" was a flop and Marie Dressler stole the picture. I admit she was good, but I am sure no one left the theater thinking of her.

Just give Rudy another chance and he will show you that he can act if he is given a part that requires acting. I think he played his part of a band leader perfectly in "The Vagabond Lover."

Many men say they dislike Rudy Vallee, but it's really nothing but jealousy.

Well, here's hoping the "crooning vagabond lover" will be seen in another picture in the very near future.

Ann Morris, Richmond, Va.

"Will You Marry Me?" Set To Music

Why do they let the big heroes burst forth into song when they are going to propose? Personally, if I were the poor girl I would have hysteria or a nervous breakdown if I had to listen to the sweet warblings of the well-meaning man. Aren't proposals nerve-racking enough? I doubt if any man however romantic would be inspired to sing at such a crisis. I wager his voice would break or stage a fadeout. Let him sing any other time but not when he is about to present her with a ring.

E. R., Glendale, Cal.

A New Kind of Make-Up

Developed by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

NOW READY FOR YOU!

Under a Strange Light in Hollywood, we Found Out How to Avoid "Off-Color" and "Spotty" Effects in Make-up.

JOAN CRAWFORD M-G-M Star

MARION DAVIES M-G-M Star

ANITA PAGE M-G-M Star

LEILA HYAMS M-G-M Star

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN M-G-M Star

RAQUEL TORRES M-G-M Star

DOROTHY JORDAN M-G-M Star

Bessie Love, M-G-M Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using a color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge, perfect for her type.

Imagine Make-Up So Faultless That Even Under the Blazing Glare of the Motion Picture Lights it Photographs Perfectly. With Max Factor's Society Make-Up, You, too, Will Learn the Secret of the Stars.

BEAUTY is a business in the motion picture colony, so we have studied make-up for years. And now you may benefit from our experience and gain added beauty through this new knowledge.

Under the blazing motion picture lights, more trying than sunlight, stars are photographed. Make-up must be perfect or grotesque effects result. To meet this severe test, Max Factor developed a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, which photographed perfectly. Today, Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively in all the big Hollywood Studios, in Technicolor pictures and by 96 per cent of Hollywood's stars.

Then from this discovery came powders, rouges and other essentials for day and evening use, based on the same principle of cosmetic color harmony. Their success in Hollywood was instantaneous. Now thousands use only Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

Perhaps you have worried about your make-up and have searched for ways to enhance your beauty—and still you're not satisfied. The reason is simply this — there is more to make-up than merely a bit of powder and a dab of rouge. What is this wonderful secret of make-up? Why have Hollywood's stars and society women given up the haphazard use of cosmetics and adopted Society Make-Up? Now you may know. You may have the very make-up, learn the very method, used by these beautiful women.

Your Complexion Analysis by Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up

The one way to secure the exact make-up to best harmonize with your complexion, accentuate your beauty, and enhance the charm of your personality is to have your complexion analyzed and your personal requirements determined. This, Max Factor will do for you, without consultation fee or obligation. He will also send you a copy of "The New Art of Society Make-Up" which fully explains cosmetic color harmony and describes the correct method of make-up. Remember, you will never know how beautiful you can really be until you obtain the make-up secrets so highly valued by the stars of Hollywood. Carefully fill in the coupon and mail today to Max Factor in Hollywood.

NEVER BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR MAKE-UP

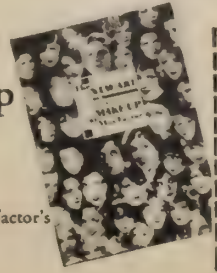
If your make-up is "off-color" or too glaring, it over-shadows your personality. It becomes a worry, destroying that self-assurance which is an attribute of every charming woman. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion, as he has done for hundreds of screen stars, and recommend a make-up which will be just a part of your own natural beauty. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

HOLLYWOOD

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-9-27

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer with Check Mark	

New Loveliness
INSTANTLY
with these 3 preparations
HERE is new, alluring beauty for you. Enjoy it *now*—gain it *instantly* with these easy-to-use Maybelline preparations.
Maybelline Eye Shadow will intensify the color and impart greater expression to your eyes. Use Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity—75c.
Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, and your eyes larger and more brilliant. Solid or waterproof liquid form, Black or Brown—75c.
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil —the new, clean, indestructible type, will form and line your brows perfectly in just an instant. Black or Brown, 35c.
Ask for genuine Maybelline preparations by name, and your satisfaction is assured. Obtainable at all toilet goods counters.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO
Maybelline
Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes
EYELASH DARKENER — EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL

In his clutches: Frances McCoy, new to Hollywood, snuggles up to Victor McLaglen, who's teaching the little girl how love is made in the talkies

The Hot Spot

(Continued from page 8)

Not Among Those Present

HAROLD LLOYD and his wife were not there, for instance. Harold was in Honolulu, making a picture. His friends say that he was very glad of the excuse to be away from Hollywood when his first leading lady and boyhood sweetheart was married. For four years Harold and Bebe worked together. They were very young, and very poor and very ambitious—and, there seems no doubt, very much in love. Harold was talking about it one day.

"After my accident," he said, "the first thing I did was to put my hand up to my face. It was all torn from the explosion—like a wet sponge. I was crazy about Be—about a girl at the time and I thought, 'Now no woman will ever love me any more! No woman can *look* at me and love me.' "

For months he lay facing possible blindness, and an almost certain end to his career. Bebe, heart-broken, found other work. Their idyl was over. But I think neither one of them ever quite forgot this first boy-and-girl love. The Lloyds' wedding present to Ben and Bebe was princely, a set of solid gold service plates.

There were two other guests not present at Ben and Bebe's wedding—unless wistful ghosts can come back on such occasions. One was Wallace Reid. The other was Barbara La Marr. Bebe, it is said, was one of the many women who gave the charming Wally a girl's ardent hero-worship. Barbara La Marr was the first love of Ben Lyon's life.

Young Love

THE beautiful La Marr was many years older and more experienced than the handsome boy who played opposite her in "The White Moth." Already her tragic destiny was written in her great, feverish eyes, but Ben struggled to save her, to make her take care of her health. He was only twenty at the time, and twenty still believes that love can work miracles.

Charlie Paddock, the "swiftest human being," was another who was not present at Bebe's wedding, though it is said he was invited. The young champion runner was once engaged to Bebe for six months, several years ago, while Bebe was making "Swim, Girl, Swim." It was Bebe's only other real engagement.

Gloria Swanson was not at Bebe's wedding. Just before her divorce from Herbert Somborn and marriage to the Marquis, Gloria had Ben Lyon for her leading man. Their attraction was mutual, and his friends say that Ben confidently expected to marry Gloria when the telegram came, announcing her Paris wedding, and—manfully Ben wired her his hopes for her happiness.

Jack Pickford was not at Bebe's wedding, though his ex-wife, Marilyn Miller, was there.

Marilyn and Jack, and Then-

AT the time of Ben and Bebe's engagement, people speculated whether it was really Marilyn and Jack who had brought them together. Certainly Ben took the whole world into his confidence as to his sentiments for Marilyn, and Bebe made no secret of her fondness for Jack. With the width of the continent separating them, Ben would hold forty-dollar telephone conversations with Marilyn to wish her good-night. Jack Pickford was Bebe's escort everywhere. Both of these affairs were celebrated for their durability and impulsiveness even in Hollywood, where love is Love. Why they were broken off, no one seems to know.

The marriage of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon is founded upon a common ambition, common interests.

They have entered on marriage with the deep determination to make a success of it, with the same singleness of purpose which drove Bebe Daniels through the dark days, when she knew the world and even her best friends were saying "Bebe's through" to undreamed-of success, with the same tenacity with which Ben has won his pilot's licenses. They are building their home on a hilltop, of stone and brick and materials which endure.

Here's wishing lifelong happiness to them!

VACATION SPECIAL

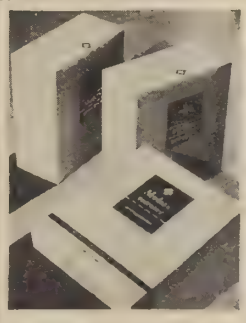
With FREE TRAVEL PACKAGE
of six MODESS COMPACTS
satisfies all summer requirements

THE new Modess Compact was especially designed to assure the inconspicuousness so necessary with sheer, closely fitting gowns. To introduce the convenience of Modess Compact to every woman, we are offering our new Travel Package of six Compacts, price twenty-five cents, free with every purchase of two boxes of regular Modess at the special price of 79 cents.

Most women have found that their summer requirements are best satisfied by regular Modess for ordinary use, with a smaller supply of Modess Compact for special occasions and traveling.

No doubt you know how soft, comfortable and absorbent is regular Modess. Modess Compact is equally comfortable and efficient but is much thinner. The Travel Package of six takes up so little room as to go nicely in dressing case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation. That is why this attractive offer is called "Vacation Special."

This "Vacation Special" offer permits you to learn at our expense the superiority, greater comfort and convenience of Modess and the new Modess Compact.



VACATION SPECIAL

2 *Boxes Regular Modess* 12 *in each Box* 90c

1 *Travel Package* 6 *Modess Compacts* 25c

$1.15

ALL *for* 79c

MODESS COMPACT *for snugly fitting summer gowns*

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. There is no sacrifice of safety or comfort, yet you enjoy an assurance that there is no unsmoothness of line.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK. N. J. U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Mary Pickford's Fighting Mad

(*Continued from page 31*)

The motion picture business stands either fourth or fifth in the roster of American commerce. Its annual income is over a billion-and-a-half dollars. The studios are said to receive over two hundred million of this sum. All classes of studio labor, including the players, receive about sixty-six million dollars annually. And, says Mary Pickford, president of the Relief Fund:

An Untidy Little Sum

"BY every device we knew, by using every resource we had, we got promises for our relief work for 1930 to the amount of just seventy-five thousand dollars! That from the most prosperous, glamorous industry in the world! That trifling sum from the richest individual group of people on earth! And there are men and women and children here in Hollywood — fellow players and their families—suffering from privation, hunger and disease! Seventy - five thousand dollars! Think of it!"

There's an employment bureau, maintained by the managers' association, which places "extras" in the studios at no cost to them. No person is supposed to be placed on the extra list except on demand by a studio — which request supposedly signifies that this particular person is valuable in the making of pictures and will be used therein. There are seventeen thousand, five hundred such registrations. In 1929 the studios employed just eight hundred and fourteen of these people each weekday. They did not all get work. Just a few hundred of them: those especially suited to sound requirements—which requirements explain the forty-five hundred additional extra players added last year.

One Out of Ten Can Work

THERE are some six thousand more or less capable "name" players in Hollywood. There is work for six hundred and thirty-two—including the stars and contract people—each day. Unfortunately, some of the popular people get fairly continuous work and others get an occasional day at long intervals. None is assured week-in and week-out employment.

About fifteen thousand other workers are employed in the studios and collateral activities—carpenters, electricians, painters, plaster workers, clerks, etc. Their work too is non-regular, but they are proper beneficiaries of the Relief Fund in case of necessity. No one can say how many of this class form the regularly unemployed. By and large, more than fifty thousand people are associated in the production of motion pictures in Hollywood.

With $48,000 to spend last year, the Fund supported itself and relieved 2,267 cases, which included 17 surgical operations, 200 hospital and sanitarium placements, 239 instances of home treatment, 15 dental and optical requirements, 73 instances of necessity for medicine, 21 funerals and 420 miscellaneous medical cases, with relief of one kind or another supplied to 324 other individuals.

"Absurdly Generous"

THE motion picture industry likes to consider itself "absurdly generous," as one prominent individual in it has said. Here are a few figures—official, I assure you—that give a very accurate slant on this "generosity." Miss Pickford said that by herculean effort the Fund had gathered up *promises* for seventy-five thousand dollars. It occurred to me to ask who made those promises, and here are the classifications:

211	Actors contributed	$24,281.50
100	Producers contributed	23,982.49
99	Directors contributed	11,048.00
133	Writers contributed	4,674.50
531	Technicians contributed	2,995.50
2,134	Office Workers contributed	$9,753.60
3	Miscellaneous contributed	550.00
		$77,285.59

P. & A.

The favorite's favorite: in a stall at the famous Kellogg Arabian Stables at Pomona, beside an autographed photograph of his departed rider, still stands "Aloha," valuable Arabian stallion that Rudolph Valentino rode in " Son of the Sheik"

Not all that cash has been collected, unfortunately. Only sixty-two per cent. of it, and you'd be astonished where some of the delinquencies lie. Mary Pickford has a board of trustees to the number of thirty-one to hold up her hands. Wouldn't you think they would be the first to come through? Well, they haven't. Just thirty-eight per cent. of them have failed to send in the sums they have pledged!

Disbelievers in Charity

ALL actors are generous! Well, of that sixty-six million annual payroll mentioned above, the player folk in the movies (including the directors) got thirty-seven million dollars. One of the prominent stars of the screen—a man who earned two-hundred and thirty thousand last year—parted with a five-dollar bill after a struggle. He offered a dollar! A little "cutie," over whom many thousands of you rave, and who earns more thousands in a week than most business executives earn hundreds, refused to give anything—because she "doesn't believe in charity"! Three years ago, a dollar looked as big as the *Leviathan* to her.

Three men, each at the head of a great motion picture organization and each in receipt of more than a half-million yearly as salary, have not contributed one cent! Remember the thirteen studio executives I mentioned a few paragraphs back, and wonder.

Is there need for help, that I'm making all this pother?

A man who has spent sixteen years in helping to make pictures is in a sanitarium at the age of 103. "I don't need any Fund," he pipes in his thin old quaver. "Why don't they give me a *job?*" The Fund is taking care of him. Probably the only man now alive who saw Lincoln assassinated, and one who has spent fifteen years in pictures after thirty-five on the stage, is a hospital patient as guest of the Fund. A fine character actor of the stage, who came to Hollywood five years ago to do picture work, was taken by the Fund from a tumble-down garage in a state of starvation only a few weeks ago. He is in a hospital.

A Remedy for the Disease

THE Motion Picture Relief Fund can't handle a fraction of the cases that come to them. They couldn't if they had a half-million a year to spend.

It is worthless to indicate the disease without offering a remedy. The "drive" and the "charity week" and the "campaign" and the "benefit performance" have been tried. You have the results above. All those things are in the last degree uncertain. *But the amount of film manufactured and the salaries paid the thousands employed are not uncertain. They are definite factors.*

If the producers will voluntarily tax themselves *a quarter of a mill per foot* for the one billion feet of film they manufacture and sell each year and turn this sum over in monthly instalments to the Fund, they will have begun to do their share. I mention them first because they can't make pictures without actors, and theirs is the lion's share of the profit.

If the acting, mechanical and technical groups will agree to tax themselves at the rate of *one mill on each dollar of their* salaries, and authorize the studios to turn this over to the Fund at regular intervals, the Fund will have a respectable amount to work with.

Someone may ask if that is not an imposition on these workers. Let's see:

A man earning $40 a week would pay 4 cents a week.

An office boy earning $16 a week would pay 1.6 cents a week.

A stenographer earning $25 a week would pay 2.5 cents a week.

A star earning $2,500 a week would pay $2.50 a week.

A Fraction of a Fraction

THAT'S the only way the Motion Picture Relief Fund will ever collect a tithe of what it needs to save the industry from

(*Continued on page 105*)

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . . make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

© P. Lorillard Co.

RUDY VALLÉE

Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

. . .

It wasn't the cut of his clothes . . . or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment . . . they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.

On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen

GOOD NEWS

with
Bessie LOVE
Mary LAWLOR
Stanley SMITH

Cliff
EDWARDS
Lola LANE
Gus SHY

A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation; beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.

Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. *"The Best Things in Life are Free"*, *"The Varsity Drag"* and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

A Modern Victorian

(*Continued from page 40*)

tion, this, rather than a work with definite aim. He doesn't feel that he will give the theater any new material. But he thinks it means much to these young people to learn to speak more effectively—to move with grace and ease—to have the poise and assurance which theatrical work gives.

Aside from this work, Cyril has done two books during his retirement. One, a fascinating reminiscence of greasepaint years, called "Lest I Forget." The other book, done with Charles Hanson Towne, contains whimsical sketches of unimportant people. The man whom Newport, Palm Beach, Santa Barbara and Burlingame smart sets have chosen for their friend chooses to write of bell-boys and scrub-women, of corner policemen and stage-door keepers encountered during a colorful peripatetic career.

Cyril Maude was born to the background of ladies and gentlemen. He comes from a long line of warriors and churchmen and men of distinction. One of his ancestors is that Tracy who killed Thomas à Becket, Bishop of Canterbury. This ancestor later repented his violence and built a lovely church at Bovey-Tracey, Devon, near Maude's present home. There was every type among the Maudes save actor-men. Ethelred the Unready is there in the line of his progenitors. And William Rufus. Edward III. Charlemagne. General Sir Frederick Maude, V.C., and his son, Sir Stanley Maude, who captured Bagdad in the Great War. Sir George Maude, who managed the stud farm at Hampton Court for Queen Victoria, and was a prime favorite of that Majesty.

A little bird told me these things—Cyril Maude would regard the relating of them as so much unpardonable egotism.

His outstanding characteristic is his intolerance of sham gentlemen and his tolerance of the ignorant, the under-educated and the mediocre. It is a tolerance without tinge of patronage. He likes people who are true to themselves.

His Sound-Stage Fright

CYRIL MAUDE did not escape the bugaboo of the microphone, which is the lot of all actors newly come to Hollywood. His voice froze in his throat. A long career of successes the world over could not kill the terror inspired by that little black box of the motion picture profession. He felt so hemmed in by it that he was fearful lest he would not be able to fulfil his contract.

He dreaded the rushes at the close of a day's work. But towards the middle of the making of "Grumpy," Maude tells me he began to feel that this was a good picture.

We touched on the Hollywood of sixteen years ago. Cyril Maude came here, following an American engagement, in 1914. He was under contract to Morosco, and the picture was Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Even in those days, movies were paying preposterous salaries as compared to the legitimate stage.

He came to a Hollywood where the now prevalent use of the double was unheard of. The exigencies of "Peer Gynt's" story included some strenuous stunts for the famous actor. No movie idol of the present day would consider them for a moment.

Most of the work was done in glass-covered areas and with reflectors augmenting the sunshine. Studio lamps were to come later. At that time he wrote his wife the following description of a movie day, which has been included in "Lest I Forget."

As young as they are: between Phillips Holmes and Frances Dade, Cyril Maude, as *Grumpy*, again makes good use of his competent hands

Not the Half of It

"I NOW go on again from Sunday last," he wrote, "and try to describe my labors. I really find the work almost too much for me! I often have to change my make-up three times a day and my life is one continual long series of mad rushes in motor-car trips to mountainous places and much exposure to the great heat and flies and ants and all sorts of beastly insects. We are, as a matter of fact, all of us working at tremendous pressure, in order to finish if they possibly can before they have to pay me more money which they have to when they get beyond this week.

"Oh dear, I really haven't told you really half of this extraordinary week, I find, especially all the touches of comedy in the whole thing. Such weird, inexpressive, uneducated sorts of people in this kind of work, but they are very intelligent in their way all the time!"

"Dost thou like the picture (business)?"

"When you are engaged at a large salary for two weeks and they want to avoid paying for more, then it is *vurry* trying."

There are several references, in Cyril Maude's description of this time, to a Mr. Apfel, who was a tremendous organizer, it would seem, and who did much to make a nightmare time more bearable. To an actor who has cabbed it comfortably from his home to the Haymarket, night after night, for the safe routine of a dignified performance, a movie shipwreck was nerve-racking.

How He Earned His Salary

PEER GYNT'S encounter with a lion—Maude was made to climb a tree and a lion, was turned loose below him—Especially, they warned him not to move too much, as the tree was chosen for its shape and the limb was rather unsafe! An occasional rattlesnake showed up in some of the more remote location country. But the *piece de resistance* was the scene in which *Peer*, garbed as a trapper, was made to paddle a canoe out into a lake while a sharpshooter, arrayed as an Indian, shattered his canoe paddle with a rifle bullet. The English actor felt he earned his movie salary that day.

Corresponding with his wife at that time he began one letter with the following:

"What horrors are in store for me to-day, I wonder? Oh, I forget to mention yesterday that one scene I had to do in the mountains was the pursuit of a buck and jumping on its back and being tossed up into the air and falling on a rock. Very painful!"

A few days later, Maude rode a pig as part of the story. Some hours after this evening, he wrote the final lines of his valedictory to the movieland of sixteen years ago:

"They have finished it (the picture) and *me* in the fortnight." (We talk of tight schedules now!) "I have worked daily about twelve hours a day!"

Around the Circle

THIS is one chapter in the career of Cyril Maude, actor. The opening chapter was what he terms the "worst possible kind of an engagement with the old German tragedian, Herr Daniel Bandmann." When the company went broke, Cyril Maude rode back to New York in an emigrant car, after equipping himself with tin cans and plates, a straw mattress and some blankets.

The circle of Cyril Maude's career is completed in a star's dressing-room on the Paramount lot in Hollywood. In a chintz-hung suite, where valets and make-up experts solicitously supervise his camera preparations. Where studio officials of highest rank drop in to comment enthusiastically on an art sharpened on the whetstone of Mid-Western America of almost a half-century ago.

The new-old friend who interviewed me one afternoon at tea revealed a few of these things, all unknowing, as we talked, of what a Hollywood columnist's day might include. Of what went on behind eyes which searched into movie lives: of what lay hidden in the secret places of a writing lady's dreams.

I think I left Cyril Maude secure in the comfortable British feeling that a nice friendship had been established and fully satisfied that he had not committed the unpardonable error of talking about himself.

Try New Method FREE End Wrinkles, Age Lines Look 10 Years Younger Overnight! New Beauty

100-Year-Old Beauty and Youth Secret Re-discovered!

7-Day Treatment FREE See Age-Lines Smooth Out

Dorothy Mackaill and Sidney Blackmer in "Strictly Modern." Miss Mackaill says: "Sem-pray takes years from one's looks and gives the skin a lovely charm."

GET Sem-pray Creme tonight. New beauty in 3 minutes. Younger appearance by morning. Erases wrinkles and age-lines like magic. Firms sagging muscles. Tones skin tissues *without growing hair.* Reduces large pores. Makes dry skin normal and fresh. Clears, cleanses, softens, tones and whitens skin such as no jar creams ever have. For Sem-pray contains rare Eastern youthifying and beautifying oils never found in jar creams. Try it FREE.

Far Better Than Beauty Parlors

All the arts of beauty specialists and the most elaborate treatments cannot do as much in an hour as Sem-pray does in 3 minutes. For only in Sem-pray can you get these wonderful Eastern oils that bring new beauty instantly; new youth OVERNIGHT. And you can try Sem-pray FREE.

3 Minutes a Day Takes Years Away

While 3 minutes a day is enough to bring new youth and beauty, you can give yourself many beauty treatments a day. In oval container with push-up bottom; used easy as lipstick. Fits in corner of handbag. Use anywhere for beauty; to remove dust; to freshen skin or as a foundation when renewing make-up. Takes place of all other creams and lotions. Sem-pray is the only beauty aid you need.

Sem-pray Makes Movie Stars Look 10 Years Younger

You've seen old time favorites, who had begun to look old, suddenly seem to become like young girls again. This happened all through Screendom when Sem-pray was introduced to Hollywood.

Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Beautiful Marie Prevost

Says, "Sem-pray brings new youth. Keeps my skin always young, lovely. Erases age-lines."

Lovely Anna Q. Nilsson

Looks younger today than she did 10 years ago. She says, "Sem-pray holds youth for us down thru the years."

Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Ten Yrs. Ago Today

Winsome Viola Dana

Years have dropped away as if by magic. She says, "It pays to keep young and regain beauty with Sem-pray."

7-Day Beauty Treatment FREE

Try Sem-pray, with its wonderful Eastern oils, right away. Immediate beauty shown by your mirror. More youthful looks by morning. Look 10 years younger quick. Make others envy your new youth and beauty. Gain new social triumphs. Sem-pray at all stores, 60c. Or send coupon for free 7-day treatment.

FREE—Send Today

Mail coupon now for FREE 7-day treatment of Sem-pray Creme. Will include also package of Sem-pray Rouge and Sem-pray Face Powder. All FREE.

Suite 114-L. Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Grand Rapids, Mich

Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Suite 114-L, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send generous 7-day treatment Sem-pray Creme. Include Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 39*)

seuse extraordinary to Hollywood stars, has left Pathé and is starting out to freelance in a handsome set of offices on Hollywood Boulevard. "Body by Sylvia" is the slogan suggested by one grateful patient.

• • •

NOT silent one night: After all Charlie Chaplin has said against talkies, and after his recent promise to build his own studio and make only silent pictures, he stood in the lobby of the Chinese on the opening night of "Hell's Angels" and declared for the benefit of all and sundry that this picture had absolutely converted him to sound!

• • •

A CHIP off the old Oklahoman: And now Will Rogers is to play "Lightnin'," and will probably add the propensity for gum-chewing to the characteristics of that histrionically famous character. His son, who attends Beverly Hills High School, likewise chews gum during the school plays and never loses an opportunity to inform the audience that it is of a certain well-advertised brand.

• • •

THEIR other kind of love: Gloria Swanson is thinking about adopting another child. She finds it hard to be quite happy, she confesses, "without a baby in the house." Harold Lloyd and Mildred also are planning an adopted sister for Gloria, and have already tried out several candidates, they say—keeping them at their home for several days to see whether or not they "fit" Gloria. Walter Pidgeon and Alexander Gray, both widowers, find their chief reason for working in their small daughters. Hollywood has its parental side.

• • •

WE want realism: *Now Warden Lawes of Sing Sing brings his small nine-year-old daughter to the Fox lot to play in "Up the River," a prison story. And the technical director of "The Big House" is a San Quentin prisoner, out on parole. If they could get Scarface Al as technician for the next underworld story, it would be a dramatic triumph.*

• • •

WHAT price deception? We heard these figures for "Ingagi," the much-discussed "educational" film, showing the love-lives of African ladies and gorillas. It cost, so our informant told us, about eleven thousand dollars, and to date it has grossed more than a million! Now Will Hays has requested RKO theaters to discontinue showing the film, on the ground that it is questionable in its claims to authenticity. It is said to be a compilation of travel film with scenes shot in Hollywood with local actors and trained animals. A man who participated in putting over the picture tells me that the most elaborate precautions were taken to prevent even the stenographers in the office from knowing how it was being made. "The boat with the next instalment of Winstead's film should dock this week," one of the sponsors would remark to his secretary, scanning the shipping lists.

• • •

JACK and the screen talk: With the Joseph Cawthorns (who recently celebrated their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary), Jack Barrymore and his wife and small daughter plan to set sail in the luxurious yacht, *The Infanta*, for the salmon-fishing waters of the Columbia River, after he finishes his next picture, a comedy. Jack has a new idea. He will make first a light comedy and then a drama or a tragedy, alternating his type so that the public will not tire of him so easily. "Hamlet" will be his next serious picture.

• • •

TELLING the judge: *"You can't tell me what to do, Judge—you're not my wife!" Judge Guy Bush gasped, as he regarded the small man before him in traffic court. "W-w-what's that you said?" he stammered. Before the defendant could answer, the court clerk explained that Vincent Barnett earned a good living in Hollywood by "insulting" the movie stars, being hired to act as gag waiter and comedy guest at parties. "Well—but I wouldn't advise you to make a practice of insulting judges," commented Judge Bush, as he fined Vincent two dollars for parking beside a water plug.*

• • •

DOING the Big Ponds: When the freighter *Cingalese Prince* touched at Los Angeles Harbor a week ago, Claudette Colbert was on the dock to join a tall young man with a mustache, waving from the rail. Her husband, Norman Foster, was joining her for a three months' around-the-world cruise on the freight boat, touching at Java, Borneo, Sumatra, Bali, Japan and other fascinating places. The only other passengers on the freight boat were Miguel Covarrubias, artist, Mr. and Mrs. Alex King, illustrators, and Rosa Rolanda, dancer. An official of Paramount also met the freighter, and, leaning on a wharf rail, Mr. Foster and Miss Colbert signed new contracts with Paramount! Just before sailing, Claudette let the world in on a bit of news. She admitted that she and Greta Garbo had become friends and said that Greta was a merry, fun-loving damsel and not a dim lady of mystery at all.

• • •

IT'S being worn long, girls: Richard Dix is wandering about Hollywood with his hair hanging down around his ears in preparation for his enviable rôle in "Cimarron." When actors are obliged by a rôle to wear long hair or shave their heads, or grow a bushy beard or otherwise deface themselves, they are usually paid extra for the "humiliation." Whether this is the case with Richard, we don't know. Talking with us the other day, he told us that our story on his own home towns, St. Paul and Minneapolis, had brought him a whole mail-bag of letters from his old schoolmates and neighbors. And one young lady, mentioned with reminiscent affection in the article, had written to tell him she was now married and the mother of five children.

• • •

SHADES of Peter Pan: So we were right and Maude Adams has been among us, *incog*, all this while! Now a New York producer comes to Hollywood with a contract for her to sign, guaranteeing that she will return to the stage in the fall. She is almost sixty years old. But those few who have seen Miss Adams driving her own car about Hollywood or slipping into the Paramount Studio to visit her friend, Elsie Janis, say that she looks no more than thirty. She owns the film rights to "Kim" and is said still to be experimenting with new color processes in order to find exactly the right one for the picture. Those associated with her in the venture have already made a trip to India to look over the ground, it is said. She is the only well-known Broadwayite in Hollywood without benefit of press-agents.

(*Continued on page 118*)

Simple Now to Rid Arms and Legs of Hair

Without Slightest Fear of Bristly Re-Growth

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly.

By a total and altogether pleasing lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

Neet

Cream Hair Remover

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Hasn't your daughter a right to be told

The easy way is to give her this booklet

You can't keep your daughter ignorant of physical facts. She feels the need to know. Surely she deserves to be told the real truth rather than be forced to seek any kind of information that friends of her own age can give.

In regard to feminine hygiene, she may receive an entirely wrong impression, even a dangerous one. Many people still believe that caustic and poisonous antiseptics are necessary for this healthful, cleanly practice. But the medical profession does not endorse the use of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid.

Danger lies in poisons

Women used to run terrible risks. They were not fully aware how great was the danger of mercurial poisoning, areas of scar tissue, interference with normal secretions. They wanted *surgical* cleanliness. Before the coming of Zonite, caustics and poisons were the only germicides powerful enough to be effective.

Send for Zonite booklet

Zonite is the modern antiseptic. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* Send for the booklet that gives all the facts about feminine hygiene. Read it. Give it to your daughter. It is frankly written, and honest. You can buy Zonite everywhere. Full directions with bottle. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. MP-09
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)
Address.....
City..... State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Lippman

Three of the boys rehearse old Broadway days: Alfred Green, his director, finds George Arliss trying to get Otis Skinner (left) and Wilton Lackaye (right) to remember when they could see their audiences

Not-So-Old English

(*Continued from page 66*)

the screen should go in overwhelming its audiences. On the stage, settings are secondary. The characters talk, and, presumably, have something to say. The audience is interested and listens. It forgets the scenery. I don't believe a picture with a hundred sets would necessarily be a finer production than a play with one."

Thinking of the plethora of lavish schnitzels which have emanated from Hollywood, I was inclined to agree.

"As yet, there have been no plays written directly for motion pictures. This will come. There is bound to be improvement. Considering the mass production in the studios, I think they do rather well. But they will do better. Be assured of that. They must. There must always be progress.

"I am unfamiliar with the workings of any studio other than my own—the Warner studio. But I am eternally impressed with the expert efficiency evidenced in the conduct of that studio. There is no waste—no delay. The wheels are constantly kept turning. The machinery runs as smoothly as that in a power plant. Everyone seems to know just what he is about. The executives are a truly remarkable group of young men.

He Resists Temptations

"I DON'T get about much in Hollywood. There isn't a great deal of time left after a day at the studio. Some, of course, go in for the night-life thing. But I find I can't burn both ends of the candle.

"No, I didn't buy a house in California. Quite probably I'm the only actor who hasn't done so. I was greatly tempted. Greatly so. But I summoned all my strength and declined. What I would have done with it, I'm sure I don't know. I'd have been looking for a buyer ten minutes after I purchased it."

I wished for the Arliss fortitude when beset by Californian realtors, and confessed the weakness through which I had become a sovereign land-owner. Maybe Mr. Arliss knew a buyer? No? I resumed despondence. And he really seemed to gloat. Well, the right was his. It isn't everyone who can say he doesn't own property in California.

"Will the title of 'The Ruling Passion' be retained in the talking version?" I queried by way of forgetting my little jay home in the West.

"You know they seldom keep titles intact," he smiled, "and as a matter of fact, that one is a misnomer. I recall that I protested somewhat bitterly against it originally."

"What will the new name be?"

"That I don't know. There is always difficulty in selecting just the proper title. We even thought of changing 'Disraeli.' I remember I suggested 'Wild Nights with Queen Victoria'!"

Surely it *was* the *Earl of Beaconsfield* whose eye twinkled so roguishly through the monocle! Or maybe it was the *Rajah* who so delighted in suave cynicism! Or "The Devil," himself! Which, by the way, is the name of the Molnar play to be made into a picture later next season with Mr. Arliss in

(*Continued on page 103*)

"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play ___ *but a minute later...*

"I GUESS we're stuck right here for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents. The usual crowd always gathered at the club on afternoons such as this.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something different—something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer some solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons, with a laugh.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. It seemed she was just destined to be heavy and plump. But the boys all *liked* Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting, "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We were trying to find some excitement and we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano? I'm not awfully good as yet, but I'll try."

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. Sally was good-natured though. She didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

The laughter became more boisterous as Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. At this, everyone suddenly stopped laughing and turned to watch Sally. "Well, anyone could play a few chords," they thought. Then without the slightest hesitation and just as if she had been playing for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Some danced while others gathered around the piano and sang.

Finally she finished and rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately brimming over with curiosity. He never knew she could play a note.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked, "Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"It's a secret—and I won't tell you a thing about it . . . except that I had no teacher!" retorted Sally.

Sally's success that afternoon opened up a world of new pleasures. John, particularly, took a new and decided interest in Sally. More and more they were seen in each other's company. But it was only after considerable teasing on John's part that Sally told him the secret of her new found musical ability.

Sally's Secret

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally began, "But I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. What pleased me most was that I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many classics by note and most all the popular music. And just think—the cost averaged only a few cents a day!"

Today, Sally is one of the most popular girls in her set. And we don't need to tell you that she and John are now engaged!

Learn to Play by Note

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Harmony and Composition

The story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that really makes reading and playing music as easy as A-B-C.

Even if you don't know one note from another, you can easily grasp each clear inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how to do it, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and hear it.

Thus you teach yourself—in your spare time—right in your own home, without any long hours of tedious practice.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and Our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument by *note*, in almost no time and for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The book will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Forget the old fashioned idea that talent means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide what you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At an average cost of only a few cents a day!* Act now. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be mailed to you at once. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your Free Book "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you ... Instr.?

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

See MARION NIXON'S
Kissproof Lips
— in Warner Bros.' "Show of Shows," "Say It With Songs," and "General Crack."

"Of Course
I Use Lipstick
but only once a day"

—Marion Nixon, radiant film star, frankly admitted.

"But I won't be annoyed with a lipstick that keeps coming off. That's why I'm so strong for Kissproof. When I put it on my lips of mornings, I'm through with them. I know Kissproof will keep them looking their best all day."

Miss Nixon is just another of the Hollywood stars who have found that Kissproof alone combines immediate with lasting charm, subtle sophistication with natural beauty.

This modern lasting waterproof lipstick is available at toilet counters everywhere. *Black and Gold Case, 50c; Swivel Case, 75c*

Kissproof

SAFE TO REMOVE
CORNS

One drop deadens pain, dries up callus

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns. No more paring that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with an amazing liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic. Deadens pain in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . instantly!

Soon the corn shrivels up and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 58*)

spection with a decided mauve tinge to it.

"Discord in the family, my loyalties to my parents torn first this way and then that —a target for both sides—made me older and sadder and, perhaps, wiser than my years.

"For a long time, I accepted the unhappy home conditions as a matter of course. I thought that was the way things were. I shrank from it, but I didn't think very much about it. Then I began to think—and right then I ceased being a child. I had entered the adult world and under rather adverse circumstances.

"I don't know how such conditions would affect other children. Not so happily, I take it. Such things leave their marks and the marks are indelible. But for myself, looking back, I am selfishly glad that I went through just what I did. I wouldn't change any of it now, if I could. It advanced me more quickly than anything else could have done. It was forced growth, but it was growth.

An Old Youngster

"I DIDN'T have time for any illusions. Fancy became fact very early for me.

"I was older at fourteen than I am now.

"I had always been a great deal with older people. Older people who 'talked in front of me,' never dreaming that I could understand. But I was very proud. I wanted to make myself felt, even then. I didn't want to be left out of things. I didn't want them to talk over my head, excluding me or, worse, ignoring me. And so I listened and absorbed and eventually understood.

"At that early age, too, I lived in Paris. I was poor in Paris. Really poor. So poor that the next meal was a speculation. I studied art. I knew the Latin Quarter. I knew a great many things fourteen seldom dreams of . . .

"I believe that I am, by nature, a happy person who doesn't know how to be happy. Or didn't know. Joan, on the other hand, is not a happy person by nature and does know how to be happy. A braver thing.

Virtue Vice and Vice Versa

"WHEN I was very young—in those days of my teens—I wanted to be 'hard.' I wanted to appear hard. I suppose I *was* hard, as very young people usually are or pretend to be. I said, and I believed then, that the only vices are the virtues and the only virtues the vices. I sometimes think I was not far from wrong . . .

"I was one of those children who got caught, in their small way, in the maw of the World War. No one knew how long it was going to last. Every mother with a son feared that the time might come when her son would have to go. And the result was that we were sheltered and repressed, repressed, *repressed* . . .

"We were brought up under the dark and brooding wing of fear. As soon as the War was over and we were grown up, we burst the careful cocoon, so to speak. We had seen nothing. We had done nothing. We had to see everything. We had to do everything.

"I began to see everything and to do everything. So long as I could cause comment, conjecture, amazement, scandal if necessary, I was happy. I wanted to be talked about more than I wanted anything else.

Both Good and Bad

"I REALIZED, I think, that I had only one life to live and that it was important to do with that life everything that could be done, good and bad. I did plenty. And it wasn't all good. I'm glad of that, too. It was messy, a lot of it. But one never understands life without contrast. If a black picture is placed against a white background, it is blacker than it could be in any other place or way. It is the same with life.

"I grew out of most of that when I fell in love with Joan. I had new values. To say that my love for Joan and hers for me has made me what I am, or what I hope to be, would be stupid. There has been enough stupid stuff written about us. But certainly it did these things for me more quickly than they would otherwise have been done.

"Even in my private life, I believe in preserving my own individuality. Joan and I have each our own line to pursue, and our own goal to reach. But her line is her line, and mine is mine, and our goals are separate goals, though the way to them runs in parallel lines. We advise one another. We criticize one another. We are glad of one another's triumphs and sorry for one another's defeats. But we do not interfere. We are separate entities.

Not Yet Domesticated

"I FIND that I am not a domestic person. I love my home. I like to sit back and take it all in and enjoy the results of other people's labors. I do nothing whatever about it all myself. I drop my clothes on the floor. I wouldn't know a daisy from a zinnia in the garden, unless Joan told me about it. The servant problem is something I've read about in magazines. I like to sit by my own hearthstone and read, but I haven't an idea what the hearthstone is made of or who keeps the fire burning.

"I'm not particularly social. We almost never go to parties. We entertain very little. Now and then, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, or some of our other very intimate friends. And that's all. We like to play tennis together, Joan and I. We go off on week-end trips. We do a lot of swimming. We see three or four movies a week. That's our life.

"I have a lot of faults. Some vices, too—but we won't go into them.

"I'm selfish, I'm afraid. I let the other fellow do it for me.

Young *Scrooge*

"I'M as tight as a drum. I'll spend any amount on other people; I'd buy Joan anything in the world she could ask for—but when it comes to myself I'm another *Scrooge*. I haven't had a new suit in two years. Until Joan gave me a new car on our anniversary, I rode around in an aged affair that got me there and that was all.

"I am jealous. Jealous of people who are doing more than I, who are doing the sort of thing I feel I should be doing.

"I have a tremendous amount of self-confidence. Whether this is a fault or not, I don't know. I have the extremely confident and comfortable feeling that I can do what I want to do—and will do. That I am qualified, that I have it in me.

"And I know what it is I want to do and will do. I have a lot to say on that subject, but I'm not ready to say it yet. I haven't found just the words I want to use.

"I haven't any particular religion. And yet I have a religion, too, of my own.

"I think life is pretty good stuff, but I also believe you have to handle the stuff and make your own pattern with it.

"I have discovered that I am about ready to go on from here. I've had unhappiness and great happiness. I've messed about. I've had love and marriage and I mean to continue to have them. I never set myself too distant a goal. That's apt to prove to be too discouraging. I set one near enough for attainment, and then proceed again . . ."

These Pictures Are For You!

Twenty-four of them, all new poses, size 5½ by 8 inches.

Yes, for you. We know that thousands of our readers are collecting pictures of the interesting men and women of the screen. You have your favorites. You are interested in the new feature players who are at the height of their popularity now. Surely you will want their fine pictures. Here are the subjects, all new poses:

Just send one dollar to pay for the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—"The Oldest, The Newest, The Best" publication of the screen. We will enter your name and address promptly and send you, absolutely free, this fine set of 24 sepia finish pictures of your favorite player.

Send Your Order Now!

Loretta Young	Claudette Colbert
Grant Withers	Marion Davies
Dennis King	Alexander Gray
Lawrence Tibbett	Neil Hamilton
Jack Oakie	Kay Johnson
John McCormack	Lila Lee
George Arliss	Jeanette Loff
Norma Shearer	Jeanette MacDonald
Joseph Schildkraut	Chester Morris
Catherine Dale Owen	Lupe Velez
Jean Arthur	Stanley Smith
Bernice Claire	Vivienne Segal

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — 9 M. P. M.
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. — Set No. 8

Here is One Dollar. Send me the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the gift set of 24 pictures. If you reside in Canada add 25c extra: Foreign, 50c extra.

Name . . . . . .

Street Address . . . . . .

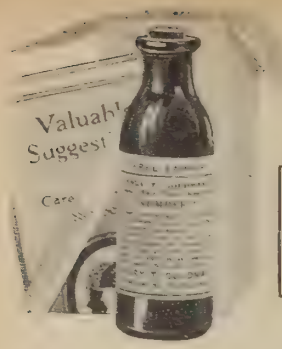
Town . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

Start with . . . . . issue.

Extend my present subscription (check) ☐

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY



Famous Single Lock Test Outfit **FREE**

If you have one single

GRAY HAIR

mail this coupon

We will show you how to bring youthful color to every gray hair on your head. Our method is entirely SAFE—harmless to hair or scalp.

Do not confuse Mary T. Goldman's hair coloring treatment with radical dyes. Nothing artificial looking this simple way. Just comb clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Color comes gradually, matching successfully any type—black, brown, blonde or auburn.

Nothing to wash or rub off on linens or hat linings. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, easy to curl or wave. No experience required. No special equipment.

Let us prove results to you as we have proved them to more than 3,000,000 women.

Test Package **FREE** — Convince yourself. Snip off a lock. Test results first this way. No risk. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE

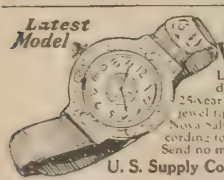
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
3413 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name . . . . . .
Street . . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . . .

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

Latest Model



EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

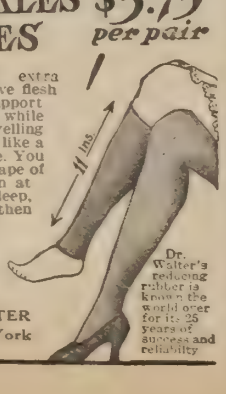
Ladies' wrist watch of latest jewelled design and guaranteed movement. 25-year Platinoid fancy engraved case with jewel top. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalogue sent with Salve. Send no money, just name and address today.

U. S. Supply Co. Dept. P136 Greenville, Pa.

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live flesh colored Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. Relieves swelling and varicose veins. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under hose. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to
Write for Dr. Walter's Special ... Bands for $3.75. Pay by ... or money order (no cash) or ... postpaid.



Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability

DR. JEANNE M. F. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York

He Has Learned His Lessons

(*Continued from page 50*)

out on him like a crop of measles. Which is not far-fetched, for he wrote before he acted. He meant to be a writer and he still means to be a writer. Especially, he means to write his own stories. He feels that he knows better than anyone else what he can do and what he cannot do.

He thinks the story is the source of all things, good and evil, on the stage and especially on the screen.

The story, he maintains, is the basis from which proceeds the entire production. Given a bad story, neither director nor photography nor actor can save the hapless *Humpty-Dumpty*.

He believes that the actor who is to get across and stay across must look to the script for his successes or his failures.

It is Bob's hot contention that John Gilbert's tragic toboggan ride, though only temporary, had to do more with the lame, inadequate and inane lines he had to speak in his last picture than in the voice he spoke them with. John can do things about his speaking voice, Bob says. He *is* doing things. He is studying all the time, and studying hard. But against the futility of the lines given him he was hapless and helpless.

Bob is enthusiastic about John Gilbert. He thinks he is in a tremendously stimulating position and he says that John thinks so himself. His fight is up. His head is high. And Bob declared that John certainly can, and as certainly will, stage the most sensational come-back that has ever flamed across the screenic skies.

Learning His Lessons

THERE is the well-known and often spoofed American formula for success—in everything.

Given the proper methods, the proper publicity, *et al*, anything can be put across. Chain stores, religion, medicine, sports, real estate, insurance, patent medicines, spiritualism, authentic gold bricks and tin-plated hokum.

There is also, as demonstrated by Bob Montgomery, the American formula for success in acting.

He doesn't call it a formula. The word is not his. Bob doesn't hold much with formulas in anything. Work, or love, or life.

It is his creed, however, never to do anything as others have, unless he has first tested out the method and sifted the results through the medium of self. Methods stand or fall by his own personal measuring rod.

His first important platform is to know everything that he should know.

His thirst for knowledge, knowledge of the medium he is working in, is insatiable.

Acting, he says, is a part of the whole, but only a part. And to this end this in-earnest young man pries into cutting rooms and projecting rooms, never misses a foot of his own rushes, explores and investigates silent stages and cameras and camera angles and lighting, and watches the mixing of the "juice"; knows what the mike is all about and why it acts as it does and also why not.

He Knows in Advance

HE claims that if there is a mystery about anything pertaining to the thing you are doing, you are, necessarily, baffled and handicapped. Whereas if everything pertaining to your work is explicable, down to the smallest bit of ground-glass in a camera lens, you can proceed without fear, as down an open road.

Bob sees to it that he gets the script of the picture he is to do, well in advance of production. And he also sees to it that he understands every phase of the entire thing. If he doesn't like the part he is to play, he—doesn't play it. He wrangles it out with the Supreme Power and he has always managed to get his way when there was any way in question. Because, he says, it is as much to the interest of the producers, as it is to his, to have him do the things he can do best.

He has found the reputedly Iron Men reasonable and open to argument. He doesn't waste time with assistants-this-and-that. He goes directly to headquarters and gets a direct answer. It's a lot of hokum, he declares—this myth about never being able to get to the man Higher Up. All a chap needs is—well, you know the good old English word, one-syllabled and pungent.

Bob Montgomery says that stage-trained people are making the grade on the talking screen because they have been trained to act on their own. They are used to giving one-man performances. When a stage actor goes on with the rise of the curtain, he cannot always have a stage director hissing at him to "hoist the gal closer, blast you." After the preliminary rehearsals, the job is up to the actor and to no one else.

The Actor's Day Has Arrived

BOB says that the screen, with the advent of talkies, has reached the same state of being. Time was when the director was the picture. The actor was the merest and, really, the least important cog in the wheel. He was little more than an animated prop. And the less he knew about everything, what he was doing included, the better. No more. The director of to-day sits, perforce, in a stoic silence while his players strut their stuff. And the actor who doesn't know his job, who isn't familiar with every mechanical trick, with the internal workings of the mike and the script and the camera and the whole business—well, it's just too bad for that actor.

The talkies, young Mr. Montgomery expounds, have been a healthy thing for the stage and for the screen. They have weeded out and they have transplanted where weeding and transplanting were badly needed. People have to *act* these days. They have to *know*. Tailors' dummies and artists' models have gone back where they belong, wherever that may be.

By which it may be deduced that young Bob takes his work seriously. He does. He believes in it. He's proud of it. He has no apologies because he is not building he-man bridges or carving up anatomies in the interests of biology.

He says that it isn't what he is doing now that counts. It's what he is going to do. And entertainment is as valuable to a working, sorrowing world as the discovery of Vitamin Z.

"And there can be," said Bob, "more than entertainment to the screen. Much more . . ."

He waved his hand and a world seemed to open up and out . . . and beyond that world another world . . . and another . . .

LOVE OR PICTURES?

Get a "BROAD"; select a "SPOT" on the "BANK"; "FLOOD" her with attention; "SCOOP" her up in your arms; make her "SET-UP"; get a "FOCUS" on her "LENSES"; "PAN" over and take a "LONG SHOT" on getting a "CLOSE-UP" kiss. If she won't kiss you, "SHUTTER" up; "SHOOT" her and "FADE-OUT."

Not-So-Old English

(*Continued from page 98*)

the title rôle. "There is just one thing that I don't like about motion pictures and the way they are presented," he continued, serious again. "I feel rather deeply about it. And that is the heterogeneous conglomeration of material thrust upon an audience in advance of the feature film. It is only fair to presume that people attending a theater where 'Old English' is playing, are attracted by that type of entertainment. Why, then, should their receptive mood be destroyed by irrelevant short subjects?

People Driven Away

"THAT this is so, I know, because of the many complaining letters I receive. Picture-goers tell me that they are prevented from visiting, or re-visiting, theaters playing attractive features because of the quality of the short subjects—or, more probably, because of the poor judgment used in their selection.

"A slapstick comedy isn't a good prelude to 'The Green Goddess,' for instance. One of those 'Something-or-other the Cat' things might do. But surely no pie-throwing. In the theater a performance of 'Disraeli' wouldn't likely be preceded by an animal act, now, would it? In this I think there is an error being made, and I propose to speak with Mr. Warner about it, if occasion offers."

And just in case there wasn't an opportunity for Mr. Arliss to tell Mr. Warner about it before he sailed for home and England, I'm acting as the artist's spokesman.

The interview was discreetly interrupted by a soft call from an adjacent room. It was Mrs. Arliss, herself an actress of only lesser histrionic stature than her distinguished husband. I recalled the tale of how they had played in the same troupe in England. Of how he had tried to tell her that he would feel honored if she would become Mrs. Arliss. And of how he finally found courage to do so when the two were marooned in the deserted theater by a sudden summer shower.

I recalled, too, that departure for England required a certain amount of packing. And I rather fancied that Mrs. Arliss required some assistance with the luggage. So I bowed myself out with wishes for a pleasant voyage.

It's her hobby: Thelma Todd enjoys riding when she can wear white jodhpurs black-and-white check coat, and black hat and boots

. . . . the outstanding attraction of a LINIT beauty bath is that the results are immediate!

You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin. The Linit Beauty Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are IMMEDIATE.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye. This coating of Linit adheres well, never comes off on the clothing, eliminates "shine" and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

THIS is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Moments that Matter:

. . . when you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock—and your dress is sleeveless . . . When the tiny lamp on a "table for two" shines full on your bare fore-arm . . . when you cross your knees and realize suddenly that your sheer hose are so transparent . . .

You can meet such moments with nonchalance if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair.

The most pleasant modern way to keep your under-arms, fore-arms and legs free of fuzzy growth is to use

DEL-A-TONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover*

Easy to use as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair *safely* in three minutes or less. This snowy *white*, faintly fragrant cream hair-remover, leaves your skin satiny smooth . . . alluringly soft. Use Del-a-tone for daintiness—it will enable you to meet the public gaze with poise. Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

*Perfected through our exclusive formula.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908.) Department 79 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

Trial Offer

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 79 Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Keystone

The House of Several Gables: this is where Jean Hersholt finds himself at home, when he isn't at home being a menace to the future felicity of fragile film *femmes*

Breaking New Grounds For Divorce

(*Continued from page 65*)

whom he had, and had not, invited. He extended invitations right and left.

"I would come home from a hard day's work at the studio, tired and needing rest, and be obliged to play hostess to these strangers and acquaintances at parties that often lasted through the night.

"On the other hand, Mr. Cruze took little interest in my friends, or my social life at all. It is often necessary for business reasons for me to attend certain social functions, and yet, when I would beg him to accompany me, he would refuse, saying he was not interested. I would be forced to ask someone else to take me.

"Time and again, I have broached him on the subject of a trip or a vacation which I felt we both needed. But he refused and advised me that if I wanted to make such a trip I could go alone.

"Another time, when I told him our home in Flintridge was too far away from the studios, and that the trip each day was too long and tiresome for me, he told me I could move any time I felt like it, but that he was remaining." In other words, Jim just wouldn't coöperate and so the Judge was moved to say, "Free." In this case, there is no property settlement. During their marriage, Betty shared half of their mutual expenses and now all she asks is a chance at privacy, a home closer to town and a right to use her maiden name.

Agreeably Disagreeing

LIKE Betty and Jim, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat could not agree on mutual friends.

"There is no other man or woman," Billie told reporters at the time the separation of the Willats became known. "We have just agreed that we are not sufficiently agreed on things in general to continue our marriage. It is not true that my ambition or my career separated us. Mr. Willat and I have not been exactly companionable for several years, though this was known only to my closest friends. Companionship and liking to do the same things seem to me to be the closest binds of marriage and we did not have this perfect understanding. Our friends and our tastes were not similar."

In the meantime, Billie is deeply hurt at the reports that only she, and not Mr. Willat, realized this lack of understanding. There was that story to the effect that he returned home from a business trip to New York one Christmas, expecting to be greeted by his lusciously beautiful wife and found, instead, a cold and empty house. "Nothing but nonsense," Billie states. "He knew I would not be at home. We had been separated for several months then. It is too bad, when two people agree to disagree, that the press insists on concocting these stories."

The One Exception

ACCORDING to James Kirkwood, whose divorce suit is the newest on file, Lila Lee was so taken up with Hollywood parties and people that she did not have time to devote to the care of their five-year-old son. For that reason, he is asking for full custody of the child.

Furthermore, Jim states that when he left Hollywood for England for the purpose of making several pictures for an English company, he and his wife were happy and on the best of terms; and when he returned she had become so engrossed with new friends that she refused to return to him.

So far, this is the only contested suit of the new crop. Lila has entered a general denial of all the charges, particularly in regard to the neglect of their son. "An actress does not have the time to devote to a child that the average woman does," she explained. "I was busy the entire day at the studio, but my baby was never neglected. He was left in the most capable hands." As to the "Hollywood people and parties" idea, Lila merely shrugs. "There is a great difference in the ages of Mr. Kirkwood and myself. Naturally, our friends would not be the same." She has asked through her lawyer that Kirkwood's charges be set aside and that she be permitted to file the divorce proceedings.

And so it goes. In the long run it just goes to prove that Hollywood is nothing if not original, and first to bat with everything. And any day now we may begin to look for complaints from Sue Smith that Harry Smith was careless with his cigarette ashes thus getting away with a divorce *a la* Hollywood fashion.

Mary Pickford's Fighting Mad

(Continued from page 92)

everlasting disgrace. And please note that word, *tithe*. In Biblical etymology it meant a voluntary tax of one-tenth of one's income. I'm asking for *one one-thousandth!* The studios now pay for compensation insurance—I'm informed—on the basis of three per cent. of the salaries of their employees. And the insurance companies pay claims for disability incurred in actual studio work—when they can't wriggle out of it.

If a precedent is needed, I can quote you the United States Steel Corporation, which spends for relief work among its employees more than seven million dollars a year! General Electric Company, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Standard Oil, which are not small concerns, either actually or metaphorically, spend more millions—without claiming "absurd generosity."

Last year the Relief Fund was a part of the Los Angeles Community Chest. It drew out on the ground that "the industry could take care of its own." Then, with great promptitude, the industry let it down.

"A few people have been carrying the burden of the Fund work," said Mary Pickford. "If I can't get more encouragement than I have, I'm going to resign. What will the producers do with the situation then? They can't let the Fund die. Personally, I will gladly quit—and explain why—if that will force those in this business to fulfil their obligations to their less successful coworkers."

Do you wonder Mary Pickford's sore at heart?

In a last desperate effort to get the generosity ball rolling, Mary Pickford and several other stars have now opened a dress shop in Hollywood—the profits, if any, to go to the Fund. If people won't give freely, perhaps the solution is to give them something for their money. Perhaps.

Fryer

Resting from the game: though now living in France, Corinne Griffith still is interested in certain rackets

Her Hands

1920

lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping

1930

"... thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married ... "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically ... "so smooth and white and dainty."

A Great Discovery

Modern young homemakers themselves discovered, in using Lux for their silks and woolens, that the gentle, bland Lux suds work the same magic with their hands as with their fine fabrics.

Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, 96 out of every 100 use Lux—to keep their hands lovely ... in spite of housework!

FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually cannot tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman with maids and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day—thanks to the magic of Lux!

They know that ordinary coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while the gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils of the skin, keeping busy hands smooth and white. Yet Lux for dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

For lovely hands · costs less than 1¢ a day

If You Want a Job

or a Hobby

that Pays Well

Where You can be Your Own Boss

and Keep Your Own Hours

learn Illustrating

SEND for our free catalog "A Road To Bigger Things." Learn how former Federal School graduates now earn good money. See the work and comments of fifty famous artists who contribute to the Federal Course In Illustrating.

Opportunities in drawing have never been better. The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, window card illustrating, etc.

If you like to draw, train your talent. You may have art talent and not realize it. We enclose a test chart with our catalog. It tests your ability Free. Fill out the coupon now.

Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating,
9090 Federal School Building,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....Age. ..

Occupation..... ...

Address..... ....

. .. .

In a studio of his own: a graduate of the Latin Quarter of Paris, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., knows his art. He prefers pen and ink and charcoal sketches

Shy and Sincere

(*Continued from page 77*)

ditions is terribly hard. It was much the same in this last picture. Tremendously interesting work, yes—but give me the stage for preference.

"Nothing in Hollywood seems quite real to me. I like the oldness of places—the feeling that they have been there for a long time. I heard all sorts of gruesome stories back East about Hollywood—that all were just after what money they could make, and had forgotten what their real selves were like. I suppose that's what makes it so difficult to feel settled here. I haven't met any of the stars myself, but there is a feeling in the air. I was introduced to Doug Fairbanks, but he didn't invite me to Pickfair."

"He didn't invite me, either," I said, "but I know what you mean."

D. W.'s Amnesia

"THEN I look at these stills," she went on, turning over a pile of them that lay on the office table. "I can't believe that it's myself in them—this girl with the funny nose. I suppose it must be, though. I shall wake up eventually and find I am really in the movies.

"Here's the funny thing. You know, before I ever went on the stage I had a mad desire to be a movie star. After months of trying, I got sent out to D. W. Griffith's studio in the East to do extra work in 'The White Rose.' Mr. Griffith gave me a bit to do, and said he would remember me, but he never did.

"After that, I went on the stage and began to get on a little. Then one day I happened to be in one of the picture studios with a friend, who was making a test for Mr. Griffith, with a lot of other girls. That must have been about three years ago. I didn't recall our previous encounter to Mr. Griffith, but he called me over and asked me if I wouldn't like to make a test, although I hadn't come with that idea. I made a test, and once again he said he wouldn't forget me when a suitable part came up. I didn't think any more about it, of course, after what happened the first time. Anyhow, by then I was absorbed in stage work and had forgotten my picture ambitions.

"Then a few weeks ago Mr. Griffith came East, seeking an *Anne Rutledge* for 'Lincoln,' looked me up and offered me the part. By that time I really didn't want picture work at all—I was perfectly happy on the stage. But I had to take it in the end. It was wonderful to get such a part, of course, but it's funny how one never gets what one wants until after one has ceased to want it.

A Hollywood Heretic

"I HAVEN'T had much time to look at Hollywood and the social life here—I've been working too hard; but it doesn't seem to do an artist any good, does it? People are brought here to do something on the screen which they have done especially well on the stage—then they get into this odd society and among things that aren't altogether good and fine, and it's almost impossible for them still to do their stuff as well. I think most of the people who come out here tend to run to seed. They very seldom increase in artistic stature, so to speak."

Among other reasons why I predict that Hollywood will at least try to hold tight to Una Merkel is her attitude toward publicity. She came out with it quite unabashed and without apology to my cloth, which showed considerable spirit in the girl.

"I am a believer in the Maude Adams idea," she said. "I don't believe publicity or interviews do you the least bit of good. Maude Adams became world-famous, and yet she would never talk to newspaper men or interviewers. The same has happened in the case of Greta Garbo, to take an instance in pictures. I believe that you stand or fall by your work, and if your work isn't good, no amount of publicity on earth can help you. Personally, I'm quite willing to be judged by what I do on the stage or the screen. I'm not interested in talking my way to success, even if such a thing were possible."

I told her she was expressing an heretical opinion and was making herself liable to be burned at the stake. But, Joan-of-Arc-like, she wouldn't take back a word of it.

With a warning that she had better get herself a love-life for the magazines and be quick about it, I left her.

Marriage in the Movies

(*Continued from page 45*)

It presented a terrific problem.

Now, if she had been commanding her own income, she would have had all three.

But she wasn't.

She was a dependent.

A beautiful dependent.

It was terrible.

A wife who hated to ask her husband for a penny of his millions.

She was foolish, maybe. But she liked to buy things. He wasn't stingy. They had a house in Paris. A villa on the Riviera. One at Biarritz. And he *did* like to dance.

But having to ask a man for money!

Just a dependent, that's all. A frail *femme*.

No Longer a Dependent

THEN he decided to go big-game-hunting in Africa for three months. Jungles and swamps and army cots and tepid water and shooting holes in lumbering elephants. Anyway, heat always prostrated her and mosquitoes left souvenirs. Her doctor advised her not to go. So, instead, with mother-in-law, she met him in Cairo and then they went to Luxor, and heard the bazaar-wallas screech their wares.

But still she was a dependent.

Rather than be annoyed with unpleasant thoughts of subjugation and things—there's no fun in that—she decided a divorce would be necessary. And Phil agreed.

She got the million.

It is now safely invested by a manager, who, in turn, is directed by Constance, who reads the financial page with true feminine instinct for the better things.

Aside from being independently wealthy at twenty-five, with two ex-husbands, and a contract that permits her three months of travel, being the former wife of a multi-millionaire has not been particularly helpful.

But She Probably Never Will

ALREADY set apart by the Bennett glamour, she must, if she wants to, live down the reputation of millions and Monte Carlo before Hollywood can take her to its sometime democratic bosom.

It can't forget that she maintains an apartment on Rue de Henri Martin, year by year. That she is importing her convertible Hispano-Suiza, which can be made into five different models from a landaulet to a phaeton. It can't forget, or forgive, her trunks and her accent, and her soft purring voice or the aplomb with which she wears her imported frocks. Nor the fact that she knows how to pronounce all the words on the menu and is acquainted with the correct Continental people.

Apprised of this, she smiles, wafts a slow hand of compassion over her coffee and says, you might say, cryptically:

"After all, Jean Nash is *not* the *literati*."

She would like to correct the impression that she is patroness to the better European cafés and press-agent to the most distinguished gown shops, because most of her interviews have inferred that she is the fair-haired darling of the smart world.

But she probably never will. It is too much bother.

Some marriages in Hollywood are staged as elaborately as if they were being screened.

Other movie marriages are performed far, far away, with two witnesses.

Sidney Blackmer, speaking from experiences, says that all actors' marriages should be secret.

He will tell you in the September issue of

MOTION PICTURE

"Kleenex... the only *safe* way to remove face creams and make-up"

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man"... she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known... and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!

More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin ... with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up ... not only every trace of cream and oil ... but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

May we send you Kleenex—free?

MP-9

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to.

Name.....

Address.....

City .....

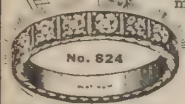
DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT

A Beauty!

No. 941 $50 $1.25 A Week

Our Diamonds are all blue white and of great brilliancy. Exquisitely mounted in newest style rings of solid 18-k white gold or solid platinum.

How to Order State article desired—name of employer—kind of work you do—how long in position—age—married—where live—how long there. EVERYTHING IS CONFIDENTIAL. Send first payment, OR goods sent for your FREE Examination on request.



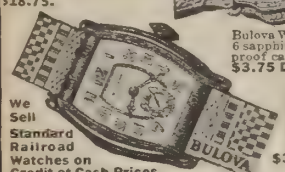
No. 824

CREDIT TERMS: One-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly or monthly at your convenience. Order Now!

Elite Wedding Ring, solid platinum, only $19.50. In solid 18-K white gold, $5.00, or with 3 Diamonds, $18.75.

Wear While You Pay

No. 948—"Miss Liberty"—Bulova Wrist Watch, set with 6 sapphires, 15 Jewels. Dust-proof case. $37.50 $3.75 Down $3.75 a Mo.



No. 911—"Lone Eagle"—Man's Bulova strap watch, 15 Jewels, mesh band. Dust-proof case. $37.50. $3.75 Down $3.75 a Month

We Sell Standard Railroad Watches on Credit at Cash Prices

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Over 2,000 illustrations. Catalog explains everything.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. ESTD. 1858
THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. D-615
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

U.S. GOV'T. JOBS
Pay $35 to $70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free.
Write Instruction Bureau, 294A St. Louis, Mo.

Fortnightly Sailings
Less than $10 per day

APPEALING particularly to those who have time for a leisurely trip—with rewards beyond measure. Ideal climate and friendly breezes all the way—ever-changing sights, amazing scenes.

Days of pure delight on balmy seas and in between ten never-to-be-forgotten visits in Colombia, So. Am., 2½ days crammed full of interest at Panama Canal; then Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico. Opportunity to visit via automobile and train through tropical jungles, the centuries-old capitals of Guatemala and El Salvador. Colorful! Historic! Romantic!

Steamers modern and comfortable, built specially for tropical service. All outside cabins with Simmons beds. Outdoor swimming pool. Orchestra. Wonderful meals.

PANAMA MAIL S. S. Co.
10 Hanover Square, N. Y. C.
Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

The Real Clara Bow

(*Continued from page 49*)

you have to work all the time, be driven by the studio, give up everything else, and spend those years in one place—and such an awful place! Gorgeous to look at, but full of terrible people—so mean, so petty!

Hollywood's Peeping Toms

"PICTURE people are the worst of all. They're so jealous of each other, so anxious to find something to criticize. They're the ones who look over my fence—they want to see who's here, who Bow has on the string now. So I stay indoors most of the time, but they even try to look in the windows.

"You know, I'm just the opposite of what people say about me. I'm not a whoopee girl. I have five or six friends who don't criticize me. I can be myself with them—I can be silent if I don't feel like making a lot of noise, I can sit still if I don't feel like throwing my arms and legs around. I have my secretary and her boy-friend down, play cards and dance around. I'm happy if I have a highball and three meals a day and a place to sleep. I know that's all there is. Just so long as I'm left to myself and not spied on.

"I didn't have any fun in New York at all, because Harry and I were followed and spied on every minute by reporters who thought we might get married without letting them know. They even followed us up to Boston. We didn't get married, as we had planned to, just because of that.

"And then they were furious because we didn't! They expect you to regulate your whole life just so they can get a good story.

"I got awfully sore at the newspaper people in New York, because they were terribly mean to me—really nasty, you know what I mean. I finally got so I wouldn't pose for pictures or say anything.

"Then they said, 'She's really mad about publicity. She's just putting on an act.'

"But when I did try to be nice and obliging and posed without any fuss they said, 'Miss Bow was only too anxious—!' "

Helpless

CLARA paused with a helpless gesture. "So what are you going to do? Whatever I do, it's wrong. If I act gay, people say I'm wild. If I'm quiet, they say, 'Oh, she wants to be poised.' And the most harmless little things, that someone else could do without being criticized, are terrible if I do them.

"The reporters lied about me and misquoted me. Well, I won't be misquoted again. Just once more, and I'm going to stop all interviews. I won't stand for it. It's cruel. It's unfair, to make a person's life utterly miserable.

"And I get the reputation for being mean and disagreeable. I'm naturally a sweet person and I want to get along with everybody, if they'll just let me alone. I don't care what anybody else does. It doesn't matter to me. And I want to help people and be nice to them, not knock them and drag them down all the time. Why can't they be the same way with me?

"I love children. Oh, I know every girl in pictures says, 'I want a home and babies,' but that's not it. I adore puppies, and anything that's little and babyish. And when I get ready to get married and have a baby, I'm going to do it, and I'm not going to let the screen or anything else get in my way.

"All I ask is to be let alone and to have the privacy everyone is entitled to. And I'm going to have it, even if I have to leave the screen to get it!"

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

CLARA sat up straight, with her eyes blazing.

"I'd leave right now, if I could afford to. I hate talkies. They're stiff and limiting. You lose a lot of your cuteness, because there's no chance for action, and action is the most important thing to me. And people are so quick to pounce on you if your voice isn't perfect.

"But I can't buck progress, and I have to do the best I can. Now they're having me sing. I sort of half-sing, half-talk, with hips-and-eye stuff. You know what I mean—like Chevalier. I used to sing at home and people would say, 'Pipe down! You're terrible!' But the studio thinks my voice is great. I don't like it, but I never like anything I do. I look on myself as I would another girl.

"And I'm really not the girl I play. I wish I were. She's much happier than I am.

"Once a man explained to me why I'm more successful in those flapper parts than anybody else. Because all the time the flapper is laughing and dancing, there's a feeling of tragedy underneath. She's kind of unhappy and disillusioned all the time. That's what people sense. They can't analyze it, but it's what makes her different from other whoopee girls.

"And I guess it's true, because I really feel that way. I smile, but my eyes never smile. Kind of a Laugh, Clown, Laugh idea—you know what I mean."

International Newsreel

Teeter-totter, near the water (use Yankee pronunciation), Pearl Eaton's girls are getting hotter (they're warm already)

The Father of a Family

(*Continued from page 55*)

for more and fresher juveniles of his type.

Buddy roused himself.

"I really want him to have an orchestra," he said with patient resignation. "I wanted to get Ben Bernie, or someone who has several bands, to let Bh lead one of them. And I planned for him to make records, and make his name that way. He has a real sweet voice, too.

"I've worked with him on trumpet and trombone and everything, but darn it!—he just isn't musical. I just couldn't make him like it!"

Buddy sighed with the air of a disappointed man.

He knew, then, how it feels to see your son choose some profession other than the one you've set your heart on for him.

Working Together, After All

BUDDY'S own father's hopes suffered the same setback. His dream was that one of his boys would become his partner in the newspaper business and carry on when he was through. But both boys took a year of journalism in college and came back fired with the desire to be actors.

Mr. Rogers didn't care so much about the journalism—it was the partnership with his sons that he wanted. So, in a way, Buddy has made up to him, now, for his disappointment. Since reaching Hollywood. Mr. Rogers regards himself as Buddy's partner, and manages all his business affairs. Buddy has furnished his Dad with a life work, cutting coupons. And whatever time is left over, he devotes to the stock market. Mr. Rogers used to believe that stocks were the playthings of desperadoes and fools, but now he happily makes his harmless speculations, and his favorite reading matter is the market reports.

"The only things my father wants now," said Buddy in his soft accents, "are a horse and a cow. He does want a horse and a cow. And if I can make a little more money, I'm going to buy a little ranch a few miles away from Hollywood, where he can have them. It would be just ideal."

Earning the Horse and Cow

THAT'S why Buddy goes on vaudeville tours. He doesn't take vacations—he spends all his spare time breadwinning for the family. If you see his name up outside a theater, you ought to go in—not only to hear Buddy play all his instruments in the act he wrote himself, but because you'll be helping, in your small way, to establish that old homestead. You can even feel you have a personal share in the horse and the cow.

And that's not all. There will be three more Rogerses to cool off in the swimming pool Buddy is going to build this summer. He has a sister, married, and the mother of a little girl of six, and Buddy will never rest until he has her under his roof, too.

"Her husband is a registered pharmacist," he explained, "and he now travels for his firm in three states in the Middle West. But I'm negotiating now to have him transferred to this territory, so they can all move out here and live with us. Then the family would be complete."

Buddy's habitually patient smile gave way to a slightly knitted brow.

"There's just one thing," he said hesitantly. "When I was out here alone, on my own, I used to feel very different. Like all independent young bachelors, I felt—well, like a man of the world. You know what I mean.

"My family is lovely to me. They always have been, and I don't like to be away from them. But—well, I don't feel like a man of the world any more. I feel as if I'm home again, no more important than I was before I left."

The modern meaning of TRUE CLEANLINESS

THE modern woman realizes that true cleanliness can be achieved only by the *correct* practice of feminine hygiene.

Everywhere "Lysol" Disinfectant is standard for this intimate use among women who *know*. Using the wrong preparation may be useless . . . even dangerous.

What greater assurance could you have that "Lysol" is safe and sure for personal cleansing than this: For 40 years, doctors and hospitals the world over have relied on it at the most critical time of all—childbirth—when disinfection must be thorough and without possible risk of injury.

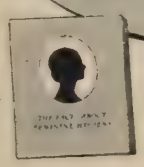
When used in proper dilution, "Lysol" is *non-poisonous* to humans. It is a concentrated germicide and therefore gives you many times more for your money than do so-called "non-poisonous" preparations, some of which are 90% or more of water when sold to you.

Do not be misled by extravagant claims! Be safe. Be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" today. Directions on each bottle are specific and easy to follow. They are based on years of medical experience.

A prominent woman physician will give you professional advice in the booklet offered below. It is reliable. It is enlightening. It is free. Send for your copy today.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol Disinfectant



© 1930, L. & F., Inc

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,* Dept. 445, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, *your booklet,* "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

JEANETTE LOFF—UNIVERSAL STAR

Sh-h-h----------!
(a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

J. W. KOBI CO.
602 Rainier Ave., Dept. J, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

Keep BLONDE HAIR golden *with new shampoo!*

NO NEED to see your lovely blonde hair darken, dull, fade and streak. Just shampoo regularly with Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only, and watch its rich golden beauty return. Blondex prevents darkening—brings back youthful sheen and sparkle to dull faded blonde hair in a safe *natural* way. No dyes or harsh chemicals—fine for scalp—used by a million blondes. Get Blondex today at any leading drug or department store.

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE B-829 FLATIRON BLDG. N. Y. C

MYSTIC DREAM BOOK Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your friends. Tell them when they will marry and whom, and other interesting phenomena. Tells "fortunes" by cards, teacup palmistry, etc. Lists "lucky and unlucky" days. More amusement in this 200 page book and brochure than $1 would buy anywhere. Regular $1 value. Send only *25 cents*, coin or stamps, that's all. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE LUCKY COIN FROM CHINA with every order.

MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick Sta., NewYork, Dept. MP-9

Literal Lois tries to make the overalls actually go over all—if for no other reason, to hide those misleading eyes

The Kiddies' Korner

(*Continued from page 74*)

"Miss Smith, here, the teacher of the Paramount School, says I am quite advanced in my school work. Even when I was on the road in *vodvil* I attended the Professional School for Children, which is a correspondence school in New York and sends out lessons for you to study."

Something warned me it would be better to get the conversation back to those imitations of hers before she got around to geography, history and other things of which I know practically nothing.

"Well, with imitations," she mused with a slight frown or concentration, "it's this way: some people you can imitate and some people you can't. They have to do something like gestures or things before you can imitate them. Maurice Chevalier does the most *different* things, so he's the easiest to imitate. In 'Love Among The Millionaires' I did an imitation of Clara Bow, but they took it out. I think they took it out because Clara didn't like it. Some professionals don't like to be imitated, you know. And some of them you couldn't imitate if you wanted to, because they don't do anything. If the whole world came to an end," she exclaimed graphically, "I couldn't imitate Rudy Vallee.

The Easiest Ones

"AL JOLSON is easy to imitate. So is Ethel Barrymore. I think the stage people are much easier to imitate than movie people. Moran and Mack are just simply wonderful to imitate. When I was in *vodvil* they were the most popular imitation of all. I love to do imitations because they're characterizations and not just kid stuff."

For that reason, she looks on the blackmailing pig-tailed miss of "Honey" as her favorite screen rôle, first because of its "vers'tility" and second because of the propinquity of Nancy Carroll, her "fav'rite." Of all the stars of the Hollywood heavens, Nancy has most intrigued Mitzi. It is a sheer case of heroine-worship.

"She's a wonderful actress," explained the kiddie. "She can make people laugh and cry, and do one just as well as the other. When I grow up, I want to be an actress like Nancy Carroll. And she's so beautiful"—this with the very deepest admiration, almost a gust of it. "I hope I get to work in another picture with her real soon."

So far, Mitzi has appeared in "The Marriage Playground," "Paramount On Parade," "Honey" and "Love Among The Millionaires" and it developed that when she is not actually working in pictures she is attending them.

Not Much Else to Do

"I GO to lots of them," she admitted. "There isn't much else to do. Most of the children I have met out here are so busy studying singing or dancing or elocution, they don't have much time to play.

"Sometimes, when mother thinks I am going to too many movies, she plays tennis with me. Like yesterday—we played tennis and drank iced-tea all afternoon. I guess mother thought I was crazy. I must have had about *four dozen* glasses of iced-tea. I like tea, don't you?—though I like fruit punch better.

"When I had my birthday party last time up at the Roosevelt Hotel, there was so much fruit punch that even the kids couldn't drink it all up." It made Mitzi sigh to recall this memory of heaven. "It was really an awful nice party. The manager of the hotel gave me this beautiful little wrist-watch" . . . she exhibited it . . . "and *everybody* was there. Let's see . . . there was Philippe de Lacy and Jackie Coogan and, oh, just *everybody*. I wish you could have been there," she added politely, "and some afternoon when you aren't too busy, we'd be awfully glad to have you come up to play some tennis with us."

The familiar ring of those words made me look over to see if Mitzi was doing an imitation of a movie star. But, no, she wasn't, instead she was merely fishing an egg off the lobster salad.

Adventures Off The Screen

(*Continued from page 42*)

Young Howard was penniless, and Kay's grandfather took him in and cared for him until his death. He bequeathed his dearest possessions—the portrait and the waistcoat—to his benefactor, and told him their strange history.

Nell's portrait took a firm hold upon the imagination and the affections of her new possessor—so firm a hold, indeed, that when he later moved to Chicago and married, his little bride became fiercely jealous of *Nell!* She brooded and sulked until at last she persuaded her husband to allow her to ship the painting to her mother in Wisconsin—threatening, after the manner of brides, that if *Nell* didn't go, *she* would!

The First Fire She Escaped

WHICH goes to show *Nell's* talent for causing trouble for other people and avoiding it, herself. Shortly after that, the great Chicago fire occurred and the young couple lost everything including—alas—the gorgeous blue-and-gold waistcoat. But *Nell* was safe in another state.

After Mr. Franks' first wife died and he married his second (Kay's grandmother), they sent for *Nell* and she hung in state once more upon the drawing-room wall. But she hadn't reformed.

After the death of Mildred Franks, who inherited the picture when her father died, Mildred's husband refused to relinquish *Nell* and there were five years of bickering and small family feuds before Kay's grandmother finally retrieved the heirloom and brought it back to grace the walls of the homes of its adopted family.

But the family had begun to feel that there could be little real peace for them while *Nell* was about the house. So they allowed her to be hung in the Loan Exhibit at the Corcoran Galleries in Washington, D. C. But *Nell* merely smiled her enigmatic smile and went right on stirring up tempests.

A gentleman named Ledyard discovered her hanging there one day and became most irate, claiming that he was a descendant of the Howards and that the picture rightfully belonged to him. He went to law about it, but the law held that the heirs of Grandfather Franks were the legal possessors of *Nell*. Not, however, without a great deal of fuss and pother over the matter.

Aunt Mollie's Sudden Death

SO they took *Nell* home again and Kay's Aunt Mollie braved the fates and hung the picture upon her front drawing-room wall. All went well for several months and they concluded that *Nell* had decided to behave herself.

Then, one terrible day, Aunt Mollie was cleaning white gloves in benzine and the fluid caught fire from a lamp. Aunt Mollie was burned to death and the entire house was destroyed—down to the last bit of wall where Nell's portrait hung. And there the fire stopped! *Nell* had come through unscathed again. An indestructible lady.

"I have the portrait of my grandmother which hung only a few feet away from it," says Kay. "And it is scorched and blistered almost beyond recognition. But *Nell* had not even a mark of smoke or soot upon her."

Fires followed *Nell* everywhere after that. Kay's mother took her to New York and placed her in storage there. Soon afterward, the storage buildings took fire and burned down, one by one, until the flames reached *Nell's* temporary house. There they stopped. It was the only one of a long series of buildings to be saved.

(*Continued on page 113*)

Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

New summer freedom

with this lighter, cooler sanitary protection

Kotex stays light, cool and delicate for hours . . . it deodorizes . . . fits perfectly . . . thus giving unique summer comfort.

MODERN living demands so much of us! Freedom and perfect poise . . . every day of every month . . . for sports or business or some other interest.

This constant activity would be very difficult, particularly in summer, without the wonderful comfort provided by Kotex. Kotex . . . with its light, cool construction . . . its careful shaping . . . its safe deodorizing . . . its easy disposability . . . has ended forever many disquieting mental and physical handicaps.

Used in hospitals

Many of the unusual comforts of Kotex are due to its unusual filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This material is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its comfort, absorbency and hygienic safety.

Cellucotton absorbs *five times* as much as an equal weight of cotton, or any cotton material. This means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than ordinary pads, yet have the same absorbency.

Kotex deodorizes . . . so very important in summer. The corners are rounded and tapered to eliminate awkward lines. You dispose of Kotex like tissue. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. ***Kotex is soft . . .*** not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. ***Safe, secure . . .*** keeps your mind at ease.
4. ***Deodorizes . . .*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

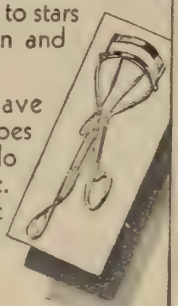
Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

KURLASH gives you new eye beauty

Kurlash makes even short lashes seem long, luxuriant and beautifully curled. Such lashes double the sparkle, the warmth, the depth of your eyes—a beauty secret long known to stars of screen and celebrities of the stage.



Now you too can have alluring eyes. Kurlash does it, easily, instantly. No heat—not a cosmetic. Nothing else like it. At drug and department stores and beauty shops $1.00.

Shadette—eye shadow, $1.
Tweezette—automatic hair tweezer, $1.
Kurlene—grows lashes, 50c.
Lashtint—waterproof eyelash tint, $1.
Lashpac—eyelash and brow compact, $1.

KURLASH COMPANY » » » » Rochester, N. Y.

NEW Discovery GROWS EYELASHES and EYEBROWS

Long, luxuriant eyebrows and lashes—now yours in 30 days! Just apply Lashgro—my wonderful new discovery for growing thin, scanty lashes and brows to thick, lustrous beauty.

SEND TODAY Send name, address and 50c for large compact of wonderful Lashgro. (For additional 50c I will include my lovely compact of Eyelash Beautifier together with directions for making up brows and lashes.) Write TODAY. Address: Nancy Lee, Dept. K-19, 55 East 11th St., New York City.

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures
Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
510 Western and Santa Monica Bldg.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

MEN!
Who use Talcum after shaving will find
Cuticura Talcum
Fragrant and Refreshing
Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 23B, Malden, Mass.

Being a mother in reel life, Irene Rich has the unique Hollywood privilege of telling the world that she has a family of her own, named Frances and Jane

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

stranger than fiction. Anything may be true.

We *certainly* believe that the smooth one would look *too* absurd, my dear, being beaued about by a probably precocious *Penrod*. A lad who might have the crude realism of his generation, insist upon his rights, and call her "Mommer."

Winnie Lightner is a mother. But this, I think, should be a star of another color. I don't know why she shouldn't have produced her kind, and apparently she doesn't either. But the studio resents the liberty she took and suppresses the biological details.

Richard Arlen has a very well-concealed little girl of six or seven by a previous marriage.

There is the lad by the name of Withers. Until Grant married Loretta, the world was in ignorance of his heir. When the first Mrs. Withers stepped forward to see about things, the little Withers was with her.

Joan Bennett distressed United Artists beyond measure when her baby "got out."

Bob Montgomery is card-indexed as a "bachelor."

Lon Chaney is a grandfather, twice over. Both boys.

Joan Crawford and young Doug have agreed not to have a baby for a few years. A promise made to Dad and Mary who, shy away from screen credit as grandparents.

Constance Bennett recently went to a photographer to have her pictures made. She had with her an infant of fifteen months. She said, "Will you make some pictures of my baby, too?" She told amusing tales of how she had evaded the press, the press photographers, *et al*, en route here from Paris. First reported to be Connie's own, the child now is being tagged "adopted."

Her Protective Instinct

THERE is the case of the famous beauty who came to Hollywood. She concealed nothing. One thing and one only did she hide—her baby. A little boy, I believe, who is to be brought up away from Hollywood atmosphere: "I'll protect him from me." The child is the one thing she keeps hidden. The rest of her life is an open book.

There is the case of Belle Bennett. Young and blonde and childless, save by adoptions, it was some weeks after the death of her "adopted" Billy that the news "broke," suddenly and sensationally. Belle announced him as her own. There were sob-stories. It is said that the publicity department sponsored the more-than-eleventh-hour admission of maternity. It was immediately imperative for Belle to make the front page. Well, she did. The sin of maternity became a tragic virtue when the maw of publicity had to be fed.

There are hidden children in Hollywood.

Children are one of the seven deadly sins of the shadow world.

Sometimes it is so ordained by the studios. Sometimes by the parents themselves.

But is this sin the Public's? Do you object to your favorite movie idol singing "Sonny Boy" in the privacy of the nursery?

Adventures Off The Screen

(*Continued from page 111*)

Again the Flames Stopped Short

THEN Mrs. Francis brought the portrait to Los Angeles and put it into storage here. A year or two later, she received a letter from the storage company telling her that they had had a fire!

"Your box was one of only two or three which were saved from the flames," they told her. "And it is rather badly water-soaked. We are writing for permission to open the box and take the contents out to sun them."

Everything else in the box was ruined. Books, hangings, one or two water-colors and so on. But *Nell* smiled out from her canvas as usual.

Since Kay came to Hollywood to play in motion pictures, she has lived in apartments and has had no room for so large a picture as that of *Nell*. But it occurred to her the other day that she would go down and have a look at her—and have her inspected by an expert to assure herself that it was a real product of the brush of Sir Peter Lely.

The expert pronounced it genuine, and now that Kay has seen it again, after so many years, she is loath to return it to its hiding-place in the storage building.

"I am not afraid of it," she smiles, "although some members of my family would hesitate to hang it upon their walls.

"The women in my family have always been inclined to resent the fascination the picture has had for the masculine members of our households.

"My mother says she was told about it—heard its story—heard its praises—heard it discussed so often when she was a child that she grew to resent hearing it mentioned. She says she has 'had *Nell* stuffed down her throat since babyhood.' She was just plain bored with her!

"But I find *Nell*, with her strange smile and her look of knowing so much more than she would ever tell, a fascinating person. I am thinking of having her restored—she is growing so dim with age.

"But I shan't be afraid of her or jealous of her. And if she brings excitement in her wake, as she has done before, to other people—well, I don't mind excitement! I rather like it."

Bright in small bits, Mary Carlyle (who has *chorused* in Metro's musicals) and her eyes are destined soon to do big things in a big way

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

what is their *dangerous power?*

Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!

SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will*. Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still *to use*.

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely*. And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurement.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

At Last the Secret Is Known

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full*. It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times.

Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows beauty, her first work, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average woman*, the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

Lucille Young

FREE

LUCILLE YOUNG BLDG., CHICAGO

LUCILLE YOUNG,
519 Lucille Young Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book, "Making Beauty Yours." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only 50¢ for FULL OZ. JAR — Stillman's Freckle Cream — REMOVES FRECKLES — WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
33 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98¢

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake Street Dept. L-680, Chicago, Ill.

Your NOSE Beautified

NO OPERATION—NO PAIN
—30 DAY HOME TRIAL—

Dr. Josephs Nose Correctors produce amazing improvements by painlessly moulding the flesh and cartilage. Can be worn night or day in complete comfort. Quick and lasting results. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

DR. JOSEPHS, Inc.
Dept. K-30, Irvington, N. J

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Longworth

No, Alice White's next picture will not be "Air Show Girl in Hollywood." She merely went out to see the tri-motored thirty-passenger 'plane in the hope that she could develop an air line

Are You A Screen Shopper?

(Continued from page 71)

August 29, 1929, and all the department stores were featuring the long tweed suit with the flare skirt a month later. The first American appearance of the brimless off-the-face hat was that worn by Myrna Loy in the Fashion Features released in May, 1929—and the instant popularity of this style, shown by the buying orders that swamped the local stores wherever this fashion newsreel was shown, made it the millinery vogue of the year."

Up to the present, the dates on file at the Fashion News company would seem to prove that the fashions sponsored by this Hollywood movie company and worn by famous film stars have definitely determined the styles worn by American women, besides selling millions of dollars' worth of similar merchandise in nearly four hundred leading stores all over the country. Now Fashion Features is considering giving screen shoppers the opportunity of choosing their lingerie, shoes and hosiery in the same way.

Stars the Best Models

THERE seems no doubt that the factor of popularity enters into the success these Hollywood fashions have had. As an experiment, Mr. Fulton had one style newsreel made with the gowns displayed by professional models, instead of motion picture stars. Sales of these gowns fell off instantly!

While Deauville, the fashionable watering-place for Continental society, claims to have originated the fad for "sun-tan" complexions, Max Factor contends that the term was born in Hollywood, and in proof of it displays an article from a local newspaper dated August 2, *1925*, in which he talks of "summer tan" make-up.

The reason for Mr. Factor's invention of sunburn-tinted powder was a purely movie one. Patsy Ruth Miller, after a day at the beach, appeared one morning at the studio to make a scene in evening dress, with the outline of her bathing suit straps showing white against her tanned skin. Ordinary powder would not cover the marks and Mr. Factor, whom the studios have always called upon in make-up emergencies, hastily concocted a dark powder to match Patsy's sunburn. The result was so successful that other tanned screen ladies were soon clamoring for it. The name "summer tan" was copyrighted the same year (1925) and for two years thereafter his sales of "summer tan" shades of powder and rouge increased tremendously, until in 1928 it became such a vogue everywhere that the cut of women's summer clothes was altered to suit the new fashion in complexions.

Complexions Then and Now

THE early days of the movies showed faces on the screen with noses and foreheads heavily whitened, lips a black blob of red pomade and eyes darkened till they looked like holes burned in paper. But Max Factor, working with the studio make-up men, instituted the "color harmony" method, which practically all the stars have used for their screen work ever since. White and pink powders were discarded for professional use and darker shades substituted. Soon these neutral, subtle shades became popular for street use as well as professional. Holly-

(Continued on page 117)

Caught young and treated anything but rough: Althea Henly, now with Fox, once with stage musicomedies

Go To The Movies And Succeed

(*Continued from page 53*)

only incidental. Then when you're coming down the home-stretch—forty-two laps behind—all you have to do to win is look up and catch one of her smiles. That'll do things to you. Oh, you'd be surprised! And all of a sudden you'll come in first! Ask Bill Haines, if you won't. Or Reginald Denny. Never fails. (I hope you're getting all this the first time, because I'm not going to tell you how to make a million dollars again. Well—I *might*—if you send me two bits and a self-addressed envelope.)

This Isn't So Easy

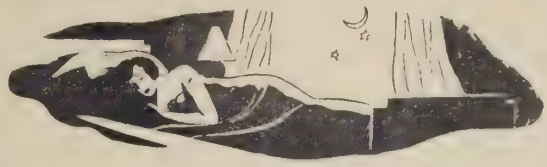
THE absolutely bummest way the movies have thought of for cleaning up big is this backstage stuff: all about how the small-time hoofer is decidedly small-time for most of the picture, and then suddenly knocks everyone simply cuckoo with An Act. It's the bummest way, because it smells of fish. The Act or Song or Dance or whatnot that's supposed to flatten everybody usually reminds us of the way little brother Hubert carried on that time he thought he wanted to be an actor. I mean just before the rest of us got to him.

That is, they show the screen audience going utterly wild over stuff that puts the real audience to sleep. I could mention pictures (as who couldn't?) where this method of getting rich is employed, as well as players who've had to peddle a lot of awful stuff in them—but why be an old horrid? The truth is, except for vaudevillians and those who have been in the song-and-dance business since bassinet days, these are the toughest parts in pictures. Most players avoid such rôles as you avoid parsley. Once in a while you find a natural—a Buddy Rogers, for instance, who, in "Sweetie," made it look real. Or the one and only (and that's all) Al Jolson. But most of the others need time to practise their dance routines, and then quite a lot more time to eat practically carloads of throat lozenges (they are used for sweetening voices and sometimes do) before we'll believe it.

Which brings us back to the easiest and by far the best way of piling it up: viz., i.e., and to wit: Marrying the boss's daughter. Everything's in its favor. It takes no preparation and you can do it without moving out of your chair. I recommend it for any young man but myself. Because you ought to get a load of my boss's daughter. You'd rather work for a living, too.

What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.



What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).

What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.

What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."

Send for "The Book About Baths"

Why *is* it that so many people have tended to think of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did. *it's* FREE!

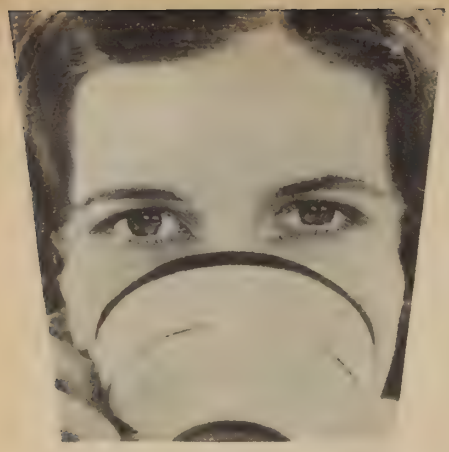
CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free ... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. MPM-5
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....



IT KEEPS EYES
CLEAR

There's no excuse for dull, bloodshot eyes when a few drops of harmless *Murine* each day will keep them clear and bright. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and speedily ends any bloodshot condition caused by late hours, over-use, crying or outdoor exposure. 60c.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

FILL OUT YOUR FIGURE IN 30 DAYS

Say good-bye to the straight-line figure! Fashion demands the full, rounded curves of the feminine form. Fill out the contours my new easy way. Just follow simple instructions for 30 days and I GUARANTEE results.

SPECIAL OFFER

Write TODAY Send name and address and only 50 cents (coin or money order) and I will send my complete Course in Figure Development. Mailed in plain wrapper. Limited Time offer. Write NOW.

Nancy Lee Institute of Physical Culture Dept. K-9 853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.

We Teach Beauty Culture

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 69-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

EASY MONEY FOR SPARE TIME WORK

You'll be amazed to see how easy it is to sell **Christmas Greeting Cards** in Box Assortments. Our Box contains 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope.

SELLS FOR $1.00—COSTS YOU 50c.

WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES

Samples Free If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars.

Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 35, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 12*)

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Like Kelly Can*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—playing in *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Keaton, Buster—playing in *Forward March*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Lila—recently completed *Queen of Main Street*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Leonard, Barbara—playing in *Monsieur Le Fox*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lewis, Mary—playing in *The Siren Song*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lightner, Winnie—playing in *Sit Tight*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Lillie, Beatrice—recently completed *Are You There*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *The Love Cavalier*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Love, Bessie—recently completed *Conspiracy*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Men On Call*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Last of the Duanes*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Better Wife*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Hat Heiress*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Barber John's Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Monte Carlo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Manners, David—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Maris, Mona—playing in *Sez You, Sez Me*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Marshall, Tully—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Sez You, Sez Me*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miller, Marilyn — playing in *Sunny* — First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Like Kelly Can*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moore, Grace—playing in *New Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moore, Owen—playing in *Outside the Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Moore, Victor—playing in *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Moran, Lois—playing in *The Red Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—playing in *The Red Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *College Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—playing in *Outside the Law*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—last release *The Singer of Seville*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—recently completed *The Sap From Syracuse*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Last of the Duanes*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Just Imagine*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *The Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—playing in *Forever Yours*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—playing in *Going Wild*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Little Accident*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Powell, William—recently completed *For The Defence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Power, Tyrone—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *Looking For Trouble*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rennie, James—playing in *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *Father's Son*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rico, Mona—playing in *Sez You, Sez Me*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rogers, Ginger—recently completed *The Sap From Syracuse*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Lightnin'*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rollins, David—playing in *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roth, Lillian—recently completed *Animal Crackers*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rubin, Benny—playing in *Like Kelly Can*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Saxon, Marie—playing in *The Red Sky*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Scott, Fred—playing in *Beyond Victory*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sebastian, Dorothy—recently completed *Our Blushing Brides*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Segal, Vivienne—recently completed *Viennese Nights*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Skinner, Otis—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—playing in *Soup To Nuts*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave. Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Father's Son*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *What a Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—playing in *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Leathernecking*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Taylor, Estelle—playing in *Devil With Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *New Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Torres, Raquel—playing in *Never the Twain Shall Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracey, Spencer—playing in *Up The River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Trevor, Hugh—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *This Marriage Business*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *The Storm*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *Wild Company*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *Sweethearts On Parade*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Just Imagine*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—last release *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Withers, Grant—playing in *Penny Arcade*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiting, Jack—playing in *College Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—playing in *The Record Run*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—recently completed *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Sea God*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Are You A Screen Shopper?

(*Continued from page 114*)

wood was teaching women the beauty tricks of the trade!

And now that color pictures have definitely arrived—one hundred and forty million feet of colored film will be shot in 1930—the women of the country will be able to learn the subtle art of blending shades in their cosmetics by a demonstration with the most famous faces in the world as subjects. They will have visual proof that Janet Gaynor's natural color-scheme is auburn hair, brown eyes and fair skin, and that for a natural color effect in color pictures she uses a dark powder, brighter rouge, a light lipstick with a brown eye-shadow; while Jeanette Loff, who has golden hair, blue eyes and a creamy skin, uses flesh powder, a rose rouge and grey eye-shadow, on the screen.

The Super-Salesman

IN teaching the women of America how to dress, how to use make-up, how to wear their hair becomingly, Hollywood is creating a nation of screen shoppers. And it is reaching out all over the world, a super-salesman, a glorified drummer, to interest other countries in American-made goods, and styles. Make-up, for example, has been an item on the nation's export list for only the last two or three years. Now, American-made cosmetics are sold all over the world. Max Factor alone has opened agencies in nineteen foreign lands and receives hundreds of letters from out-of-the-way places, asking for the powders and rouges the picture stars use on the screen.

In other words, the world is Hollywood-conscious. British newspapers wail that our sound pictures are going to set the whole English-speaking race to talking through their noses. Oriental countries complain that our movie love-making is ruining their women's morals. Last summer, several famous fashion designers hastened to Hollywood by airplane to look over the clothes being created in the studios. If you want the latest thing in hats, or kisses, or haircuts, languages, complexions or love, you can find it by screen shopping!

A childish pursuit: Mitzi Green is hunting for the little bird that tells grown-ups so many things

Jo-cur offers $1000.00 for Beautiful Hair!

FIRST PRIZE
$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE $100.00

2 Prizes $50.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each
10 Prizes $10.00 each
70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you going to be one of the prize winners in the Jo-cur contest for beautiful hair? If you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of the prizes. Your chance to win is just as good as anyone's. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip — a new outfit — or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest — **and enter today.**

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. **ALICE WHITE,** First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. **CHARLES B. ROSS,** famous painter of lovely women. **HAZEL KOZLAY,** Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and **easy to finger-wave.** It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cur Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10-cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
489 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.

Behold— Your New Skin!

A NEW Skin—clear, youthful, radiant, lies just beneath the surface of your old *Outer* skin. *Remove* your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, large pores, signs of coarseness and age — simply, safely, quickly — with an amazing NEW liquid. No bother—no fuss. Presto—off comes your old, faded, worn out, blemished, *useless outer skin*. Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.

Uncover Hidden Beauty

"The Modern Way to NEW Skin" tells all about this *new* method. Everything simply explained. Send for your copy TODAY. No cost—no obligation. Mailed in plain envelope. Just send name and address TODAY. **Colee, Dept. K-09, 853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

Write for *FREE BOOK*

The MADISON

Illinois Avenue overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean

"A Hotel Distinctively Different"

JUST COMPLETED
in
ATLANTIC CITY

Fireproof Showers & Baths Throughout

Unexcelled Colonial Hospitality
Now Ready for YOU

From $4.00 daily, European Plan
From $7.00 daily, American Plan

Fetter & Hollinger, Inc.
Eugene C. Fetter, *Managing Director*

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 Springfield, Mass.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** ***Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help nerve sick nerves!*** Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-829 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

STORY IDEAS For Talking Pictures and Magazines wanted for developments, revision, composition and submission to studios and publishers. Established 1917. Location and theatrical facilities make our SERVICE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS. Sales dept. on commission basis. FREE BOOKLET gives full particulars.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
425 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

1000 Hotel Positions Open!

NATION-WIDE demand for trained women in hotels, clubs, restaurants, cafeterias. Past experience unnecessary. We train you in your spare time at home and put you in touch with positions. Our students employed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for Free Book

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room CP-9233 Washington, D. C.

Makin' Talkie

(Continued from page 96)

THE talkies get them all: And now Bernard Shaw, of all people, capitulates to the talkies! R. K. O. has bought the rights to all of his plays, and the first to be filmed will probably be "Arms and the Man," which, you will remember, Oscar Straus used as the libretto for "The Chocolate Soldier." Another bit of production news that will interest fans is that Madame Schumann-Heink will make a picture in the fall. Meanwhile Grace Moore, another Metropolitan songbird, has started her first picture, and Lawrence Tibbett, who was to have been co-starred with her, has withdrawn from the cast. For reasons unknown at this writing.

• • •

HONESTY is the Bickford policy: Charlie Bickford is one man in Hollywood who dares to say what he thinks. When de Mille related the plot of a new scenario to him and several other actors recently, a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" and "Marvelous" and "Superb" went up at the finish. "But you aren't telling me what you think of it, Bickford," said Mr. de Mille confidently. "Lousy!" remarked Bickford, rising and strolling away.

• • •

R. K. O's backslider: Rita La Roy, R. K. O. vamp, has a bad habit of sliding downstairs. For fear she would suffer a fall in the middle of a picture and hold up production, the company inserted a sentence in her new contract prohibiting such a performance. "I suppose they thought," murmured Rita, "That it would be better for me to have a clause in my contract than a splinter in my—er, than a splinter!"

• • •

UNDERSTANDING hearts: The latest airplane elopement, that of Ruth Mix and Douglas Gilmore, was followed with the usual threats of annulment from the mother of Ruth. But Tom promptly gave the pair his blessing—and then went into court the same day with a plea to have his allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars a month for Ruth's maintenance stopped now that she had a husband to support her. And speaking of reconciliations, the latest and most interesting one in Hollywood is that of Maurice Costello with his son-in-law, John Barrymore. Baby hands brought them together.

• • •

GOOD enough to take it: The question of voices still preoccupies Hollywood. Recently one of the most famous screen stars went to a voice specialist, accompanied by her producer, who put her proudly through her singing paces. "Now what do you think of that for a voice?" he queried at the end. The voice teacher hesitated, scowled. "Do you want flattery or the truth?" he snapped. "If you want the truth, it's the worst noise I ever listened to." There was a moment of paralyzed silence; then the star laughed. "Even so," she said, "can anything be done to make it a little bit better?" There are a few players—and only a few—who are big enough to stand the gaff of frankness.

• • •

DAT old debbil voice: *Greta Garbo's deep chest tones in "Anna Christie" were due to a cold in the head, we hear. In her next picture, "Romance," you will hear an entirely different Greta. And Lon Chaney is developing not one screen voice, but a half-dozen different voices, to be changed at will with his appearance.*

Quick, Clarinda, a Clarifier!

No, I don't want a doctor.
I don't *need* a doctor,
I tell you.

This is no time
For joking, Clarinda.

I'm dizzy, woman,
Woozy, misconfuddled.

In short, where am I?
Afoot or horseback,
Going or coming,
Right side up,
Or inside out?

My eyes hurt,
My head's hot—
In fact, I'm hot all over.

I don't *want* an ice-bag.
I *insist*, Clarinda.

And I don't want
Any cold towels
Or sassafras tea
Or vinegar and brown sugar.

There's only one relief
From hokum—
And that's a clarifier.

Quick, Clarinda, run down
To the corner and get me
A nice big dose
Of

Motion Picture CLASSIC

"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Will Rogers made that crack about the** wedding of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon —it being the first attempt of either.

2—**John Love Boles—"Believe it or** no: "!

3—**Ronald Colman, the old stay-at-home,** busted out with a divorce and two engagement rumors at the same time. The ladies are: (1) His wife. (2) Gloria Swanson, (3) and (the most likely) Kay Francis.

4—**One week Lina Basquette and Pev** Marley are sweetening each other's coffee with kissed sugar—and the next week they are separated.

5—**Don't get all hot'n bothered about this** one—it's only little nine-year-old Mitzi Green.

6—**The boys, all lined up in order, are:** Glenn Hunter, Rex Bell, Phil Holmes and Lew Ayres.

7—**Florence Vidor, ex of King**—and Helen Twelvetrees, ex of Clark, are two.

8—**Flo picked Sally Eilers but the Baron** held out for his favorite, June Collyer.

9—**Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther have** revived each other's telephone numbers.

10—**Betty Compson, Colleen Moore and** Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, among others, have told the judge their husbands were rude.

11—**That little elf, Joan Crawford, used** to be quite an armful.

12—**Raymond Griffith was so enthu**siastic about "All Quiet On The Western Front" that he wanted to contribute to it. He played the Poilu.

13—**Vilma Banky has decided to throw** over her steady job of making Rod's flap-jacks, and don the grease paint.

14—**Edmund Goulding wrote, directed** and theme-songed both "The Trespasser" and "Devil's Holiday."

15—**Gavin Gordon determined to play** opposite Greta Garbo, and does, in "Romance."

16—**Well, anyway, the gal named Ruth** Chatterton will give her a great run.

17—**After waiting for her freedom for** years and years, Lila Lee is now contesting Jim Kirkwood's action. She wants her own little divorce. Now!

18—**That one was stuttered by none** other than Dorothy Mackaill.

19—**If the bad mans ever hold Buddy** Rogers up, they'll need dynami e.

20—**Roland West first presented him to** the screen, but another director, William K. Howard, spotted him in New York.

LAUGH...
I thought I'd die!

•

COLLEGE HUMOR guides you every month through the gay labyrinth of Youth's activities.

Tells who's who on the university campuses. Gives front row seats at all the college sports.

You laugh with Jefferson Machamer, Doctor Seuss, S. J. Perelman, Groucho Marx, John Held, Jr., Don Herold and Donald Ogden Stewart. The wits of 110 colleges dare you not to smile at their best jokes and cartoons.

You meet celebrities, hear all the intimate gossip of the latest books, movies, bridge . . . what Youth is wearing, how it amuses itself and the trend of its taste and thought.

Regularly, COLLEGE HUMOR costs 35c a copy

One Year, $3.00 Two Years $5.00

(Canadian Postage 50c a year additional; foreign postage $1.00)

If you are a new subscriber we will send you COLLEGE HUMOR for six months for $1.00. Fill in the blank below . . . it is your ticket to six months of gay and refreshing entertainment.

College Humor
MAGAZINE

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

COLLEGE HUMOR, 1050 N. La Salle St., Chicago

Actually kills

FLEAS

—instead of merely stupefying them

U. S. Bulletin No. 897 declares only one powder substance can actually kill fleas. PULVEX ALONE CONTAINS IT! When Pulvex is used, fleas never revive. Absolutely harmless, even if swallowed. Non-irritating; odorless. A Pulvex-ing keeps fleas off for 14 days.

Keep fleas off your children's pet, out of your home with Pulvex. At all drug and pet shops, 50c, or from William Cooper & Nephews, Dept. 1266 1909 Clifton Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PULVEX

Sold on Money-Back Guarantee

Make His Heart Leap

with the bewitching fragrance of *Mystic Lure*, the new and different perfume. Its delicate exotic scent seems to whisper of life and love as it weaves its compelling charm about you.

MYSTIC LURE

WRITE TODAY

You must try this lovely fragrance. Send only 50c for large bottle of *Mystic Lure*, or $1 for the extra large size (extra strength). Address

ALVERÉ, Dept. K-19, 799 Broadway, New York City.

How To Obtain A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 194 Binghamton, N.Y.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD BY YOUR HEAVENLY STAR

Ask one who knows. $5 reading for $1. *Satisfaction Guaranteed.* Send $1 with month, date, year of birth **Madame Hellena, 10614 Green Bay Avenue, South Chicago, Illinois**

New Photographs of All the Motion Picture Stars

Actual photographs of any of the many Motion Picture Stars — for your collection or den or for framing —size 8x10 inches. New poses constantly being stocked.

25 cents each 5 for One Dollar
12 for Two Dollars

Postage prepaid

The Answer Man

Motion Picture Publications, Inc.

1501 Broadway New York City

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE on treatment for reduction of Corpulency will be mailed without charge upon request to Dept. "K" Garfield Tea Company 313—41st Street Brooklyn, New York

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mente-Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for cataract, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold, return $1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours.

U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. E136 Greenville, Pa.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

CYNTHIA C.—You bet Im glad to hear you are a new reader. Charles Bickford was born in Cambridge, Mass., on Jan. 1. He is six feet two, weighs 165 pounds, has flaming red hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "River's End." Joe E. Brown is married and has two sons, and the E stands for Evans. Latest picture is "Top Speed." Barbara Leonard and Margaret Mann are appearing in "Monsieur Le Fox," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Wallace Beery and Karl Dane in "Billy the Kid."

ALICE GRAY—Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26, 1897, and graduated from the Actor's Academy, the national training school of the theater in that country. Was in the army as observer with the Austrian army during the World War. Was a wrestler in the Olympic Games of 1924 in Paris. Appeared on the stage in Budapest. Max Reinhart, director of "The Miracle," saw Lukas and took him as a guest artist to theaters of Berlin and Vienna. In Berlin, he made his bow in UFA film productions, playing *Samson* in "Samson and Delilah." Lukas is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 186 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes.

MISS G.—The forest fires that have been sweeping the East are caused by tourists, say the authorities. When they finish with the scenery, they burn it. Vivienne Segal, prima donna in the First National Vitaphone production of "Bride of the Regiment," did not "work up" in her profession or spend long years in preparation. Blessed with natural vocal tones of great power and beauty, she sang her first rôle at sixteen. It was "Carmen" in a semi-professional production for the Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, where she was a student. Was later signed for the lead in "Blue Paradise," the beginning of a brilliant stage career. Has appeared in "Song of the West," "Golden Dawn" and "Viennese Nights." She is five feet two inches tall, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Hobbies are bridge and motoring.

BLUE EYES—Glenn Hunter was born in Highland Mills, N. Y., in 1897, and received his early education there. At the age of seventeen, he came to New York to go on the stage. After months of disappointment was finally engaged to play small parts with the Washington Square Players, and continued with them for two years. Following this, he toured the country with road shows returning to New York to enlist for the World War. Serving until the close of the war, his success on his return was sensational in "Merton of the Movies." He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, and has light hair and blue eyes.

JUST BILLEE—Glad to hear from you again so soon. The song that was played and sung in "The Melody Man" was Broken Dreams. David Rollins is not married. You may write him at the Fox Studios. Born in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1908. Five feet ten inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Haven't the age of Charlotte Greenwood.

IRISH—And I guess proud of it. But who can hate you for that? Nancy Carroll is five feet four, weighs 118 pounds. Latest picture is "Laughter." Marceline Day, five feet three, and has brown hair and eyes. Real name is Newlin. Billie Dove, five feet six, weighs about 120 pounds,

(*Continued on page 123*)

Richee

He should smile: next to Charlie Chaplin, Leon Errol has the funniest feet in the world—and Charlie isn't in talkies

Sign of Progress...

BETTERMENT. That is the watchword of American progress. As a nation we are not content to stand still. We want better foods, we want newer and better ways of doing things, labor-saving devices, short-cuts. We want more comforts and luxuries for our homes. We want better automobiles at lower costs. We want better houses, better stores, better means of transportation. We want to dress better and to play and enjoy ourselves more.

Progress is reflected by the advertising found in the magazines. It is through advertising that we first learn of the newest in merchandise, the newest methods, the newest of everything. Advertising is the sign of progress and often the source of it.

Read the advertisements in this magazine. Study them. Profit by them. They will help you secure what you need and want for less money than you often expect to pay. Keep up with the advertising and advertising will help you keep abreast of the times. For advertising supplies new ideas, new methods, and new inspirations to a work-a-day world. Advertising is not only the sign of progress—advertising is progress.

Be progressive . . . keep in touch with the advertisements in this magazine . . . it will be well worth your while

Not kept in the dark: with trick lounging pajamas like these, Sally Blane couldn't help being in the spotlight

Trade-Marked Stars

(*Continued from page 82*)

Presumably, the "guider" will attempt to give the talk an underworld tang in keeping with Bancroft's pictures, and endeavor to prevent George from betraying what a gentle soul he really is and make him appear just a great big so-and-so. Which will be quite a chore for the press-agent.

A Saint Vanishes

ONCE in a while a studio finds that the public is tiring of their carefully-tended, trade-marked player and they make a valiant attempt to change the slogan.

Ramon Novarro was tagged as "spiritual" for a long, long time. And I must say he made a very good job of it, too. As a potential monk, a detached dreamer, he was an interesting figure against Hollywood's garish background. But when talking pictures came along and he was obliged to become a singing hero, this wouldn't do. So his guardians are busily turning him into a romantic leading man and Ramon is giving out passionate interviews about love and things—thus becoming surprisingly different from the saintly young *Galahad* we have known so long.

Ah, well-a-day! We mourn a little. He was such a handsome young saint. And we already had so many romantic heroes.

Changing a trade-mark is always a ticklish business. The public is likely to be astonished and resentful, having become accustomed to one camera angle, as it were, of its favorites.

Losing Her Trade-Mark

WITNESS the excitement a year or two ago—headlines in the newspapers, pictures, articles, even (or so we are told) sermons preached about it—when Mary Pickford cut off her curls and announced that she would take a grown-up rôle upon the screen. Her curls were her trade-mark and dear! dear! Without them, could her slogan still be "America's Sweetheart?" No good could come of it, we were assured.

Occasionally—just occasionally—a player is popular enough to survive such a change. There is Dick Barthelmess.

Dick made a terrific effort to crystallize

Outdoor Life on the South Grounds of the Ambassador, Los Angeles

No Hotel in the World offers Such Varied Attractions as the

AMBASSADOR

LOS ANGELES

"The Great Hotel that Seems Like Home"

CONTINUOUS program of outdoor and indoor diversion. 27-acre park, playgrounds, open air plunges, tennis courts, 18-hole miniature golf course, archery and fencing, flowered pergola walks, cactus gardens, ping pong tables, all-talking motion picture theatre, world-famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing parties, riding, hunting, and all sports. Beautifully redecorated lobby. 35 smart shops.

Ambassador convention auditorium seats 7000. Guests have privilege of championship 18-hole Rancho Golf Club.

Most Attractive Summer and Fall Rates

OUTSIDE ROOMS with BATH as low as $5 per day

Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM

THE AMBASSADOR, NEW YORK
THE AMBASSADOR, PALM BEACH
THE AMBASSADOR, ATLANTIC CITY
THE AMBASSADOR, LOS ANGELES

42

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-E. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel Art Corners

5 Styles 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write

10¢ Buys 100

ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 23J, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

78,000 men and women have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage of the nose—quickly, safely and painlessly, while you sleep or work. Your age doesn't matter. Results are lasting. Doctors praise it. Small cost. Money-back guarantee.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

BEFORE AFTER

Gold Medal Won 1923

Send for FREE BOOKLET "*The Nose and Its Shape*"

ANITA INSTITUTE, 932 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

The Dainty Deodorant

EverSweet

Eliminates All Body Odors

A DAB OF EVERSWEET applied under the arms, between the toes, anywhere, eliminates all embarrassing perspiration and body odors. Eversweet is invigorating, very healing, relieves chafing and is an efficient antiseptic.

At Drug & Dept Stores 25c

Extra large jar 50c
Sample jar 10c

EVERSWEET CO., Dept. M. 58 Fulton St., N. Y.

Some People Have All The Luck

They either inherit a million,
Or know how to make one—

They are born with good looks,
Or know how to acquire them—

They know how to diet,
Or have a figure already—

They have Push and Pull
Or their friends do—

They don't have to live
Fifty miles from nowhere—

They can see the world
Without joining the Navy—

They see all the good shows
Miss all the poor ones—

They can talk about movie stars
As if they knew them—

They know Who's Who
And Who's Whose—

They can talk about Hollywood
As if they had been there—

They know all the latest
Up-to-datest movie news—

These are the lucky fans
Who arrive at the newsstand
In time to get a copy of

MOTION PICTURE

The Oldest—The Newest—The Best

in the *Tol'able David* mold and for oh, so long he has remained the shy, charming, rather timid youth we first knew. But his popularity gives every indication of persisting into the years of his maturity and it becomes apparent that he must change his personality a little.

It is said that one of his advisers told him not long ago, "Now, Dick, you are no longer a boy. The time is coming when you will not look like a boy. So it's time that you stopped acting like one and began to take stands on things—express opinions—let the public know that you have mature intelligence and that you use it. Otherwise you are going to find yourself in the position of a mature man who is believed to think and act like an adolescent. Which won't be so good."

It isn't easy, when one has carefully concealed one's experience and common sense for so long.

S. A. Recaptured

THERE was a great agitation once at First National when it was discovered that the boys'-clothes-and-slicked-hair parts they were giving Dorothy Mackaill had caused her to "lose her sex appeal." You can see that such a loss would be really serious for any lady.

They took steps about it at once, using the simple method of fluffing her hair, casting her in pictures where she scampered about, clad in a wisp of gunny sacking, and bombarding all the newspapers with photographs of her. But it was a close call. Phew!

Sometimes it is beauty which they sell—like Anita Page and Billie Dove. Then they must diet and go to bed early and drink milk and have massage and never, never, never have a cup of coffee, a cocktail or a cigaret.

Again it is a certain kind of charm. Like Ronald Colman, who can turn his off and on as if he were merely pressing a button. Ronald has an eyebrow, too, but it is rather a whimsical one instead of a cynical one like Menjou's. When he quirks it at you, it is simply too devastating, and I suspect that he, himself, considers it one of his chief assets.

"Innocent of Paris"

THERE is Chevalier, of whom it is said, "He sprays personality over the audience like a man with a can of deodorant." Maurice has useful teeth, too. He shows them when he smiles—and there are always exactly the same number of them. (He always smiles.) You can count 'em for yourself.

There is Lon Chaney, who is sold as a make-up artist when, as a matter of fact, he is a swell character actor.

In the days of silent pictures, Bill Powell's trade-mark was a pair of heavy eyelids which tagged him as a particularly slimy "heavy." The "heavy" tag is so firmly fastened to him, despite his indubitable charm when he talks, that now he is the handsome and unscrupulous lady-killer—and seems likely to remain something like that—unless he becomes a chronic detective.

Lawrence Tibbett appears so unromantic in his civilian clothes that the movie studio has issued an absolute edict that no photographs of him, except those taken in costume, were to be published anywhere. Home pictures of Lawrence have to be bootlegged.

It was Norma Shearer, a very wise, wise girl, who said, not so very long ago, "If I can avoid being tagged, if I can keep from acquiring a trade-mark—and walk very softly—I may last in this business a long time."

But everyone concedes that it is a very difficult thing to do.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 120*)

has brown hair and hazel eyes. Appearing in "The Lady Who Dared," First National Studios. You bet it's to be a talkie. Jean Harlow is one newcomer to the screen who didn't desert the stage for the films. She came straight from Chicago society. Director Howard Hughes was looking for a leading woman for his air picture, "Hell's Angels," to replace Greta Nissen in the talking version. Ben Lyon introduced him to Jean and she got the job.

LEILA FROM LA PORTE—Buck Jones and Alice Terry were born in Vincennes, Indiana. Harry Richman's new picture hasn't been announced at this time. Yes, Buddy Rogers made personal appearances at a number of the Publix theaters. His latest picture is "Heads Up," Paramount Studios. June Clyde has been in the show business since she was a small child. At ten she appeared on the screen in "The Sea Wolf," but during her teens she played in vaudeville and musical comedies. Playing in "Midnight Mystery," Radio Pictures Studios.

TEDDY FROM M. J.—Won't be long now before the tourists will be invading your famous towns. Nancy Carroll was born in New York City, Nov. 19, 1906. Her real name is Nancy Lahiff. She is five feet four, weighs 118 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes. Yes, she has freckles, too. A number of the stars have but they don't photograph. Hobart Bosworth, who appears in Paramount's "The Devil's Holiday," starring Nancy Carroll, starred in the first film productions of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf," in 1913, and later collaborated with Mrs. London in writing another picture entitled "The Brute Master," after her husband's death.

A FARRELL FAN—You're one of the thousands; what a following this chap has. Charlie was born in East Walpole, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905. Six feet two, weighs 175 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. That is his real moniker. He appeared in vaudeville for one year, started in pictures in 1924 as an extra. Some of his early pictures were: "The Cheat," "Wings of Youth," "A Trip to Chinatown," "Old Ironsides," "Rough Riders." His big part came in "Seventh Heaven." Charles plays a fast game of tennis, is an accomplished swimmer and a football enthusiast. Owns a Ford and a Locomobile. Receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios.

MONTGOMERY FAN—Robert hails from Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904. He was educated at Pawling School, Pawling, N. Y. Has traveled in England, France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. Stage experience: five years in New York, last production was "Possession." Hobby is writing. Married to Elizabeth Allen. Playing in "Like Kelly Can," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Do you know there are about 400 German houses wired for sound pictures? Send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of 8 x 10 photos we have in stock.

FRANK ALBERTSON FAN—Yes, a lot of people who are run down, wind up in hospitals. Frank Albertson was born in Fergus, Minn., Feb. 9, 1909. He is five feet nine, weighs 145 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Latest picture is "Wild Company," Sharon Lynn plays opposite.

Dressed for a tee-party: Margaret Lee scores in a tuck-in sweater of orange and brown, and a kasha skirt of beige

WHAT DID MADGE DO

WITH HER FAT?

JUST THIS:

ALL over the country, men and women are wondering at the slender figures of today. Excess fat is rare now, compared with years ago.

These people do not starve themselves of elements they need. They employ a modern, scientific method to combat the cause of fat. The cause usually lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition.

Modern physicians, in treating obesity, do not advise starvation. They feed the gland substance which is lacking. Thus the whole world has changed, in late years, as regards the over-fat.

A famous medical laboratory embodied the method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years —millions of boxes of them. They have told others about them and shown the results, in new youth and beauty, new health and vitality. Today the use of Marmola is unprecedented.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat disappears, and new health and vigor come, you know why.

Try Marmola, and watch the results for a little while. If you see the fat go and new vigor come, keep on until the trouble is corrected. Then tell your friends who need it. It is folly to suffer an abnormal condition so easily corrected. Go get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Right Way to Reduce

Be The Man Behind The Camera

BIG PAY FASCINATING WORK

$60 to $250 and more a week—that's the salary of a motion picture cameraman, the most fascinating job in the world. Play a major part in the production of the great movies that thrill the country. Trained cameramen are in great demand—not a foot of film can be made without them. One of these enjoyable, lucrative positions, a position that offers big pay and future unlimited, can be yours—easily—quickly!

Easily Learned This New Way

Now, through our Simplified Study Plan, you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position as a skilled Motion Picture Cameraman. You learn every phase of motion picture photography—from short newsreels to great feature pictures. In an amazingly short time you will find yourself ready to step into a high-salaried position—capable of going out "on location" and taking every kind of moving picture

Send for Big Free Book

Write today for your copy of our FREE book, which gives full particulars about the ever-growing field of photography—tells how you can quickly qualify for a position as motion picture photographer or projectionist, "still" photographer or photo-finisher—and shows how you can quickly qualify for a well-paid position.

YOUR SUCCESS COUPON

N.Y. Institute of Photography,
Dept. R-712, 10 West 33rd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Name

Address

City State

So you're coming to DETROIT!

WIRE and we'll make ticket reservation for you to theaters, concerts and sporting events—we'll have them ready when you arrive. Hotel Fort Shelby offers the dual advantage of a hushed, peaceful environment . . and immediate proximity to the financial, theatrical and shopping centers of downtown Detroit. 900 attractive rooms—Servidor equipped. $3 per day and up. Write for direct motor route. Look for large green sign atop 22nd floor.

J. R. FRAWLEY, *Managing Director*

HOTEL
FORT SHELBY
Lafayette and First DETROIT

He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10c in stamps. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 12-J.
585 Kingsland Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 11443 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.**

KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Health, happiness, prosperity, love, courtship, marriage, home, family, etc. Complete astrological forecast, 25 large pages. Send 75c and birthdate or send C.O.D. (plus postage). **Money back if not more than pleased. THURSTON, D-20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago**

Big Money Maker
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Easy to sell. Everybody buys. Our box assortment and personal Christmas cards, also Everyday cards are unusual values, original and strikingly beautiful. Generous commissions give you a liberal profit. Get started at once, *full or spare time.* Earn some real easy extra money from now until Christmas. Write for particulars and samples. **Artistic Card Co. Dept. 16-C ELMIRA, N. Y.**

Fryer

Bernice Claire is so used to being serenaded that even at home she finds herself in the right attitude, at just the right height, and at the proper distance from the piano

Receives his fan mail at the Fox Studios. John Gilbert and Doris Lloyd in "Way for a Sailor," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

AMELIA—Dixie Lee was born in Harri- man, Tenn., about twenty years ago. Dixie appeared on the stage before entering pictures. She is five feet three and three quarters, weighs about 110 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Appearing in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Radio Pictures Studios. Donald Keith played opposite Clara Bow in "Parisian Love." Joan Bennett in "Bulldog Drummond." Raymond Hackett and Fredric March in "Footlights and Fools," starring Colleen Moore.

HELEN—They've got ocean liners so fast now that you only have to sit through a couple of ship's concerts while crossing. Harold Lloyd was born April 21, 1893. He has been married to Mildred Davis since Feb. 10, 1923. He is five feet eleven, weighs 156 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, and is an American. Latest picture is "Feet First." Lila Lee was born July 25, 1905. Real name is Augusta Appel.

A READER—Chico Marx, whose real name is Leonard, is about thirty-six years old and has brown hair. Harpo (Arthur) is about thirty-four, Groucho (Julius) about thirty-two and Zeppo (Herbert) about twenty-six. The boys get along fine and never fight except over girls, money and crap games. Years ago they were great football players but that was before the day of the big stadiums and nobody ever saw them. It was rumored they quit football because they didn't like handling a pigskin. They call each other by their stage names, and so does everybody else. Wait until you see them in "Animal Crackers," Paramount Studios. Lillian Roth plays opposite.

MYRTLE—Richard Keene was born in 1899, he is five feet nine, weighs 145 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Playing in "Wild Company," Fox Studios. Joan Marsh is about sixteen years old. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Playing in pictures since she was nine months old. Latest picture "Little Accident," Kenneth MacKenna born in Canterbury, N. H., Aug. 19, 1899. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. Hobbies: football, hockey and all outdoor sports.

CLUB FANS—You may write the All Star Fan Club, Jack Pool, 1633 South 12th St. Abilene, Texas. Conrad Nagel, Gloria Swanson Club, Celeste Withrow, 3403 Hartford St., St. Louis, Mo. Nancy Carroll, Pearl Cohen, 5012 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Lina Basquette and Ken Maynard Clubs, Pearl Tice, 426 S. 9th St., Perkasie, Pa. Dixie Lee Club, James Wharton, Box 74, Warrensburg, Ill. Uneeda Friend Club, Saydee Cahill, 51 Mill St., Beacon, N. Y. Barry Norton, Gary Cooper Clubs, Estelle Phelps, 22 Wellington, North, Hamilton, Ont., Canada. Bessie Love Club, Miriam Alberga, Admiral Apts., 48th and Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALYCE—Thanks a lot for 'em kind woids. Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., about twenty-one years ago. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, blond hair and blue eyes. Son of Taylor Holmes, stage and screen actor and is now trying his hand at directing. Phillips' latest production is "Grumpy," Paramount. Margaret Schilling, who has been seen and heard on Broadway in "My Maryland," "A La Carte" and "Strike Up the Band," will journey to the Coast to sing the lead in the new Romberg-Hammerstein musicinema romance, "Children of Dreams," Warner Brothers Studios.

CLARA BOW FAN—You'll have to send along a self-addressed envelope for the addresses and list of pictures your favorites have appeared in. There are too many to mention here. Luana Alcaniz, noted Spanish dancer who is now playing her first screen rôle in "Sez You—Sez Me," with Victor McLaglen for Fox Films, is an expert player of jai-alai, a game which is becoming highly popular in Hollywood. The sport, which has a big following in Spain, Miss Alcaniz's native country, combines some of the features of tennis, handball and lacrosse and is played faster than any of them.

BUSHMAN FAN—Francis X. Bushman, Jr., real name Ralph, is six feet two, weighs 200 pounds, light hair and blue eyes, married to Beatrice Dante. Played on the stage and vaudeville before entering pictures. Latest picture, "Way Out West," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. El Brendel was born in Philadelphia, Pa., real name Elmer G. Brendel. He is five feet nine inches tall, has light hair and blue eyes. Married to Flo Bert, professional; hobbies, all sports, reading and dancing. Stage experience with Keith vaudeville for seven years from 1913 to 1921. Shuberts' musical shows, 1921 to 1926. Always plays Swede comedy rôles. Latest picture is "Just Imagine."

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 80*)

Rough Romance—Old-fashioned thriller of the North Woods, made according to Formula ABC123 (Fox).

Runaway Bride—Dime-thriller story of rich girl who elopes with rich boy, gets left (temporarily), is pursued by gangsters for jewels she has (R.K.O.).

Safety in Numbers—Buddy Rogers as a young millionaire chaperoned by three Follies girls. Amusing fluff (Par.).

The Sea Bat—Charles Bickford has his troubles with an ocean ogre and torrid Raquel Torres in the South Seas. Fair to good (M-G-M).

Shadow of the Law—William Powell gets out of prison, and after a long, dreary time clears himself. (Par.).

Show Girl in Hollywood—Alice White crashes the studio gates, has her ups and downs. Story mediocre, but you see inside Hollywood (F.N.).

The Silent Enemy—Powerful silent portrayal of the struggle of a small Ojibway tribe against Hunger. New and different (Par.).

Singer of Seville—Ramon Novarro rises from a street singer to an opera star, helped by Dorothy Jordan and Ernest Torrence. Entertaining (M-G-M).

The Social Lion—Jack Oakie as a dumb-but-sweet pugilist, cocky as they come, who gets social ambitions—and the cold shoulder, for a happy ending. Good lines, and Oakie funny (Par.).

Song O' My Heart—A story has been put together to give John McCormack a chance to sing. And this he does generously (Fox).

Song of the Flame—The Russian Revolution as it did not happen. But Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray and Noah Beery sing some good music (F.N.).

So This Is London—Oklahoma's rustic ambassador-at-large, Will Rogers, cracks some new ones on Englishmen and Americans (Fox).

Strictly Unconventional—Two sets of triangles, neatly contrasted, with plenty of suspense, make this unusual (M-G-M).

Sweethearts and Wives—A mystery comedy drama with few surprises, but diverting, nevertheless. (F.N.).

Swing High—The Big Top in color and sound, spectacular in spots, never dull. A big show (Pathé).

The Texan—Gary Cooper flees from Texas justice, and is taken by Fay Wray in Argentina. Shy on suspense (Par.).

True to the Navy—Clara Bow behind a soda-fountain, wooing the entire Pacific Fleet. She sings, unsensationally. There are some laughs. Clara deserves better (Par.).

Under Western Skies—The Westerner loves an Easterner, who doesn't love him back for a long, long time (F.N.).

Vitaphone Varieties—The most ambitious of talkie shorts—with stars ranging all the way from Giovanni Martinelli to Joe Frisco. High-class vaudeville (W.B.).

The White Hell of Pitz Palu—An intensely thrilling German-made silent of three people marooned on an Alpine glacier. Every scene is real; there is no studio faking. Don't miss it (Univ.).

Women Everywhere—Even along with the French Foreign Legion. A slight, near-naughty story with Fifi Dorsay the American idea of a French girl (Fox).

Young Man of Manhattan—A bright comedy of the difficulty of staying happy when your wife earns more than you do (Par.).

Get This Album FREE!

This Large Black Seal-Leatherette Album—100 pages, loose-leaf, size 8½ by 10½ inches, weight two pounds, is specially made to hold the 5½ by 8-inch pictures that so many of our readers are collecting.

All you have to do is send us a one year subscription to Motion Picture Magazine—at our rate of $2.00 for twelve big issues—and we send you this Big Album Free! Subscribe to-day for some friend, or extend your present subscription. Money back if you are not delighted.

Please use this order blank

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. 9M-P-M
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the big Album—FREE!

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....State.....

Start with.....issue.

Extend my present subscription ☐

Canada, add $1.00 Foreign, add $2.00

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY)

The usual things

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine the world today without some of the things that make our living in it so pleasant and comfortable. How naturally we lift the telephone receiver, step into an automobile, and look for the news of the world in the newspaper and magazine—every day of our lives.

Another of these usual, invaluable things, accepted as part of the routine of existence, is the guidance given by the advertisements in supplying our wants from day to day. We read them. They help us to save time and money. And our lives go on—more easily and more fully.

The advertisements suggest ways in which we can get things we want with the greatest possible satisfaction to ourselves. They tell us of new conveniences and comforts of which we would not otherwise have known. They help us to get down-to-the-dollar satisfaction. They assure us of proved values.

Advertisements are among the necessities today . . . read them regularly

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

TANGEE

world famous because of its Marvelous Color Principle

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whatever your complexion. It is the one lipstick for blonde, brunette or titian.

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is indelible and leaves no artificial coating or greasy smear.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips . . . yet is firm in consistency and outlasts several of the usual lipsticks.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1.00. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75c . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1.00 *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1.00. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1.00. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1.00. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.00

There is only one TANGEE. When you ask for TANGEE, be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.

SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

[Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up"]

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT M.P. 9

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

Women of Wealth and Refinement prefer this 10 minute "Beauty Shampoo"

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost—you can have a Real Beauty Shampoo that will give Your Hair alluring Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle ....its gloss and lustre....depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

Motion Picture

S-M

OCTOBER

25¢

beginning

THE REAL JEANNE EAGELS

Bessie Love

MARLAND STONE

$5000. MOVIE CONTEST

MORE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The Most Glorious Lip-Color You Ever Used!

To every type of beauty, Phantom Red Lipstick brings that crowning, artful touch that allures and captivates. For Phantom Red matches the warm, healthy glow of nature—imparting to lips a soft, smooth brilliance as invitingly luscious as sun-ripened cherries. A sweet reason why men gather around, as bees to honey—a good reason why girl rivals frown and pout.

Discovered and perfected by beauty-chemists, Phantom Red is healing, lasting, waterproof. No less famous is the Phantom Red Rouge Compact, twin in color to the lipstick and another popular Carlyle product.

End your hopeful search for ideal lip-color. It is yours if you'll clip and mail the coupon below without delay. The coupon with 10c brings you a vanity size Phantom Red Lipstick and make-up guide by return mail. An additional 10c brings the dainty model Phantom Red Rouge Compact. Address Carlyle Laboratories, Inc., 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Phantom Red

LIPSTICK

Phantom Red Rouge Compact (universal shade) price 75c

Phantom Red Lipstick is presented in a smart, modern, red and black enamel case, $1.00; Junior size, 50c.

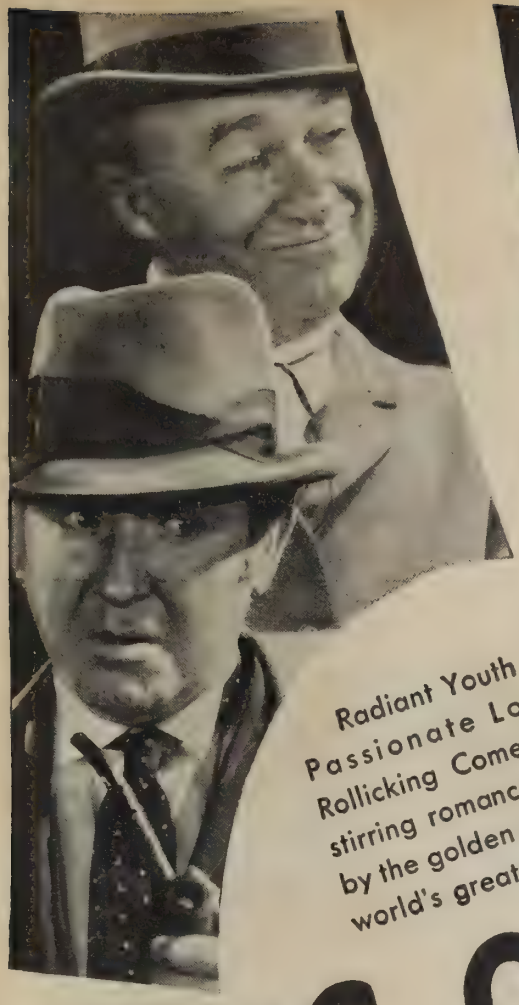
Carlyle Laboratories, Inc.
67 Fifth Ave., New York

Enclosed is 10c for which please send me Phantom Red Lipstick . . . or 20c for both Lipstick and Phantom Red Vanity Size Compact. 234

Name .....

Address .....

.....



Radiant Youth . . . Passionate Love and Rollicking Comedy . . . A stirring romance glorified by the golden voice of the world's greatest tenor . . .

SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with

JOHN McCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MacDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX

America's Greatest Actor —As You Like Him!

WARNER BROS. present

John BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"

With JOAN BENNETT
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

FOR seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville's immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills that make "Moby Dick" John Barrymore's most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Volume XL, No. 3 October, 1930

Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait Of Bessie Love by Marland Stone

The Hot Spot ..... Joan Dickey 8
Both Sides Of The Story Of Vivian Duncan's Black Eye

The Seven Deadly Sins Of Hollywood ..... Helen Louise Walker 28
The Second Deadliest Is: Telling What You Think

Hollywood Flops ..... Gladys Hall 30
Many A Success Elsewhere Has Been Anything But That Here

The Re-Birth Of A Nation ..... Campbell MacCulloch 33
With Sound Effects Added, The First Great Movie Is Ready To Go On Forever

Slender Meals ..... Dorothy Calhoun 34
Three Hollywood Hostesses Have Mastered The Art Of Diet Dinner Parties

$5,000.00 In Gold Offered By Motion Picture Magazine 40
Motion Picture Title Game!

Love Experts ..... Gladys Hall 42
I. Marilyn Miller Stresses The Necessity Of Being In Love

Marriages In The Movies ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 44
Actors' Marriages Should All Be Secret, Says Sidney Blackmer, Speaking From Experience

The Real Jeanne Eagels ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 48
Cecil Cunningham Reveals The Star As She Was Before Broadway Got Her

What Women Want To Know ..... Faith Service 50
I. They Ask Irene Rich How To Escape From Loneliness

Shoot A Million ..... Reginald Taviner 52
The Biggest All-Time Gamblers Are Sitting In On The Motion Picture Game

Barnum Was Right ..... Mollie Merrick 55
After Fifty Years, Otis Skinner Still Has Stage Fever

Discoveries About Myself ..... Gladys Hall 58
"Money Has Changed Me—For The Better," Says Harold Lloyd

How To Bring Up A Parent In Hollywood ..... Helen Louise Walker 64
Anita Page, Gary Cooper, Buddy Rogers, Et Al, Give Some Helpful Hints

A Chicago Adventure ..... Dorothy Manners 66
Alice White Learned "The Boys" Can Throw A Party

What Men Want Of Them ..... Dorothy Manners 70
The Unknown Lovers Of The Stars Tell All

Captured Alive By Wild Producers ..... Cedric Belfrage 74
To Begin With, David Was Jonahed By Mr. Whale

She Took A Joke ..... Nancy Pryor 77
And That Is How Jean Harlow Became Famous

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879: Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1930 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries $3.00. European Agents, Allas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane. London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres, Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*

$20.00 Letter
We Must Be Patient

ROUSEVILLE, PA.—Most people are either for or against talking pictures, few honestly classing themselves as being impartial to both silent and sound movies. The enemies of sound pictures point to the imperfections of voice reproduction, to the harshness of much of the music, and to various other defects, magnifying each fault as greatly as possible.

Perfection in silent pictures was not attained overnight. We cannot expect a new discovery to reach perfection in a year. It must be gradually brought to that state. Many ways have already been found of eliminating undesirable noises and the progress in the methods of "shooting" sound pictures is illustrative of the advancement made.

Had the Wright Brothers become discouraged by the defects of their first airplane, aviation might have been delayed for years. And if the automobile manufacturers lost hope at the faults of the early automobile, the motor car might have been similarly retarded in its development. Had early motion picture producers given up in despair at the crudities of their work, we might today be without that greatest of all entertainments.

If the complaining fans will remember these examples of development from disconcerting inadequacy to highest proficiency, they will become more optimistic and instead of belittling the talkies will overlook its defects or at least have patience with them, thus giving the producers encouragement to stimulate their efforts. The result—better talking pictures. *John R. B.*

$10.00 Letter
College Life Not What It's Pictured

VENICE, CALIF.—Before the annual flood of "collegiate" football pictures breaks loose, let's fervently pray that a few of the new stories will at least approach reality. The familiar "sheiky" college boy, his loud clothes and louder companions, beautiful and dumb girls, the happy-go-lucky air of the campus, nightly parties, last-minute touchdowns, et. al., appear only as distasteful exaggerations of those who know American college life. Yet a large number of those who are ignorant of real conditions accept at face value the movie version.

Not a small percentage of those who become loaded with "collegiate" film pictures enter a college or university, without changing their conception of the life they are to live for four or more years. They fail to find the riotous round of pleasure for which they search. A great many seek to appease their sudden disappointment by placing the blame on the particular institution of their choice. Discontented, many waste the most precious years of their life.

There are love, romance, comedy, tragedy and beauty on every campus; there are innumerable plots as interesting and as thrilling as the picture public demands. The motion picture industry owes to the undergraduates of the United States to correct the false impression it has created! *Russell Brines.*

$5.00 Letter
Less Legs and Gang Wars

LAWRENCE, KAN.—Out here in the Middle West, we have no chorine palaces, neither do we rush around "scramming" or "putting someone on the spot." The talkies, however, have tried consistently to show us yards and yards of legs and gang wars. Such shows lost their amusement value with the introduction of acting instead of "mugging" and singing. Also with the advent of the "newsreel slant," as I believe it is called, such as in "Young Man of Manhattan." In it I saw a six-day bicycle race in progress for the first time in my life, a prize fight in the rain and a baseball team in their spring training camp. That show clicked with me and it didn't have a theme song or a chorus of fifty. Likewise, in "The Shadow of the Law," I saw the inside of a prison, a textile factory and the excellent acting of William Powell. Those two shows were effective entertainment without the blare and glamour that characterize so many of the usual pictures. Shows such as these bring to Kansas what we want to see. Let's have fewer theme songs, gangsters and chorus girls and more genuine entertainment. *Harry Haugh*

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, Five Dollars and several One Dollar prizes for letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$1.00 Letters
Miracle of Enchantment

MANHATTAN, N. Y.—Life, to most of us is a sordid affair, sans glamour, sans charm. The movies bring a glimmer of hope. The soothing hours of relaxation and forgetfulness we spend in a movie-temple are sometimes the only bright spots in our drab lives. Our eyes are filled with the beauty our souls crave.

Now, sound! It gives a realization to our shadow favorites: It makes a saga of medieval romance or a love-epic of modern times appear so real, that we become absorbed in it to the exclusion of all earthly worries and cares. We visualize ourselves the manly prince or lovely princess we see upon the magic screen.

Comes the era of color and we travel via the cinema to tropic lands—the rich copper or brown of the natives' skin, the harmonious whole of multi-colored flowers, the serene emerald-green of a quiet lagoon becomes apparent in all its gorgeous fascinating hue. We almost feel the exhilarating glow of health which is the counterpart of vigorous life upon the snowy stretches of the frozen north.

Zella Trydman

Wreaths of Laurel for Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies

BERKELEY, CAL.—To you, the gay and laughing ones—to you, who have an ear shaped to catch a lilting tune—to you, who like your muse best when she wears an uptilted smile and a fool's bells—it is to you I speak. For I present candidates for the Hall of Fame, and they come bearing the banners of Comedy.

There are others before them, high gods of laughter whose names are eternal. And some of them are very great names indeed. Aristophanes' high-handed satire, Shakespeare's robust puns and quips, Gilbert and Sullivan's rollicking rhythms, are not to be treated lightly.

And yet I contend that I have names to stand with these—that Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies are of the stuff of which classics are made. They are the products of genius, and I come to them bearing wreaths of laurel and the gift of laughter. *J. Lee Huey*

Wants Something More Than the Title

SEATTLE, WASH.—Will someone please tell me, why; when a talking picture is advertised as being adapted from a play or a book; such flagrant liberties are taken with the text, not always to the greater box office success of the picture. What has happened to the plots of some of my favorite stories at the hands of the moving picture producers has been more than enough.

What especially moves me to this outburst is "Light of Western Stars" with Richard Arlen and Mary Brian. Except for the title and one episode in the beginning, I could not see the slightest resemblance to the book. Even the names of the characters were differ-

A charm that is recognized everywhere

ANITA PAGE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

WHAT a glorious thing it is to face each day, secure in the confidence that you are always attractive! That you can wear the alluring new fashions, so adorably feminine, with the grace and charm for which they were designed!

. . . Yet for every one girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, sallow complexions and, sometimes, serious disease.

Add two tablespoons of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to guarantee proper elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. But it does contain iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. MP-10
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

The Hot Spot

Of The Month

Both Sides Of The Story Of Vivian Duncan's Black Eye

By JOAN DICKEY

THE FOURTH of July furnished a staggering list of casualties at Malibu Beach. Ralph Ince was knocked out with a baseball bat in the course of clean wholesome play. Mervyn Le Roy was ditto with a baseball. And Vivian Duncan and her sister awakened Justice of the Peace Webster from a sound sleep at four o'clock the next morning to complain of a sprained knee, a bruised nose and a black eye, which they said Rex Lease, a fellow-guest at Charlie Farrell's party, had given Vivian (*Little Eva*).

International Newsreel

At left, Rex Lease, whose screen career may be ruined if his side of the story is not believed; at right, Vivian Duncan at the hospital, with her latest black eye

The consequences of this Fourth of July party—whose guests included the Lawrence Tibbetts, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beetson of the Will Hays office, Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell's mother—were headlines in the newspapers all over the country the next morning, a hospital sojourn for Vivian, threats of a lawsuit and a white-faced young actor facing the ruin of a career.

For years, Rex Lease had struggled for a foothold on the screen. He had at last reached a contract with Tiffany and had made a number of feature pictures. The contract was up for renewal on the Saturday following the incident at Malibu. Executives of the company called him up and informed him that it would not be renewed, and that he need not return to the studio. A local newspaper columnist prophesied that he would never get another picture. So far, no studio has sent for him. He has had one offer—that of a vaudeville contract.

The Untold Story

THE newspapers have told Vivian's story at length. Rex Lease's story, however, is still to be heard. In an affair of this kind, a man is obviously at a disadvantage, for while a woman can say anything she likes about him, he cannot complain of her without the added accusation of caddishness.

There were no eye-witnesses. The incident from which Vivian emerged with the black eye took place after she had given Rex and John Farrow, with whom he was staying, a lift in her car back to Farrow's bungalow, where the scenario writer fades out of the picture. One version says that he took his dog to walk. Another, that he went to bed, leaving his guests to entertain themselves in the living-room. If the latter is true, the alleged rumpus must have been carried on in whispers and on tiptoe, as it did not arouse him.

Vivian says that Rex Lease tried to make love to her and, when she repulsed him, gave her a beating.

Rex says that Vivian upbraided him for clowning at Charlie Farrell's party and for imitating Lawrence Tibbett's singing. In her excitement, she stumbled over a wrought-iron coffee table, hurting her knee, and struck her face against the rough cobblestone fireplace.

A cynical newspaper headline in the East announced, "Duncan Girls Get Annual Black Eye."

Vivian Duncan's friends cry, indignantly, "That's unfair! She wanted to keep it out of the papers!"

Rex Lease's friends indignantly cry, "We don't believe it! Somebody needed publicity!"

She Ought to Know

HIS ex-wife, Charlotte Merriman—who divorced him on the grounds of "cruelty" several years ago and whose picture, affectionately inscribed "Even if we're not married, let's be friends," stands in the place of honor on Rex's piano—called him up the day the story broke and "What nonsense they're printing about you, Rex!" she said indignantly. "I know it isn't true. I ought to know. I was married to you for four years and you never struck me."

Rex's present girl-friend is Betty Pierce, who was *Tondeleyo* in the stage version of "White Cargo." On the Fourth, they had a slight disagreement, but that didn't prevent her from calling him on the 'phone, when she had read the next morning's paper, and telling him she'd stand by him.

(*Continued on page 110*)

Ridin' in on a thrilly furore
and a roarin' riot comes

"The BAD MAN"

"I make ze love to you myself—personal . . . What? Because you are marry you do not wish to spik of love! Leesen Lady — eef Pancho Lopez want woman, he take her, dam queek!"

* * *

Listen to him! The perfect lover with a broken accent to mend broken hearts! — L'il old Cupid with a six shooter—the Robin Hood of the deserts—The greatest character ever brought to the talking screen by

Walter HUSTON

Assisted by Dorothy Revier, Sidney Blackmer, James Rennie

DIRECTED BY CLARENCE BADGER from Porter Emerson Browne's melodramatic uproar.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Beautifiers of fragrant distinction

The delicate fragrance of Duska toiletries is the very odor of beauty itself. Beautiful women everywhere choose the clinging, silken-smoothness of Duska Face Powder ...the elusive, captivating Duska perfume. And Duska brings beauty... giving the skin the fragrant bloom of youth. You'll be proud of the distinguished Duska containers on your dressing table. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

By MARION MARTONE

Amos 'n' Andy—playing in *Check and Doublecheck*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Social Errors*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—last release *Old English*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Lookin' For Trouble*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—*The Record Run*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The Steel Highway*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *East Is West*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Barrymore, John—last release *Moby Dick*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Sin Takes A Holiday*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Scotland Yard*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *River's End*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Blane, Sally—playing in *The Leather Pushers*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Lilli*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Her Wedding Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Breen, Margaret—recently completed *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Social Errors*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—recently completed *Anybody's Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Buchanan, Jack—recently completed *Monte Carlo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *Check and Doublecheck*—Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Chaney, Lon—last release *The Unholy Three*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *Anybody's Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *The Playboy of Paris*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Churchill, Marguerite—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cody, Lew—playing in *Divorce Among Friends*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—last release *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—last release *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—recently completed *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Morocco*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Illicit*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Davies, Marion—playing in *Rosalie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—last release *The Bad One*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Morocco*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Doran, Mary—recently completed *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *The Painted Woman*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Dark Star*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Social Errors*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *Reaching For The Moon*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Little Caesar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *Liliom*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—playing in *Leathernecking*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *The General*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Her Wedding Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—last release *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—last release *High Society Blues*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gray, Lawrence—recently completed *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hackett, Raymond—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—recently completed *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—playing in *Divorce Among Friends*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Sweethearts On Parade*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *The Greater Love*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *East Is West*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

(*Continued on page 12*)

SEND A 2c STAMP FOR THIS PRE-VIEW BOOKLET

HOW would you like to see a pre-view of all the great pictures Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is making for the coming year? We have prepared a marvelous little booklet called "Your Lucky Star," the like of which you've never seen . . . 32 pages, brimful of interest and information, telling all about the wonderful new pictures you will be seeing at your theatre from now on. Photographs of the stars. Printed in two colors and profusely illustrated . . . Be the first to know all about the coming M-G-M attractions and the pictures in which your favorite stars are going to appear.

M-G-M, known for its great stars and superlative pictures, surpasses even its own high standard this year! Don't miss these sensational features at your favorite theatre!

BILLY THE KID
A PICTURE BASED ON THE NOVEL "The Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns
Cecil B. De Mille's greatest drama
MADAM SATAN
Kay Johnson
Reginald Denny
Lillian Roth
Roland Young
Ilka Chase
Tyler Brooke
Johnny Johnston
Julianne Sleeper
Martha Sleeper
Mary McAllister
Abe Lyman's Band
"Nothing thus far of the Talking Screen to approach the wonder, the beauty, the spectacle, the thrills of Cecil B. De Mille's mighty entertainment. A miracle picture!"
Music by Jack King, Herbert Stothart
Lyrics by Clifford Grey, Elsie Janis

CLIP CLIP CLIP

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Dept. 10, 1540 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing a 2c stamp to cover cost of mailing. Please send me, free, a copy of "Your Lucky Star" booklet.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

LOOK FOR THIS COVER

Thrills!
Mystery!
Excitement!

MONSTERS OF MYSTERY

● A penniless young man finds a thousand-dollar bankroll in the street—and enters upon a strange adventure

By HARRY M. LYNCH

THREE MINUS ONE

● An Underworld Detective Story.

By EARL W. SCOTT

THE DEATH RIDDLE OF THE REDWOODS

● The True Story of California's Strangest Murder Mystery

By J. WILLIAM HAMILTON

MORE STARTLING FACTS ON THE "JAKE" LINGLE MURDER

● Chicago's Greatest Crime Scandal.

The inside story of the widely-discussed LINGLE case is appearing exclusively in this magazine.

SCIENCE GOES HAYWIRE

● A new detective story

By THOMAS TOPHAM

And other thrilling stories and fact articles in the October issue of America's fastest-growing detective magazine.

Real Detective Tales

Now on Sale at All News Stands

In the Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Hobart, Rose—playing in *The Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *The General*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Janis, Dorothy—playing in *Ourang*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Johnson, Kay—recently completed *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jolson, Al—recently completed *Big Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Dark Star*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—recently completed *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Keaton, Buster—recently completed *Dough Boys*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Kent, Barbara—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—recently completed *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kohler, Fred—playing in *Captain Blood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Langdon, Harry—playing in *See America Thirst*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Laye, Evelyn—playing in *Lilli*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Leonard, Barbara—recently completed *Monsieur Le Fox*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lewis, Mary—playing in *The Siren Song*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lillie, Beatrice—recently completed *Are You There*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lloyd, Harold—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loff, Jeanette—playing in *The Boudoir Diplomat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Scotland Yard*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—recently completed *Anybody's Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Hot Heiress*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *The Steel Highway*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Stolen Thunder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *The General*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
MacLaglen, Victor—playing in *A Devil With Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Manners, David—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Maris, Mona—playing in *A Devil With Women*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Marshall, Tully—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miller, Marilyn—playing in *Sunny*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Lois—recently completed *Tonight And You*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *The But Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Murray, J. Harold—playing in *Stolen Thunder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Myers, Carmel—playing in *The Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *The Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *College Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Nolan, Mary—playing in *The Boudoir Diplomat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—last release *Cell of the Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—last release *The Sap From Syracuse*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L.I.
O'Brien, George—playing in *Fair Warning*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Just Imagine*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Page, Anita—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pickford, Mary—playing in *Forever Yours*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Pidgeon, Walter—playing in *The Hot Heiress*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Pitts, Zasu—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Powell, William—last release *For The Defence*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Power, Tyrone—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Prevost, Marie—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *Lookin' For Trouble*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rennie, James—playing in *Captain Blood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rich, Irene—playing in *Father's Son*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rico, Mona—playing in *Under Any Flag*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—recently completed *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rogers, Ginger—playing in *Manhattan Mary*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Lightnin'*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Rollins, David—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Saxon, Marie—playing in *Tonight And You*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Scott, Fred—recently completed *Beyond Victory*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sills, Milton—playing in *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Skinner, Otis—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Smith, Stanley—playing in *Soup To Nuts*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Illicit*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Father's Son*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *What A Widow!*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Leathernecking*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Taylor, Estelle—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The New Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *The Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Torres, Raquel—playing in *Never The Twain Shall Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracey, Spencer—playing in *Up The River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Trevor, Hugh—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Cat Creeps*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *East Is West*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Weber and Fields—playing in *March of Time*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Alice—playing in *Sweethearts On Parade*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
White, Marjorie—playing in *Just Imagine*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Whiteman, Paul—last release *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Whiting, Jack—playing in *College Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Withers, Grant—playing in *The Steel Highway*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Wolheim, Louis—playing in *The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—playing in *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—recently completed *The Sea God*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

WOMAN'S LOVE ... MAN'S HATE ... BLAZING ROMANCE

IN A CITY AFLAME WITH CARNIVAL PLEASURES!

DIXIANA

In staggering magnificence . . . in thundering emotions comes "DIXIANA" to hold the world spellbound! ALL THAT IS LIFE HAS BEEN ENGULFED IN THIS AMAZING PRODUCTION! Romance . . . Fiery Drama . . . Bouncing Comedy . . . Revelry . . . Stupendous Spectacle! The story of Two Men . . . and a Woman who set men's hearts aflame . . . amid the Mad Abandon and Fevered Passions of Mardi Gras!

with

BEBE DANIELS

Glamorous star of song and great emotions.

EVERETT MARSHALL

Famous star of Metropolitan Opera Company.

BERT WHEELER

AND

ROBERT WOOLSEY

DOROTHY LEE

JOSEPH CAWTHORN

RALF HAROLDE

JOBYNA HOWLAND and BILL ROBINSON

(World's Greatest Tap Dancer)

Music by Harry Tierney, Book by Anne Caldwell
Directed by LUTHER REED . . . Supervised by WM. LE BARON

SCENES IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR

COMING WITH A RUSH! AMOS 'N' ANDY in their first talking picture, Edna Ferber's "CIMARRON", John Galsworthy's "ESCAPE", "BABES IN TOYLAND", "LEATHER NECKING" and "HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey . . . not to mention a grand and gorgeous galaxy of other great attractions in THE NEW PAGEANT OF THE TITANS!

TUNE IN EVERY
TUESDAY EVENING
and
THURSDAY AFTERNOON
for the great
RKO HOUR
over N.B.C. Network
Famous stars . . favorite entertainers, news of Hollywood and coming productions.

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

RADIO PICTURES

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By WALTER RAMSEY

1—**Who is the girl who is threatening to step into Mabel Normand's shoes as "the unluckiest person in Hollywood"?**

• ● •

2—**Who is the mysterious "Mr. Thorne"?**

• ● •

3—**What actress was recently married for the second time before Hollywood realized she was divorced from Hubby No. 1?**

• ● •

4—**Who is the charming actress who admits to 1890 as her birthdate?**

• ● •

5—**Hugh Trevor and Cedric Gibbons are the current boy friends of two very popular stars. Do you know the ladies?**

• ● •

6—**Name the only actor to be listed in the 1931 Blue Book?**

• ● •

Zerrenner

Four of a kind make a full house in this game: a thought that required a lot of figuring out when the Brothers Marx—Beppo, Zeppo, Groucho and Harpo—got together in "Animal Crackers"

7—**Which lady star at M-G-M is giving Greta Garbo an unexpected run for box-office popularity?**

• ● •

8—**Can you remember two other given names besides her own to which Joan Crawford will answer?**

• ● •

9—**Who is the screen lady of Spanish descent upsetting all traditions by being a dazzling blonde?**

• ● •

10—**Who is the Hollywood girl who insists she has never been in love?**

• ● •

11—**A certain ingénue has cut her long hair quite short just when the other girls are letting theirs grow. Who is the young rebel?**

12—**Name the Hollywood picture of this year which is being seriously considered for the Nobel Peace Prize?**

• ● •

13—**Who are the principals in the lengthiest engagement on record, beating out even Ben and Bebe?**

• ● •

14—**Buddy Rogers is receiving a large income from what other source besides pictures?**

• ● •

15—**What comic picture is looked on as the box-office smash of the year?**

• ● •

16—**Who is the brave actor living in Hollywood's famous "Haunted House"?**

• ● •

17—**What former star of the Ziegfeld Follies now in Hollywood is known to have weak knees, and capitalizes on them—to everyone's amusement?**

• ● •

18—**A great, big, he-man of pictures used to be a rum runner in Maine and gets a big laugh out of his tame-in-comparison screen adventures. Guess?**

• ● •

19—**What is meant by the phrase: "The Queen has abdicated—and the castle doors are ajar" when applied to the realm of pictures?**

• ● •

20—**Who is the latest addition to that small army of Hollywood celebrities who, despite the good publicity they get, refuse to see the press?**

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 119)

VOICE!

NOW

you can have the VOICE you want!

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send for free Voice Book. Discloses startling voice facts that may save *you* hundreds of dollars. Tells all about marvelous *new* SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increases Range. Improves quality. Banish huskiness—hoarseness. 100 per cent improvement *guaranteed*—or money back. Mail coupon *at once* for free book—the greatest voice book ever written—sent FREE with no obligation!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem — send at once for FREE Voice Book. Mail Coupon Now!

Perfect Voice Institute
Dept. 12-67 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Mail Coupon for Free Voice Book

Perfect Voice Institute, Dept. 12-67
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture" I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Singing* ☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Speaking*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By WALTER RAMSEY

SECRET PREVIEWS! That's **Hollywood's** chance to get the first crack at all the new pictures. Secret? Like a world's premier . . . only the preview always gets a better audience. The studio tries to keep the preview under cover, but **Hollywood** always has its nose to the ground for such happenings. It makes no difference whether they hold it in **Hollywood** or fifty miles away—a great crowd manages to attend.

The preview, of course, is like trying a stage play out "on the dog." The idea being to get a normal and average reaction to the play or picture. Once in a while it happens . . . but not often. Take, for instance, a comedy: It is very essential that the studio know whether the laughs in the picture will get over. At such a preview, the audience sometimes averages seventy-five percent studio employees . . . the director of the comedy arranges to have them present so that his laughs will be SURE to get over. Great system?

But even in the case of the poor, hick **Hollywoodians,** who have never seen the inside of a studio, the audience might still be considered a professional one. Professional previewers. **Hollywood** has been going to previews for a good many years . . . I suppose you would call it "preview conscious." The audience that smells out the preview is about as hardboiled concerning their picture fare as the first night crowd at the **Follies.** Previews are their business. They follow them as religiously as we kids used to follow the Serials. "They better be good" is the crack that is heard outside the theater on preview night. And, believe me, it better.

The studios know this and try to soften its effect by flashing **this** on the screen: "Please remember that this is the first showing of the picture. Treat it fairly. Give us the results of the criticism by filling in the card that will be handed to you by the usher." However, this bit of by-play is just like throwing raw meat to a bunch of wolves. The first-nighters merely sit farther back in their seats and watch for things to howl about. And do they find them? Plenty! The first showing of a recent picture was disaster for that very reason. The picture, as you will eventually see it, will probably run about an hour and ten minutes . . . but the previewers sat through **two** hours and forty-five minutes. You should have heard the racket! They **knew** the picture was too long, and voiced their disapproval by loud and prolonged stamping. "Imagine them trying to put over a LONG SHOT on us!" was what I heard one white-haired veteran say.

Previews have a particular procedure all their own. The first step in the evening's entertainment is to applaud wildly the "Title" sheet as it is flashed on the screen. The second step is to place the hands on the seat and carefully sit thereon. Only once in all my preview experience have I heard an audience applaud a picture in the middle . . . and that was a slap on the back for the cameraman for a unique "double exposure." In fact, these professional previewers (their closest kin are the professional mourners) are up on all the details of picture making. Nothing in the way of plot construction, camera work, acting or "cutting" escapes them. They are the judge and jury that pass on the picture fare of the nation!

Don't you think that the rest of the world should give the Professional Previewers of **Hollywood** a vote of thanks? They may be tough on the studios . . . but they "turn out" good pictures!

Preston Duncan

The gayer the girl, the sadder the dog—an old Hollywood saying, again proved by Marjorie Beebe, the Mack Sennett girl. Her two-reel Educational comedies have saved many a program

· • ·

After watching **Dick Arlen** pace up and down his front lawn with a croquet mallet for about two hours, we dashed up to enquire the reason for his strange behavior. He answered: "This is ONE place they aren't going to put a miniature GOLF COURSE!"

· • ·

Things That Are None of My Business:

But anyway. What is there about **Constance Bennett** that makes her think she can get away with the **Garbo** Attitudea—and refuse to see members of the press?

If **Chaplin's** famous silent picture (hurrah), which is to be released soon, happens to be a huge success . . . and it will . . . we old timers who like the silents won't have to wait long for their return.

And I'll bet there aren't many picture stars who could go away on a tramp steamer for a year's trip around the world and return to as great a popularity as they left behind. **Claudette Colbert** will . . . even money!

· • ·

For the production of **Edna Ferber's** famous novel: **"Cimarron,"** the **R.K.O.** studio has imported fifty **Indian** millionaires to work as extras in the picture. The scouts who were sent to **Oklahoma** to hunt up **Indians** had many laughs while they were there at the expense of the money crazy redmen. Every wealthy **Indian** is trying to outdo the other. If a new make of automobile is placed on the market, there is a wild scramble to see who can own the first, etc. One old squaw who had never had any luck with the money proposition, inherited eight million. By the time she got her money every **Indian** in the **State** had a head start on her. What kind of a car could she have that no one else had? At last she hit upon a scheme. Now she rides up and down the streets in a HEARSE that cost her fifteen thousand dollars! She has removed the inside trappings and moved in a rocking chair instead. There she sits with corncob and blanket, rocking away in her battered old chair! Spending money is rather a hard job for both **Indians** and Movie Stars!!

SECOND ANNUAL

LENZ BRIDGE CONTEST

$20,000.00 IN PRIZES

For Best Solutions to 12 Problems
Now Running In

J U D G E

The Oldest and Most Widely Read Humorous Weekly

Nothing to Buy. Nothing to Sell. Anybody Can Win Any Prize. Someone Will Win

Round trip for two from New York to France with a motor trip through Northern Africa. First-class accommodations on the Ile de France, Paris or France from New York to Havre. Accommodations by Thos. Cook & Son while in France. French Line transportation across the Mediterranean. Northern Africa motor trip includes visit to Casa Blanca, Fez, Oran and Algiers, under the auspices of the French Line.

Round trip from New York to France for one, on a one-class cabin liner—the de Grasse, Rochambeau or Lafayette, including accommodations and tours by Franco-Belgique Tours.

Peerless Custom Eight Sedan. One of the finest cars made in America.

Round trip Mediterranean Cruise, first class, for one person by French Line.

Round trip, first class, for one from New York to France on one of the express liners—the Ile de France, Paris or France, including accommodations and tours by Franco-Belgique Tours.

Cine Ansco Motion Picture Camera.
Beech-Nut Products.
Costikyan Oriental Rug.
Royal Portable Typewriters.
Community Plate.
Waterman Desk Set.
Globe-Wernicke Library Furniture.
Graybar Electric Products.
Mark Cross Company Merchandise.
New Haven Clocks.
Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.
Benrus Wrist Watches.
Parker Pen Co. Desk Sets.
Ronson Lighters.
Detecto Scales.
Taylor Instrument Co. Thermometers.
Hay's Fruit Juices.
Archdale Razors.
Schrafft Candy.
Benson & Hedges Cigars and Cigarettes.
Cheney Ties.
Mennen Gift Boxes.
Hickok Belts, Buckles, Braces.
Battle Creek Food Co. Products.
Mouquin Gift Baskets.
Melodelite Bridge Lamps.
Home Model Alpine Sun Lamps.
Stone Straws.
College Inn Food Products.
Wilson Memindex Products.
Christian's Virginia Hams.
Colonial Air Transport Flight.
U. S. Tire Gauges.
Krem Lada Jars.
United States Playing Card Co. Playing Cards.

AND MANY OTHER VALUABLE AND BEAUTIFUL PRIZES

START NOW
CONTEST
CLOSES
DECEMBER 31st

For your convenience

JUDGE, 18 East 18th Street, New York City, N. Y. M-10

Here's $2.00, send me Judge for 21 weeks starting with the first Contest issue.

Name ..... Address .....

City State

Annual Subscription $5.00—Single copy on Newsstands 15¢

Mrs Howard Spreckels

A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER FORMAL SALON IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS of miles from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées ... its rose and blue are a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels of the distinguished California family, widely traveled and a brilliant hostess in her home at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel—eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who use the four preparations to keep their skin always exquisite.

"That wonderful Cold Cream!" she says, "it cleanses so perfectly, and the Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream ... I like the Freshener because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin ... and the Vanishing Cream keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day!"

Four simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Tissues may be had in peach-color now, as well as white.)

Third—pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY · Dept. K . 113 Hudson Street · New York City

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

Thomas

Bad luck is even more frequent in Hollywood than good luck. But Carol Lombard is not troubled by the proximity of the ebony feline. Her only worry, after "The Arizona Kid" and "Safety in Numbers," is: Should she henceforth be cattish or kittenish?

Elmer Fryer

Two years ago, the medicos said that Walter Pidgeon was dying. And then, ironically enough, came his first big talkie chance. Now look at him—laughing at the mausoleum agents. After "Going Wild" he is very much alive in "The Gorilla"

Thomas

The first Broadwayite to build a home in Hollywood, Ann Harding has, with five excellent pictures, also built an enviable cinema reputation for herself.. There was no doubt about her deserving a "Holiday"—with "The Greater Love" to anticipate

Miehle

It's not so much the happy fact that the talkies have at last given her white hair that brings a smile to Norma Talmadge's eyes and lips, as that in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion" she has her pretty head taken off. But not by the critics

Hurrell

When a girl stands out in the cinema sun, how can she help having her head turned? A girl can't always look ahead—particularly if she has the following Leila Hyams has, and the chance to look around for John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor"

Russell Ball

They said he was through, but Jack Mulhall had to smile. There's no chance of keeping an Irishman with a sense of humor quiet—if he has good stories. After a long succession of poor ones, Jack is looking up with "The Fall Guy"

Fraker

A girl you would look at twice, even though the mirror were not there, is Barbara Stanwyck. Late of the stage, she has attained screen fame with one picture—"Ladies of Leisure." Next you can expect "The Miracle Woman"

Ernest A. Bachrach

The impression was about that modern youth was going to the St. Bernards, so God gave Hollywood Arthur Lake. And the G. O. Public must like good, clean fun, for he is taking life easy—between scenes of "His Majesty, Bunker Bean"

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

October, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

ONCE—ah, those were happy days!—America was movie mad. Now it appears to be on the verge of going golf mad. Hollywood, gulping down an aspirin, is praying for an early, hard winter.

• • •

AS if there were not enough menaces to the Eighth Art without pint-size golf-courses presenting hazards on every vacant lot in the land! Already, from six to ten thousand of these small courses are making putters out of petters, and movie attendance, in some sectors, has slumped as much as twenty-five per cent. Something, as the doctor said to the undertaker, will soon have to be done.

• • •

WITH Hollywood now owning or controlling most of the nation's theaters, the movie industry is taking this newest blow right on the wallet. Which explains why the efficiency experts are at present groggily going around in circles.

• • •

THREE companies are hoping to convert their failing theaters into money-makers by ripping out all seats, landscaping the main floors with miniature golf-courses, and providing other country club diversions in the balconies and basements. One company, less panicky than the others, is planning to have theater roof courses and invite patrons to try their golfing luck.

• • •

AND where is all this, if carried out, going to leave the G. O. Public? Standing in line to rent a golfing iron and a little hard rubber ball for an hour's good amusement.

• • •

BUT let us be optimistic. When, and if, Holly-wood becomes more interested in the making of good pictures than in the making of quick money, the movie mentors will not be turning playhouses into golf houses to have standing room only.

CAUSES for hope in the cinema:
A second war picture without a woman in the cast—"The Dawn Patrol."
The adjustment of voice to character by Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three."
The dialogue of "Holiday."
The realism of "The Big House."
The underworld of "For the Defense."

• • •

CAUSES for gloom:
The villain of "Swing High," a circus story, is the ringmaster, bristling mustachios and all.
The battle-front love story of "A Man from Wyoming."
The saccharinity of "Numbered Men."
The underworld of "Sweet Mama."

• • •

ADD to the growing list of those who deserve a good story or two: Gary Cooper, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Nolan, George O'Brien, Lowell Sherman, Alice White.

• • •

OUR congratulations, for the story breaks they have had, to: George Arliss, Ruth Chatterton, Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, Ann Harding, Walter Huston, Edmund Lowe, Jack Oakie, William Powell, Lewis Stone.

• • •

AND bouquets of bravos, for what they have made of their opportunities, to: Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, Nancy Carroll, Bernice Claire, Marie Dressler, Stuart Erwin, Phillips Holmes, Lila Lee, Polly Moran, Chester Morris, Charles Ruggles, Lilyan Tashman, Winifred Westover, Marjorie White.

• • •

ADD movie mottos: "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves."

THE SEVEN DEADLY

THE SECOND DEADLIEST IS:

Wise, wiser, wisest: Clara Bow (left) is learning the price of talking; John Gilbert (center) has learned; while Greta Garbo (right) allows people to talk about her, but not with her

BY HELEN

ONE of the deadliest of all sins, in Hollywood, is to talk. To talk about anything. To express an opinion. To *have* an opinion. Or a view. Or one little, tiny, eensy-weensy thought of your own.

These things are heresy, of the rankest variety, and will ruin you in pictures faster than anything else in the world. You mustn't say what you think—even in a whisper—to your dearest friend or your mother or your best boy-friend. You will be much better off if you can break yourself of thinking. And still better off if you can contrive to avoid the company of other people who talk. Just listening frequently gets people into trouble!

The industry flounders in a thick fog of secrecy. Business is accomplished by devious methods. It's all a sort of enlarged and expensive game of "I spy!" You hide under things and if you make a sound—then you are "It."

Take Charles Bickford. An executive at M-G-M was heard to remark, not long ago, "Bickford is one of the best bets in pictures, if"—in an undertone—"he doesn't *talk himself out of his job!*"

Bad Boy Bickford

OOOOOOH! Now, Bickford is a man of experience and determination. He has fought a two-fisted battle with life and has given a pretty good account of himself, thus far. He is no callow youngling, to have executive fingers shaken at him and to be told, "Naughty! Naughty!" He has thought for himself a good many years and has developed decided views upon this or that matter which concerns him or his work. Besides, he has red hair.

He declines, with disconcerting vigor, to leave his professional fate in the hands of the nice, kind gentlemen who employ him. Hollywood was rocked to its foundations on the day he told Cecil de Mille what he thought of the script for "Dynamite." "Lousy" was the succinct term he employed, I believe.

He says, right out loud, what he thinks of pictures and their makers and the methods employed by the industry in general. He even thinks there is no reason why *all* pictures shouldn't be good ones. He is perfectly willing to reveal colorful and startling episodes in his life and would rather be thought an interesting person than a pure-and-noble-and-good-to-his-mother type. He is no Boy Scout—and he says so.

All of which agitates his employers no end and presages a good many future storms for Charles. I should not, however, like to be the one to try to put him right on these matters. Not I! And I'm a pretty big, strong girl, too.

Star Talking Star

THEN there is Clara Bow. The ebullient Clara has been just about the most difficult player to keep properly muzzled that Hollywood has ever seen. She is not only willing to talk but she is insistent upon it. If you get within listening radius of her, you can hardly avoid hearing intimate and spicy details about her life, her family and her love affairs.

As this is written, Clara is the center of a gorgeous storm, induced by revelations of hers to newspaper reporters in Texas where she had gone "for a little rest." Clara's idea of a "rest" is something to make any peace-loving person reflect at length.

Anyhow, Clara seems to have related, with blithe abandon, that one time she had flirted with a dentist from Dallas, and he turned out to have been married and his wife seemed to think she had lost him and Clara won him. And Clara didn't want her to get that impression.

READ NEXT MONTH THE

SINS OF HOLLYWOOD

TELLING WHAT YOU THINK

Their sin is talking: Eric von Stroheim (left) has talked himself out of many a job; Mary Nolan (center) revealed her real name; and Charles Bickford (right) told De Mille his frank opinion

LOUISE WALKER

But from the despatches that went out of Dallas, one somehow got the impression that Clara, after all, still was interested in the dentist. Even Harry Richman (a great little talker himself) became worried and called Clara from New York to be reassured that he was still "her man." She told Harry that the newspapers had done wrong by her again, and that he was still her one and only.

Out of Sight, in Mind

WITH both of them retailing the long-distance conversation to professionally interested reporters, the atmosphere cleared somewhat. But in New York, whither she went from Dallas to reassure Harry in person, she wouldn't accept a bouquet from a would-be admirer because she was afraid there might be some papers, served by the dentist's wife, among the roses.

Clara was "requested" to return to the bosom of her studio family at once and officials emitted anguished wails to the effect that "we should have sent someone *with* her! For years we have had someone following her around to deny what she says—as she says it. And now she gets out of our sight for a few days and look what happens!"

Oh, dear! Oh, *dear!*

The quip is that all Hollywood has been perfectly aware of all these rumours for months and months and no one has tattled. It remained for some bright young reporter in Dallas to induce the gal to spill all the beans and besprinkle the front pages of all the newspapers with juicy tidbits. To do that deadly thing—talk.

Jack Gilbert used to do a good deal of chatting, too. But the years—as well as several sad experiences and doubtless numbers of fatherly lectures from executives—have taught him better. Oh, lots better!

Jack is a forthright young man who appears to be, by nature, unable to prevent himself from expressing his opinions in conversation. Not at all adept at fencing or avoiding dangerous topics. And now that discretion has, at last, got the better of him, he evades difficulty by the simple expedient of keeping out of sight. Especially does he shrink from interviewers. Which must be a relief to his sponsors—even though it robs their boy of some valuable publicity.

Ssssh! You *mustn't* talk!

Why, Mary Nolan was forbidden to tell her own name! Her other name, I mean. The one she had before she came here. She did break down and tell it at last, however, along with some other deep, dark secrets about herself which had been in all the papers, all over the country a year or so before. The name (pssst!), in case you may have missed reading it (which is doubtful, if you can read at all) was Imogene Wilson.

But the ado over her reckless admission of her identity was something colossal. But if a girl—and a rather chatty girl, at that—can't tell her own name, now I ask you, what *can* she talk about?

You mustn't even whisper!

The Endless Vigil

SOME players can be trusted to talk suavely without saying anything. To be, as Ronald Colman neatly puts it, "dignified—and *safe!*" Others must be watched and guarded. Not only during interviews, but at all times.

It was announced recently that George Bancroft would not be allowed to talk to any more newspaper or magazine writers without a press-agent sitting by, "to guide his thoughts," as the

(*Continued on page 109*)

THIRD SIN: *And What A Sin*

HOLLYWOOD

Many A Success Been Anything

Bachrach

By
GLADYS HALL

HOLLYWOOD is one place where, by criminy, a prophet *is* a profit in his own land.

Hollywood is self-sufficient and, perhaps, ever so slightly complacent.

Hollywood has a plethora of ravishing beauty, abounding youth, electrically-lighted names, lute-like voices, virile he-men, peerless profiles, dramatic Dons, international funsters, prolific pensters and celebs of all ranks and files, *home-grown*.

When, from other ports and other ways, come the Great Ones of their respective lines, they must be great, indeed. For if, in any way, they fall short, trip over their own feet, say or do the wrong thing, fail to crash through, Hollywood cocks an interrogative and slightly opaque eye, says, "Who is he, or she?" yawns a little and turns back to rapt contemplation of her own offspring.

Hollywood is no idle worshiper. There are too many shrines on her own pacific shores and in the shrines there is S. R. O. She is a bit ennuied of Fame. She is too sophisticated to ask for alien autographs. Princes and presidents, peasants and primates can come and, for all of Hollywood, they can also go.

The Vagablond Lover

IT'S hard to say just what "that certain thing" is that can open the indifferent heart of Hollywood. It isn't Fame. For fame on Eastern or European shores can mean an Invisible Cap in Hollywood. It isn't being refined, for if one is too refined one may be accused of putting on the ritz. It isn't being clubby and slap-on-the-backish.

There is the significant, the almost sensational case of Rudy Vallée, who came here tingling from his conquest of the East. Light and lovely ladies from Yonkers to the Bowery had been "that way" about Rudy. And *how* they had been that way! Perhaps only that other Rudy has had, in our times, the same ineffable effect on fevered female hearts.

Rudy Vallée came to Hollywood—he sang—and in all the Louis Quatorze boudoirs nary a canopy quivered. He took a fancy to our own Alice White. He was dining at the Hotel Roosevelt one evening. So was Alice. He sent an emissary to the little blonde so many gents have so much preferred, and offered to be photographed with her. Alice eyed the emissary with round blue orbs and said, "Who is he?" Rudy then took out of his hat his most gallant gesture. He laughed and said, "Oh, she must have been kidding!" But she wasn't.

Rudy Vallée? Ask Hollywood, ladies, and be surprised!

There are social flops in Hollywood. There are professional flops. And there is that sad species known

Muray

'Way down East, Rudy Vallée (top) was the heart's delight of fevered females, but in hero-filled Hollywood the girls did not stop, look and listen. And after Peggy Hopkins Joyce (above) paid us a fleeting visit, not a millionaire was missing

F·L·O·P·S

Elsewhere Has But That Here

as *both*. The greatest fall the farthest, sometimes.

When Ruth Chatterton first came to us, she said, "I am miserable." The girl who had been the toast of most discriminating Broadway was the roast of Hollywood. Everyone thought her high-hat, when they thought about her at all. They said, "She is ritzy, she is high-brow, she looks down upon us, we will *not* look up to her." No one offered her a job. She went about saying what she thought of Hollywood *to* Hollywood and never knew, poor Innocent of Broadway, that this is one of the things simply not done.

Since that first chill reception, Ruth has scored a rare triumph. Her superb artistry has pierced and penetrated the cactus bosom of Hollywood. Her suave, sophisticated, subtle mind has intrigued us all. She has collected about her a group of people—Louis Bromfield, Sidney Howard, Aileen Pringle, Corinne Griffith, Lois Wilson—people of her own kind. And she is happy again. She has been legally adopted.

Hollywood's cold shoulder is an indiscriminate limb. It is turned on the actor and author alike, on the politician, the gunman, prince and proletariat. It is not reserved only for those who come to strut their little hour before the lens.

P. & A.

Miserable when she first came, Ruth Chatterton (top) told Hollywood what she thought of Hollywood, and—the exception to the rule—lived to be a success. Al Capone (above) set out to be a Hollywood social success, but he did not stay long

Dorothy Parker, one of New York's littiest *Literati*, suffered a freezing fate. That she didn't care doesn't mitigate the temperature any. Dorothy didn't play ball. She came to scoff—and she remained to bray. She made no bones—but a lot of boners—about it. She kidded—hold your breaths—not only our Booths and Bernhardts, the gallant Gilbert and the sacred Garbo, but *executives!* She defamed the wholly of whollies. She went out, by mutual consent, on a very early train and has not been heard from since, West of the Rockies.

Harry Richman has sung in vain. He has been engaged in vain. He has marcelled his hair in vain. He has been publicized in vain. Hollywood laughs at him on the screen and guffaws at him off the screen.

Morgan Farley played "The American Tragedy," "Fata Morgana" and other high-brow opuses on Broadway. He was looked upon with some awe and considerable respect. In Hollywood, he is relegated to parts better known as bits. He doesn't understand. Perhaps Hollywood doesn't understand him. There are mistakes made both ways. Sometimes, sad mistakes for Hollywood. This is one of them.

No Second Philadelphia

JEANETTE MACDONALD was chilled to the marrow when she first arrived in the semi-tropics. Everything was so *very* semi. No one knew her. No one had ever heard of her. People met her and said, "Oh, yes . . . ?" She had to love-parade, before Hollywood folks said "howdy" on the boul-boul-boulevard.

Marilyn Miller has, if critics and most audiences are to be believed, tripped the light fantastic as successfully in the shadow as ever she did in the substance. She is a professional success—again. But let Marilyn's name be mentioned wherever the Press is gathered together and there is

(*Continued on page 98*)

Came the dawn, and Dorothy Knapp was up with it, standing out as an Indian princess in some of the open spaces of "Whoopee." According to Great White Father Ziegfeld, she is in perfect form

Kenneth Alexander

The Re-Birth of a Nation

The changed cast: nine of them, with D. W., sixteen years later -left to right, Donald Crisp, Joseph Henabery, Mae Marsh, Spottiswood Aitken, D. W., Tom Wilson, Henry B. Walthall, Walter Long, Mary Alden and Ralph Lewis. But Walthall is the same *Little Colonel* and Lillian Gish the same *Elsie Stoneman*

With Sound Effects Added, The First Great Movie Is Ready To Go On Forever

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

IN every human activity, there is always one outstanding achievement that acts as a yardstick by which all other similar efforts are measured. While the motion picture is still too young to have acquired many standards, it possesses one feature that is outstanding and whose claims to greatness have never been disputed; a picture that appeared sixteen years ago and established a technique which even the drastic changes made by sound have not been able to affect greatly.

"The Birth of a Nation," produced in 1914 by David Wark Griffith, is that picture. To-day, in Hollywood, it is being prepared with sound effects and the interpretation of its magnificent musical score by an orchestra of sixty, to go forth again on a continuance of its triumphs. Possibly by the time these lines see print, it will have seen its second premiere.

Some misapprehension has grown up about this forthcoming version. There have been rumors that dialogue would be placed in the mouths of the famous characters. That is not true. In the opinion of Mr. Griffith and the public to whom the old picture is dear, such an effort would be akin to vandalism, and it would be practically impossible as well. The action is too swift for words.

No Synthetic Sounds

"BUT such sound effects as are proper," says Mr. Griffith, "—the thunder of the battle scenes, the exciting moments attending the assassination of Lincoln in Ford's Theater, the bombardment of Atlanta, the weird proceedings in the South Carolina House of Representatives in 1871, when its membership included one hundred and seventeen Negroes and twenty-three whites, the raising and riding of the Klans—have all been synchronized with appropriate sound effects. And not synthetic or manufactured ones, either."

No picture since the first was presented publicly on a screen in Koster and Bial's Music Hall, New York, on April 20, 1896, has ever reached the popularity attained by "The Birth of a Nation." It is to-day more than a motion picture: it is the unchallenged classic of the screen—a great milestone of progress and achievement, destined for a measure at least of immortality. So it goes forth again, much as a new edition of Shakespeare might be presented by a publisher—handsomely bound, newly illustrated, well indexed, but with the integrity of the original composition preserved intact.

The story of "The Birth of a Nation" begins far back of the day in 1913 when the picture was planned, and the tale properly concerns two streams of endeavor and experience that had their confluence in Los Angeles fifty years after the epoch pictured.

Two Observers

ON the one hand, we have a group of Kentuckians, living about Lexington, who had espoused the cause of the Confederacy, meeting at the home of one of them to relive their battles, with these memories avidly listened to by a wide-eyed little boy. He hid behind chairs and under the table to listen to his father and friends tell of starving on the battlefields with parched corn for rations, and of his mother and other Southern women sitting up night after night, making robes for the Klan. On the other hand was a keen mind that,

(*Continued on page 96*)

Slender

Three Hollywood Mastered The Art Of

You don't see Sue Carol (above) losing either her flapperish figure or her popularity—she serves slender suppers, as does the literally reformed Winnie Lightner (right)

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

THE worst foe to the dieter is the invincible American habit of hospitality, which finds its perfect expression in feeding one's friends all manner of rich, and expensive foods. In Hollywood, this ruinous form of good will is especially popular.

The stars gather in each other's Spanish or Renaissance villas to eat, drink and be merry—for to-morrow they diet. Their tables are loaded with the fat of the land—literally, avocado salads, caviar, egg-nog pies, candied figs, creamed this and that, pâtés, lobster Newburgh, and the inevitable spaghetti. At almost any film party the sensitive ear can hear the gentle tinkle of broken resolutions, not to be confused with the tinkle of the cocktail shaker.

But there are considerate hostesses who give a thought to their friends' figures—and their own. Knowing the impossibility of sitting through a long and appetizing menu without recklessly deciding that "just once won't hurt," they set before their guests carefully chosen dinners or luncheons which will not add a calory to their diets. At the same time they are "dressed up" enough to satisfy the requirements of hospitality.

Sometimes this is done with the help of the Hollywood restaurants and caterers, who will plan and serve bridge luncheons and buffet suppers guaranteed to contain just so many calories and no more. But most hostesses prefer to plan their own menus.

She Makes Everybody Eat

THERE is Louise Fazenda, for instance. Louise loves to feed people, her family, her friends, the cast of her latest picture, total strangers even! She brings boxes of her own home-made cookies to the set with her, she concocts fruit cake and mince meat and other goodies and distributes them among her slim friends. But for her overweight friends she has another procedure.

These Are The Ways To

Meals

Hostesses Have Diet Dinner Parties

Longworth

Louise Fazenda (above) admits that she likes to eat and she knows how to make dieting friends enjoy their meals. At left, Winnie Lightner before she dieted royally

"It's lots of fun, planning a diet dinner party," Louise beams. "You'd be surprised what you can do with *thin* food. Luckily, California has fresh fruits almost all the year round, and a bigger choice of vegetables than potatoes and turnips and carrots.

"Some fruits and some vegetables seem awfully *special* because they aren't familiar, and that gives a festive air to a menu. Then you can serve the simplest things in fancy ways. Make melon balls for fruit cocktails, for instance, and cut the vegetables for the salad with several elaborate cutters. And doll up the table with favors and candies and other things that aren't a bit fattening. The thing is not to have your menu simply scream "diet" at your poor suffering friends. You know yourself how you hate the things that are good for you!

A Meal That Fools Them

"HERE'S a menu I've served a number of times, and my guests really didn't have that dismal, doing-good-to-myself expression so many dieters have:

Fruit cocktail.
Clear soup, hot or cold, depending on season.
Celery and radishes (no olives).
Baked fish with tomato sauce. Served with sliced lemon, instead of butter.
Cucumber salad, with lemon dressing (no olive oil).
Italian squash, baked with tomatoes.
Spinach and hard-boiled eggs.
Melba toast of bran bread.
Tutti-frutti ice (several different fruits frozen in lemonade).
Coffee. No cream.

"The fruit cocktail shouldn't have bananas or cantaloup. And it

(*Continued on page 94*)

Make Hospitality Harmless

Makin' Talkie

Duncan

Some stars walk off the stage, while others, off the stage, sometimes walk. Just to prove that she still remembers how, Joan Bennett walks up a young mountain at Santa Monica. She is practically alone

SHE also makes the headlines: How Hollywood has made the headlines this month! First there was Clara Bow, and, lastly, there was Clara Bow. She can crowd Congress and a couple of Chinese wars off the front page any day. It was, according to Clara, her vacation—and "a bum vacation, too." But it certainly wasn't dull—including, as it did, a breathless dash across country from Texas, where she was busy explaining about her friendship with a young doctor, to New York, where she evidently explained several things to Harry Richman, and back to Hollywood where—we prophesy—the studio will want some of the statements ascribed to her explained. And, on top of it all, there was that old meanie Ministers' Association which made resolutions and things and asked Mr. Hays quite snappishly if he couldn't keep an eye on the players' behavior.

• • •

THE trials of the famous: And then there was Billie Dove's divorce, with her sensational testimony that she never did know when her mild-seeming director-husband, Irvin Willat, was going to strike her. And the Harry Langdon trial with its letters.

Bachrach

The first apple-picker's costume: if, when The Fall came, Eve looked as Sue Carol would have us think she did, we can't understand why Adam was put out or why Eve did all the picking

And Harold Lloyd's defense against the charge of stealing the plot for "The Freshman." And Cliff Edwards's divorce suit, in which he asked for "the custody of the dog."

• • •

HOLLYWOOD nature study: To the world at large, this is Hollywood history. To Hollywood, it reads differently. "How could Harry Langdon remember what notes he signed?" Hollywood asks indignantly. "He was right in the middle of production—and a comedian can't be bothered with money matters when a gag is going wrong." The fact that Langdon was making "Heart Trouble" or "The Chaser" at the time is good for a few Brown Derby wisecracks. As for Billie Dove's complaints, Hollywood yawns, "Hm, how long has it been since Willat directed a big picture?" It murmurs, "They say that Howard Hughes is going to star Billie—" And as for Clara Bow: "Oh, we-ee-l," Hollywood says tolerantly, "you know how Clara is—talks to everybody, even reporters and interviewers. Talks too much, Clara does, but she doesn't mean half she says. Hollywood writers always protect Clara—but let some stranger get her,

He has a new girl now: that young naval cadet, Buddy Rogers, goes through the movie manual of arms in "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen, who isn't used to such things

Archer

The more she sees of some furs, the better she likes her dog: Marian Nixon, finishing "Adios," gets a chance to try to hide her new two-color knit sports suit and white turnback hat

and what can you expect?" What can't you, knowing Clara?

• • •

ONE man remained: Now Mary Pickford is about to begin "Forever Yours" all over again, with only Kenneth MacKenna remaining of the original cast and company. "The first version of the picture was so bad," remarked a wisecracker the other day, "that when it was pre-viewed at the studio, they found they had to shoot three days' retakes before they could even shelve it"

• • •

THE newest hermit: John Barrymore and Dolores didn't take the baby with them on their vacation, after all. Instead, with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn, they drove to Vancouver, the two men sharing the wheel, turn and turn about, and there took the Barrymore yacht for Alaskan waters. Lately, John has become one of the Hollywood hermits, refusing to be interviewed—which strange phobia has set people to digging up anecdotes of his past and unearthed the fact that, when he was a young newspaper cartoonist, it was Evelyn Nesbit, then a popular Broadway show girl, who first turned his thoughts to the stage.

• • •

WHAT a fall was there, my countrymen: Winnie Lightner's new figure is the storm center of a lively fight these days. Winnie says she lost the twenty-eight pounds on a diet of bean soup and buttermilk. However, Philadelphia Joe, a gymnasium expert, wants screen credit for exercising the pounds off Winnie; while Sylvia, the famous masseuse, threatens a lawsuit because her hard work in rubbing the pounds off Winnie wasn't mentioned. Personally, we think it's the falls she's been taking. During the making of "Gold Diggers of Broadway," Winnie accidentally lost her balance in a scene and fell heavily from her seat at a table on top of Albert Gran. The scene was so amusing in the rushes that it remained and was one of the laugh hits of the show. "And ever since then," sighs Winnie, "I've been falling on top of people." That probably reduces Winnie, but it's rather hard on the fall-on ones.

• • •

INDEPENDENCE Dayzed: The Fourth of July had a heavy toll of casualties in Hollywood. There was the mysterious black eye and bloody nose which Vivian Duncan claims Rex Lease gave her in a prankish mood after a Malibu party. And Ralph Ince was knocked unconscious by a baseball bat wielded by the head of Fox Movietone, and Mervyn Le Roy was knocked ditto by a baseball on the same beach. Those Duncan gals should wear nose guards! Remember the time Rosita's was broken by a cop's fist?

• • •

THE gift season pass: The Lindbergh baby must have received a lot of presents, but surely the one he will appreciate most is the tasty solid gold permanent pass which Sid Grauman sent him, entitling him to see "Hell's Angels" free at any time and any place.

• • •

THE tip-topper: The hairdresser was talking over her clients. "The Torres girls come in here often, and they're real sweet girls, too," said she. "And so do Gwen Lee and Bessie Love. But Dolores Del Rio is really the most refined of all my customers—she gave me a five-dollar tip the last time she was in."

• • •

FACING her future: George K. Arthur's little daughter is likewise the daughter of Melba Lloyd, famous British sculptress, who is making busts and heads of the important stars of Hollywood. "No, I don't think I'll be an actress when I grow up," said little Jean the other day. "Mother says it's too hard work. She wants me to earn my living like she does—by making faces."

Late arrivals: Claire Luce and pal did not reach Hollywood from Broadway in time to start in "The Sea Wolf." So now her much-awaited first picture may be "Up the River"

A delicate Near East problem: Loretta Young makes veiled allusions in "Kismet" to a puzzling emotion called love, and gets a big hand from a dusky fellow named David Manners

MOTHER knows dress: Irene Rich considers her job as mother to two young daughters as even more important than her job as leading lady in the movies. "Girls that age are so critical—" she said the other day, "they demand so much of their own family! I take the greatest pains to dress for their approval. Why, when they are expected back home from school I always send my silk nightgowns out to be accordion-pleated—"

• • •

WHAT'S in a name? Warner Brothers announce that their new talkies will appear under the generic title of "Vitascope." In 1896, a New York theater announced a performance of "The Empire State Express," in which a picture of a train would actually move before the audience's eyes through the new invention—the Vitascope!

• • •

A FIT reason: They were congratulating Winnie Lightner at the studio the other day on her new figure. "Though you really didn't need to reduce," said the director. "Your figure was all right for the pictures." "Pictures!" exclaimed Winnie in scorn, "To you-know-where with motion pictures! I wanted to get slim so I'd look well in a street dress."

• • •

DIVERSION: This Lightner gal has just purchased a swimming pool. Whether she bought a house to go with it, I wasn't told, but her first party in the pool was given to a dozen Hollywood midgets. No studio cameramen were there—in fact, they didn't even know what a swell chance for publicity pictures they were missing till Winnie remarked the next day, "Gee, I'm sore all over! I was diving to the bottom of my pool to rescue some midget or other all yesterday afternoon!"

THE spite kiss: They wanted to take a picture of Charles Bickford kissing a girl, to prove that he had sex appeal. "Sure!" said Charlie, "I don't mind! Fetch the girl!" They beckoned to demure little Evelyn Knapp and the picture was taken. But Charlie went on kissing. "Okay!" shouted the cameraman, "That's enough!" But it was ten minutes before they managed to persuade Bickford that the scene was over, and the girl had to go to the make-up department to have her face done over.

• • •

NOT so hot for Paris: Fifi Dorsay is tired of being called a Parisian. "I steel haf to see Paree," she chuckles. And it is true. She brought her shrugs and winks and accent straight from a Canadian City and has never set foot in France.

• • •

THE woman has her lights: Marie Dressler is looked at askance by her fellow players these days. Ever since the mazdas over the theater marquees began to say "MARIE DRESSLER IN 'ANNA CHRISTIE' with Greta Garbo" and the theatrical billboards announced "MARIE DRESSLER" in huge capitals above the title of the Molnar picture "The Swan," with "lillian gish" lost somewhere down in the small type below! There is nothing that tells the real truth about a player's standing so well as the names they choose to feature in lights. Alice White might have read her First National fate when "Show Girl in Hollywood" appeared on theater awnings as "J. P. McEvoy's 'Show Girl In Hollywood,'" without mention of the star's name.

• • •

NEVER the twain shall meet? One of the ironic contrasts of Hollywood: At Bebe Daniels' wedding party these former wedding principals were guests, and seated at neighboring tables: Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Lowell Sherman

Here, There And Everywhere

Richee

There has been some lying on golf courses before, but in "Follow Thru"—in which, incidentally, her titian tresses are revealed in all their glory—Nancy Carroll reclines to answer when golf scores are under discussion

and Helene Costello, and Pauline Garon, Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge (What their status is, nobody seems to know). Mr. Schenck says emphatically that they are perfectly happy and have no thought of divorce, and meanwhile Norma is in Paris—in Paris in midsummer.

• • •

THE head of the house of Lyon: Now Bebe and Ben are back from their honeymoon and Bebe is doing her own marketing, ordering her own meals, picking out her own carrots and choosing her own roast. She admits that she has just discovered what a "crown of lamb" is. Motion Picture Classic managed to bootleg a honeymoon interview, but when the interviewer asked that it be made exclusive, Ben agreed promptly, but Bebe considered and finally, sagaciously, shook her head. A honeymoon was good for more than one story—why limit its chances? It's easy to see who has the practical head in that family!

• • •

NOW he has a chance: "This." said Charlie Bickford, "is the only picture I ever made. The only *real* picture." In "River's End," he plays both the hero and the villain and there is only one scene in the entire picture in which he does not appear. Not that this has anything to do, of course, with Charlie's approval—no, indeed!

Alexander

Bootlegged: Ethel Shutta, privately Mrs. George (Band Leader) Olsen, and formerly with Ziegfeld, is all set to bring in the cows (not to mention the shekels) in "Whoopee"

• • •

THE perils of popularity: In the past three months, Hugh Trevor has had two women separately accuse him of being her long-lost husband, and a third woman identify him as her brother, who disappeared from home ten years ago! It is little things like this that give variety to the life of a screen actor.

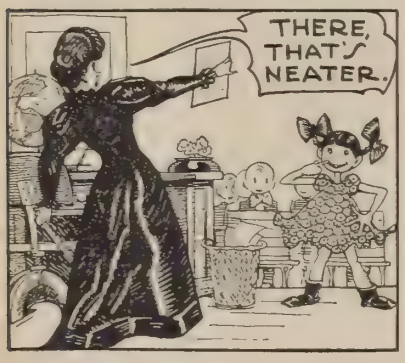
• • •

THEY weren't all dry: When Charlie Webb and Arthur Ripley, scenario writers, were called into a Universal conference and told to write a script around a title, they set enthusiastically to work. In two weeks, by dint of staying at the office overtime and remaining up all night, they brought in the finished script. "Here's the story for 'See America First,'" they chorused proudly. "And it's a pip, too! Brings in all the National Parks and every-

(*Continued on page 99*)

K-1 . What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

K-2. What well-known motion picture production does this picture represent?



K-3. What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

K-4. What well-known motion picture production does this picture represent?

K-5. What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

$5,000.00 *Offered by Motion Picture* *Motion-Picture*

ON these two pages we offer you the first ten of a series of fifty pictures in a most interesting game that will challenge your ingenuity, intrigue your wits, and stimulate your imagination. Ten different pictures will be published each month for the next four months.

Here is a game that will test your discernment, develop your powers of observation and pay you dividends for the time you spend playing it. In the "*Motion Picture Title Game*," the casual reader as well as the "fan" reader has an equally good opportunity of earning the major awards.

READ these SIMPLE RULES and Start to Play the Game

(1) THE MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME is open to everybody except employees of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., and relatives of employees.

(2) There is no charge. Participants will not be required to subscribe for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or buy anything in order to play the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME and share in the Cash Awards.

(3) THE MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME will consist of a series of fifty (50) pictures, ten of which will be published each month for five months in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, each of these pictures will represent the name of some motion picture production or a feature player.

(4) Participants are to decide what names *best* fit each of the pictures and are allowed to submit from one to six answers to each picture. Only complete sets of answers will be considered. At least one answer to each of the fifty pictures must be submitted.

(5) No answers are to be submitted until the entire set of fifty (50) pictures has been published and all answers must be submitted at one time. No more than six answers will be allowed for any one picture in any set of fifty pictures submitted. Participants may, however, submit as many complete sets as they choose. But only one award will be given to any one participant regardless of the number of complete sets submitted.

(6) Answers may be submitted in either of the following ways. Participants may clip the pictures from MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, paste them on a sheet of paper and write as many as six answers for each picture under the clipping; or, participants may draw duplicates of the pictures as published in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and submit them in the same way.

(7) In preparing sets of answers the participants may receive aid and suggestions from relatives or friends, but every set must be submitted by the person who actually worked them out. To buy or sell a list of titles is unfair to the other participants and upon convincing proof of any infraction of this rule will subject the participant to debarment.

(8) A Committee of three disinterested judges will be appointed by the Publishers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and will consist of persons of established reputation and honor. These judges will determine the "best" title to each picture as follows: They will consider each picture in its entirety and by carefully scrutinizing all parts of the picture will determine which title out of all those chosen by the contestants from the Reference Book is most appropriate. The title so chosen will be the Official Best Title. No titles have been selected in advance. The judges may decide that there is more than one "best" title to a picture. In that event each participant will be given credit for as many of these "best" titles as he or she has submitted. All pictures are to be judged in the same way.

(9) As there is no charge to play the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME, the participants agree that the Rules here printed and the instructions hereinafter printed in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will prevail and agree in submitting their sets of answers to abide by the decision of the judges which shall be final.

(10) In the event that two or more persons send in the same number of best title suggestions, the one who sends in the least total number of suggestions will have the higher rating. If two or more persons send the same number of "best title" suggestions and the same number of total suggestions, the arrangement of the title suggestions will be considered. Should the judges, after following the Rules herein set forth find any participants tied in their sets of suggestions and in their compliance with the Rules, each such tying contestant will receive the full amount of the award tied for.

(11) Answers may be sent in as soon after the last set of pictures has been published, as participants desire but no set will be accepted that bears a postmark later than February 28th, 1931.

SCHEDULE *of* AWARDS

FIRST AWARD
$1,500.00

SECOND AWARD
$1,000.00

THIRD AWARD
$500.00

FOURTH AWARD
$250.00

FIFTH AWARD
$125.00

365 Other Cash Awards

in GOLD

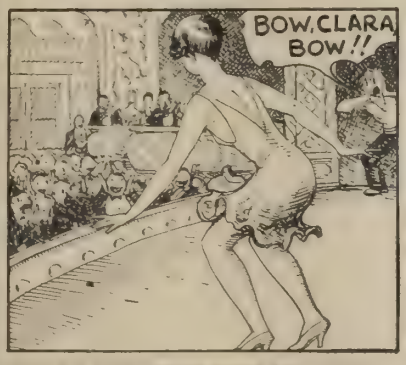
Magazine for the Best Answers in this New

Title Game!

©1930

THE *Motion Picture Title Game* is very simple and will appeal to young and old alike. Anyone may participate. There are no requirements, all you spend is your time! If time was money, we'd all be millionaires. Time, spare time, is something we, most of us, "aint got nothin' else but." Spend an hour or two a day and turn your spare time into money. The first ten pictures are here. To find the proper titles is really a very easy matter. Read the explanation under the "sample picture," then apply the same method to the ten official pictures.

This is a Sample Picture



What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

The sample picture above shows a picture of a stage with the audience applauding vociferously, the actress standing as if made of stone,—in the wings is the prompter who is calling "Bow, Clara, bow!" In selecting a title for this picture it is obvious that it represents "Clara Bow", the well-known and popular beauty of the silver screen.

This shows how answers may be selected. The important point to be remembered, however, is that all parts of the picture should be studied to determine the title which best fits the picture as a whole.

Address all inquiries to

Editor, Motion Picture Title Game

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Paramount Building

1501 Broadway, New York, New York

THE REFERENCE BOOK

On account of the many thousands of motion picture productions and feature players with which the public is familiar, it of course becomes necessary to limit the selection of answers from a given number of names. It is for this reason that MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has published a REFERENCE BOOK, in which have been listed several thousand names of productions and players. All of the answers submitted in the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME must therefore, be selected from among those listed in the REFERENCE BOOK. This will make the game fair to all, as in this way no one participant will have any advantage over any other participant.

These REFERENCE BOOKS will be on file at the various agencies of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and at many Motion Picture Theatres and Public Libraries throughout the country, where all may have free access to them.

For the convenience, however, of participants who would like to have Reference Books of their own, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will place these books on sale at the nominal price of twenty-five cents (25c). Any one may secure a REFERENCE BOOK by sending the required amount, but it is understood that entry to and participation in the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME does not depend upon the purchase of Motion Picture Magazine or the ownership of a REFERENCE BOOK.

All pictures and the Reference Book, if desired, may be consulted at the office of Motion Picture Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York, or copies will be sent free to any public library on request of the Librarian.

Entry to and participation in the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME is absolutely free, and anyone, anywhere, not employed by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or related to an employee is eligible to submit answers and compete for the prizes.

What $1,500.00 Will Do?

Visions of what you could do with $1,500.00 in cash, no doubt, float before your eyes. That shiny, new sedan; the first down payment on a new home; lift the mortgage; a whole month's trip around the country visiting places you've longed to see; a trip abroad; invest in your own business—these, and a thousand other ways present themselves to you. If you win any of the Cash Awards, the money will be yours to do with as you like. Your wildest dreams may be realized. Start playing the game today and thus insure participation in the distribution of $5,000.00 in Gold—You can get your share if you

PLAY THE GAME!

The opportunity is here. *YOU* must take advantage of it if you would win

Editor, MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

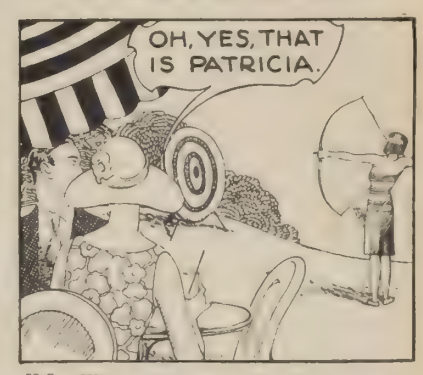
Enclosed herewith is 25 cents —coin —stamps send me postpaid a copy of the *Motion Picture Title Game Reference Book*. Please send me complete list of awards and all information and keep me posted as I have decided to play the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME.

Name .....

Address .....

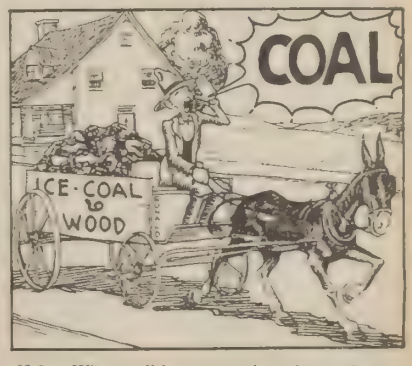
City ..... State .....

K-6. What well-known motion picture production does this picture represent?

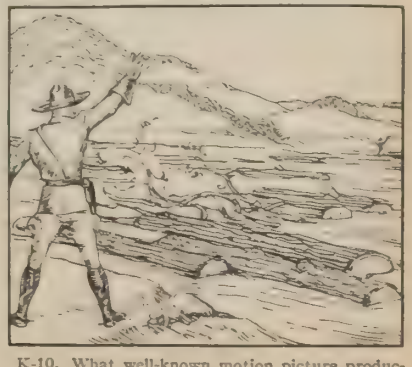


K-7. What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

K-8. What well-known motion picture production does this picture represent?



K-9. What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?



K-10. What well-known motion picture production does this picture represent?

LOVE EXPERTS

I.

Marilyn Miller Stresses The Necessity Of Being In Love

By GLADYS HALL

Fryer

Here is the love expert herself—at home in tricky shantung pajamas—happy to have found out that she can never be disillusioned, happy to be in love again

Marilyn Miller believes:

I couldn't work—I wouldn't want to live—if I were not in love. Why, I would be nothing more than a mechanical doll, wound up and going through the motions.

You *have* to love, you have to have someone to work for, someone who cares, in order to make any of it worth while.

Love is not only important. It is the only importance.

There is more than one love. I have found that out. I know it.

People who brood a whole life long over a love that is gone are sick people. They are more unhealthy than unhappy.

It is when you lose love that you *know* how important it is.

No matter what has happened to me in the past or what might happen to me in the future, I could never be disillusioned. Never lose my faith in men, in love or in life.

THROUGH the Ages, Love has been theme-songed, hymned, poetized, dramatized parodied and pæaned.

Love has motivated men to conquer and be conquered.

Love has moved mountains where faith has failed.

The Christians based their religion on Love and the Crœsuses have spent their gold on love.

Love has hurled men to heaven and hell, to suicide and to salvation.

Bernhardt squandered love, a passionate profligate. Dusé treasured love, a tragic martyr.

In the lives of all great men and women, you find the tenuous, terrible thread sometimes guiding, sometimes girding to intolerable things.

How important is it in the lives of those who create, who work, who live to-day?

What, *actually*, and not poetically, legendarily or even historically, does it mean? Has it as much value as daily bread—or less? As much value as work and fame and money and fun?

Those among us who have had love and lost it, found it only to lose it again—what of them? Is it vitally important to them? Vitally necessary? Has it hurt them or helped them? Has it left scars or souvenirs? Do they wish that they had never known love and will never know it again? Or has it been the world's melody, the world's delight, the meaning of life and the

(*Continued on page 100*)

Ball

It looks like a bad case of sound-stage fright, but it's only Helen Twelvetrees mourning because someone has just told her that she *doesn't* have the biggest polka dots in Hollywood. There's no other reason for being sad, except that, recently unwedded, perhaps she has found something wrong with "This Marriage Business"

Marriages In

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Sidney Blackmer Says

Romance survives longer, and individuality survives longer, if a marriage is kept secret.

As soon as the world knows you are married, you are simply not allowed to be romantic any more. It would seem silly and affected.

If you keep it secret, you have all the advantages of marriage and none of the slavery.

You can be as romantic as you choose—act it, and feel it. You can be individuals.

I wouldn't recommend secret marriage to a man and woman who are not absolutely crazy about each other.

It's a pretty severe test of love, and I think most people would crack under the strain.

IF Sidney Blackmer hadn't indulged in the illicit thrill of letting himself into his wife's apartment with a latch-key when she had company, he and Lenore Ulric would still be secretly married.

They enjoyed it, and they believed in it as a means of preserving their happiness.

It was their way of combating the carpet-slipper and allied comforts which, as everyone knows, are death to the warmer emotions.

"Romance survives longer," Sidney believes, "and individuality survives longer, if a marriage is kept secret."

Both had survived for a year, when Sidney made his informal and unfortunate entrance into the Ulric living-room. A newspaper woman who was there interviewing Miss Ulric looked up with an expression that no one could mistake. It was obviously a question of confessing all, or becoming material for a lovely scandal.

They chose the former. With what they considered disarming candor, Lenore and Sidney took the lady into their confidence, asking her, for the sake of their happiness, to keep it secret.

She promised—and scuttled off to the nearest telephone to catch an early edition.

"And furthermore," said Sidney, "she misquoted both of us outrageously."

No Chronic Resenter

MR. BLACKMER was resentful. But he never sulks for long. An amiable disposition is more valuable to a happy marriage than any amount of secrecy. Sidney's very engaging one may explain why the Blackmers are still ecstatic even though they've been found out.

If you go to see "A Most Immoral Lady" and "Sweethearts and Wives," you will all soon be familiar with Sidney's persuasive voice, which has lost most of the traces of his North Carolina origin. If he had stuck to his original intention of becoming a lawyer, that voice would have raised the deuce with many a jury.

With all the ease of a true Southern gentleman, he took off his necktie and plunged into a fluent defense of secret marriage.

"As soon as the world knows you are married, you are simply not allowed to be romantic any more. It would seem silly and affected. There is no excuse for it, once you are acknowledged as husband and wife, because the traditions of marriage are so hide bound and well established. The world forces you into following all the old customs of married life—quibbling over the same things all married people quibble over, taking the same time honored cracks at each other, settling into

Sidney Blackmer

Lilyan Tashman Talks O

Lenore Ulric

Actors' Marriages Should All Be Secret, Says Sidney Blackmer, Speaking From Experience

the same domestic habits. Any attempt to avoid these conventions is met with contempt and derision. And your own attitude subtly changes as soon as the thing is known.

Secrecy's Merits

"BUT if you keep it secret, you have all the advantages of marriage and none of the slavery. You can be as romantic as you choose—act it, and feel it. You can be individuals. You are not thought of together so persistently that your identities merge. It was a marvelous state of affairs—and very exciting, because of all the deception we had to practise.

"We would have gone on forever that way if we hadn't been found out. There was no need to announce it. The few intimate friends who knew us, and knew we were living together, never questioned it.

"The wedding itself was so perfect—in the beautiful hills of Westchester County, with no sound except the birds singing and the brook running by. Gilda Gray came out to the house the day we were married. She knew nothing about it, and I was going to ask her to wait for us a little while—without explaining. But Lenore said, 'We can't leave Gilda here. I was maid of honor at her wedding!'"

So Gilda went out under the trees with them and witnessed the ceremony. But she never breathed a word to anyone.

Illusion Is Sacred

SIDNEY doesn't forget for long that he is an actor. His manner changed from the lyric to the professional.

"There was another reason why we didn't want our marriage known. An actor's obligation to his public is a trust that is seldom broken by drunkenness, or illness, or anything of that kind. But it seems to me it's just as great a breach of that trust to make your marriage public.

"If you stand there on the stage and are so completely—let us say—a well-known actress's husband that the audience can't forget it, and are unable to think of you exclusively as the character you are playing, then you are falling down on your obligation to the public.

"Illusion is the most important element in the theater. And how it is torn to shreds by publicity! I believe an actor's private life should be truly private. And especially his wedding—something that is really sacred, that should be approached with hush, on tiptoe. That sort of thing should not be blared forth with trumpets.

"I had been asking Lenore to marry me for eight years. She always

(Continued on page 108)

S·E·X·T·E·T

The Tiller Girls

For

Camera

If it takes time to get somewhere in Hollywood, the Tiller Girls ought to get along together. Already, they are as one when it comes to such Hollywood customs as (above) taking up water in a cafeteria, (left) making up with one another, and (below) pulling things together

Portraits by Hendrickson

A·P·P·E·A·L

Are A Match

Any

Man

They have just arrived at the RKO studios—need we say, in time—to be in "Babes in Toyland." And they haven't lost any time in getting there from Broadway—as you can see by the way they take to a counter (above), and by the way they are digging in (right) and picking up (below)

As Told By

Cecil Cunningham

The Real

Cecil Cunningham Reveals The Star As She Was Before Broadway Got Her

To Elisabeth Goldbeck

Straus Peyton

This colorful impression of Jeanne Eagels is a reversal of everything else that has been written about her—like reading the left hand in palmistry, which is supposed to reveal you as you were born, as opposed to the right hand, which shows what life has done to you. Cecil Cunningham, well known in musical comedy and vaudeville and now appearing in the talkies (she has recently had scenes in "Paramount on Parade"—with George Bancroft, "The Better Wife" and "The Little Café"), befriended Jeanne when she was just starting on the career destined to be so dynamic. She knew Jeanne in the days before Broadway took its toll.—Editor's Note.

"IN 1911, when I was twenty-three, I went on tour in the leading rôle of 'The Pink Lady.' In October of that year, we were in Washington, D. C. One night the stage manager came into my dressing-room and said a girl had come to him, asking for a part in the chorus.

"He said, 'She looks like she's starving to death, and we need an understudy for "the victims," so I think I'll give her a chance.'

"'The victims,' were six special chorus girls—they weren't quite principals. We called them that because they were the girls who went into the wood and were seduced by the satyr in that naughty French story.

"The manager said he would send this girl in to talk to me. Presently there was a knock on my door, and in walked this poor, thin, bedraggled, soft-voiced, big-eyed, cadaverous, flat-chested girl—Jeanne Eagels.

"I took one look at her, and was immediately impressed, even then. She had that stellar something, that brilliance, that showed through all her poverty and illness. You could never forget Jeanne Eagels, once having seen her.

"She was one or two years younger than I. She told me she had been ill and the show she was traveling with had gone on and left her there. Very soon the manager let one of the girls go, and Jeanne became a regular 'victim.' But she was a very indifferent chorus girl—just as I had been. She knew she was meant for better things. When the other 'victims' were giving their all to their dance-steps, Jeanne would just jog through them languidly. She couldn't be bothered.

"She and I became great friends, and for the duration of the tour we were constantly together.

Not the Fabled Jeanne

"I HAVE read her life story, and in one sense the author is very unfair to her.

"Because Jeanne was, innately and fundamentally, a lady. I know, because I myself am a lady, born and bred. At that time, I was less tolerant than I am now. Now I like everybody, no matter who or what they are. But then I had a Presbyterian streak in me. The people I liked

JEANNE EAGELS

had to have the quality that Jeanne had. I didn't care what people did, but I insisted that they have that fundamental fineness. Edna May Oliver, Jane Grover, and Jeanne Eagels are the three people I've met in the theater who were really fine.

"There are many versions of the life and character of Jeanne Eagels. She invented most of them herself. But the Jeanne I knew had no resemblance to the one who has become notorious and fabled. I don't know what people are talking about, when they speak of her hardness, her bad language, her unreliability, her temper.

"We were extremely intimate. For one whole year, we ate every meal together, were together every waking moment. In that time a woman must reveal her real self. She may lie and pretend for a while, but with those who live with her she must eventually slip, forget, let the truth slip out.

"Jeanne's stories to me were always the same. Her dates were always right.

"She was dependable. If she said she'd meet you at eleven, she was there at eleven. She was sweet-natured, docile. Lovely sense of humor. Quiet. Always the lady. I never heard her say even 'Hell.'

Youthfully Indifferent

"SHE was very loyal. And generous. She had no idea of the value of money. Never gossiped.

"She was not at all flirtatious. She had none of that hectic vivacity of the typical chorus girl. She was never the life of the party. Rather, you'd see her sitting over in a corner talking to somebody, or watching—seeing everything, amused.

"Not bored, not blasé. She just had a youthful indifference that was charming. She was always acting. Not for effect or to deceive, but she never quite let down the bars and admitted people.

"While we were playing in Indianapolis, Booth Tarkington, for some reason, was crazy about me. I had lunch with him every day, and he came to the theater for me every night. One night he gave a party, to which I brought a bunch of chorus girls from the show. How he hated them! They were loud and cheap, they mauled his books, and took away many of the little figurines and other things he had around the house.

"To the next party, I brought Jeanne and two other girls. Jeanne fitted perfectly into his lovely home. She walked around softly, appreciating his books and his authentic art works. Harmonious. Always the lady.

"At Christmas time, we played in St. Louis for two weeks—a phenomenal run for that town in that season. St. Louis is my home town. Before going to New York, I had sung there—in churches, in drawing-rooms, at all sorts of civic meetings. I was very well known, and returning as *The Pink Lady*, I was very much entertained. And wherever I was asked, I brought Jeanne with me.

Solving the Clothes Problem

"THE parties we had been to in other cities were very informal. Now, for the first time, we needed clothes. Jeanne, of course, had been threadbare when she joined the show, and she earned only twenty-five dollars a week. Now, you know you can't get many evening dresses on *that*.

"I had many wealthy friends, among them one man I had known since I was a little girl. One night he gave me an enormous fan, as large as a life-preserver, made of a solid mass of orchids.

(*Continued on page 102*)

What Women Want To KNOW

I.---They Ask Irene Rich How To Escape From Loneliness

By Faith Service

Russell Ball

WHAT *do* the women of America want to know?

What is their vital problem?

What preoccupies them? Sex? Religion? Children? Marriage? Careers? Money?

What is the question uppermost in their minds, the need in their hearts?

What do they ask, what do they want, when they take their pens in hand and turn to some shadow on the screen who has been nearer to them, more real, more a goal and a haven than their nearest and dearest, the remote, intangibly flesh-and-blood people with whom they live their innermost lives?

Irene Rich says that, first and foremost, *the women of America are lonely.*

They are lonely, and there is one thing they all want to know, above and beyond anything else—*that someone else has been through exactly what they have.* Their paramount need is to feel that someone else has been through their troubles, whatever they have been, that someone else has suffered the things they have suffered and has come out on top—smiling.

The women of America ask for courage. They ask, even more, for comradeship. They ask for sympathy. The sympathy that understands, because it shares. They ask for a clasp of the hand during their dark hours, an answering smile, a friendly "Well done!" when the dark hours are conquered.

Irene Rich Says:

It is astonishing and rather terrible to realize the niches we people of the screen fill in the lives of lonely women.

No one could be unaffected by the letters—such letters as I get every day.

A great many women write me about their financial problems. Particularly when they are meeting them alone, as I once did.

A few write me about clothes and make-up. Not many.

I almost never get letters about sex. Either from women or men. And when I do, they are not sincere.

I should say that sex is the least of the American woman's preoccupations.

The women of America are lonely. And they want to know how not to be lonely. That is their question.

A Woman Who Should Know

IRENE RICH is the logical person to whom to turn. Not for the little flappers, dancing with unreluctant feet where uncharted waters meet, but for the woman in her middle thirties, who has dreamed her dream and turned her hand to the deed. Women who have worn, until they have withered, the chill, bright flowers of April and are a little bit afraid of Autumn setting in.

Such women turn to Irene. They call her "Mother Irene," if they are young enough. They call her friend and comforter. They call her their strength and their counsel. For Irene, too, has known young marriage and bitter disillusion.

She has known the bearing of children and the rearing of them in poverty and distress. The working for them and the worrying over them that is so much the common lot. She has known nights when there wasn't enough money to allow her to sleep

(*Continued on page 104*)

Otto Dyar

They won't let Kay Francis cool off *in* her pictures, but between them—well, sometimes they let her have just one little ice cream cone. Her gratitude is pitiful to see. It's not every leading lady gets the breaks she does—with "The General" waiting for her

SHOOT A

The Biggest Gamblers On The Motion

By Reginald

Illustrations By

IN the old days, up in the Klondike, they bet the poke on the turn of a card or a spin of the wheel. Bret Harte, Jack London, Robert W. Service, Rex Beach and the rest immortalized them in story and rhyme.

But they were pikers compared with the betters of gold-mining that's going on in Hollywood. Howard Hughes, Joseph Schenck, Samuel Goldwyn, Mary Pickford, and a lot of others could give them a gambling thrill or two.

And they have to bet on something even more difficult to "call" than the romantic old-timers ever did. Their bets are placed on the public taste. They "shoot" huge bankrolls on pictures they think are going to "click."

If they do, it's "black." If they don't, it's "red."

Possibly the biggest gamble in history was when pictures went "talkie." Then the stake was literally hundreds of millions. "Take A Chance" Warners cleaned up; they plunged and won. "The Jazz Singer" was the spin, and it came up very, very black.

Then everybody else had to gamble. Within a week silent stages came down and sound stages went up—at a quarter of a million or better per each. The producers were gambling that talkies would stay, and they were gambling not only the sound stages that went up, but the silent programs they would be out if they were wrong.

They Play with Millions

THEY had to gamble or get out of the game. And in Hollywood the chips are all blues. There are no reds or whites.

Except, perhaps, "Ingagi." That "white chip" cost somewhere around eleven thousand dollars and notwithstanding the fake, has cashed in more than a million already.

But the big producers don't make "Ingagis." Their minimum for even a small program talkie is around two hundred thousand. Most of their product costs far, far more—a half-million dollars is a fair average for any film that pretends to anything at all.

Howard Hughes "shot" four million on "Hell's Angels." That was quite a poke.

Mary Pickford recently just "drew" for a quarter of a million, then threw her hand away. She scrapped what had been made of "Forever Yours" and says she is going to start it all over again.

Young Junior Laemmle anteed a cool million on "All Quiet on the Western Front," and he's standing pat on that. "King of Jazz" was a two-million-dollar bet and he is "staying" for the "showdown" there.

It's just as well that the big gamblers of '49 aren't sitting in on the Hollywood game. They couldn't stand the pace

MILLION

All-Time Are Sitting In Picture Game

Taviner

Eldon Kelley

Just a little while ago everybody was betting on musical comedies. Samuel Goldwyn has about a million and a half down on "Whoopee." This in face of the fact that Paramount is advertising "The Big Pond" as "not a musical show."

"He only sings two songs," they promise across their placards of Maurice Chevalier.

Hunches Cost Money Now

THE turn of a card or the spin of a wheel? They were a cinch compared with trying to guess what the "customers" want. And the pokes that made the old-time plungers immortal wouldn't pay a single day's payroll now.

John W. Gates, the race-track king, lost three hundred thousand at the Saratoga meet one afternoon. Arnold Rothstein, the New York gambler, is supposed to have dropped two hundred and forty thousand in his last game.

Huh, cheap skates!

Joseph Schenck believes that Al Jolson is a good bet. So he has just "backed" him for four million dollars—four pictures, for which Jolson is to get a half-million each. The other half-million is a conservative estimate for the other costs of each film.

Radio is making an Amos 'n' Andy. That bet stands them one cool million.

Whenever any producer thinks that a player has a following, he has to "get on the line" with his bet. How do they know that Seena Frivol is going to make them twenty-five hundred dollars a week for the next five years?

They don't. They simply bet on it.

Most of them thought that Gloria Swanson was "through." But Producer Kennedy didn't. So he bet on "The Trespasser," and reaped the reward of his wager.

Hunting Lucky Breaks

THEN, they bet on types of pictures just as much as on the pictures or the players in them. Revues, for instance. The first one brought back better odds than a roulette wheel, so the others followed suit. But the public taste changed; the cinch bet wasn't so good.

Air pictures, war pictures, gangster pictures, trial pictures, Westerns, operettas, musical comedies; the bet is first that they will hit, and then that they will stay. To be caught in a change of popularity is to run into the red. To start a vogue in any type of picture is to "win on the nose."

(*Continued on page 111*)

Betting on a horse, the turn of a card, or the spin of a wheel is no gamble compared to Putting All on one picture, one player

It's a puzzle to Dorothy Lee how Eve ever fell, if she found herself in the tight squeeze Dorothy did, when up-and-Adam Ivan Lebedeff caught her eating between meals. And, above, she wonders how much Eve swallowed. While, left, he learns why Adam fell so hard for that dear old apple-sauce

Bachrach

BARNUM Was Right

. . After Fifty Years, Otis Skinner Still Has Stage Fever . . .

By Mollie Merrick

FIFTY-THREE years ago, P. T. Barnum gave an ambitious lad a letter of introduction.

To-day, that letter hangs framed on the walls of America's most distinguished theatrical family. It runs:

Waldemere, Bridgeport, Ct.,
Oct. 18, 1877.

The bearer, O. A. Skinner, Esq., is known to me. His parents, whom I have known in Hartford, Conn., for several years, are eminently respectable. Mr. Skinner has an ambition, a talent, and a yearning for the stage. I have no doubt that he will prove an important acquisition to any theatrical corps which he may join.

P. T. Barnum.

This embryonic stage of Otis Skinner's career was revealed to me on a Hollywood movie lot between sequences of the talking version of "Kismet."

Skinner, in the picturesque habiliments of *Hajj*, the beggar, belies the fact so far as exterior goes. It is difficult to reconcile the dates on Phineas Barnum's letter with the vital handsome man who is crowning half a century dedicated to Thespis with a contribution to canned art.

Ahead of the Moderns

OTIS SKINNER, at seventy-two and with a half-hundred uninterrupted years of stage work as his unique record, has a far more dynamic personality than most of the young protagonists of what we are pleased to term this "machine" age.

Otis Skinner, vital of eye, keen of tongue, his quick nervous hands drumming incessantly on the arm of his chair, puts a more stirring reproach into his "Good God, man, let's do some natural recording! Why this infernal amplification? These playbacks have no naturalness to them," than any star of this generation can muster. Nor has any star of this generation such penetrating wit, such trenchant analysis, such unfailing charm and gallantry.

Skinner is the second of these modern Victorians to be brought to this movie village by talking picture producers. Cyril Maude, four years his junior, parallels his story in an interesting manner. Mr. Maude's embryonic career was sponsored by Jenny Lind—and Jenny Lind, as the world knows, was Phineas Barnum's professional protégée.

Ladies Who Come to Mind

THE while one listens to the Skinner commentary on the technique of talking pictures, one's mind plays funny tricks. Against the curtain of his explanation that this is complicated business compared to the silent version of "Kismet," which he made here ten years ago, the whilom imagination of the interviewer is painting the picture of his youth.

A youth of ladies with delicately false manners. Ladies whose anatomies were distorted with the bustle of the period. Ladies whose little futile hats were perched perilously atop elaborate coiffures. Ladies who knew the fine art of flirtation as against the knock-down-and-drag-out methods of today. Ladies who took their airings leisurely in horse-drawn vehicles. And gentlemen who out-Raleighed one another in giving such ladies their due.

Such a lady sits near-by. Mary Skinner, the companion of those fifty years, has, with her husband, met the changing modes

(Continued on page 106)

AMERICA

There Is A Star For

Wash.: Red Corcoran—**Ore.**: Russell Gleason—**Cal.**: Lawrence Tibbett, Edmund Lowe, George O'Brien—**Nev.**: Doris Dawson—**Idaho.**: Jeanette Loff—**Utah**: Betty Compson—**Ariz.**: Lloyd Hughes—**N. M.**: Don Alvarado—**Colo.**: Lon Chaney—**Wyo.**: Mildred Harris—**Mont.**: Gary Cooper—**N. D.**: Virginia Bruce—**S. D.**: John Miljan—**Neb.**: Hoot Gibson—**Kan.**: Buddy Rogers—**Okla.**: Will Rogers—**Texas**: Bebe Daniels—**La.**: Leatrice Joy—**Ark.**: Mary Lewis—**Mo.**: Laura La Plante—**Iowa**: Conrad Nagel—**Minn.**: Richard Dix—**Wis.**: Marian Nixon—**Mich.**: Robert Armstrong—**Ill.**: Milton Sills—**Ind.**: Louise Fazenda—**Ohio**: Warner Baxter—**Ky.**: Mary Nolan—**Tenn.**: Dorothy Jordan—**Miss.**: Gavin Gordon—**Ala.**: John Mack Brown—**Fla.**: Evelyn Brent—**Ga.**: Ben Lyon—**S. C.**: Helen Chandler—**N. C.**: Sidney Blackmer—**Va.**: Olive Borden—**W. Va.**: Rex Lease—**Md.**: Al Jolson—**Del.**: Estelle Taylor—**Penn.**: William Powell—**N. J.**: Alice White—**N. Y.**: Clara Bow—**Conn.**: Robert Ames—**R. I.**: Eddie Dowling—**Mass.**: Neil Hamilton—**Vt.**: Rudy Vallée—**N. H.**: Kenneth MacKenna—**Me.**: Lew Cody

PRESENTS

Every State In The Union

Discoveries About Myself

Money Has Changed Me -- For The Better, Says Harold Lloyd

Nathan

As told by Harold Lloyd

To Gladys Hall

"I AM just beginning to live.

"I've never really seen the world or any of the things in the world.

"I am just beginning to have appreciations. Of flowers and books and people and olden times and—everything.

"It is as though I had been blind and had suddenly begun to see, just a little at a time.

"It seems to me, sometimes, as though the world had had a veil over it, and I had just begun to tear the veil away.

"I find that I am nowhere near the things I want to get at, the things I want to know about, the things I want to be able to appreciate.

"Of course, having money has changed me.

"I am nowhere near the man I was a year ago, two years ago or less.

"I change every six months. I hope I keep on changing at the same rate or oftener.

"Money changes everyone. But I have discovered that the change does not need to be for the worse. Strange, how people always think money must bring out the worst side of a person, or blind them to the best things of life. Why should it? There can be a great change for the better. The change that opens new doors, gives a fellow new vistas of things that he never dreamed existed.

To Live Is To Learn

"I FIND that I would like now, best of all, to be a good conversationalist. I know I'm not one at present. Oh, I can sit and talk a little of this and that, but I realize that I haven't any definite or profound knowledge. I don't *know* about things. I'd like to have that knowledge. I won't be satisfied with just a patter, a surface glaze of information. I don't want short-cuts to learning. I want to know *all* about the thing I study.

"I'd like to be able to hold my own, to meet on a common ground, with scientists, inventors, clerics, doctors, athletes, authors.

"The most worth while thing in life is to store your mind with knowledge.

"I wish now that I had been able to go to college, if only so that I might have had appreciations earlier in the game.

"People often say to me that now I have my home, my career,

(*Continued on page 90*)

Harold Lloyd, minus his glasses, changes every six months. At left, for a change, he goes to Waikiki Beach in Hawaii for a swim

The Picture Parade

ove Among The Millionaires

NEEDED—A STORY FOR CLARA: Built for the star's fans, this number from Paramount does not have much appeal for the intelligentsia.

As a matter of fact, we wonder if it is not going to be somewhat of an effort to even her most rabid admirers to watch her struggle through this hodge-podge of hokum, as old as the Hollywood hills. Personally, we don't see how she ever did it. She has our congratulations.

We can remember the time when Clara could take a deplorably bad picture on her shoulders and, unaided, redeem it by the spark of her own particular personality. In this production she is more attractive than in her last two pictures, but the plot is hopelessly against her.

It would be kind to say that she is hampered by a thoroughly banal story with an uninspired treatment. There is the hash house girl and the son of a railroad magnate; there is the never-darken-my-door-again-father and the noble renunciatory act by Clara *a la* David Garrick, and, of course, the clinch of which there was never any doubt.

It is rather a drab affair, relieved at times by moderately funny comedy by Skeets Gallagher. The supporting cast is uniformly good. There are three or four songs thrown in for no apparent reason.

Little Accident

VERY AMUSING: A very funny and simple little play—about a young man who was suddenly seized with an extreme case of paternity, and kidnapped his illegitimate child—has gone violently modernistic on the screen. The maternity hospital has become a huge stylized set with storks sitting around. The one-room flat has become a sumptuous apartment in some art director's best manner. The baby's milk bottle is replaced by a whole room full of sanitary appliances. And the sweet bewildered father has become Douglas Fairbanks Jr., with his whole bag of hereditary tricks. I don't know just what young Doug was cut out for, but I don't think it was either a farceur or a father. As a papa, he's not convincing.

Fortunately, most of the laughs seem to have survived these changes. The audience considered it all a riot. There is Roscoe Karns, Zasu Pitts, and a very funny Italian. And also such beauties as Sally Blane and Anita Page.

The story is about a baby, result of last summer's romance, that crops up unexpectedly just as its surprised father is about to marry another girl. I need hardly add that the movie has it all cleaned up, and takes pains to explain that the amorous pair were really married last summer, but had it annulled.

hoopee

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED: All of the colorful and eye-appealing showmanship of Flo Ziegfeld—plus the producing abilities of Sam Goldwyn—and naturally the comedy routine of Eddie Cantor; have combined to make "Whoopee" a most unusual piece of screen entertainment.

Eddie Cantor carries the entire picture on his own small, but capable shoulders—everyone starts laughing at his first appearance, and continues this practice throughout the entire production. Cantor is a "natural" in the rôle of the comedian that made the stage version of "Whoopee" so successful. He has several comedy sequences that build up to heavy laughter for minutes at a time.

The gorgeous settings and extravagant effects that have made the Ziegfeld stage shows and Follies a national byword, are plentiful in the picture. There are five song numbers—fast and peppy; and a dance ensemble that completely overshadows the "good lookers" of the Ziegfeld Follies. The dance numbers are very few—brief—but extremely colorful.

You will enjoy Cantor's comedy and wisecracks; the gorgeous settings of the desert country; beautiful girls without too much on; tuneful melodies; and the tableau finale in an Indian setting that tops anything so far done in picture from a gorgeous and colorful viewpoint.

Here They Are - - Advance and Authentic

Big Boy

JOLSON, BLACKFACE AND FUN: Reversing his recent film appearances, Al Jolson sings to produce laughs rather than tears in "Big Boy," adapted from his Broadway musical of similar title.

Previously drenched in tears while singing the now famous "Mammy" and "Sonny Boy," Jolson switches to his inimitable stage brand of comedy delivery of wisecracks and songs—in blackface throughout.

Al is a colored servant whose chief duty consists of playing nursemaid to a race horse called Big Boy. Al, who is to ride the horse in the Kentucky Derby, is fired shortly before the race, due to a plot by gambler who wants the horse to lose. Jolson, however, discloses the plot and returns in time to ride Big Boy to victory in the race. This rather abbreviated story does not fill out a sufficient number of reels, so Jolson doffs the blackface to sing several songs—makes a curtain speech—and tells several laughable stories. The entire picture is carried by Jolson in a comedy vein.

The Way Of All Men

INTERESTING ENOUGH: The reactions of several men and one woman while awaiting death from suffocation forms the basis of this First National talkie adapted from the stage play "Sin Flood," which has Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Dorothy Revier in the leading rôles.

Locked in a cellar bar-room when levees break and the city is flooded with water, the various individuals forget their former grievances and say that after all they are "brothers" and should be good to one another. It is also here that Doug, Jr., realizes Dorothy—whom he has jilted for a rich debutante—is after all his true love and as death stares them in the face they are re-united. Feeling that drowning rather than suffocation would be preferable, Noah Beery opens the water-tight doors of his bar-room. Instead of an onrush of water, as was expected, they find that the flood has receded and they are safe. Immediately the "brother love" spirit fades and the men resume their fights. However love still dominates and Doug, Jr., takes Dorothy to the minister.

The Lottery Bride

GOOD IN EVERY WAY: "Bride 66," the Hammerstein production, comes to the talking screen under the more descriptive title "The Lottery Bride." For musical entertainment it would be hard to surpass with its well-known Friml melodies. But it also has a cast of rare ability.

Something else sets the film apart. Unless we are far astray Mr. Paul Stein has purposely unfolded this unreal story against a super-artificial background of bizarre sets. No attempt has been made for realism, so long the by-word of the movies. Rather have those in command sought to strengthen the unrealism in a manner at once intelligent and amusing. The result is intriguing.

Return to consider the cast with Jeanette MacDonald in the feminine lead supported by John Garrick and Joseph Macaulay. Carroll Nye is good as the weakling brother whose trouble sends Jeanette into the far north as a lottery bride. Ample comedy relief is provided by Zasu Pitts, Joe E. Brown and Harry Gribbon.

Manslaughter

THEY DON'T COME ANY BETTER: Paramount brings our old friend, "Manslaughter," to the talking screen. It was last seen under the baton of De Mille and with Leatrice Joy as the reckless *Lydia Thorne*. This time we have Claudette Colbert as *Lydia* and Fredric March as the young *District Attorney* who loves her, disapproves of her and convicts her of Manslaughter over his very heart. If they come any better I haven't seen 'em. If anything, it is Fredric's picture. His sincerity, his sheer humanity are impressive throughout. You forget that you are watching an actor perform and feel that you are beholding a *live man*. Claudette Colbert gives a splendid portrayal of the petted, reckless darling of wealth who learns through pain and hard labor that life was not made for her.

The plot is a bit thick when the silken spoiling is jailed and put to hard labor. Nice modern institutions put such ladies in their libraries and to wait table, we are told. Richard Tucker, Emma Dunn and Natalie Moorhead are great.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures

Anybody's Woman

CHATTERTON PUTS IT OVER: With a yellow wig and a raucous voice Ruth Chatterton successfully conceals her all but invincible ladylikeness. If now and then a trace of broad A's slips into the streetwalker's conversation, it is quibbling to mention it in view of a remarkably sustained and convincing characterization.

A gentleman of position and family wakes after a drunken debauch to find himself married to a questionable burlesque beauty. Or rather there is no question about her at all. The working out of their destinies provides a rather talky series of situations instead of a plot.

Clive Brook is not entirely successful in his scenes as a giggling drunk. Paul Lukas as the crude and powerful millionaire on the other side of the line of respectability is extremely appealing, but it is Ruth Chatterton's gradual building up of the woman hungry for "her chance" and her cleverness in leaving her at the end only a little more refined instead of totally transformed that makes this a treat.

Love in the Rough

LIGHT BUT AMUSING: Once upon a time there was a young man who played golf better than he conducted his duties as a shipping clerk. And because he could smack a little white ball over the green so well his boss gave him a ritzy vacation. And because he was handsome and sang he won the heart of an heiress. And because her papa admired his prowess with a niblick he gave the pair his blessing and made the young man a bond salesman. So the moral is—learn to play golf if you would succeed in this world.

Robert Montgomery makes his initial starring bow as such a bright young man in "Love in the Rough" a very good box office title for M-G-M's talkie adaptation of "Spring Fever," and having a flavor about it that rolls off the tongue. This chap has charm. He can romp through a picture or give a really serious performance, equally well. We like Dorothy Jordan better in less modern vehicles. Benny Rubin and Dorothy McNulty handle the comedy, the latter a newcomer, but a "natural" with her pert strutting.

The Last Of The Duanes

NEAT LITTLE PICTURE: George O'Brien fans can forget their chores for one night and grab this one. Lots of time to churn that butter. For never will they see George's chest to better advantage. Zane Grey must have had it in mind when he wrote the story.

Seriously, though, here is a good little picture. Unlike George's last ("Rough Romance") this one has a plot that, with very little effort, can actually be followed. It seems that George becomes an outlaw when he kills the man who bumped off his father. He then falls in with a robber gang that is holding an innocent girl prisoner, and the robber chief's wife (Myrna Loy) falls in love with George, who meantime has fallen for the i. g. and . . . and . . . well, we don't seem to remember what happens next but when we saw it last night it was plain as day. We do remember that most of the outdoor shots are extraordinarily pretty and that George finally gets his man and the girl (Lucille Brown). Enough, we'd say, for any one movie.

The Conspiracy

ON THE UP AND UP: A murder mystery story with the murder committed in the first scene, and the mystery already solved as far as the audience is concerned. The fun comes in watching the various characters blunder onto the truth for themselves. This technical innovation might easily result in tedium but Christy Cabanne kept up the interest with as swift action as we have seen since the talkies slowed things down.

Betty Compson, one of a gang of criminals masking under a business firm name, becomes secretary to the amateur investigator bent on making a detective novel out of the murder in order to put him off the scent—and instead finds herself taking down in dictation the gradual unfolding of the events in which she and her friends are involved! This author-sleuth is amiably played by Ned Sparks transformed by whiskers and wrinkles into a whimsical and delightful old gentleman. Laughs are mixed skilfully with thrills and the average audience bent on entertainment will love it.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies

Old English

ARLISS AT HIS BEST: This drawing-room comedy of manners is meticulously played by what appears to be an all-English cast. Though the title sheet says "adapted from the stage play," it has rather been transported bodily to the screen, dialogue, sets and all, and refuses to be hurried into motion picture action. No one except George Arliss could hold an audience enthralled by the emotions and behaviorism of an eighty-nine year old hero, but his charm rises triumphant.

Never has he been more delightful than as this wealthy old English gentleman with naughty memories to brighten his last days and his rigidly proper and rightful descendants to be dealt with diabolical cleverness, as well as his charming descendants who have no right to his name though they have inherited his spirit.

Alfred Green, the director, has apparently found nothing humorous in the fact of being English. The humor, never uproarious, always whimsical continues to the end.

Broken Dishes

CARRIES A KICK: What a meek man will do when driven too far, if fortified with a few kegs of hard cider, is the moral lesson of this comedy. A good lesson, from which every henpecked husband can get a few practicable ideas to apply in his own home. It's one of those homespun stories, of a middle class family of women who spend their lives putting papa in his place—which is usually bending over the sink. When mother and the girls are at the movies, he sneaks off to a lodge meeting, drinks cider until he begins to feel big and strong and courageous, and then goes home and asserts himself. He marries off his favorite daughter, then and there, to the boy her mother disapproves of, he breaks as many dishes as possible, and talks back to everybody.

That incorrigible wag, Mr. O. P. Heggie, eats this part up. Emma Dunn is a thoroughly disagreeable mother. That romantic pair of elopers, Loretta Young and Grant Withers, do an eloping act. But the love interest is unimportant. This is one picture in which the old folks come into their own.

Dough Boys

SLAPSTICK TALKIE IS GOOD: Reminiscent of all war comedies fathered by "Shoulder Arms," this latest Keaton feature manages to be different, solely because while he is winning a pretty girl that he doesn't know, there is a war. Enters a recruiting office under the impression that it is an employment agency where he can hire a chauffeur, and finds himself enlisted. New gags dress up the familiar plot from here on.

Keaton, vocally, is funnier than Keaton, silent. The dialogue is timed for laughs, and their number and duration are estimated correctly. The heroine (Sally Eilers) arrives with a bevy of beautiful war nurses and a side of the war not shown by "All Quiet" is unfolded with kisses mixed with mud, girls interspersed with shells. The incident in the French girl's bedroom seems out of key with the honest fun of the rest. The funniest gag of all is reserved for the last scene.

Sally Eilers also is easy to watch.

Good Intentions

FINE IN EVERY WAY: Score a direct hit for William K. Howard, the one-man-band credited with story, dialogue and direction of "Good Intentions," one of the snappiest cinemas shown on any summer schedule. Mark down a bull's-eye, too, for its star, Edmund Lowe, who contributes one of the most convincing characterizations of his creditable career. It is a fast-paced, well-dressed, upper-crust-and-underworld melodrama, with suspense aplenty and a surprise in every sequence. The thin-worn routine of stereotyped Hollywood product is replaced by refreshing originality, and a series of light, deft touches that make the picture thoroughly charming.

Eddie Lowe is a silk-hatted stick-up who rivals Regis Toomey, a millionaire kid, for the love of Marguerite Churchill. Earle Foxe is the double-crossing lieutenant of the mob whose villainy throws a wrench in the romantic works. If you think you can imagine what happens you're all wrong. This one is different. That's why it's so good.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

Dixiana

BEBE HAS ANOTHER HIT: RKO's "Dixiana" will add, not detract from the laurels of "Rio Rita." Not as a production, nor as a cast. And it further adds a new accent—Southern—to Bebe Daniels' repertoire. For Bebe is *Dixiana*, who sings and dances in a local Hippodrome. Her partners are Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey—need we say any more?

And her rich young lover is the new young Everett Marshall of operatic calibre and movie looks. The lusty Jobyna Ralston and the adept Joseph Cawthorn play Everett's ma and pa and what an amusing brace of parents *they* make! Ralph Harolde plays the Menace with considerable dark appeal.

There is in it a bit of a plot. An exciting duel. A kidnapping. The Mardi Gras. Romance. Fine color sequence. Woolsey and Wheeler convulse you. Bebe looks beautiful. You get lavish entertainment for both eye and ear. What more can you ask?

The Record Run

YOU'LL LIKE IT: Whenever a studio takes a time-worn plot motivation and packs such a punch into it as "The Record Run" boasts, I (we), for one, will rise to applaud. It is not that I (we) don't like the plot. The fact is I (we) have always liked it.

It's the one about the little girl mistaking veneration for love and nearly marrying the man who has been kind to her. That is until the "right" man comes along. They meet first over a pair of overalls and renew their acquaintance over a towel. At that moment both love and a clean face are born.

All this is spiced and made highly palatable by a true picture of the spirit and sentiment of railroading. It culminates in a record-breaking run that a man's life be saved. Superb photography by Karl Struss aids in making this "Record Run" one of the most thrilling sequences in talkies. Furthermore, the kids will love it. Top notch performances by Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong, and Jean Arthur and a clever tramp bit by Hugh Herbert.

Inside The Lines

MILDLY ENTERTAINING: Simon-pure melodrama relieved only by the very English comedy of Reginald Sharland. Originally an early war play by Earl Derr Biggers, "Inside the Lines" was merely moderately successful as a stage production and later as a silent picture. Roy Pomeroy's capable direction has breathed some life into its talking version but it remains the trivial story of a beautiful female spy sent to penetrate the fortress at Gibraltar. There is much hokus pokus regarding papers and military secrets. Just exactly what the German government hoped Betty Compson would learn by snooping about the rock is never clearly explained. Which fact hints at careless cutting. When the fleet comes in, one feels Clara Bow should be notified.

The cast and direction are infinitely better than the plot demands. Betty Compson contributes a finished performance in so far as her opportunities allow. Reginald Sharland's silly-ass Englishman never nauseates which, in itself, is a signal achievement.

The Sea God

RED HOT STUFF: Swell hot weather fare. You'll forget the thermometer as you gaze at this blood cooler. You may think you've passed the age of getting excited over cannibals and the bad men they have below the equator but it's ten to one you'll get wrought up over the ones in "The Sea God."

Richard Arlen acts with a nice reserve and freedom from hoke. Here he is cast as a very hard-boiled sea captain, hot after a fight and any stray pearls that may come his way. Fay Wray is the gal in this show. Very appealing, too. An especially good performance is handed in by Eugene Pallette, Dick's buddy and father confessor.

When director George Abbott made this one, he was careful to include a good splattering of scenery. Much credit is due him and the photographer, Archie Stout, for balancing the rough and ready action with some extremely beautiful shots of the "South Seas" (California). Recommended with pleasure.

How *to* Bring Up A

By

HELEN

LOUISE

WALKER

THE question of what to do about parents is a difficult one for young people of this generation in any circle. But in Hollywood the problem reaches appalling proportions. There are so many temptations here for parents . . .

Deciding just how much you should tell them about life, how much freedom you should allow them, how much to take them into your confidence about your private affairs—there are a thousand matters to be considered with deep and careful thought for the individual needs and peculiar characteristics of the particular parent, or parents, as may be, you have on your hands.

There is nothing nicer, really, than well-behaved, well-brought-up parents. But once you let them get out of hand, there is no telling how far they will go or what trouble they will cause!

This is a particularly disturbing problem for the young actor. A family can be either a valuable asset or a terrific liability, depending almost entirely upon what methods he has employed in training it.

Before Fame and After

THE young actor usually arrives in Hollywood unattended by so much as one parent. Partly because he hasn't the money to bring them along, and partly because they are convinced that he is completely insane for wanting to come, and they have disowned him and are keeping his whereabouts and his aims in life a dark secret from the neighbors and most of the in-laws.

Their little hands are kept employed: at top, Anita Page with her mother and father; above, Buddy Rogers and his father

Later on, however, after he has struggled alone to a position which seems to promise some success and affluence, they take it all back and begin to send him pleased wires, assuring him that they knew all the time that he "would make good," proclaiming their unbounded pride in him, reminding him of how they worried over him when he was little and how they struggled and worked and perspired and sat up nights to provide him with a public school education and shoes to wear while absorbing it—all of which is undoubtedly directly responsible for the success he is enjoying now. (He is earning maybe as much as one hundred and fifty a week by this time.) They also toss in a few wistful remarks about their respective rheumatisms and how the doctor said that what they both needed was a warmer climate and have they told him that Father has had an offer for the hardware store?

Enough of this sort of thing eventually convinces the actor that he has not been properly appreciative of his family and after that it is just no time at all until here they come, bag and baggage, "to make a home for the dear boy."

The Time for Training

NOW is the time for him to use a great deal of care, lest they turn into: (1) the managing type, (2) the whiney type, (3) the embarrassingly proud-of-him type, (4) the too-talkative type, (5) the watching-over-his-health-and-diet type (this one is especially trying), (6) the type that is suspicious of all love affairs (7) but there are too many kinds to list! Anyhow, now is the time for him to be careful.

Anita Page, Gary Cooper and Buddy Rogers have all been unusually successful in managing their families. All three of

A Parent *in* Hollywood

Anita Page, Gary Cooper, Buddy Rogers, *Et Al*, Give Some Helpful Hints

these young people rejoice in the possession of what might be called model parents. It might be well to look closely into the methods these three have employed. You will find a marked similarity of theory among them.

They all agree that the initial selection of parents is most important. As Anita remarked, "The business of being the parent of a motion picture actress is a rather specialized one and one should select such parents with regard to their tact, pliability and general reasonableness."

Anita says, too, that she believes in allowing parents to develop their own individualities and initiative.

Freedom Good for Them

"IT doesn't do, you know," she said earnestly, "to cramp them. They should be encouraged, especially while you, yourself, are young, to enjoy wide experience—particularly experience in business—so that you may take advantage of their knowledge later, when you need them to help with your career.

"I do not believe in being too arbitrary with parents. One should use kindness and one should appeal to their reason and their better natures to achieve the best results. Don't defy them or antagonize them. Talk things over with them calmly. Compromise when it is necessary. And if they are the right kind of people, you will have little trouble with them. Just use common sense and kindness.

"I believe in allowing them to be busy. Each should have his or her own little tasks, if they are to be really happy. I have found that a happy parent is an easy one to manage.

"My father, for instance, keeps himself ever so busy—what with attending to my contracts, my fan mail, my clippings, publicity pictures and so on. He is growing up to be a real help and comfort to me. Mother, too, has her own little tasks and what with all of us working together, we are just an old-fashioned, happy family group. I don't know what I should do without them!"

Model Parents

BUDDY and Gary also have trained their families to be useful. Their fathers perform functions similar to those of Anita's male parent—although both the boys seem to have given their parents a little more specialized training.

Gary's father makes a thorough and exhaustive study of the reviews of his son's pictures and presents his findings to Gary in a most useful form. So adept has he become at being Gary's mainstay that he can actually give interviews—telling writers just what Gary thinks about this and that. Which is very nice for Gary, because he hates talking.

Buddy says his father attends to fan mail and his mother attends to trips.

"You know," he explained about this latter parental function, "she goes with me on personal appearance tours and she attends to reservations and appointments and—and—laundry and things."

All three of these experts gave it as their opinion that a young

(*Continued on page 114*)

They rejoice in having model parents: at top, Gary Cooper with his mother and father; above, Fred Scott and his mother

A Chicago Adventure

Alice White Learned "The Boys" Can Throw A Party

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Fryer

In Hollywood, the way to get publicity is to beat one's drum, but in the Windy City, Alice discovered, "beating the rap" (cheating the cops) is more effective

"WHEN in Rome, do as the Romans do" is considered the best of advice. And when in Chicago, a Hollywood girl would be silly not to get a peek at least at what all the shooting's about. You know what I mean? "Say it delicately," advised Alice, who was wearing a daring green gown because she is gowned that way for her newest rôle. "The boys are sensitive, you know."

Anyway, when Alice was in the Windy City a couple of months ago, visiting Cy Bartlett's folks, she did just that. I mean a party of sixteen of them—newspaper men and their wives, and newspaper girls and their husbands and boy-friends, and Cy and Alice—went down to Al Capone's "Cotton Club," which is the best place she or anybody else knows to see what it's all about in its native haunts. No offense, boys!

"The Cotton Club," continued Alice, "is what you might call a snappy joint. Nice atmosphere, too. The best food in town. Wonderful service. A slick negro revue. As for the customers—well, I don't think they are listed among the Four Hundred, but you'd never know it by their appearance. None of this cap-drawn-down-over-the-eyes stuff. As a class, these gentlemen of adventure don't look any tougher"—she indicated two scenario writers busy about their luncheon at the Embassy—"than those two mugs there."

I darted a surprised look at the hungry scenarists, and felt rather relieved that there were no Chicago gentlemen present to resent the comparison. There's no sense in getting them riled, just as Alice had said.

The Place Was Hers

"WE had decided to make a night of it," she went on, "and our party arrived there about midnight. From then on, the place was ours. As an entertainment committee, 'the boys' have it all over various mayors and visiting Elks who are given to welcoming little movie stars to the home town. From the moment we sat down, perfectly strange, but friendly gentlemen drifted over to say 'Hello' and to tell me they had seen lots of my movies. In the presence of so many celebrities, I was a little bit rattled at first, but not for long.

" 'Do you go to many movies?' I asked a nice-looking kid with a gun very definitely outlined on his hip.

" 'Sure,' he answered 'the movies are a great place to keep out of the way!'

"We all got a giggle out of that, including the boy who said it.

"They made it very clear that our party was to be a guest of the house that night and immediately we were served with the finest food, specially prepared, that the house had to offer. The little colored girl dancers did their stuff right to us, and at the end of each number threw flowers at our table.

When the Fun Began

"BUT it wasn't until we met Bon-Bon that things began to get really exciting. He drifted in about two-thirty A.M. and you didn't need your binoculars to see he was a pretty important person there. He's not so tall, but he's plenty mighty. There are rumors," continued Alice "that he is closely associated with Al Capone—so close you might say he was his right hand. We got to be pals right away. When he found out I was Italian, like himself, the top was really off.

" 'Do you ever shoot craps?' he asked me, as the evening progressed in high speed.

" 'Sure,' I said, because I do.

" 'Then come along with me and we'll have a game with the only square dice in Chicago.'

"So Cy and Bon-Bon and I went out to a little private room, which we entered through a secret panel, for our game.

"I guess they must have been square all right, because I did

(*Continued on page 107*)

With Charles Bickford about, there's bound to be a storm sooner or later—and this time it's a blizzard. It came up all of a sudden in the studio when he had to take J. Farrell MacDonald for a sleigh (not to be confused with *slay*) ride in "River's End," up where the Mounted Police go to the dogs in the wintertime

Dramalizing

On Dress

Claudia

Is it because Claudia Dell looks so delectable in this light weight tweed suit that the clutching hand reaches out for her? The color is dark green mixed with white. It has a short jacket and the skirt is given a circular effect by deep gores. A scalloped blouse of starched white pique is worn with the suit

Fine black jersey forms this striking three-piece ensemble. The skirt is fitted over a black and white crêpe blouse. The cape ties closely about the throat, forming an interesting collar effect by the combination of black and white. The ties are lined so that when the collar is down the general effect is black

The Styles

Parade With Dell *in* Fall Fashions

For the dance, a gown of lustrous silk lace in a deep egg-shell tint, the sole trimming of which is a narrow sash of brown velvet ribbon and lace bows on the shoulders. The gracefulness of this elegant gown is achieved by the irregular hem line which drops to the floor at the side-back

A rough and non-stretchable material of silk and wool, called Boucle, is used for both these three-piece suits. The jackets and sweaters have long sleeves. Henna is the color of the one above with light tan stripes. The one to the right is a tan mixture.

WHAT MEN

The Unknown

The Stars

BY DOROTHY

Mary Brian (top) appeals to the better natures of the rescuers of little women; Constance Bennett (center) arouses angry envy; while Lupe Velez (above) inspires thoughts of torrid desert islands. The letter is from an ardent defender of Clara Bow

MEN . . . All sorts, all classes, all conditions of men are among the unknown lovers of the women of the screen!

Lonely men of the prairies. City men, even lonelier. Good men and bad ones. Rich and poor. Poets and laborers. Sons of native and foreign soil. Strange men. Stranger lovers, self-appointed. Yet these are among the shadow *Lotharios* of these shadow *Juliets*, who pour their suppressed dreams upon the altars of romantic illusion with every delivery of Uncle Sam's mail.

What do they want of them? Knowing half-instinctively that their appeals will go ignored . . . or, at best, unheeded . . . what urge prompts them to pour their desires into "fan letters" to these unknown sweethearts?

I have spent three weeks reading over selected letters that pour into the studio "fan letter" departments, seeking an answer to that question. There I have encountered silly proposals of marriage, requests of loans, elopement and "trial marriage" proposals, business ideas, sonnets from "soul-mate" fanatics, and now and then less quotable propositions. Each in its way has been revealing, not only of the sender, but of the appeal of the woman who inspired the sentiment.

Lupe and Desert Islands

LUPE VELEZ, for instance. If hundreds of letters are any criterion, *men want Lupe!* Want to possess her, if only in the myth of their own desires. Not many proposals of marriage from Lupe's legion of ghostly lovers! Rather does she seem to inspire men with dreams of desert island love . . . lazy aimless days . . . young laughter. They don't all say it in the same way. There is a soiled, crumpled letter that begins: "*Hot Tamale Baby,*" and continues in illiterate eulogy of her screen love-making. Another, with the round, full script of a dreamer's hand makes a not-too-bad attempt at poetry. "*Pagan-Child-Woman,*" he salutes. "*There is tom-tom music in you that stirs the hearts of men even in this drab, routine every-day life of ours.*" Still another, who merely signs himself with initials upon stamped stationery of an Arizona sanitarium, writes: "*You are what men dream of, and never possess. You are the spirit of s a v a g e romance.*" Whereas a college boy from an Eastern state opines: "*Sweet hot-shot . . . just imagine you and me and a South Sea Island. Hey! Hey! I can!*"

Want *of* Them

Lovers Of Tell All

MANNERS

Perhaps not so warmish in description, but somewhat along the same drift are the epistles addressed to Estelle Taylor, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, and to a lesser and more American degree, Joan Crawford and Clara Low. Too vivid, too colorful, almost too fictional in their appeal, these women do not evoke the prosaic, commonplace thoughts from their unknown lovers that are transmitted to such girls as Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Billie Dove and Marian Nixon. Mary Brian, in particular, seems to appeal to the "strictly honorable" and protective instinct of men.

Mary Is Worth Saving

"*YOU are too fine, Mary,*" writes J. C., of Topeka, Kansas. "*to buck the heart-aches and disillusions that a career holds for a girl. You were born to be some man's wife and sweetheart, and I wish that man were I.*" Another blade, who describes himself as twenty-eight years of age and further specifies that he is not in the habit of writing to picture stars, offers himself as a personal warrior: "*I am not so silly as to think that someone as adorable as you could learn to love me, but I would like to spend my life near you, protecting you—perhaps as your manager. I would dedicate my life to guarding you spiritually, financially and professionally. You are an innocent child and Hollywood is a wicked town.*"

Slightly different in slant is an "honorable" proposal addressed to Jeanette Loff. This is from a South African diamond merchant, who lays claim to great wealth and corroborates it with listing of his properties, his bank references and statements as to his standing in the community.

Greta Garbo (top), strangely enough, does not inspire stormy love—but distant adoration (a fair example is the letter from the college boy); Anita Page (center) is approved by the younger generation; and Jeanette Loff (above) could be a queen

Crisp and succinct is his proposal of marriage. Not a love poem. It is material things he would lay at her feet. "*After fifteen years I have battled and dug my way to a fortune in this country,*" he explains. "*You could be Queen here, for what I offer is a kingdom.*"

No words of love, or silly idol-worship. This phantom lover sees Jeanette as a rich man's selection of a woman to be shown off, a beauty to be "set" appropriately, as one of his diamonds might be. A desirable showcase wherein he might further demonstrate his kingship.

The angle of money interwoven into proposals plays a conspicuous part in many letters sent to Norma Shearer. Writes G. C. of

(*Continued on page 120*)

Keeping To The Straits And Narrows

There's nothing like a wife on the rolling deep, says Richard Arlen, cruising in those ol' davil South Seas off California to make "The Sea God." For Mate Jobyna not only keeps him out of deep water, but makes every fish day fry day for poor Richard

Don English

Paris...knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. *"I advise all my clients,"* says Massé, *"Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."*

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of [illegible] maintains his famous salon de beaute. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatment.

Emile Massé, *of Paris . . . beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.*

Pezza, *of Naples says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.*

Echten, *of Budapest who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.*

Jacobson *of London warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.*

Massé . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know the [illegible] experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents [illegible]

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Captured Alive . . . *by* Wild Producers

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Longworth

To Begin With, David Manners Was Jonahed By Mr. Whale

DAVID MANNERS is in a deuce of a hole. He has been captured alive by wild and woolly film producers, and it's dashed awkward for him.

Here's how it happened:

David is a young Britisher who started to carve out a very satisfactory career for himself in the art dealing business in New York. Previous to this, he was an actor, but he gave that up as hopeless. He was all ready to act on anybody's old stage, but the stage never seemed to be forthcoming. So, as I said, he went into the business of buying and selling works of art.

He was a good art dealer—unconventional, perhaps, in his methods, but good. Early in his career he bumped into a priceless bit of statuary and knocked its head off. But the head was put back on so you couldn't notice it and only a week later he sold the sculpture for a record price. Shortly after that he knocked an easel over and punctured a jagged hole in a Tintoretto—just as you or I would break a sauce-dish in the sink. The repair man was again called in and only a few days later the canvas, completely restored, was knocked down for a huge sum—at a sale. Soon the people who ran the shop would come to David, when business was bad, and ask him to break something so they could make a sale.

They sent David over to look after business in London, and he was all set to become manager of the London branch when the doctors told him he'd have to make a bee-line for desert air or else take the rap. So David threw up art and came to Arizona, where he married his American wife. When he had been there a few months, there came the necessity of having some work to do—in a warm climate. After a little scouting about, David landed by remote control a job with a sugar firm in Honolulu.

Trapped in the Bad Lands

THE sugar firm is still waiting for David to turn up. And it looks as though they have a long wait ahead of them. For David was kidnapped en route.

David passed through Los Angeles, on his way to the new job, in all unsuspecting innocence. True, he had heard gruesome tales of lost tribes who were said to roam the Hollywood region, forcing men and women alike, on pain of death, to come and make

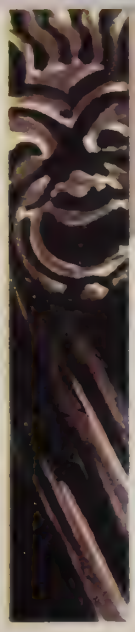
(*Continued on page 92*)

WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything."

twice the "IT"

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* is alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or *gingham!* "Twice the 'it'," you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of *Technicolor!*

in Technicolor



Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North."

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

MARILYN MILLER

From her grandmother's cellar . . . to Ziegfeld's Roof . . . in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was *the "Sally" . . . of the alley called Broadway.*

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette . . . or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.

OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

She Took A Joke

. . . And That Is How Jean Harlow Became Famous

By

NANCY PRYOR

Russell Ball

WITH only one screen appearance to her record, *but what an appearance*, Jean Harlow has been nicely developed by the Hollywood wags as one of those people "they say" about, proving that she had the makings of a celebrity all along.

Not everybody could have raced off to such a sensational start as "Hell's Angels," but then, neither could everybody arouse so much surmise or conjecture.

When Howard Hughes hoisted the twenty-year-old Jean to film fame, from unimportant comedy rôles, he did not foster a movie star overnight. If she had never seen Hollywood, she would have been a movie star. She was born with the makings. In the short span of a couple of months, this conspicuously effective girl is up in the rumor class, along with our first, foremost and finest.

They say . . . . that she was married at sixteen to a wealthy man from Chicago, and divorced at seventeen.

They say . . . . men are crazy about her.

They say . . . . her hair just can't be natural, my dear! No one ever had hair the glorious spun-silver shade of hers!

They say . . . . her evening gowns are quite the most décolleté and daring in Hollywood.

They say . . . . she was one of Chicago's most nonchalant débutantes before she came out to Hollywood and that her family is wealthy.

Clicking in Two Worlds

ALREADY, reporters are faithfully recording her comings and goings in the social world, and with whom she comes and goes. With a couple of jiggles of the four diamond bracelets that she invariably wears, this child of luxury has clicked in the Hollywood consciousness.

In her off-scene moments, she is more reserved than rumor would have it. For afternoon-tea purposes, her voice is softly modulated and husky. The gown she wore was pale apple green. There were pearls in her ear-lobes and a tiny strand of exquisitely matched pearls about her throat. Her muchly disputed hair *is* sensational. Against the background of Beverly Hills sunlight that filtered effectively through her drawing-room window, it had the effect of a finger-waved halo. Her mother, who looks more like her sister, says Jean's hair has always been that color. There are baby curls to prove it.

She doesn't exactly tell you things. What information is picked up floats through her casual, husky remarks without emphasis. She *was* married at sixteen, though no attention is called to the wealth of the missing "Mr. Harlow." Anyway, he is no longer in the picture. An equally blonde, and effective mother, who calls Jean "baby," has supplanted any male influence in Jean's new bungalow. You don't get the idea of any heart-break over the separation. Someone who knows her better than I told me that Jean once said: "You have to be hard-boiled to get through life, whether you're a shop girl, a débutante, or a movie star. If you don't look out for yourself, no one else will." Anyway, there's probably more truth than poetry in it.

She Had Chicago Luck

FOR the most part, we talked about "Hell's Angels," Jean feeling it to be the most sensational break of what seems to have been an interesting and varied existence.

(*Continued on page 112*)

How to be
FASCINATING

as told to KATHERINE ALBERT *by*

Anita Page

"FOR the girl who wants to be charming, one thing is essential," says Anita Page, the girl whose blonde loveliness has won her universal devotion on the screen. "*It's smooth skin!*

"No matter how lovely your figure—your eyes—your hair—you can't have that compelling *something* unless your skin is softly clear and glowing. And if it is, you're sure to be attractive!

"Screen stars, you know, have to keep their skin silky smooth and fine-textured every minute. Motion picture directors found out long ago that without lovely skin no girl can hope to win and hold the hearts of millions. The glaring close-up lights reveal even the tiniest flaw!

"Several years ago, some of us discovered just the care our skin needs to keep it always at its best—Lux Toilet Soap! Then more and more of the stars began to use it until now almost every girl I know in Hollywood is devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap.

"Catherine Dale Owen, for instance. Did you ever see smoother, lovelier skin? And Kay Johnson, too. They both use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, that's my prescription for lovely skin—and *any* girl can follow it!"

KAY JOHNSON, M. G. M. star, has a skin of delicate beauty. "It leaves my skin so smooth," she says.

BESSIE LOVE, M. G. M.'s beloved blonde star, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "To the screen star lovely skin is very important," she says. "That's why I am so delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave my skin so smooth and soft."

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

ANITA PAGE, the young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, in the striking, luxuriously appointed bathroom especially designed for her and built in Hollywood. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Anita Page, you see, is one of the host of famous screen and stage stars who have found in this fine soap, so daintily white and fragrant, just the gentle care that is necessary.

Nine out of Ten Lovely Stars use it—in Hollywood —on Broadway—in Europe

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the *official* soap in all the studios.

On Broadway the stage stars are so devoted to it, it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters!

And even in the European capitals the screen stars, like their sisters in Hollywood, are now using it to keep their skin flawless for the close-up.

You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too. With the fresh smoothness it gives your skin, with its fragrant, generous lather. Use it for your bath and for your shampoo, too. Here's luxury such as you have found only in the finest French soaps! Order several cakes—today.

CATHERINE DALE OWEN, lovely M. G. M. star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It's so dainty and refreshing, and it lathers freely even in the hardest water."

BETTY BRONSON, both at home and on location, cares for her ravishingly lovely skin with Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "It certainly keeps my skin charmingly smooth and soft!"

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

All Quiet on the Western Front—Written intensely by a German, directed brilliantly by a Russian, and magnificently acted by Americans, this tragedy of youth at war is unforgettable (Univ.).

Anybody's War—If you like comedians blackface, dogs comic and war silly, you will laugh at Moran and Mack in the A. E. F. (Par.).

The Arizona Kid—A colorful, but slow-moving story about the further adventures of that most amiable of bad men, Warner Baxter (Fox).

Back Pay—Corinne Griffith's farewell picture (so she says). A profiteer supports her, while the man she loves dies of war injuries. A sad farewell (F. N.).

The Bad Man—Bandit Walter Huston swoops down on a ranch where everything is going wrong, sets things to rights, is shot for his trouble. Ingeniously entertaining (F. N.).

The Bad One—Dolores Del Rio is a café dancer with a past which gets her and Edmund Lowe into interesting trouble. A new Dolores, but Edmund steals the picture (U. A.).

The Big House—Realistic unrest and hate in an overcrowded prison, climaxed by a bloody, futile break. Propaganda with a punch (M-G-M).

The Border Legion—Life among the outlaws in old-time Idaho. Fay Wray is held captive, and that wrecks the gang. The right man finally gets her, after a fair amount of excitement (Par.).

Born Reckless—Edmund Lowe as **Louis Beretti**, boss of the underworld, in a convincing gangland melodrama (Fox).

Bride of the Regiment—Vivienne Segal is taken captive by the hussars of Walter Pidgeon, who has a most satisfying dream. Risqué romantic operetta with good singing (F. N.).

Golden Dawn—In darkest Africa, Vivienne Segal turns out to be white, not golden. An endless story, overloaded with songs (W.B.).

Call of the West—Half a Western, half a backstage yarn. Form your own opinion (Col.).

Caught Short—As rival boarding-house-keepers playing with stocks, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran create another panic (M-G-M).

Cheer Up and Smile—Arthur Lake does not go to the bow-wows, despite college and night-club life. Adolescence made tolerable (Fox).

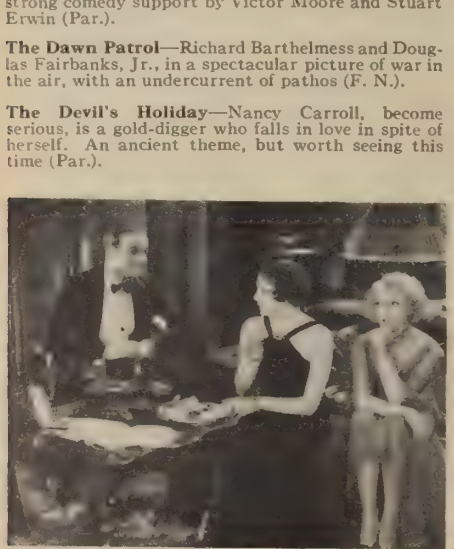
Courage—Belle Bennett again bears up nobly in the rôle of an unhappy mother (W. B.).

The Czar of Broadway—Arnold Rothstein in disguise once more rules the underworld, in a not-so-potent gangland opus (Univ.).

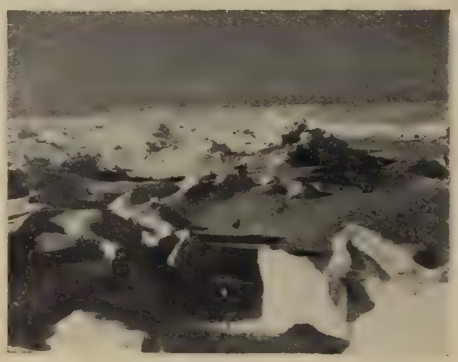
Dangerous Nan McGrew—Helen Kane boop-oop-a-doops in a satire of old-fashioned melodrama, with strong comedy support by Victor Moore and Stuart Erwin (Par.).

The Dawn Patrol—Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a spectacular picture of war in the air, with an undercurrent of pathos (F. N.).

The Devil's Holiday—Nancy Carroll, become serious, is a gold-digger who falls in love in spite of herself. An ancient theme, but worth seeing this time (Par.).



Lowell Sherman, Rita La Roy and Betty Compson in the well-sustained "Midnight Mystery"



Frozen silence: a scene from "With Byrd at the South Pole," of which the cameramen are the stars

The Fall Guy—Jack Mulhall gets a story break as the drug clerk who doesn't know he is working for a dope peddler (RKO).

Fat Wives For Thin—A hilarious two-reel comedy about the necessity of dieting. A short that feature-length-comedy makers might well pattern after (Educ.).

The Floradora Girl—Marion Davies clicks as the only one of the famous Sextet who has trouble landing a millionaire (M-G-M).

For The Defense—The underworld as it really is—quiet, deadly and serious—with good dialogue and smooth acting by William Powell (Par.).

Good Morning, Sheriff—Lloyd Hamilton (remember Lloyd?) in a side-splitting burlesque of Westerns. Another two-reeler which should have been four reels longer (Educ.).

Good News—Bessie Love, Gus Shy and Cliff Edwards give college life a rap on the funny-bone in this breezy musical comedy from Broadway (M-G-M).

Grumpy—Cyril Maude superb in his famous stage rôle of the irascible, whimsical old fellow with the stolen diamond (Par.).

He Knew Women—Lowell Sherman shines as one of several smart sinners who talk brightly and do little else (RKO).

Hell's Angels—A stupendous picture of war aviation, tense as to story, spectacular as to photography. Ben Lyon, James Hall and newcomer Jean Harlow supply most of the excellent acting (Caddo).

Hell's Island—Ralph Graves and Jack Holt, as French Legionnaires, contend for Dorothy Sebastian on another Devil's Island. Entertaining, but unconvincing (Col.).

Holiday—Vacationing from the responsibilities of riches, Ann Harding and Robert Ames top a fine cast in a clever story, boasting the best dialogue yet heard in the talkies (Pathé).

Inside the Lines—Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes as spies at Gibraltar, where the British Fleet is to be blown up. The suspense is good (RKO).

Journey's End—An epic of sensitive men without women, imprisoned in uniforms, and tragically, necessarily brave. One of the few great talkies (Tiffany).

The King of Jazz—A revue of dazzling settings, symphonic jazz, several good songs, few laughs, with Paul Whiteman and John Boles outstanding (Univ.).

A Lady of Scandal—Ruth Chatterton as an actress who bargains to live with her wealthy fiancé's family six months. Complications develop. Good acting in a slow-moving story (M-G-M).

Lawful Larceny—Bebe Daniels, by neat trickery, regains the money mulcted by another woman from her gullible husband. Semi-sophisticated diversion (RKO).

Let's Go Native—Shipwrecked on a desert island inhabited by a musical comedy producer, a theatrical troupe, which includes Jack Oakie and Kay Francis, has a riotous time (Par.).

Let Us Be Gay—A farcical week-end on Long Island, with Marie Dressler an eccentric hostess, Norma Shearer an attractive divorcée, and Rod La Rocque her re-smitten Ex (M-G-M).

Love Among the Millionaires—Clara Bow, newly coiffed, is a waitress who tries (unsuccessfully, of course) to make the millionaire's son despise her. With the plot against her, Clara is outshone by Mitzi Green, Stuart Erwin and Skeets Gallagher (Par.).

Mammy—Al Jolson as a minstrel involved in innocent murder and love for his mammy. A weak story saved by Al's singing (W. B.).

The Man From Blankley's—John Barrymore, dressed up to date, hic-coughs his way into and through a freakish dinner party. A farcical oddity (W. B.).

A Man From Wyoming—Somewhere in France, Gary Cooper has to arrest Nurse June Collyer, A. W. O. L. They fall in love. You can guess the rest (Par.).

Midnight Mystery—A faked murder turns into a real murder, with Lowell Sherman, Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor creating plenty of suspense (RKO).

Not Damaged—Lois Moran is not harmed by the wealthy idler, who, novelly enough, turns out better than the hard-working fellow. Fair to good (Fox).

Numbered Men—Prison life as the sentimentalists would have it (F. N.).

One Mad Kiss—Don Jose Mojica, Chicago opera singer, as a singing **Robin Hood** type of bandit. Conventionally pleasant (Fox).

Our Blushing Brides—Joan Crawford, Dorothy Sebastian and Anita Page succumb to romance, with Joan, somewhat restrained, having her troubles. A neat little talkie (M-G-M).

Raffles—Ronald Colman deals out thrills and humor as the handsome, light-fingered lad with the deceptive manners (U. A.).

Rain Or Shine—Joe Cook, of stage fame, in a circus about to float after five weeks of rain. A good circus story (believe it or not), with Cook very funny (Col.)

Recaptured Love—Belle Bennett wins John Halliday back from Dorothy Burgess, and the audience is treated to an adult movie (W. B.).

The Rogue Song—As a Slav bandit, Lawrence Tibbett steals the ladies' hearts away—with the best singing the microphones have yet caught (M-G-M).

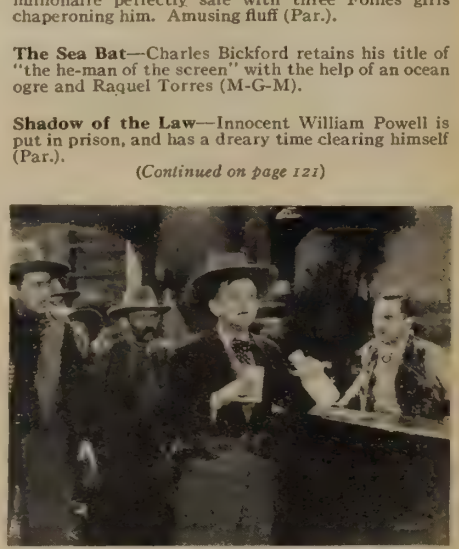
Romance—The sea, the sweater and the sordidness vanish, and Greta Garbo is a lady of memory, an Italian operatic idol of 1856, who found love only once. A new Greta, no less intense (M-G-M).

Safety in Numbers—Buddy Rogers is a young millionaire perfectly safe with three Follies girls chaperoning him. Amusing fluff (Par.).

The Sea Bat—Charles Bickford retains his title of "the he-man of the screen" with the help of an ocean ogre and Raquel Torres (M-G-M).

Shadow of the Law—Innocent William Powell is put in prison, and has a dreary time clearing himself (Par.).

(*Continued on page 121*)



Lloyd Hamilton comes back with a bang in Educational's all-too-short "Good Morning, Sheriff"

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

****"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."***

25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

Reel Estates

Show Places Of A Show Town

Fryer

A little house by the side of her own little road is Marilyn Miller's idea (top) of how to make a home in Hollywood. Kenneth MacKenna, on the other hand, is contented with a hacienda wandering all over two or three ordinary lots (above). While Ann Harding and husband Harry Bannister go swimming in high water (right)—their new home being one of Hollywood's most elevated

Longworth

"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! . . . in a spun-silk web! I'm held . . . in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lilting mood! But I love my captor . . . I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself . . . a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart . . . surrounded my soul . . . and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle . . . there's the name — Seventeen — but wait! Not a breath of it — unless YOU *want to be carried away — too!"*

SEVENTEEN . . . not a perfume alone
but a whole ensemble of gay toiletries!

The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: *Powders* . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a *Compact*, the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a *Sachet*, the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . *Brillantines*, one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

Seventeen

6070

Top left, Coney Island in Hollywood—a set for "Penny Arcade"; top center, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Alexander Gray and Fred Kohler talk with Capt. Smith, one of the pilots in "Dawn Patrol"; top right, some extras scan Al Jolson as the blackface jockey of "Big Boy"

The director tells him: William Cannon, after hearing Sidney Blackmer's alibi, warns him (above) to keep off the grass

James Rennie (above), on his way to woo "The Girl of the Golden West," runs into no less an obstacle than Director John Dillon

Half-backstop: Joe E. Brown (above), must have his innings in "Maybe It's Love"

Just before he got another big purse: Al Jolson, upper center, stands by while Director Alan Crosland tells him how he should run "Big Boy"

Practicing what they preach: the All-American football stars who play in "Maybe It's Love" show their passes in Pasadena's Rose Bowl (left)

Bill Banker, football star in "Maybe It's Love," goes through his lines (above)

They're through dieting: at left, Jack Whiting, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young and Conway Tearle, help one another back to work after lunch

The handwriting on the wall: Frank McHugh looks over the callboard (above) to see if he will be playing or acting to-day

The things studios have to contend with: Percy Ikerd, comes upon Loretta Young (right) actually conversing in public with husband Grant Withers

A fair skin with your new furs

. . . it's the first note in the autumn

"SYMPHONIE"

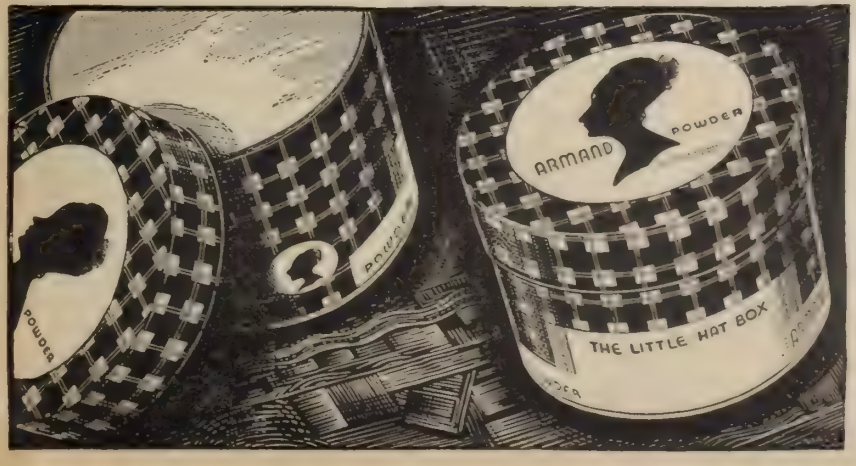
Armand offers you a subtle new powder-blend to create the creamy-toned complexion so flattering with fur-fashions.

"SYMPHONIE" is the newest word in the style world! It's the name of a remarkable powder-blend that matches your skin so perfectly and enhances it so subtly that you behold yourself in the beauty of a "natural" complexion . . . the smart complement of the new clothes.

"Symphonie" is a creamy-blush of the most precise proportions. It does away with all mixing and blending on your part . . . all further experiments with face powder. "Symphonie" was born of Science, but Science with a new idea. For this unusual powder is blended to the exquisite flesh-tones found in Old-World portraits, those translucent tints that glow with mellow beauty.

All women in general, blonde and brunette alike, possess these same underlying flesh-tints; the duty of face powder is not to change or obscure them, but to emphasize their pearl-pink quality. You didn't know, perhaps, that your own complexion possessed these beauty-possibilities. Your first use of "Symphonie" will be a joyous revelation!

"Symphonie" blend is found only in Armand complexion powder, and the rich consistency of this particular brand furthers the effectiveness of the subtle new tint. Follow directions in "The Little Hat Box" for applying this powder and be rewarded with a loveliness that is quick to come and not soon to go!



"With the new clothes, the new complexion" . . . black chiffon gown under little peplum jacket of creamy broadtail, by Kurzman, New York; complexion by Armand; compliments by everybody!

Armand "Symphonie" Powder (or your choice of four standard tints), $1 the box. Zanzibar tone in Armand rouge and lipstick is the perfect color-note for "Symphonie."

ARMAND

"SYMPHONIE" POWDER

—with entrancing fineness of texture!

© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

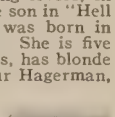
ME—John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882. Parents were Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew. Studied to be an artist but gave up after serving on New York newspapers. His stage career began in 1903 when he played in the following productions: "Magda," "Toddles," "The Fortune Hunter," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Peter Ibbetson," "Redemption," "The Jest," "Hamlet," etc. His first screen production was "Raffles." Was married to Dolores Costello on Nov. 25, 1928. Latest picture "Moby Dick." Warners.

ELEANORE—Well! who wouldn't be warm this weather. It's just too bad but you'll have to have the sad news, Robert Montgomery is married to Elizabeth Allen, and has been for the last two years. Robert's latest production is "Like Kelly Can," Dorothy Jordan plays opposite. Mary Carr's latest is "Hot Curves," starring Rex Lease and Alice Day. James Hall, who appears in "Shooting Straight," is called "father of the stock company idea." He organized the first stock company on record at Denver, Colo., in 1893. He was the star of the company and his leading lady was Blanche Bates.

JEANNE—Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., about twenty-eight years ago. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, and has black hair and gray eyes. Miss Francis appeared on the stage in a number of productions before entering pictures. Her first picture being "Gentlemen of the Press," starring Walter Huston. Latest production "The General." Paramount Studios is where she receives her fan mail. Holmes Herbert hails from Dublin, Ireland, and is five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, fair haired and gray eyes. Appeared on the stage in London and in New York City. He was married to Elinor Kershaw Ince May 4, 1930.

INKY—I'll bet you're glad school is over. Write me any time you wish. I'm always glad to hear from you. Ruth Chatterton's picture "The High Road" was released as "A Lady of Scandal." Basil Rathbone and Ralph Forbes played opposite. Clive Brook plays opposite her in "Anybody's Woman," Paramount. You refer to Fredric March, who appeared as the lawyer in "Sarah and Son." Ramon Novarro lives in Hollywood. Edward Everett Horton's most recent picture released is "Once a Gentleman." Lois and Polly Morans' last names are accented on the first syllable.

VERA J.—Ice cream, we learn, is now being shipped by parcel post. No doubt they mark it "If not delivered in three days, never mind." Dorothy Gulliver was *Dorothy*, Lloyd Ingram was *Tom* and Lee Shumway, *Syd* in "Night Parade." Allan Forrest played opposite Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Charles Emmett Mack in "The Unknown Soldier." Dorothy Phillips and Jean Arthur "Broken Gate." Frances Cuyler and Donald MacArdle "The Bondman." June Marlowe and Stephen, the young lovers, in "The Life of Riley." Reed Howes, the son in "Hell Ship Bronson." Gladys McConnell was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., Oct. 22, 1907. She is five feet two and a half, weighs 116 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to Arthur Hagerman, non-professional.



TINY—Gloria Swanson has two children, a boy and a girl. The girl, Gloria Somborn, is from her second marriage. The boy she adopted and his name is Joseph Swanson. Robert Woolsey was born in Oakland, Cal., Aug. 14, 1889. He is five feet five and one-half, weighs 120 pounds, married to Mignone Reed, non-professional, hobbies are golf and writing. Stage experience fifteen years dramatic and musical stock companies all over the United States. First picture was "Rio Rita." Bert Wheeler, Paterson, N. J. Bert, like Woolsey, has appeared on the stage for a number of years, Gus Edwards gave him his start as a member of the Newsboys' Sextette. Their latest picture is "Half Shot at Sunrise," Radio Pictures Studio is where you may write them both.

INQUISITIVE SALLY—Glad to hear from you again. Lupe Velez's real name is Villalabos. Latest picture "East Is West." Mary Brian has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes and is still single. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. She is five feet tall, weighs 108 pounds, has red gold hair and brown eyes. Married to Lydell Peck since Sept. 11, 1929. Marguerite De La Motte will play opposite Buck Jones in "Shadow Ranch," Columbia Studios. William Farnum makes his talkie début as a featured player in Norma Talmadge's "Du Barry, Woman of Passion."

BERNICE—Frank Richardson played the rôle of *Eddie* in "Sunnyside Up." Dorothy Burgess, since she played a small part in "East Is West" as a child, has played dramatic rôles, comedy rôles, appeared as a specialty dancer, sung in musical comedy and essayed the most important negress rôle in recent years. She has been on the stage since she was fourteen. Following "East Is West" she had a small part in "Crooked Square." Then came her experience as a specialty dancer in the "Music Box Revue." Later in "Dancing Mothers," "The Adorable Liar," "The Squall," etc. She went into motion pictures as the result of her performance in this production, appearing first as *Tonia*, the Mexican girl in "In Old Arizona." Then came a rôle different from any other. It was *Lulu Belle*, the negress, which she played in Los Angeles last season.

AUDREY JOAN—That's a pretty mon- iker. Greta Garbo is still single. Grant Withers has been married twice, his present wife is Loretta Young. Nita Naldi is one of the tallest actresses on the screen, she is five feet eight. David Newell was born in Carthage, Mo. He went on the stage in 1926, playing in the Stuart Walker Company in Cincinnati, and later in other cities. Paramount signed him while he was playing the leading male rôle opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Kingdom of God." He is six feet two, and weighs 183 pounds.

ELIZABETH H.—How are the peaches down your way? Armida was born in Sonora, Mexico, about eighteen years ago. She is four feet eleven inches tall, weighs 90 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Real name is Vendrell. She is appearing in vaudeville at this writing. George Bancroft, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1882. Six feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 195 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Octavia Broske, they have a daughter about twelve years old. Latest picture released "Ladies Love Brutes." Lily Damita, Raquel Torres, Don Alvarado, Duncan Renaldo and Henry B. Walthall had the leading rôles in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Jillian Sand is a newcomer to the screen. Myrna Loy's first picture was "What Price Beauty?"

A FAN OF BARBARA'S—Barbara Stan- wyck was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Married to Frank Fay. Has appeared in the following pictures: "Broadway Night," "The Locked Door," "Mexicali Rose," "Ladies of Leisure," and "The Miracle Woman." Hoot Gibson was married to Sally Eilers, June 27, 1930. Stanley Smith is playing in "Soup to Nuts," Fox Studios.

BABS AND PALS—The only trouble about going to a beach for the summer is that when you track in a lot of sand you can't blame it on the spinach. William Powell was born in Kansas City, Mo., does not tell the year, six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Educated in Pittsburgh, Pa., and in American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, and also received his stage training at this academy. Spent ten years on the dramatic stage. Appearing in pictures since 1921. His first rôle being in "Sherlock Holmes," starring John Barrymore. Now appearing in "Moby Dick." Ruth Chatterton in "Anybody's Woman," Paramount Studios.

RANSON MILLER—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1895. Latest picture "Way for a Sailor," Leila Hyams plays opposite. Most of the players have secretaries, if they answered all their fan mail personally, they would never have time to appear in pictures. Ronald Colman receives his fan mail at the United Artists Studios. Chester Morris is appearing in "The Bat Whispers." Carol Lombard in "The Best People." Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr have the leads in "Night Work," Pathe Studios.

ELLEN—David Manners, whose real name, by the way, is Acklom, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 30, 1902, but lived most of his life in New York City. Manners was educated in Canadian public schools and the University of Toronto. Has been a foreman in a Canadian lumber camp, a cowboy guide in Arizona, and a private secretary in a Fine Art Firm in London. Finally the stage got him. He played in Theatre Guild offerings in New York City and in "Dancing Mothers." Friends persuaded him to take a screen test and he was then offered the lead in "Journey's End," which was followed by "Sweet Mamma," "Troopers Three," "The Truth About Women," "He Knew Women" and "Kismet." He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and gray eyes, married to Suzanne Bushnell.

YELLOW LILY—Anita Page was born in New York City, Aug. 4, 1910. Sally Starr, Pittsburgh, Pa. Marguerite Churchill, Kansas City, Mo., about nineteen years ago. She is five feet six, weighs 124 pounds, auburn hair and brown eyes. Appearing in "The Big Trail," Fox Studios. Rita LaRoy, about twenty-three, five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, black hair and eyes. Clara Bow, Brooklyn, N. Y. July 29, 1905.

JOHN DARROW was born in New York City, July 17, 1907. Real name, Harry Simpson. Five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Not married. Played in the following: "High School Hero," "Prep and Pep," "The Racket," "Avalanche," "The Argyle Case," "Girls Gone Wild," "Cheer Up and Smile" and "Hell's Angels."

IRENE—Helen Kane was born in New York City. She is five feet two, weighs about 125 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Real name is Schroeder. Latest production "Heads Up." Greta Garbo "Romance," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. That's his real name. You refer to Lillian Roth who played in "Honey," she sang the number "Sing You Sinners," and "Let's Be Domestic." Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown have the leads in "Great Day." Charles Farrell and Rose Hobart "Devil with Women."

BUDDY ROGERS—And still they come, what a break for Buddy. Is he popular! Well I guess. We did not publish a colored photo of Buddy. By the way, these colored pictures have been discontinued. Buddy and Margaret Breen are playing in "Heads Up." Jean Arthur, Robert Armstrong and Louis Wolheim in "The Record Run," Radio Pictures Studios. Spec O'Donnell and Robert Agnew are appearing in Pathe comedies at this time. Drop in again real soon.

LEO F. K.—You refer to James Hall and Jean Arthur who appeared in "The Canary Murder Case." Betty Compson in "Weary River." Eugenia Gilbert and Hoot Gibson "Courtin' Wildcats." Betty Lawford "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." Robert Montgomery, Elliott Nugent and Sally Starr "So This Is College." Joan Crawford and Harry Langdon "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Lon Chaney can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. His latest picture released is the talkie version of "The Unholy Three."

(Continued on page 116)

To think that once he said.... "Goodbye!"

Again they were alone. Anne raised her face to Phil's.

"Five years is a long time," she said. "Have I changed much?"

"Yes..." Phil hesitated. "You're even more beautiful...but there's something else—you're more disturbing, more mysterious, now."

Anne smiled as her thoughts flew back to the girl whom Phil had said good-bye to. Tall, with classic features..."cold and colorless" she had over-heard someone say. Her face had none of that sparkle—none of that arresting glamour to awaken response in another.

TODAY, Anne's skin is a pale flame of living color, glowing through a starry film of satin smoothness. It brings new depth to her eyes...it forces new lights into her hair. Her very person is a fragrant lure!

A provocative veil of Pompeian Bloom in Orange tint, an invisible dusting of Pompeian Beauty Powder in Rachel—these have given her the golden radiance. Anne is no longer a girl men say good-bye to!

● and Anne was one of millions

Pompeian Beauty Powder is the largest selling powder of its class today because millions of women have discovered that it is no ordinary cosmetic. For over thirty years it has been considered as fine a powder as money can buy.

Pompeian Beauty Powder never cakes but lies on the skin with satin smoothness...it clings loyally and lastingly. It never gives one that "powdery" look—you recognize Pompeian only by a lovely, fragrant skin.

Years of experiment on living models were required to produce the five 'Nature' colors of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Each is a blend of as many tones as go to make up the human skin itself. One of these triumphs of blending is a flawless match for *your* coloring.

● the rouge which is a BLOOM

A perfect companion for Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom is of that clinging creaminess which veils the skin in an elusive, "shaded" coloring.

It is no solid, single-color rouge. Countless tones have been subtly blended to achieve five colors which have that vibrant quality which is Nature's own.

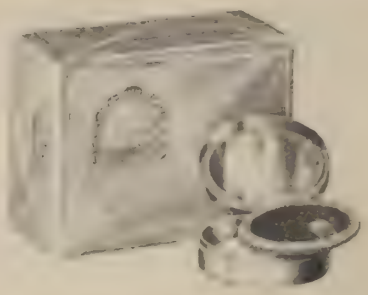
● the price is equally amazing

Because of the vast sales of these twin toiletries, Pompeian prices can be—and are—astonishingly low. In these days when murmurs of protests are heard on all sides against the growing cost of cosmetics, one is quick to appreciate the generous quantity of Pompeian Beauty Powder—exquisitely packed in its rich purple-and-gold box—priced at but 60c.

Pompeian Bloom is likewise 60c... daintily encased in its purple-and-gold metal box with mirrored cover and soft, firm puff.

● study your type

It is not enough to *know* your best points—you must *emphasize* them. Mme. Jeanette de Cordet—famed beauty specialist—has analyzed the 24 types of beauty, and her booklet shows you how to enhance your charms. The coupon tells how to procure this book.



● send for new art panel

If you are one of the enthusiastic collectors, you'll rejoice over the 1930 Pompeian Art Panel. Gorgeously colored and masterfully painted by Clement Donshea—it has great decorative value

Enclose 10c. You will receive the Art Panel—Mme. de Cordet's booklet—and samples of two other toilet necessities—Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

● *Be sure to* PRINT *name and address*

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet,
Dept. 13-10, Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

(In Canada—10 McCaul St., Toronto)

POMPEIAN

BEAUTY POWDER AND BLOOM

The Pompeian Company, Incorporated, New York, N.Y., Elmira, N.Y. and Toronto, Can.....*(Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Give The Real Facts, Stop The Hooey

I have been a fan ever since Bebe Daniels played slapstick and before Garbo was worshiped by "nuts." After all these years I have reached these conclusions: That most of the players are a bunch of dumbbells; that two-thirds of the pictures produced are trash; and that the fan magazines do not print the truth in the stories about the stars. The articles place them on pedestals and make them out as goody-goody stay-at-homes when their morals and actions are as low as dead whale bones. Why not tell us the truth about their wild parties, their recipes for highballs, the brand of cigarettes the little mama-faced creatures smoke, etc., etc.

Don't surprise the public by printing this, let them go on with their dreams of those immortal (immoral) stars! *Clarence Earley, Annville, Pa.*

To Arms, All You Clara Bow Fans!

Who started this war against Clara Bow? Somebody is trying pretty hard to ruin her reputation. Clara is O.K. The only trouble with Clara is that she has never gotten high hat. She is still herself. She don't believe in putting on the dog. She is panned because she refuses to "ritz," and if she did "ritz" she'd be slammed for it too, so the clever kid from Brooklyn goes right on being herself. Come on, all you Bow Fans, don't weaken, now's the time to cheer for her! *Another Clara from Brooklyn.*

The Big Pond A Big Flop

What a very dull picture Chevalier's third effort, "The Big Pond," turned out to be. Here I was all steamed up about seeing him again and I was handed a lemon, cheaply produced comedy which any Hollywood actor might have played with little or no effort. *J. R. Richards, Newark, N. J.*

A Bid For Well-Upholstered Females

Whoever told the producers that a beauty-loving public wants to look at a bunch of diet-stricken, gaunt female scarecrows has given them a bum steer. Observe the before-and-after illustrations that have been appearing with Dorothy Calhoun's articles, "Taking the Die Out of Diet." Everyone of them sacrificed a considerable amount of facial beauty and most of them also sacrificed their good figures. Curves are alluring to all. Nobody wants to look at bony ankles, skin-bound cheek bones and sunken, hollow eyes. *Floyd Casebolt, Waxahachie, Tex.*

It's Cheap Comedy Stuff

How can anyone say that Marie Dressler stole the picture from Greta Garbo by her rôle in "Anna Christie." Don't tell me there really are people who think that the vulgar acting she did in "Anna Christie" really made a hit. Tell Marie she belongs in two-reel comedies where they throw custard pies. Isn't that where we've seen that kind of acting done?

Willie W., New York, N. Y.

Tired of Buddy Rogers, Thinks He's A "Sissy"

I like Motion Picture Magazine very much, but I'd appreciate it if you would give less space to that "sissy" Buddy Rogers and more to a good-looking he-man like Dick Arlen. I know a lot of female hearts flutter when mama's sweet boy flashes on the screen but we're not all silly flappers. Come on, give us a full page photograph of Richard Arlen real soon. *Skiddy B.*

Stick To Your Singing, Rudy

Recently I spent an evening seeing Rudy Vallee in "Vagabond Lover." Rudy is great when it comes to the saxophone and the way he croons love songs is just glorious, but he is no good when it comes to acting. He has good looks and maybe he has some of that "it" stuff, but my advice to Rudy Vallee is to stay out of the movies because that's one place where he just doesn't belong.

N. W., Omaha, Nebr.

Orchestras Now Household Necessity

"Singing in the bath tub tra-la tra-la" and the orchestra joins in the chorus. And that's where the rub comes in. When will the directors get wise to what they are doing? Nothing is more pleasing to us than to hear our favorites sing, but we become disgusted when the heroine is singing while doing the dishes in the kitchen and from nowhere at all we hear the strains of an orchestra accompanying her. I sing in my kitchen too, but who ever heard of having an orchestra at your service.

Mildred Kelly, Edmonds, Wash.

Try Printing The Truth Now And Then

After reading movie magazines, I have come to the conclusion that they always print a lot of bunk.

Take the case of Jean Arthur. One magazine states that her parents are Mr. and Mrs. King Arthur. Another says her name is Daisy Green. Take Your Choice.

Another thing, I have no use for stars who deny their nationality. How does Bebe Daniels get that way, Scotch and Spanish blood? She is no more Scotch and Spanish than the man in the moon. She's plain Jewish. That goes for a lot of others too.

If the editors ever published a TRUE life history of the stars, it would be just goodbye to a lot of them. *L. J., Easton, Pa.*

On this page, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-to-gether where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to the Editor Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Those Unlovable Lovers

I want to protest against the degeneration of manly pulchritude in the movies. We have enough specimens of the bulldog brow and ape-like profile among our own friends and families without having to see them on the screen. Take, for example, that coy mountain of flesh, Paul Whiteman (Oh, heart, cease thy fluttering) or that cherubic warbler, Lawrence Tibbett, and the lanky Gary Cooper or the pugnacious Charles Bickford. Thrills, thrills, where art thou?

I don't mind the Oakie type—they know they're funny, but when these simpering actors who are either bald, fat or else look like prize-fighters, try to make love, well, it's just too much.

Won't some kind director discover some Valentinos or Novarros before we lose our faith in romance and the screen.

E. A. G., Vincennes, Ind.

Stars Are Not What They Seem

Hollywood is getting childish. She can't keep a secret. Recent articles have told us that stars are not what they seem! Our hearts dropped when we heard that Greta Garbo shaves off her own eyebrows; that Billie Dove uses someone else's eyelashes; that Clive Brook wears a—well, I just can't write it. Now, Hollywood, don't let out any more secrets about your so-called Beautiful stars. Let us believe them to be what they appear on the screen.

Miss H., Sussex, Eng.

According to the Movies:

There are no ordinary men in the Sahara Desert; all Arabs being "Sheiks."

Every wealthy family has a hunting lodge in the woods.

Newsboys never carry more than five papers.

No heroine is ever reduced to the extent of poverty where she cannot afford high-priced silk hosiery.

All district attorneys are energetic in their efforts to punish crime.

All heroes, when in danger of their lives and are being hotly pursued, always have time to embrace their sweethearts and then dash off suddenly as if in a hurry.

Persons ship-wrecked on an island are always carefully groomed.

Damsels who marry for money, always learn to love their husbands.

The sole occupation of cowboys, is not tending cattle, but rolling cigarettes and lapping up the liquor, in the "Lone-Star Cafe."

Margaret Samson, Chicago, Ill.

What's the Meaning of This Poo-poo-pah-doop?

Of all the silly stupid things, this poo-poo-pah-doop business wins the hand-crocheted wind shield. And to think that a person who looks like Helen Kane can do it and get away with it. Is it a new disease or is it a new way of cooing? Maybe it's just a way of finishing up the verses of naughty songs so they can get by. Come on there Helen and put us wise to what this poop-a-doop stuff is all about.

Billy, Newark, N. J.

(*Continued on page 112*)

$5000. in Prizes

. . . . just for telling us which of these two cards we should send to two million women!

ALL women appreciate a bargain. But often one particular bargain will have more appeal than another. Here is a fascinating contest which will enable you to express *your* idea of a bargain. Merely tell us *which* of these two offers you think will be the more acceptable to 2,000,000 women—and you may win one of the 380 prizes offered by RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—Paris.

What's It All About?

Rigaud—Paris (Parfumeur by Royal Decree to His Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain) wishes to acquaint more American women with his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé. To do this he intends to send approximately two million letters from Paris to discriminating women in America (the customers of 184 famous stores.)

The letter which these women will receive from Paris will enclose a card for presentation to these stores.

Which Card Shall Rigaud Send?

Only one of the two cards shown at the right can be enclosed with this letter. Which shall it be—A or B?

Note that the regular retail value of the assortment given in *Offer A* (as listed on the card) is $6.45. Yet this card will enable Madame to obtain it for $2.95.

Then consider *Offer B*, giving a total retail value of $3.00 which this card will enable Madame to obtain for $1.50.

Think which of the two offers would be most attractive to *you*—and hence in your opinion more likely to please 2,000,000 women. Would you prefer the half-price $1.50 offer, or would you rather spend $2.95 in order to get the "better than half-price" $6.45 value? Write your opinion in *50 words or less*, explaining which of the two offers appeals most to you, and why.

Remember that Riguad-Paris is one of the world's greatest Parfumeurs—that his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé was selected by Mrs. Vanderbilt for use at the million dollar wedding of her daughter, Consuelo—its popularity is world wide, and, consequently, Un Air Embaumé Toiletries are chosen by women of taste and discrimination.

Which of These 380 Prizes Will YOU Win?

1st Prize		$1200
2nd Prize		$ 800
3rd Prize		$ 500
4th Prize		$ 250
5th Prize		$ 100
6th Prize		$ 50
7th Prize		$ 25
13	Prizes of $15 each	$195
80	$10 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$800
120	$5 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$600
160	$3 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$480
		$5,000

Simple as A B C

You don't need to be a user of Rigaud Toiletries to compete. You don't need to buy anything. Just write and send your opinion. Neatness, brevity, logic, and originality will be the factors that count in the awarding of prizes. Your chance of winning the capital prize is as good as any other woman's. And just think—with Christmas coming—what you could do with $1200! Or the 2nd prize of $800—or the 3rd of $500! Surely when a little effort may bring you one of these 380 valuable prizes, the thing to do is to *act!*

RULES of the CONTEST

1 Contest closes midnight November 1st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. The winners will be announced in the **February issue of TRUE ROMANCES Magazine.** Prizes will be awarded by committee consisting of Robt. E. Mulligan, Manager of the Toilet Goods Department of the famous store of Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Robt. W. Beatty of Selzwab and Beatty, Inc., Advertising Counsellors, New York City; and John I. Cannon of Cannon & Pierce, Certified Public Accountants, New York City.

2 Contest open to any WOMAN with the exception of employees of the New York or Paris Salon of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, or employees (or their relatives) of the organizations of any of the judges. You need not use the coupon unless you wish. Write your opinion—in 50 words or less—on any paper you like, but be sure to write plainly, to assist judges.

3 Only one entry permitted to each contestant.

4 If two or more women submit opinions which judges consider of equal merit, full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each contestant.

5 Address opinions to RIGAUD Box 16, Station C, New York, N.Y. It is understood and agreed by contestants that entries are to become the property of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, and may be used by them for advertising purposes. No entries can be returned, nor can Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris correspond with contestants about the results of the contest.

A

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $6.45. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $2.95.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

$6.45 Assortment FOR $2.95

OFFER A

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Double Compact	$1.50
1 Cold Cream	.60
1 Vanishing Cream	.60
1 Bottle of Talcum	.75
2 Boxes Powder	$2.00
Value	$6.45

PRICE—$2.95

B

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $3.00. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $1.50.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

$3.00 Assortment FOR $1.50

OFFER B

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Jar Cleansing Cream	$1.00
1 Box Face Powder	$1.00
Value	$3.00

PRICE—$1.50

SEND *Your* OPINION NOW!

Do you prefer Offer A or B? Turn it over in your mind. Talk to friends, get their advice. Offer B costs but $1.50—and saves $1.50. Offer A costs a *little* more, $2.95, but it saves *much* more—it saves $3.50. Both offers include Toiletries women use every day, exquisite Un Air Embaumé Parfum, Powder, Creams, etc., *already* favorites on the boudoir tables of lovely women.

For example, one woman whose opinion was asked wrote:

"Offer A, I should think would be preferred by every modern woman, not only because of its marvelous value, but because it will enable her to enjoy a large assortment of Toiletries which no woman can get along without."

And another who preferred Offer B wrote:

"Offer B is my choice for this reason: To get acquainted with perfume and powder which may be new to her the average woman will want to keep her initial outlay to a minimum—then, when pleased, she will indulge in the creams, compact, and talcum included in Offer A."

Make *your* choice. Write your reasons—the little buying motives you think would apply to you—to other women you know. Then send your opinion in 50 words or less. You have 380 chances to win! Write *today.*

RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—PARIS

Dept. 910 Box 16, Station C, New York, N. Y.

USE THIS COUPON OR WRITE A LETTER

RIGAUD (Dept. 910) Box 16, Station C, New York, N.Y.

Here is my opinion. I think you should place Offer . . . (write A or B) on the card to be sent to the two million women. Please enter my name in the $5,000.00 prize contest.

Here is WHY I think so: . . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Name. . . . . .

Address. . . . . .

....no more
"Brittle Lashes"

NEW DISCOVERY

Beautifies Lashes the Natural way

Found: an entirely new way to accentuate the loveliness of lashes.

NEW ... Different from any other preparation. Mascaras you have used so far often made lashes stiff—beady—brittle—coarse looking. Now you need not fear ...

NEW ... Winx with an entirely different "double treatment" formula. First it *darkens* lashes—gives them an enticing shadowy beauty. Then it *softens* lashes. Even brittle lashes become silky. And lashes that have been affected by ordinary mascaras soon regain their natural curliness. Regular treatment with this new Winx actually promotes the health and growth of eyelashes.

NEW ... Winx comes in two forms:—*Liquid*, which gives those subtle—smart effects, is waterproof and can be applied so easily ... *Cake*—for soft, exquisite effects. In its silvery compact it is a chic accessory to dressing table or handbag.

At any drug or department store.

THE NEW

WINX

for lovely lashes

Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 58*)

fame (if you call it that), there must be nothing left for me to live for. But there is everything left to live for. All the things I don't know about, all the things I want to know about.

"Pictures, I've discovered, were practically all I did know about up to very recently. I've had to work so hard, to concentrate so closely, that I never have had time to read or to travel or to think about other things. I'm just at the beginning of living . . .

Facing the Future

"AFTER my acting days are over, and they will be over sooner or later, I'd like to direct. Or rather, to be a supervisor. I'd like to sit in on story conferences. I'd like to take a couple of protégés, young chaps I could guide and advise. One in my own line, perhaps, and one in some different line of screen work.

"And then I'd like to travel. I'd like to spend six months of every year abroad, a short time in the East, the rest of the time at home. I want to visit museums and art galleries and libraries. I want to *know* about things.

"I love competition.

"I'd rather have to fight and worry than be peaceful and secure, any day.

"I've found that I'm a peaceful, easy-going sort of a fellow about all the small things in life. But when a big issue comes along and when I feel I'm right about it—well, I guess I'm pretty stubborn. Even nasty.

"I've taken up golf. I'm crazy about it. Doug Fairbanks and I play every day that we can get away from work. I not only like the game a lot, but I want to master it. I'm not satisfied just to play golf. I want to be *good* at it. That's the way I've come to feel about everything.

"Take this house. When we were furnishing it, people told me I should 'go in for antiques.' I said, 'What do I want a lot of second-hand stuff around for?' They dragged me into one of our best shops out here. A place with really lovely old things. I began to ask questions about some of the things. I found that, against my will, I did get a thrill out of knowing that Marie Antoinette had used such and such a jewel-box or that Napoleon had really sat on such and such a chair. I got their histories. I got a new appreciation.

"I've taken up botany. I'm nuts about it. I want to know the names and habits and peculiarities of every flower, shrub and tree on the place. I never really saw flowers before, never really thought about them.

"The whole world is beginning to open up around me. Why, I've got everything to live for. I've just begun. I'll *never* get everything I want.

"I've discovered that there are lots of things in life besides making pictures and having material things.

Happy, but Not the Same

"I'VE changed a lot since I was a boy.

"I've always been a happy sort of person. I don't believe I ever have grouches or fits of depression or things like that. I guess I haven't had time.

"But I'm self-conscious now, where I never was as a kid. I don't care much about jazzy parties. Now and then, I think they're fun, but I'd get awfully bored with much of that sort of thing. I like the simplicities of living. I like to lounge about in old tennis clothes, and wear comfortable shoes, and be myself.

"When I do go to parties I'm uncomfortable. I'd like to cut loose and clown about a bit, but I can't do it. I always have the feeling that people might think I was showing off, that they might say, 'Harold Lloyd, being a comic, trying to do his stuff.' The result is that I'm quiet and inhibited, and then people say, 'No use asking Lloyd to a party; he never joins in.'

"It's partly because, I suppose, I never take anything to drink. When I was a kid, I was keen about athletics. And a coach I admired once said that you couldn't take alcohol and rate as an athlete. I took that very much to heart. Then, when I was twenty or so and on my own, and able to do what I wanted to do, I figured that I'd gone along so far without it and I might as well go the rest of the way without it. For the same reason I seldom, if ever, smoke. It's not a question of morals. It's a question of liking other things better. I don't enjoy it. And I seldom do anything I don't enjoy.

"I am most myself when I'm with the boys in the studio or with a very few people I know very well. The boys in the studio know a different Harold Lloyd. Their gag line always is 'Oh, Harold—he's apt to do *anything!*'

"And I'm myself when I'm with the baby. She believes that I exist solely for her amusement. She perches on my back while I'm eating. She wakes us up mornings by popping into bed with us. She makes me get down on the floor and roll around and tussle with her.

"I want to have five children. For I have certainly discovered this—that, of all the worth while things in life, children are the most worth while of all.

"I find that I have a great faith in human nature. I believe that people are good. I believe they are to be trusted. So far as I know, no one has ever betrayed my faith, in any way. If they ever have, I've been spared the knowledge of it.

"If I couldn't have faith in human nature, I wouldn't want to live. It is the one thing that could destroy for me the joy of living.

"I've come to believe that life, under almost any conditions, is worth while.

Discoveries

"I FOUND that out when I had my accident some years ago, and was in the hospital.

"I thought, for a couple of weeks, that I would be blind for life. I thought I would surely be so disabled that I would never be able to work again. I didn't suppose that I would ever have one five-hundredth of what I have now. Still I thought, 'Life is worth while. *Just to be alive.*' I still think so.

"If I should lose, to-morrow, my money, my place on the screen, everything I have to-day, I could still be happy and enthusiastic. I could build a little house and have fun in it. I don't need things, but I love the things I have.

"I get a thrill out of success. I get a thrill out of this house. I love to go away and come back to it and walk around it and think about it. I can't believe it's true. I love it. I don't believe it's human to be blasé. I can't see how people get that way. I never dreamed I'd have what I have and I'll never lose the kick of it.

"If I had to choose between my money, my success or my family, I'd choose my family without a moment's hesitation.

"Children and home and getting knowledge of things, really seeing things, are the most worth while things in life. And they are the things that never lose their savor.

"Well, I guess my most important discovery about myself is that I've just about begun to discover everything—myself included."

JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star, writes: "It is a great pleasure to recommend Max Factor's Make-Up, which has been a great aid in both my screen work and social life."

How you can actually double your beauty with MAKE-UP

BESSIE LOVE
M-G-M Star, says: "There is a touch of personality in my own color harmony in your Society Make-Up which always seems charming to me."

ANITA PAGE, M-G-M Star, with Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, accentuating the allure of the eyes with Eye Shadow.

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, or Brownette . . .
Discover How to Accent Your Type and Personality with Hollywood's New Make-Up Sensation.

Accept This Priceless Beauty Gift from Max Factor, Creator of Make-Up for Screen Stars and Studios. See Coupon.

HOLLYWOOD'S magic wand of beauty is make-up by Max Factor . . . and in every big picture; in every Technicolor picture; in the beauty of 96% of Hollywood's stars as their loveliness is flashed upon the screen you have seen what wonders make-up will do in accentuating charm and fascination.

Now, like the screen stars, you may know this make-up secret . . . the one way to double your beauty and give added attraction to your personality.

For you and every woman, Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, has created Society Make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other requisites for the daily make-up . . . based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony.

"Colors in make-up . . . in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow . . . to impart the magic touch of natural beauty must reflect the animation of life itself" says Max Factor. "They must harmonize with each other and harmonize with your complexion to create an ensemble of make-up that allures and fascinates. Such colors, such color harmony, can only be produced by creating colors for actual living types . . . and this is what we have done in Hollywood for the screen stars and you."

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP
"Cosmetics of the Stars" HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up, including Technicolor, used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

"Colors created for living types is the secret of color harmony make-up. This is how we avoid off-color, grotesque and spotty effects in make-up. This is how we individualize color harmony in make-up for each type, for every complexion . . . whether blonde, brunette, redhead or brownette . . . to emphasize beauty and personality to the utmost."

Now his magic in make-up is yours! Max Factor will create for you, individually, your own color harmony in Society Make-Up according to your own complexion analysis . . . a make-up just for you, designed to bring out every bit of natural beauty, to magnify the fascination of your personality.

Accept This Priceless Gift . . . Learn how you, yourself, can create an almost indescribable charm by working wonders with everyday make-up. . . . Mail the coupon now to Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, today!

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios,
Hollywood, Calif. 2410-31

Please send me complimentary copy of your booklet "The New Art of Society Make-Up" and personal analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

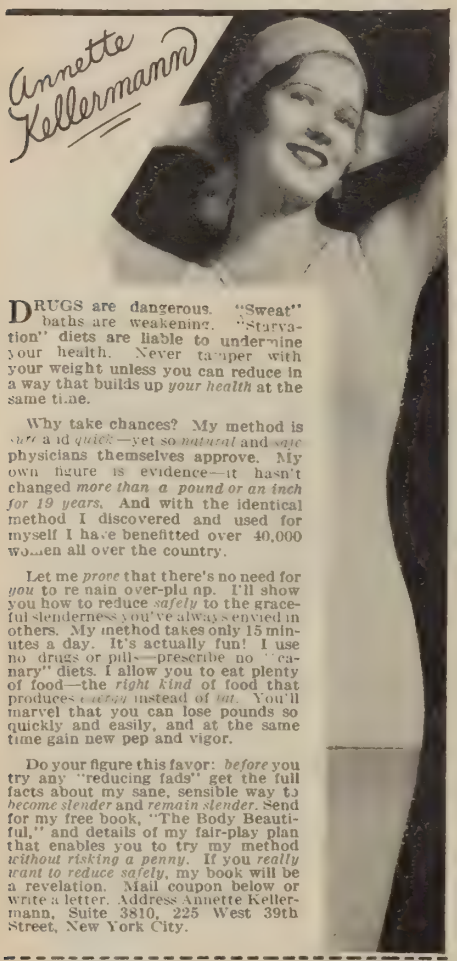
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Answer with Check Mark

Do YOU make these Mistakes REDUCING?



DRUGS are dangerous. "Sweat" baths are weakening. "Starvation" diets are liable to undermine your health. Never tamper with your weight unless you can reduce in a way that builds up *your health* at the same time.

Why take chances? My method is sure and *quick*—yet so *natural* and *safe* physicians themselves approve. My own figure is evidence—it hasn't changed *more than a pound or an inch for 19 years.* And with the identical method I discovered and used for myself I have benefitted over 40,000 women all over the country.

Let me *prove* that there's no need for *you* to remain over-plump. I'll show you how to reduce *safely* to the graceful slenderness you've always envied in others. My method takes only 15 minutes a day. It's actually fun! I use no drugs or pills—prescribe no "canary" diets. I allow you to eat plenty of food—the *right kind* of food that produces *energy* instead of *fat.* You'll marvel that you can lose pounds so quickly and easily, and at the same time gain new pep and vigor.

Do your figure this favor: *before* you try any "reducing fads" get the full facts about my sane, sensible way to *become slender* and *remain slender.* Send for my free book, "The Body Beautiful," and details of my fair-play plan that enables you to try my method *without risking a penny.* If you *really want to reduce safely,* my book will be a revelation. Mail coupon below or write a letter. Address Annette Kellermann, Suite 3810, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, INC., Suite 3810
225 West 39th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me your free booklet, "The Body Beautiful," and tell me how I can reduce quickly without harm. This does not obligate me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
510 Western and Santa Monica Bldg.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Get Rid of Dandruff by using

Cuticura Soap

assisted by

Cuticura Ointment

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 15B, Malden, Mass.

Captured Alive By Wild Producers

(*Continued from page 74*)

grimaces for their amusement in their mysterious lairs, the "studios." Such travelers' tales, however, he had largely discounted, and he passed through the uncharted plains of Southern California with the springy step and debonair expression which bespeak absolute confidence.

But before he realized what was happening, he was set upon from behind and borne off to a "studio," where great hairy men with angry expressions forced him to stand up and make curious faces at a box-like contraption on three legs. After the ordeal he was allowed to go home to his hotel, where he was kept under close surveillance until judgment was passed, by the great hairy men, on the way he had come through the "test." Finally it was conveyed to him that his grimacings had found favor in the sight of the great hairy men, and that he was to be detained indefinitely to entertain them as a regular thing.

His Journey's End

TO be rather more precise, here's the way it all happened. David had an introduction to James Whale, the English director who then happened to be casting "Journey's End." He went to pay his respects—a simple social call; was asked if he acted or wanted to; was displayed to various executives at Tiffany studio; was tested for the part of *Raleigh;* and was selected to play it. As soon as they saw David's test, they sent a wire to England cancelling the order, which had already been put through, for a *Raleigh* to be sent from London together with Colin Clive, the star of the play and picture.

Oh, incredible irony of this Hollywood Fate! Here was a part for which every young actor, famous or obscure, had been striving. Hundreds of young men, professing and calling themselves actors, had strained to pluck the plum; and then the fruit calmly fell into the lap of David Manners, who is not an actor by profession, who did not even ask for the part.

Fifty million people of all ages and sexes wage war to the death with each other on the celluloid field of battle, to win the few much-coveted prizes; and nearly all the prizes go to people who are either snoozing on the sidelines or not even on the battlefield.

There, friends one and all, is your picture business.

Rescue Impossible

OF course, when the sugar firm in Honolulu heard about David's capture, they were horrified to think what fiendish rites he might be forced to participate in, and immediate action was taken toward assembling a rescue expedition. Several intrepid Hawaiians, undaunted by thoughts of the dangers threatening the lives of civilized people venturing among the half-naked Hollywood savages, volunteered to try and extricate David from his predicament. But the expedition was called off when it was found that David was being held close captive for an indefinite period, and that rescue would be not only impossible, but positively unpopular.

For, following his work in "Journey's End," David was taken over by First National, and he was put to work necking Alice White for the cameras' benefit. This form of slavery David did not find altogether unpleasant. And as soon as he had finished up the job with a final clinch to the White bosom, they put him to a similar assignment with the fair Loretta Young—a no less pleasing form of servitude, in David's estimation. They also informed him that he was doing so nicely that his freedom was out of the question for a period of indefinite length. The badge of perpetual slavery, a long-term contract, was given him.

That is what happens to bold, imprudent young men who take jobs in Honolulu and insist on taking the dangerous Los Angeles route instead of going *via* San Francisco and civilization.

Anyhow, and be all this as it may, David is now making the best of it, and doing well at that. He is receiving a pretty handsome stipend, which helps a lot to take out the worst of the sting. The climate suits him perfectly, and the long stay is rather welcome, now that he comes to think of it.

He Minds His P's, Q's and A's

YOU are going to see a good deal of him on the screen in the future. So here are one or two details about him which the up-to-date fan ought to absorb into his or her mental processes.

He's Canadian by birth, and comes of a somewhat blue-blooded family. Lady Diana Manners is his maternal cousin; Manners is really his mother's name.

Most of his life has been lived in the U. S. A., and he frankly prefers it to England. He can switch from broad to nasal "a's" at will, which is a trick those great hairy slave-drivers love in him.

He is a good deal older than he looks, but that's a secret, and you shouldn't tell a soul.

He is a very quiet, unassuming, un-snobbish person. He does not sit in corners with other Britishers and refuse to talk to anybody else; in fact, he doesn't even know most of the Englishmen in Hollywood. His friends are few and the quiet, rather solitary life suits him.

He is married to an American girl; and the quaint thing is that while his own family, with all its blue blood, doesn't in the least object to his new profession of movie-acting, his mother-in-law is appalled by it and tries every means in her power to get him out of it. She is firmly convinced that he falls in love and has an affair with every girl he plays opposite in pictures. Meanwhile all the Dukes, Earls and what-nots among David's family relations do not bat an eyelash at having a movie actor in the family—for David isn't the first. Lady Diana herself started the disgraceful business years ago, both on screen and stage—the Duke of Rutland's daughter in person! So the nerves of the Manners family are steeled against such things.

There is big money in the movies.
But have you had your share?

How would you like to cash in
On what you know of pictures and players?

Now is your chance—
The chance of a lifetime.

In case the pages stuck together,
And you missed the opportunity,

See for yourself, back on Pages 40 and 41,
What you can pick up—with the help of

— MOTION PICTURE —

Who else wants to learn to play....

at home without a teacher, in ½ the usual time and ⅓ the usual cost?

Over half a million men and women have learned to play their favorite instruments the U. S. School of Music way!

That's a record of which we're mighty proud! A record that proves, better than any words, how *thorough*, how *easy*, how *modern* this famous method is.

Just think! You can quickly learn to play any instrument—directly from the notes—and at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

You study in your own home, practice as much or as little as you please. Yet almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies—not dull scales, as with old-fashioned methods.

Like Playing a Game

The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You simply *can't* go wrong. First you are *told* what to do. Then a picture *shows* you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

As the lessons continue they become easier and easier. For instead of just scales you learn to play by *actual notes* the favorites that formerly you've only *listened* to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

Truly, the U. S. School method has removed all the difficulty, boredom, and extravagance from music lessons.

Fun—Popularity

You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as his to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and *get somewhere*, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

Here's Proof!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—*and owe it all to your easy lessons,*" writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind. "*I knew nothing about music when I started.*"

"I have completed only 20 lessons and *can play almost any kind of music I wish.* My friends are astonished," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your *easy lessons.*"

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical.* Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment.* That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead *twice as fast* as those who study by old-fashioned, plodding methods.

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Guitar
Organ	Hawaiian
Violin	Steel Guitar
Piccolo	Mandolin
Clarinet	Sight Singing
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
'Cello	Cornet

Drums and Traps
Banjo
(Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Saxophone
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson—FREE!

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson AT ONCE. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6010 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
6010 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you Instrument?.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Printed in U. S. A.

BRAND NEW
GENUINE *Model 3*
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Try this wonderful portable typewriter—the same machine that has satisfied 500,000 users.

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included—If You Act Now

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. Mail coupon today!

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
(Corona Division)
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. A-2

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, and get my money back. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name .....

Address .....

Employed by .....

Have Shapely Limbs. . . $6.75
or Slender Ankles. . . . $5.00
per pair

RELIEVE swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous medicated (flesh colored) gum rubber hose. Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years hey have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world.

Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order—(no cash)—or pay postman.

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York
Near 36th St., Suite 605

Almost on her feet again: Renée Adorée, ill for many months, is sitting up at last and taking notice of how much her friends and fans think of her

Slender Meals

(*Continued from page 35*)

shouldn't be sweetened much, if at all, but brought in ice-cold in colored glasses, with sprigs of mint for decoration. It makes a festive start. The consommé can be served with bran wafers on the side. The celery and radishes are cut in fancy patterns, as are the slices of cucumbers for the salad. The spinach may be changed to some other vegetable, if it seems too "healthful." And, of course, the dessert might be gelatine or a lovely whole peach or some other simple thing instead of the ice, but the tutti-frutti looks so elaborate! It is dressier for a formal dinner."

Neither Fat Nor Unpopular

WINNIE LIGHTNER, the life-of-the-party girl from Broadway, is still more ambitious as a hostess. Winnie has recently lost twenty-eight pounds, thanks to Sylvia's magic hands, and she doesn't propose to gain it back again by attending—or giving—the usual Hollywood parties. Still, Winnie is a popular and hospitable gal and she regards the buffet supper as being her own especial function.

"You gotter feed 'em," says Winnie succinctly, "and you gotter feed 'em good. It's better to be fat than unpopular, but there's no need of being either."

Here is one of her bridge-luncheon menus, but the bare print doesn't describe Winnie's ducky daffodil-colored linen and Winnie's smart black and crystal glass and Winnie's modern silver and spring flowers—and Winnie's guests. But to return to our muttons (baby lamb chops):

Iced tomato juice cocktail.

Springtime salad with tiny new vegetables. French dressing, lemon juice and mineral oil.

Baby lamb chops with grilled pineapple and tiny bran roll; small amount of butter. ("Remember this is a company luncheon!" hurries Winnie.)

Mint gelatine in individual molds.

Demi-tasse.

Sue's Slender Suppers

SUE CAROL is a famous hostess of the younger set. And don't fool yourself—the little flappers and cuties and slender boy-friends of the film younger set don't stay that way without keeping an eye on the calories. They're as slim as—(I was going to say a bean-pole, but I've never seen one). But they aren't taking any risks.

Sue's Sunday evening buffet suppers are the rage. And does she order her cook to prepare such delicacies as Lobster Thermidore with *pâté de foies gras* sandwiches and hot biscuits? She does not! Her women friends would never speak to her again. Yet the food must be tasty. What to do? What to do?

Sue solved the serious problem in an especially pleasant way. She gives her guests an enjoyable repast that they can eat with an easy conscience—and there are no obvious diet measures in force. Recently she signed a nice new Radio contract and this supper party was in the way of a celebration. Dorothy Lee was present with her fiancé, Jimmy Fidler, and the Eddie Nugents, Skeets Gallagher, and a dozen or so other young film folk.

This was Sue's menu:

Vegetable loaf in tomato aspic, with jellied cream cheese squares.

Rolled watercress and cucumber sandwiches of bran bread.

Scalloped oysters. Celery curls.

Pineapple ice—with oatmeal gems, molasses wafers, crystallized fruit, and salted nuts.

And the guests voted the party a huge success.

"You could vary it by substituting a vegetable salad for the vegetable loaf," says Sue. "Or cold sliced lamb or turkey or chicken for the scalloped oysters. Eggs are another non-fattening food and there are a lot of 'company' ways to serve them—deviled, or stuffed or hard-boiled in meat jelly. And fresh fruit is better for dieters than crystallized and looks pretty, piled into colored wicker baskets or pewter bowls."

It would take a fussy guest to grumble at such fare as these three hostesses offer dieting friends!

If it puzzles you how to reduce yourself and friends without reducing your popularity, be puzzled no longer.

Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

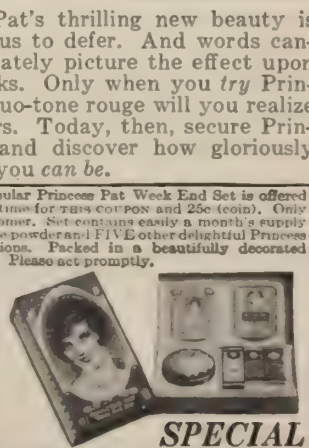
Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of *just the right shade for the occasion,* that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—



SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. 101-E

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation — nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

3 Easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness

Shade your upper eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow—see how much more *"expression"* comes into your eyes that very instant!

Then . . . darken your lashes with Maybelline Eyelash Darkener. *Instantly* they will appear longer and beautifully luxuriant . . . and your eyes will appear larger and more brilliant. Select Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Eyelash Darkener; either form in Black or Brown—75c.

Finish . . . with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It's the new, indestructible type . . . clean and easy to handle. Choose Black or Brown—35c.

When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.

Insist on genuine Maybelline products and refuse substitutes offered as "just as good." Obtainable at all toilet goods counters.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER
EYE SHADOW EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

STORY IDEAS For Talking Pictures and Magazines wanted for development, revision, copyright and submission to studios and publishers. Established 1917. Literary and dramatic facilities under our SERVICE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS. Story dept. on commission basis. FREE BOOKLET gives full particulars.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
425 Western & Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

PHOTOS ENLARGED

SIZE 8 x 10 INCHES

Name is your ... to get a ... Snapshot ... Send price for ... or ... form. ... Hand-colored if ... of ... Safe return of your original photo Guaranteed.

48¢ Each

Send NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any ... and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 8x10 guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 48c, plus a few cents postage or send 50c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

REX ART 538 So. Dearborn, Dept. 600 Chicago, Ill.

The Re-Birth Of A Nation

(*Continued from page 33*)

reared in the South, had absorbed the intense drama of the era of the Ku Klux Klan in its overthrow of the political carpet-baggers.

The little boy was Griffith, son of "Roaring Jake" Griffith, dashing cavalry colonel of the Confederacy. The other, the keen mind, was Thomas Dixon, later clergyman, university president, author and playwright. Eventually, he wrote a novel of the South, "The Clansman." Later—in 1910 or thereabouts—he turned it into a play which toured the country under the same title. The wide-eyed little boy beneath the lamplit table became a famous director.

How "The Birth" Happened

BY 1911 or so, motion pictures had begun to take real dramatic form and soon it occurred to Dixon to make a motion picture of the play. He engaged Frank E. Woods to write a scenario, hired a cameraman or two and a technician, and set forth with the idea of making the picture with the stage cast, during the stops the company made on tour. The idea looked feasible—and wasn't. The plan was abandoned before the troupe reached New Orleans.

Meanwhile, Griffith had left the Biograph Company and established himself as chief of a producing unit of the Mutual Film Corporation. Incidentally, he had lured Frank E. Woods, then on the New York *Dramatic Mirror*, to work with him as chief of his story department. I asked Mr. Woods the other day just how the idea for "The Birth" originated. He said:

"About the end of 1913, D. W. began talking to me of his wish to make a more pretentious picture than anything he had yet undertaken and asked what subject I could suggest. I thought at once of 'The Clansman' and proposed it. I think he was already considering it, for he had once acted in the company presenting the stage play. At any rate, he liked the idea and asked me to talk with Thomas Dixon about it. 'But don't say anything about my acting in it,' he cautioned me. However, Dixon identified him at once as 'Larry' Griffith, actor.

"This interview resulted in another between Dixon and Harry E. Aitken, then president of Mutual Film. The result was the best contract an author ever received for picture rights. Dixon was to have twenty-five per cent. of the company's profits from the production. Since then he has told me he is ashamed to look a royalty check in the face. The contract brought him about a million dollars."

The Interpreters

THE next step was planning the production and deciding on the cast. Henry B. Walthall, Lillian Gish, Joseph Henaberry, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Robert Harron, Josephine Crowell, George Siegmann, Elmer Clifton, Mary Alden, Wallace Reid, Elmo K. Lincoln, Ralph Lewis, Sam de Grasse, Tom Wilson, Walter Long, all had parts—in fact, some of them played many parts. If memory serves aright, Robert Harron was killed four times in the picture, and Elmo Lincoln and Tom Wilson played four or five parts each. The entire cast was in Griffith's employ at the time. There is no need to analyze their careers, save to say that eight reached stellar honors and four became directors.

The other day in Hollywood, a little group of men and women gathered in a dim projection-room to watch familiar scenes unroll across the screen, blurred through quick tears. It was themselves they watched, sixteen years younger, filled with hope and ambition to succeed in this young art of the movies. One of the group had been found in a sanitarium. Another had left her three children and busy home life to revisit for a moment the world where she had once been famous. And a third, with gray hair and deeply lined face had left the set where he was playing an old man rôle to look again at the dashing, dark-haired young hero he had been.

The door opened and a tall figure groped his way to a seat in the darkness. The picture went on to the end, with white-robed riders galloping through the dawn, beauty battling with villainy, old-fashioned—immortal. The lights went on and David Wark Griffith looked about him into the faces of the cast of "The Birth of a Nation," gathered as a surprise to the old master!

The Price of Glory Then

GRIFFITH put into effect in "The Birth" the methods he had by then managed to impress indelibly on the motion picture industry—the flashback, the short flash, the close-up, the rising tempo. He rehearsed his picture *six weeks* before he turned a camera. Actual production required two months. To-day, that procedure would entail a million-dollar cost, particularly when is remembered the hordes of extras, and the hundreds of horses—to say nothing of army equipment and the thousands of costumes.

In the light of present picture costs, some producers will gasp when they learn that the actual studio charges were but eighty-six thousand dollars. Other normal production costs brought the total up to one hundred and ten thousand. That is all, definitely—everything! And here is the next amazing phase of the picture. In the fifteen years of its presentation, it has been witnessed by more than fifty-five million people and has taken in at the box-offices of the world more than nineteen million dollars.

The picture was first produced at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles in December, 1914, under the title, "The Clansman." It was taken East the next month and shown to President Woodrow Wilson at a special showing in the White House. On that occasion, Mr. Wilson said to Mr. Griffith:

"You have done humanity an inestimable service. You have shown that right will ultimately triumph—even if men have to take matters into their own hands when their political machinery fails."

How It Got Its Name

STILL, remember, the picture was "The Clansman." At a private showing in New York, Thomas Dixon saw it for the first time. At the end of the first half he shook his head and remarked to Griffith:

"You've put the biggest interest first. You'll never hold the audience with the second part."

"I made it the way you wrote it," said Griffith.

At the conclusion Dixon rushed to Griffith and said:

"I take back everything. This picture is bigger than the book and bigger than the play. It should have a name of its own. Let's call it 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

Which it forthwith became, and opened at the Liberty Theater in New York on March 8, 1915, to continue ever since without ever having been withdrawn from public exhibition.

But it did more than inaugurate a new picture size—it was the first multiple-reel effort and was then and ever since shown in twelve reels. It had for the first time an especially written and composed musical score by the late Joseph A. Breil, and that score has now been interpreted by one of

(*Continued on page 98*)

These Pictures Are For You!

Twenty-four of them, all new poses, size 5½ by 8 inches.

Yes, for you. We know that thousands of our readers are collecting pictures of the interesting men and women of the screen. You have your favorites. You are interested in the new feature players who are at the height of their popularity now. Surely you will want their fine pictures. Here are the subjects, all new poses:

Just send one dollar to pay for the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—"The Oldest, The Newest, The Best" publication of the screen. We will enter your name and address promptly and send you, absolutely free, this fine set of 24 sepia finish pictures of your favorite player.

Send Your Order Now!

Loretta Young	Claudette Colbert
Grant Withers	Marion Davies
Dennis King	Alexander Gray
Lawrence Tibbett	Neil Hamilton
Jack Oakie	Kay Johnson
John McCormack	Lila Lee
George Arliss	Jeanette Loff
Norma Shearer	Jeanette MacDonald
Joseph Schildkraut	Chester Morris
Catherine Dale Owen	Lupe Velez
Jean Arthur	Stanley Smith
Bernice Claire	Vivienne Segal

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — 10 M. P. M.
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. — Set No. 8

Here is One Dollar. Send me the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the gift set of 24 pictures. If you reside in Canada add 25c extra: Foreign, 50c extra.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

Start with.....issue.

Extend my present subscription (check) ☐

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Did You Ever Give Your Face a Clasmic Pack?

YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion. You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, color in the cheeks no rouge can bring; crows' feet, blackheads, pimples gone, enlarged pores closed, a smoother, softer, more lovely skin. Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your drug or department store. The cost per treatment is a few cents—money refunded if you are not delighted.

BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

Science Discovers Way to "Comb" Color

into Gray Hair

THERE is no excuse now for anyone to endure the handicaps and embarrassment of Gray Hair. For science has discovered a clean, colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair and leaves the beautiful sheen unchanged. It is called Kolor-Bak. So certain are its results that already hundreds of thousands of bottles have been sold.

You simply comb Kolor-Bak into your hair and watch the Gray go. So gradual that even your closest friends cannot detect it. Although Kolor-Bak is colorless itself, the one bottle does for blonde, black, brown, auburn.

No matter what your age—no matter if your hair is snow-white or merely streaked with Gray—Kolor-Bak will impart color, or it will cost you nothing. Make this no-risk test today: Get a bottle of Kolor-Bak from any druggist or department store and if it doesn't make you look 10 years younger your money will be refunded any time you request it.

KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

The Re-Birth Of A Nation

(*Continued from page 96*)

the best groups of musicians it has been possible to assemble. Moreover, for the first time in picture history, long and comprehensive historical research was conducted. Every costume, every character, every episode was verified and reproduced accurately. To-day, that is common practice; then, it was looked upon as sheer folly. So historically "The Birth of a Nation" is true to every fact.

Action Plus Action

IN this picture, Griffith for the first time gave full scope to those innovations he had been devising for five years—all designed to accelerate tempo and increase the dramatic effect. In "The Birth" the tempo constantly rises—rises—rises until it reaches a crescendo of effort, and then drops back sharply into quiet romance. In taking over this system, European directors have bestowed upon it the name "montage," which merely is another way of saying that the effect rises.

In London, in 1916, Griffith lunched with David Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of England. He had seen the picture—then showing in the British capital—and said:

"Morally, I owe you an apology. I saw your picture and was thrilled to the core. But also I was tremendously annoyed, for I felt that you had scandalously exaggerated the post-war conditions. It did not seem possible that such criminality as putting a conquered white race under the rule of their freed slaves could ever have been attempted by any people. I didn't believe it ever had. Then I read the situation carefully and found you have understated the conditions, if anything. However, you have produced a masterpiece that I believe will live as long as the memory of the period it portrays."

Its Effect Through the Years

PLACE that beside President Wilson's eulogy and there is very complete endorsement of a mere motion picture! But "The Birth of a Nation" is more than a mere picture. It has become a national institution. And the odd thing is that the impression it makes is enduring. Hardly anyone who saw it years ago forgets it, and most want to see it again to revive those memories.

Last September, it was announced for presentation at the Filmart Theater in Hollywood for two nights only, and two matinées. At each showing there was a line of people, four abreast, reaching down the block and around the corner. Hundreds of others arriving saw the situation and abandoned the effort to get in. Probably not more than a quarter of those wanting admission were accommodated. That for a picture fifteen years old!

The effect the picture created in 1915 was tremendous. Up to then, motion pictures were rather sneered at for their dramatic pretentions by the critics. But they took "The Birth of a Nation" seriously, because they had to. A week after its New York opening, a pretentious stage offering had its première at the Republic Theater, diagonally across the street from the Liberty Theater. It was a good play, and the next day Glenmore Davis, drama critic of *The Globe*, said:

"It is a good play. Indeed, the third-act climax may be said to be as great as any scene in 'The Birth of a Nation.'" For the first time, the standard of dramatic comparison had shifted to a motion picture.

A Self-Produced Picture

THERE is now a talking prologue to the picture, in which Griffith tells Walter Huston some of the incidents that led him to the making of the picture. It is an intimate matter, plainly a recital of fact. In it, Huston asks if the conception is true.

"I feel the story is a true reflection of conditions then," Griffith replies. "I don't see how it could be otherwise. I put into it the things that had been ingrained in me from my earliest childhood—I mean the feeling of those times. That sort of experience gets into the blood. I take no credit for 'The Birth of a Nation.' It was a great story, an important story, about a great people. You don't produce that kind of story. It produces itself."

Later, we went into a projection-room to see the picture run upon the screen. It affected Griffith deeply.

"Those were great days," he said quietly. "That was a great cast. Four of them are passed on to larger things—Bobby Harron, Jennie Lee, George Siegmann and Wally Reid have gone. And it was a great story. If I could only find such another story and such another cast! But I must not see this picture often—perhaps never but once more. It awakens too many memories."

I seized the occasion to settle a question that has agitated many people in the sixteen years. Who was the original of the malevolent and mistaken *Stoneman* of the picture?

"Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania," said Griffith. "I thought everyone knew that."

The photography of the picture is beautiful; the technique as modern and compelling as any of to-day. It lives because it is a great epic, and seems destined, as Lloyd George said, to be as permanent as the period it represents in human memory.

Hollywood Flops

(*Continued from page 31*)

an 'orrid silence. Marilyn made the *very* 'orrid mistake of elevating her Fragonard nose at a respected member of the scrivening sisterhood. She made the worse mistake of being caught by that sister in the very act. And the ire of the sisterhood is a long, long ire . . .

Scarface Al Capone came to Hollywood. Friendly, we trust. He gave a party. Everyone went to the party. So refreshing after the games at Conrad Nagel's. Not every day does Hollywood net such a fish. But after the party, when he'd been just as sociable as anything, Al left town. They say as how he really didn't *wanter*.

"Mrs. John Gilbert"

INA CLAIRE—well, no one who has ever passed the Statue of Liberty in New York has not heard of Ina, darling of theatrical managers and intelligent audiences. Ina, in New York, is very-*very*. She came to Hollywood. She even married John Gilbert, than which no bigger bid to the heart of Hollywood could be made by any maid. But Ina is not the howling success on the screen that she was on the stage. She has in some places, even been billed as "Mrs. John Gilbert."

Carlotta King came. She saw. She sang. She was seen. She was conquered. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got all het up about her. They signed her to a contract. And that was that. When we have our own Bebe Daniels to sing to us, what do we need of others?

Oscar Straus sat at a luncheon; the

(*Continued on page 122*)

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 39*)

thing." The supervisor eyed them coldly. "But," said he, "the title we gave you to write a story around was 'See America *Thirst.*'"

• • •

THE pathos of distance: "The Big Trail," Raoul Walsh's picture for Fox, returned this week from location—a location so remote and inaccessible that it spelled tragedy for one member of the cast, a young dancer whose mother was taken suddenly ill after her daughter had left with the company. And the telegram took so long to reach the location that the mother had died and was buried before the girl heard the news.

• • •

EL'S own little comedy: On this trip El Brendel learned the Indian sign language of the Choctaws. Delighted with his accomplishment, he sought out a group of blanket Indians on the picture and commenced to talk to them. He made the signs for "White Man friendly to Injun. Lives far far away, three days journey from here." The neo-savages regarded his frantically waving hands stolidly. Then said one to the other, in the best Harvard accents, "Say, what do you suppose the bally ass thinks he's doing?"

• • •

THE woman who seldom talks: *Greta Garbo holds herself incommunicado from all reporters and interviewers—refusing to see them, talk to them or to become interested in the least in what is said about her in American magazines. But there is a Swedish chap, working in the laboratory of a film company, who can get a story from Greta, any time he wants to, for the Swedish fan magazines. To Greta, it is a matter of supreme indifference what people in this country say about her—they are strangers. But her mother will read the stories about her in the Swedish publications, and Greta seizes eagerly on them and reads them anxiously. American interviewers, baffled and balked at every turn by her indifference, have discussed her with the neighbors, the studio employees, and the servants. Recently, Greta dismissed two Swedish maids and hired others who did not understand her language so that they could not repeat what they heard her say to her personal friends in her home.*

• • •

A WELCOME departure: Leslie Howard, actor and playwright, refused to be interviewed while he was in Hollywood making "Outward Bound" for Warner Brothers, because he considered that he was a "potential failure." The publicity department finally gave up in despair the effort to get any autobiographical information out of him and wrote an imaginative "Life of Leslie Howard" for their files. His dislike of the films and hysterical delight at leaving Hollywood—which found expression on his last day here by his cavorting and singing all over the lot—might be explained by the fact that almost throughout the picture Howard and the company had to work in a dense fog. The fog was made by blowing a fine mist of mineral oil into the air—and the action of the mineral oil, breathed into the lungs and soaked into the skin, was the same as when taken internally. Tell this to your screen-struck daughter!

• • •

RECUPERATING: Mary Miles Minter is living quietly near Hollywood. She seldom sees her old friends, and never revisits the scenes of her past fame. They say that her cruel experiences in the movies have made such an impression on her mind that she turns pale and almost faints when she sees a camera turned upon her. Yet some day she plans to come back to the screen—or perhaps to the stage.

SUPERB AT NIGHT! ONLY GLAZO COLORS HOLD THEIR FULL BEAUTY, EVEN UNDER ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

how long since anyone has said

"What pretty hands you have!"

FOR hands that charm—by the sparkle-tipped flight of creamy fingers—no polish provides fingertips of such superlative chic as Glazo's crystal sheen.

What satisfaction there is in keeping your fingertips groomed to gleaming grace! For pretty fingertips make pleasing hands in nine cases out of ten.

With Glazo polish, how easy it is to keep your nails always lovely! Merely film them once a week with its thin, strong lustre.

Glazo polishes go on with absolute smoothness and evenness of color. Their crystal surface resists wear, keeps a freshly manicured appearance for a week or more. It does not crack or peel.

Choose from Glazo's smart colors—the rosy sheen of Glazo Natural . . . or, if you prefer, one of the more arresting reds. Choose Glazo polishes always, because only Glazo's lovely tints hold their full beauty at night. Glazo's colors are scientifically formulated so that each shade remains precisely true in any light. They will not turn pale, purplish or yellow, as do the polishes that disappoint so many women.

With Glazo's Perfumed Lipstick Reds Nails Smartly Echo Your Lips!

Echo the shade of your lipstick in one of these new Lipstick Reds—a stunning effect now popular with smart women.

Use Glazo *Flame* with a "light" lipstick; *Geranium* for "medium" and *Crimson* for "dark" ones.

Glazo may be found at all toilet goods counters. Or try out a Glazo manicure—the coupon will bring samples.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GM-100
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed
I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address

City.....*State*.....

GLAZO

The perfumed Glazo Lipstick Red polishes are in this smart new package

Talking Pictures
New Market for Writers

BIG PRICES are being paid for stories suitable to Talking Picture adaptation. Material from new writers is receiving favorable consideration at the Hollywood Studios. ENORMOUS DEMAND has been created for stories written directly for the screen, but in order to succeed in this lucrative field the writer must know the new technique of the TALKIES.

Learn to Express Yourself In This New Medium

Hollywood Institute, located in the center of motion picture production, is in a position to offer you the most practical and timely instruction possible in a short, interesting course that is simple and easy to learn and directly in line with Talking Picture requirements. We teach you to write the new photoplay technique of DIALOGUE, SOUND and ACTION. Our students are taught through PRACTICE—not theory.

Professional Training

Hollywood Institute is headed by H. H. VAN LOAN, internationally known author, journalist and scenarist. As writer of more than 100 successful photoplays produced at the leading Studios, Mr. Van Loan is in a position to speak with authority for he *knows* the technique of Talking Pictures as required by the big Studios. Our courses and training are endorsed by editors, authors and scenario writers as being the most practical instruction available.

Selling Your Story

[illegible]

Hollywood Photoplay & Fiction Institute
Dept. A-11, 5507 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me [illegible] copy of your catalogue
"WRITING FOR TALKING & SILENT PICTURES"
"DRAMATIC FICTION WRITING"
giving details of the opportunities in the course I have checked.

Name ...

Address ...

City and State ...

U.S. GOV'T. JOBS
Pay $35 to $70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free.
Write Instruction Bureau, 294A St. Louis, Mo.

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Love Experts

(*Continued from page 42*)

apology for Death? I asked Marilyn Miller.

Marilyn Must Know

MARILYN should know. From the time when, a tiny tot of five or so, she was called Sugar Plum or Lollipop or something similar, through the time when she was in her teens and a Prince of the Blood Royal offered up his heart, to the present day—when, twice married, once widowed, once divorced, at least twice engaged, she is again engaged—she has played the game called Love.

Marilyn is, if anyone is, a love expert. She knows the gain and the loss, the pain and the pleasure. She has had love to keep, or to toss away. She has loved and she has been beloved . . .

What does love mean to a girl who has had love spread, a mantle, beneath her dancing feet? A girl who has danced to the chime of marriage bells and wept at the bier?

I talked to Marilyn in the silken-hung drawing-room of the Lita Grey Chaplin home in Beverly Hills. A pale yellow room with casement windows and heavy roses nodding under eucalyptus trees. Marilyn is leasing from Lita. The blonde, ethereal Ziegfeld-First National star wore dark blue and white and on her finger—*the* finger—sparkled a square-cut diamond put there by young Mr. Michael Farmer, with intent to marry.

Marilyn shied away from the subject of love . . .

Other Subjects of Interest

SHE talked about the theater . . . The stage, she believes, is to stage a comeback in the Fall . . . The movies are beginning to give up their big choruses and their huge spectacular ensembles . . . You have to give more than a good perfomance these days unless you want to get the bird . . . Theater audiences have changed, have become super-critical, hard to please . . . You have to knock 'em cold . . . Last year, there were about three big successes in New York . . . Time was when you couldn't get around to see them all in a season . . .

Marilyn likes the movies, likes Hollywood . . . But she gets homesick for New York when Autumn comes around . . . She thinks she will do one more Ziegfeld show, one or perhaps two more First National pictures and then retire—become Mrs. Michael Farmer, travel, live six months out of the year in Paris, have children, laugh, be happy. She will never, she firmly asserts, or reasserts, wait until the Public says, "Why doesn't she go? We're tired of seeing that face around."

Marilyn says, "In my line of work, you can't last forever. I'll always dance. I'll always work every morning. But when the day comes that the Public squirms and begins to think it has had enough of me—the evening *before* that day I shall be gone."

She Wants to Live

"*LOVE . . . ?*" Marilyn laughed a little. Her eyes didn't laugh. She said, "I have always closed doors behind me. Must I open those doors again?"

There was a vision of the fairy-footed Marilyn tiptoeing to a door, closing it, tiptoeing away again, never to return. Marilyn, who dances so lightly on the boards of the theaters, dances, also lightly, on life . . .

She said, "I couldn't work—I wouldn't want to live—if I were not in love. That is how important it is to me. There wouldn't be any reason for living, any reason for working. Why, I would be nothing more than a mechanical doll, wound up and going through the motions. You *have* to love, you have to have someone to work for, someone to please, someone who cares, in order to make any of it worth while. There would be no reason for any of it otherwise.

"Love is not only important. It is the only importance. It is life to me.

"There is more than one love. I have found that out. I know it. Love comes in different ways, it has different meanings, it is never the same. People who believe, who say that they have loved but once; people who brood a whole life over a love that is gone are sick people. They are sick in their minds. They love their martyrdom. They enjoy it. They are more unhealthy than unhappy.

Forever-Lost Love

"WHEN my first husband was killed—when I was little more than a bride—I nearly fell by the wayside. I might have, so easily . . . Work and Mr. Ziegfeld saved me.

"I was terribly in love with Frank. It was a constructive love. He wanted me to go on working. He wanted me to succeed. He believed in me. He made me study singing. He told me, 'This will be your banner year. This year you will achieve stardom. You are ready for it.' I didn't think I was. I was afraid of it. But he kept urging me on, giving me belief in myself, confidence in my own powers. And my desire to justify his belief in me, my longing to make good to him did for me what nothing else had ever done . . .

"He was in Philadelphia. I was in Boston. He had bought me a stunning new car and was driving it up to me. The car overturned and he was killed. I thought I was killed, too. I didn't want to live. I didn't want to do anything but be left alone.

"I was in the 'Follies,' at the time. Mr. Ziegfeld urged me to keep on. He told me it was the only thing that would save me. He told me he had a starring contract for me on his desk, and any time I wanted to sign it, it was there . . . Frank had been right. I did keep on. I missed only one night. The things you have seen on the stage and read in books about the clowns whose hearts are breaking, the *Pagliaccis*, the shows that go on—are right. It was the hardest thing I ever had to do. *I learned then how important love can be.*

The Ironic Song

"I CAN always dance, no matter what has happened to me. The more unhappy I am, the faster I dance—more lightly, more easily than at any other time. I did then. I was told that I had never danced so well, even in my most joyous moments. It was the singing that nearly killed me. You can, if you are a trained dancer, dance in spite of everything. Your muscles are disciplined and respond automatically. The voice is something else. Your throat closes, you can't open your lips, you are choked . . .

"And in that 'Follies' my opening number was terrific for me at a time like that. A song all about love and sweet sixteen against an Urban background of flowers and green hills. I thought I would never get through that number. I had to give orders that no one should speak one word to me before I went on. I'd crouch in my dressing-room next to the stage until I heard the opening bars, then run like mad from the dressing-room to the stage. If anyone had spoken to me, I would have been lost . . .

"It is when you lose love that you *know* how important it is.

"For weeks and weeks and months and

months I was frightfully unhappy. Then Time began to heal. You never get over love, properly speaking. I shall love Frank as long as I live. He has the place he always had, and no one ever has or ever can take it from him. I'll go on loving him until I die. But I have learned that there are other loves, different loves, that do not detract in the least from the other love.

Other Kinds of Love

"I LOVED Jack Pickford because we had so much fun together. He is lovable and sweet and has a gorgeous sense of humour, an indispensable characteristic to me. I still see him. We are good friends. We laugh together to-day as we did yesterday, at one another, at ourselves, at life . . .

"I loved Ben for other reasons. But for a long while past I knew that we would never work life out together satisfactorily. He is more domestic than I, more set in his ways, more exacting. We would never have hit it off for any length of time. You can make mistakes about love as you can about any of the other emotions or major facts of living. I see Ben, too. I see Bebe. We are all good friends. I know that Ben and Bebe are going to be awfully happy together. They have everything in common. They think alike. They plan things and do things in the same way, with the same motivation. There shouldn't be any chance there for misunderstanding. They are good friends first of all. That's important.

"I am planning to be married again. That, again, proves how important love is to me, how much in need of it I am, how I believe in it.

Disillusion Impossible

"I MET Michael Farmer in Paris three years ago. Through a letter of intfoduction Adele Astaire sent me. We spent one afternoon together and then I didn't see him again until this past winter in New York. We began to go around together. I had never forgotten him—his handsome face, the way he has of commanding attention whenever he enters a room, a café, a theater, the fun we'd had together.

"We are friends, too, even before we are sweethearts. We like the same things, the same places, the same people. We should be happy—but even if we should not be, no matter what has happened to me in the past or what might happen to me in the future, I could never be disillusioned. Never lose my faith in men, in love or in life. Because I might have unfortunate experiences proves nothing. The world is wide and an individual is no solution to any problem. As a matter of fact, I have had no unhappy experiences through men. Save death. Men have always been marvelous to me, treated me perfectly, been generous and sweet.

"Love has been wonderful . . . The first love, the second, the third, the fourth . . . It might be more interesting, make better copy for you, if I should be tragic about it, bitter . . . I can't be. I *love* love. It's all that really matters."

A romantic marriage to the man of her dreams—every girl's desire!

"Don't Call it Luck"

COUNSELS ELINOR GLYN

HELEN M—is eating her heart out, poor child, because she's so "unlucky." There have been six weddings among her friends and she hasn't even one beau. "Miss Glyn," she writes, "really I am as good looking as these other girls. Can it be their clothes? Yet I buy the same styles as they do and pay just as much—"

DON'T call it luck, Helen. Undoubtedly these girls know something that you don't—that the thing about clothes that has the greatest appeal for men is *color*. Psychologists say color affects the emotions *more than any other factor in dress.*

As long as its intensity, its balance, are not upset or diminished, color will work unfailingly on the *emotions.*

It all comes down, Helen, to these two simple rules:

ONE: Wear the most becoming colors—

TWO: Keep those colors fresh, unfaded.

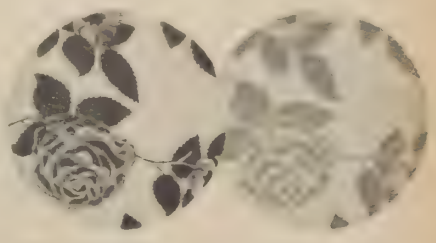
Some women use an ordinary "good" soap, but it is not good enough, for color goes from the fabric.

But there is a famous product especially made to take out dirt *without disturbing the colors.* That is the well-known Lux. If a color is safe in water, Lux will preserve *all* of its *original magnetism.*

And Your Home, Too

Remember this, too. If everything about you, dainty *curtains,* gay *pillows,* pretty *table linens,* reflects the charm of fresh color, which Lux alone gives, this will make *you* seem more charming to *him.*

ELINOR GLYN



THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Printed chiffon after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, vibrant as when bought, all the magnetism of color retained!

Washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap, undeniably faded, not actually ruined, but the allure of color lost.

***If it's safe in water, it's safe in* LUX!**

What makes china glisten?

This important truth is worth repeating: for easy and effective dishwashing, (1) scrape dishes well; (2) have *generous* suds; (3) rinse with boiling water. (And see our booklet).

When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And perspiration *attacks* silk underthings, frocks, stockings. Wash out all these promptly after wearing, whenever possible.

How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best, change suds often. For spots, apply soap directly to wood.

Is your cleaning done by noon?

To have more time to do as you please, use cleaning short cuts, and have a cleaning schedule or plan.

This valuable book is free!

We offer you an unusual kind of booklet... full of short cuts, and with instructions for making a cleaning plan to fit your particular problems. Send for this booklet. Remember it's *free.*

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. MPM-6
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock."

Name.....

Address.....

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

The best-known Jeanne: as bedraggled *Sadie Thompson* (below), the ironic globe-trotter of "Rain," she reached the height of her fame

Straus Peyton

The newcomer to Broadway: as a minor character (below) in "The Mind-The-Paint Girl," Jeanne first bowed to New York in 1912

When she was very young: above, the Jeanne Eagels whom Cecil Cunningham befriended—the threadbare, dynamic unknown

White

Sarony-Seton

The Real Jeanne Eagels

(*Continued from page 49*)

"I looked at it and decided he was the *Santa Claus* we needed.

"I asked him if he would give me some money to get an evening dress for Jeanne.

"He gave me a hundred dollars, and the next day Jeanne and I went shopping. I remember we got something highly impractical, but awfully cute. Clothes weren't so expensive in those days. The dress was forty-nine fifty, I think, and she got a whole outfit with the hundred dollars. I told her, 'You must make this last, now. Don't let anyone spill anything on it, because until we find another *Santa*, this is all you'll get.'

"In Chicago, weeks later, the dress was still holding out. Jeanne looked adorable in it, and we had each corralled a beau—both very wealthy men. One night when they were giving a party for us, I decided to complete Jeanne's wardrobe.

"When Jeanne left the table for a few minutes, I turned to her beau and said, 'How thoughtless men are! You are spending hundreds of dollars tonight on this food and this wine, to give pleasure to Jeanne. But wine isn't what she needs. How can you spend money this way when that girl hasn't even a warm enough coat?'

"He gave me two hundred and fifty dollars that night. Then my beau contributed a few hundred, and the next day we went shopping again. We had a glorious time—we got *everything!*

The Story of Her Baby

"THAT night at the party, Jeanne told me about her baby. We very rarely drank, but that night we were a little bit ginny and were feeling very sad. When we got back to the hotel, Jeanne told me all about herself—her marriage, her baby, and the tragedy that had broken her health.

"She told me she had had a baby, a little boy, who was being taken care of by her mother, while she was on tour. In her company was an actor, with whom Jeanne fell madly in love. She was very happy until another girl took his eye, and he left Jeanne for her.

"That experience broke her, mentally and physically. She became so ill that they had to leave her behind in a sanitarium. By the time she recovered and went back to the troupe, the actor had tired of the other girl, and wanted Jeanne back. Jeanne wanted terribly to refuse him, and she did for a while, but she was too weak—she loved him.

"On the night she went back to him, she received word that her baby had died.

"She was crushed. She felt it had happened because she had done wrong, and—as she expressed it to me—she went nutty. She was put on a nut farm, with a severe nervous breakdown. I don't know how long she stayed there. She recovered eventually, but the shock never really left her. She cried about it that night in Chicago. We cried together, I remember.

"It has been said that Jeanne's baby is not dead, but I don't believe it. She never departed from that story. And I'm sure if her son had lived, her mother would have been proud to let the boy and the world know that he was Jeanne's child.

She was merry and mischievous among her close friends. She used to cut up and do comedy acts, and night after night she came into my dressing-room and did

Camille and *Lady Isabel* from 'East Lynne,' and other famous parts. I thought she was very talented. But after telling me about her baby, she never did *Lady Isabel* again.

"In May of 1912, we returned to New York. Jeanne went to live with a girl-friend who was being taken care of by a rich man. She had grown very pretty. Living was easier now, she was no longer hungry, and she had blossomed out into a lovely thing.

"She had brownish hair. I had had my ash-blonde hair touched up for 'The Pink Lady.' It came out a beautiful gold. One day Jeanne came to me and said, 'Cecil, do you mind if I have my hair dyed the same shade as yours?'

"That was the beautiful golden hair that has been written of so much. It changed her whole appearance—made her much more beautiful.

"I never saw much of Jeanne after that. She got in with a fast crowd—the kept women, tarts, and blood-suckers of Broadway. I saw her getting on the merry-go-round, and often wished I could help her. But I couldn't follow her on. I wasn't meant for that sort of thing. And neither was she. She was too fine to live their life and survive.

"She was fiercely independent. She asked no favors of anyone. She did what she liked and took the consequences without flinching.

What Jeanne Needed

"WITH success, she became ill-natured, imperious. People spoke of her language. Her partying. She got into the maelstrom, and was too weak to pull herself out. If she could have had some strong, steadying person who cared for nothing but her, who would have stuck to her through it all, she might have pulled out. But alone she could do nothing.

"Her resistance was impaired by the many blows she had received. Her love for the well-known lawyer who is always mentioned in connection with her was the big love of her life. She was fine in her love for him. Jeanne really wanted to marry some fine person and lead the life of a lady. And she could have done it, too, with great success.

"She expected to marry this man. Losing him broke her heart. I don't think she ever recovered. Being rejected, she turned to the other extreme. She took up with that terrible longshoreman, and the procession of other men who filled her life.

"Strange, that a woman of Jeanne's temperament should have been involved with so many men. For it is true that she was almost without passion. Jeanne was, beyond all doubt, *spirituelle*.

"I saw her a number of times during the years before her death. I saw what was happening, but I couldn't save her.

"And who knows? People say her career was ruined, cut short, by all that. But maybe her very brilliance came from that life she fed on. Maybe without it she wouldn't have been the genius she undoubtedly was."

Niagara Falls are illuminated at night.
The lights are colored.
The Falls are colored.
But they do not need coloring.
They are more interesting as they are.

So with the folk of Hollywood.
Stories appear, coloring their lives.
But they do not need coloring.
They are more interesting as they are.

And you see them as they really are
In

MOTION PICTURE

$1000.00 offered by Jo-cur for Beautiful Hair FREE!

FIRST PRIZE

$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE $100.00

2 Prizes $50.00 each	10 Prizes $10.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each	70 Prizes 5.00 each

IF you have beautiful hair, attractively finger-waved and smartly dressed, it may win for you one of these prizes. Think of it! You may win the money for a glorious trip—a new outfit—or some other luxury you have always wanted. Just read the simple rules of this great contest—**and enter today.**

RULES OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cur, Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cur Shampoo and Jo-cur Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial. **ALICE WHITE,** First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions. **CHARLES B. ROSS,** famous painter of lovely women. **HAZEL KOZLAY,** Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.

FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and **easy to finger-wave.** It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cur Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cur Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cur Brilliantine adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cur Beauty Aids. You will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10-cent stores — regular sizes at your drug store.

If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cur Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps.

Remember the contest closes at midnight, September 30, 1930. Don't fail to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.

489 East 133rd Street New York City

GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffliefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
61-A Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.
If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.
State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D._____
Name_____
St. Address_____
City_____ State_____

What Women Want To Know

(*Continued from page 50*)

comfortably. She has known the hard upgrade of the untrained woman, who, her marriage at an end, has had to face the world and wrest a living from it. She has known the pangs of disappointment, the first hard fruits of success, the finally won joy of a later, happy marriage, her efforts crowned with success in every phase of that conquering word.

Through all kinds of valleys of fear and discouragement, she has come out on top—smiling.

"What Shall I Do?"

IT is Irene Rich, more than any other woman on the screen, who can hold out the human hand to grasp other human hands. For Irene has been desired and deserted, she has known the labor of childbirth and the labor of hand and heart. She has lost her only son. She has washed dishes and mended little socks and braved a glittering world from the very threshold of her home. She has experienced all the perplexities, the pains, the frustrations, the triumphs of all women who have loved and lost and fought and kept their chins up. She has come out on top—smiling.

The women of America want to know *how* and by what similar virtue they, too, can wring from the hard rind of life the same resurgent juices.

"'What shall I do?'" Irene said, her steady eyes a little sad. "'What shall I do with myself?'—that is one of the foremost questions women put to me. Women in their middle thirties or forties. Women whose children have grown up and grown away from their need of them. Women, for the most part, who are comfortably off and have no financial worries and, it seems, little companionship.

"Each and every one of these women write that, most of all, they envy me the work I have to do. They envy me because I seem to them to have a place of my own in the world. Something to *do*. They feel lost, futile, unneeded. There is nothing much that I can tell them unless I get some hint of an ability lost in the domestic years, or a desire for something that might, even at so late a date, open up a career. I can and do tell them to prepare their children for some work in the world, so that the generation now on its way to maturity need never know those idle, unnecessary middle years.

The Girl Found Herself

"YOUNGER women who have not found themselves write me. There was one girl, in her middle twenties, I should say, who wrote me consistently for some years. A discontented, discouraged girl. A fleeting sort of creature who wanted to take root, didn't know how and was developing a sullen, peevish nature as a result. The materials of life were teeming all about her and she didn't have a skilled enough hand to grasp hold of them.

"She finally wrote me, in a more or less desultory and dispirited fashion, and asked me what I thought of nursing as a career. I wrote her as vehemently, as enthusiastically as I knew how. I sensed that there was a vast amount of vital energy smoldering in the girl. Energy that could be put to this splendid use. I told her that I knew of *no* career where a woman could give such vital service, be so necessary, so indispensable. I spoke of the burden of universal pain and the great part played by those who give their lives to alleviating it. The letter seemed to spur the girl on to take the nursing course. She took it. And month by month her letters grew more richly content, more repletely satisfied. She had found her place in the world and the place was good.

"Eventually, the letters ceased. You see, she didn't need me any more. The last I heard from her was that she had joined the navy as a navy nurse. She is happy and healthy and sane and fulfilled. To be fulfilled is the mighty need of the American woman.

Escape

"THERE are women whose homes are despoiled and desecrated by the husbands who have sworn to cherish and protect. One such woman was a frequent correspondent of mine.

"When I was on my recent vaudeville tour, she came to see me, bringing her little boy. Her husband, a doctor, was having an affair with another woman. He spent all of his spare time and most of his not-so-very-spare money on this woman. What should she do?

"I tried to ascertain the woman's financial circumstances and found that she had a small independent income. Not much, but enough with the little her husband gave her to save some and go away with her boy. I advised her to stay where she was until she had accumulated enough to live for three or four months; then, take the boy to some other town or city and make a living for them both.

"I don't think I gave her the advice she wanted. It was a bitter pill to swallow. But she did it. When I last heard from her, she was here in Los Angeles trying to get her boy into the movies.

Six Lives Salvaged

"THERE was another woman in somewhat similar circumstances, who came to see me while I was on tour. She, too, had been writing me for a very long while. And she told me that a picture I had once made had influenced, changed and finally rebuilt her entire life. That picture was 'Compromise' and that woman, from that picture, had learned to compromise.

"She was married, even as the woman in the picture. She had four half-grown boys. She discovered, one saddened, shocking day, that her husband was 'in love' with another woman. She was harshly bitter and vindictive. She wanted to destroy everything they had builded together, as her faith had been destroyed. She was on the very verge of smashing everything, when she happened to see Clive Brook and myself acting out a similar situation. That woman went home and thought things over from an angle that hadn't occurred to her before. *She learned to compromise.*

"To-day her four boys are grown up and doing well. Her husband, with a new grip on life and a new sense of the things that really matter, is in a dental college. Six lives have been salvaged and reconstructed because of one little picture thrown on a screen.

"Oh, it's *real*, this thing we are doing. So real that responsibility is too frail a word to describe it.

The Need of Being Needed

"PROBABLY one of the most frequent questions women ask me is how to have homes, children, husbands *and* careers. Home, husband and children do not seem to be enough for the women of America today. Machinery has made it all too simple. Schools have removed the children at an early age.

"The women of America need to be needed. They need to feel necessary. And so, when I write to them, I try as honestly as I can to tell them what I had to do and how I did it. And just what ingredients of courage and self-confidence it needed. I

give them other 'case histories' of women who have done what I have done in other lines of work. Women with sterner problems to face than I had. Women who have surmounted the insurmountable and have come out on top—smiling.

"It is astonishing and rather terrible to realize the niches we people of the screen fill in the lives of lonely women. Until I went on this vaudeville tour and really met the people face to face, I never really knew. I have come back from that tour a different person. Nothing has ever changed me as that has changed me. I never before felt about my work as I feel now. Then, the money meant something to me. A very great deal. Sometimes everything. Now, it means nothing at all, and I really mean it. What I am doing, the sort of story, the character, the effect it will have—these are the things that concern me.

"No one could be unaffected by the letters—such letters as I get day after day. And they can be nothing less than powerfully affected when they have met the writers of these letters face to face, fellow human beings, asking for alms that are neither silver nor gold.

"Women who write me that they have held fast to my picture through the dark travail of childbirth, to give them courage. Women with neglectful husbands and selfish children, who try to find in the shadowy friendship of a fellow woman some solace for their hurt. Women who write me that they have my picture hanging by their baby's. Women who write that they have lost their daughter, or daughters, but can carry on because I so resemble the dear ones they have lost. They can live again in the illusion. Who would dare to despoil such illusions as these?

"A great many women write me about their financial problems. Particularly when they are meeting them alone, as I once did. They want to know how I managed to get a start, how or if I budgeted, what savings methods I used, if any.

"A few write me about clothes and make-up. Not many. I imagine Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels get more mail of that sort than I do. Naturally.

"I almost never get letters about sex. Either from women or men. And when I do, they are not sincere. I should say that sex is the least of the American woman's preoccupations.

"The women of America are lonely. And they want to know how not to be lonely. That is their question."

Some pout after they are stars, but Frances McCoy, new recruit from vaudeville, is doing her pouting now

Sanitary Protection *must* be inconspicuous

that's why most women prefer Kotex

Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

THERE are times when you hesitate to enjoy sports to the fullest . . . unless you know about Kotex.

Kotex is the sanitary pad that is designed for *inconspicuous* protection. The corners are rounded and tapered. Sides, too, are rounded. It gives you complete security and ease of mind.

Wear Kotex without a worry, then, under any frock you possess. Wear it for sports or with filmiest evening things—and retain the cool poise so essential to charm.

Light, cool, comfortable

There's another way in which this careful shaping brings wonderful relief. There's no unneeded bulk to pack and chafe. No awkward bulges to grow terribly uncomfortable.

Kotex is always light, always cool, always comfortable. This is largely due to its remarkable filler — Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than cotton. This means your Kotex pad can be *five times lighter* than any cotton pad, with the same absorbency and protection.

America's leading hospitals—85% of them—choose this same absorbent for important surgical work.

Kotex deodorizes . . . keeps you dainty and immaculate at times when that is particularly essential. It is so easily disposed of.

You owe it to your comfort and good health to use this modern, safe, sanitary protection. Kotex is available everywhere. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. ***Kotex is soft*** . . . not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

"Now . . . I can meet his gaze with confidence"

Men demand daintiness in a woman. And it's so easy to be dainty . . . So simple to have an alluringly smooth, hair-free skin when you use Del-a-tone Cream. Swift . . . *safe* . . . it actually removes hair in 3 minutes or less.

Del-a-tone helps you stay immaculate at all times because the removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

Whenever you wear a fashionable short-sleeved blouse by day . . . a sleeveless frock by night, use Del-a-tone to keep your *forearm* as well as your underarm free of ugly, fuzzy growth.

(And you will want to use it on your legs, too, because silk stockings are often embarrassingly sheer.)

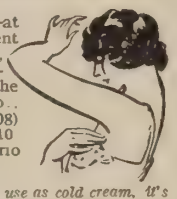
Once you see how satiny soft and clean Del-a-tone leaves your skin, you will understand why thousands of dainty women consider this snowy-white cream hair-remover an indispensable aid to loveliness.

Send coupon below for generous trial tube.

DEL-A-TONE

The *White* Cream Hair-remover*

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, $1. Money back if desired. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., (Established 1908) Department 710 233 East Ontario Street, Chicago.



Easy to use as cold cream. It's swift, simple and safe.

1930 sales are exceeding by far the record year of 1929 when sales were four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

Faintly fragrant, Del-a-tone is the most *pleasant* way to remove hair.

***Perfected through our exclusive formula.**

Trial Offer

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 710 Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name—

Street—

City

Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Barnum Was Right

(*Continued from page 55*)

and manners and assimilated them as gracefully and as capably as he. If Otis Skinner has not missed a season in the theater in fifty years' time, neither has Mary Skinner shirked her duty as lovable critic, helpmeet and companion.

The Author Gets His Due

"KNOBLOCK'S play, 'Kismet,' finds its ideal *metier* in the talking picture," says Otis Skinner. The stage always presented limitations that in the beginning seemed insuperable. In the working out, terrible difficulties presented themselves from time to time. It is only on a motion picture lot that the play, first presented by Klaw and Erlanger and Harrison Grey Fiske in 1911, fulfils the ideal of the author.

"You see, 'Kismet' was written by Knoblock in Tunis," Skinner told me. "He conceived and completed his work among the sounds of street criers, muezzin calls to prayer, the whining of beggars, and the stenches of an Arab city. Then began his weary peddling of it among the managerial offices of New York. For a long time, it was declined by readers who saw nothing in it."

Skinner smiled ruefully. "To tell the truth," he said, "Charles Frohman sent a copy to me, asking my opinion, several months before Oscar Ashe produced it in London. When I told Frohman that it seemed to me a play of unusual interest and picturesque quality that would require a small fortune to produce, he said, 'Well, we will think no more about it.' And the subject was dropped.

The Ending Is Fitting

"THEN 'Kismet' scored a great triumph in London and managers here fell over one another to secure the rights. I was released from my contract with Frohman for three years' time that I might play the rôle of *Hajj*, the beggar. The result was that Knoblock made a fortune from the royalties of 'Kismet,' and the play brought me a more wide-spread success than any part I have ever played. It was quite fitting that I should complete the cycle of my efforts with a talking version of it in cinema.

"I pantomimed it for the screen a decade ago. At that time I was pleased to think that this was a tremendous accomplishment. It was child's play compared to the whimsicalities of the microphone.

"I get my keenest interest in contemplating the amazing advancement in the art of motion pictures between that celluloid venture in 1920 and my present work. I have looked back so many times in life and laughed at the primitive methods of the decade preceding. . . ."

No shade of wistfulness colored this next remark: "I suppose I shall go right on doing that to the very end."

"You do not contemplate retiring then, Mr. Skinner?"

"Retiring?"

The flash in Otis Skinner's eyes was akin to that which one might glimpse in the eyes of a great general asked such a question on the eve of battle.

The Stage Is a World

"WHY should I retire? The stage is my world, the theater my full existence. I shall go on playing so long as the world wants me and I pray that the close of my career will come when I have my grease-paint on."

Skinner, the man, is a worldling to the finger-tips. His outstanding quality as a human being is that delicious sense of humor which is the prerogative of the very civilized. It is a super-civilization, which has not rendered his personality anæmic in the slightest degree.

He prefers to discuss the amusing angles rather than the pathetic ones. He relates with gusto tales of the Shakespearian repertory company which toured the primitive theaters of the Middle West of that day, continually menaced by the practical jokes of Louis James, a member of the company. Otis Skinner would rather relate the times this mischievous and brilliant young man strode across the stage as *Bassanio* with his wife's curling tongs in his belt in place of his stiletto. Of performances when James scraped dark grease-paint from his *Othello* make-up and drew outlandish mustaches on the upper-lip of the pretentious *Desdemona* during her elaborate death scene. Of *Julius Caesar* when James, clasping his hand in fond adieu, left therein an iron bar some three feet long which he had been concealing beneath his toga. He elides the bitter experiences.

These were the days when an actor's waistline was often kept slim by necessity. But when Phineas Barnum gave Otis Skinner that letter of introduction, he underlined one word—a *yearning* for the theater. And this yearning, more than the will to accomplish and the talent to act, carries one over such times.

The career which began humbly in the companies starring such lights as Madame Janauscheck, Lotta Crabtree, Fanny Davenport, John T. Raymond, Edwin Booth, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Nat C. Goodwin and Helena Modjeska is culminating with a production in which Loretta Young is the ingénue performer. That is complete histrionic history.

The rich personality which drew to Otis Skinner such friends as William Winter, Joseph Jefferson, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, Marse Henry Watterson and, in later years, Harry Leon Wilson, will continue to be a magnet for the worth while of the human breed.

Everybody's Friend

THE friendship with Jim Riley was one of the most intimate of a working career, due to the fact that Otis Skinner was stricken with mastoiditis whilst in Indiana, and the Hoosier poet, who had long been one of his admiring acquaintances, became, in very fact, his friend. The two took long drives into the country during the period of Skinner's convalescence. This story that Skinner told me on the Hollywood lots reveals more of the secret of James Whitcomb Riley's tremendous hold on the world than any tale yet recounted of him:

"One day, quite a way from the city's smoke, we halted at a farm house. In response to the driver's knock, a lank tall man in working clothes appeared. Seeing his caller, he turned and shouted, 'Come on out, ma! It's Riley.'"

We can thank Otis Skinner for this priceless etching of our best-loved rhyming American. We can credit Otis Skinner with this priceless approximation of the theater then—and now:

"Acting has changed. Versatility, once the choicest possession of the player, is being bred out of the stock. Actors are no longer chosen for their ability to express any and every character, but for their physical and temperamental approximation to one particular character.

Stage direction has changed. In the old stock companies, there was little or no constructive direction or any working out of the niceties of acting. Then came a period of intensive instruction—the exaltation of the meticulous, with the actors

made into automatons, parrots of the directors. This, in turn, is passing away. I find many directors silent at rehearsal to-day, seemingly content to allow actors to find their own salvation. Perhaps they are waiting for an inspired moment, or maybe they are *Svengalis*, hypnotizing their people.

"But in all this mutability one vital, ineffaceable thing remains—the Spirit of the Drama. The patronage and love of the public for the theater grows. More thoughtful people than ever before are writing about and exploiting the drama. More imagination and originality are going into the work of playwriting."

Otis Skinner, whose embryo ambition was nursed by Phineas Barnum, has played three hundred and twenty-five parts in the theater. Of these, the rôle of *Hajj*, the beggar, which will be perpetuated to the world in the sound films, is his outstanding success in point of number of performances and public acclaim.

But it is *Sancho Panza* he quotes when he philosophizes on life—*Sancho Panza*, squire of *Don Quixote*, that knight of the rueful countenance, when he says,

"One must work and love—and pray sometimes!"

A Chicago Adventure

(*Continued from page 66*)

most of the winning. This seemed to amuse Bon-Bon a lot. He kept winking at Cy when he thought I didn't see him.

"Except for a few of the boys who drifted into this room from the street now and then, and a huge beautiful police dog curled up over in a corner, Cy and Bon-Bon and I were undisturbed. That is, I tried not to be disturbed when a very large gentleman, immaculately groomed, slipped into the room through the panels, emptied his pockets of two guns and, with not a word to us, slipped out as he had come in. Bon-Bon said nothing. Neither did Cy. And I took my cue from them.

Another Rin-Tin-Tin

"I KEPT winning and winning. It was getting later and later. Once I threw a very hard point and made it. I became so excited over this that I grabbed hold of Bon-Bon's lapels and shook him in my excitement. Before I knew what was happening, that huge police dog had sprung from his corner and would have torn at my throat if Bon-Bon hadn't jumped between us. That brute thought I was attacking Bon-Bon and he was after me. After Bon-Bon had quieted the animal, he told us how he had acquired him.

"It seems he had wanted a dog, and so he and one of the boys had gone down to the Pound and while his pal engaged the guard in conversation, Bon-Bon had swiped this dog. He had only had him a couple of days, but the dog was crazy about him. He didn't need to assure me of that. I had had it proved.

"It was getting awfully late and we decided to go back and join the party. Bon-Bon insisted that I keep my lucky dice. 'The only square dice in Chicago,' he kept saying.

"When we got back to the table, there were all sorts of my favorite Italian dishes, which Bon-Bon had had prepared while we were playing. I think Sylvia, my masseuse, would have died to see me wading through that spaghetti: but after he had been so sweet about surprising me, and had gone to so much trouble, I couldn't refuse to eat.

"That little Italian is a great guy and I'm for him. And as a host he has no equals anywhere.

(*Continued on page 115*)

Now... try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic.
Ideal for colds, hay fever.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are . . . those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

But did you know that Kleenex is rapidly replacing handkerchiefs among progressive people?

Kleenex is so much more sanitary. You use it just once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded too, instead of being carried about in an unsanitary handkerchief, to reinfect the user and infect others.

And Kleenex is infinitely more comfortable. Every tissue that touches your face is soft, dry, gentle and absorbent.

Kleenex is the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package at any drug, dry goods or department store.

The coupon below will bring you a generous sample, absolutely free.

Kleenex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

OFFICE WORKERS *find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchiefs, for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.*

MOTHERS *have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost? . . . the cost is not worth figuring. And think—no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs.*

Kleenex comes in white, and in three lovely tints. Colors are guaranteed safe and pure.

FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER. *Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief, which is a menace to those about you.*

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake-Michigan Bldg., M-10
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge.

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . *State* . . . . . .

Millions

use this aid to eye beauty and health

Murine is used by millions of people to keep their eyes clear, bright and healthy. Many have been using it for over 30 years! It relieves the eyes of irritation and strain, and noticeably enhances their sparkle. 60c at drug and dep't stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

FILL OUT YOUR FIGURE IN 30 DAYS

Flat chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliness of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their *feminine* charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method plumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue.

SPECIAL OFFER

Write Today Send only $1.00 for liberal jar of DEVELOPING CREAM (in plain wrapper) and my special Figure Moulding Exercises and complete advice. Take advantage of this big offer—write AT ONCE!

NANCY LEE, Dept. K-010
853 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

CONVINCE YOURSELF that you can develop a rounded, feminine figure. Accept liberal offer.

Don't be an

EX-BLONDE

"How much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

The telling kind: when little girls like Dorothy Jordan, Catherine Moylan and Dorothy McNulty grow wild, they stand to be picked for one picture after another

Marriages In The Movies

(*Continued from page 45*)

said 'No,' because she felt it would be like catching the street-car—you know what I mean, the end of all perspective. But I felt that it had to be, and I persisted.

A Severe Test of Love

"I WOULDN'T recommend secret marriage to a man and woman who are not absolutely crazy about each other. The most difficult feature of it is the things you hear about each other, from catty people who don't suspect you are married. It's a pretty severe test of love, and I think most people would crack under the strain. One of the things that holds marriages together is the fact that people don't dare talk against a husband to his wife, and *vice versa*, so their feeling for each other is fostered rather than broken down. But in a situation like ours, you hear every sort of unfriendly gossip.

"At first it used to burn me up, but later it merely amused me. And those things have to be treated humorously, or they're dangerous. I've heard people make the most vicious attacks on Lenore, as an artist and as an individual. And I've had to sit there and smile.

"What poet was it who said, 'Life is a naked runner in a storm of spears'? Sounds like Sara Teasdale, doesn't it?"

Sidney is partial to the poets, and I suspect he knew all the time it was Sara Teasdale.

"How true that is," he went on to explain, "of us of the dramatic profession. We get them constantly from all sides—the spears of malicious gossip and criticism.

Defending His Play-Mate

"I ALWAYS defended Lenore, but mildly, as a disinterested person who happened to admire her work.

"People have said to me, 'I can't understand why you play with her. She's of an entirely different generation!'

"Then I'd say, 'Miss Ulric may not be a flapper, but she's nobody's grandmother. And if she's a day over so-and-so (Mr. Blackmer suppresses the figures, not I) then I'm General Grant.'"

Sidney smiled indulgently.

"Oh, it's happened so many times. I'd have to say, 'No, she hasn't any babies by the Crown Prince. She's never been to Germany.' It's amazing, the things people assure you they *know* beyond all doubt.

"Ruth Chatterton gave out an interview saying that she and Lowell Sherman and Lenore Ulric were in the same stock company years ago, and that Lenore taught her to act. I've no doubt she could. But the fact is that Ruth Chatterton was playing leads in that company, and Lenore was just starting out—just a little girl who was shoved out on the stage to do a dance now and then.

"Then there were further complications, with women who thought I was a bachelor and made passes at me. Even Lenore accuses me of being a flirt. But somehow I always managed to indicate that I wasn't seriously interested, without giving away the secret. I've a horror of getting involved in anything like that, because I'm so afraid of spoiling the dream of our romance.

Speaking of Love

"YOU know," Sidney lowered his voice and gestured toward the next room, where Lenore was being remarkably unobtrusive, "I'm crazy about this girl. She's marvelous. She was there when I was on the crest of the wave, with all the success in the world. And when I was so far down that it seemed I was never going to be able to climb back, she was still sitting there.

"She has more character in the end of her finger than all of my family—who opposed the marriage. They objected because they heard false reports—some of this malicious gossip about Lenore.

"It annoyed me, of course, but I love them still. I'll always love my mother, because I know she's the one who, in the end when I've lost everything else, will still stand by me. They can sing 'Mammy' all their lives, and jeer at 'Mother O' Mine' and all that sort of thing. But just the same it's all true, and your mother is the only person who always loves you, come what may."

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

publicity department modestly expressed it. Meaning, of course, that if George should *have* a thought, someone would be on hand to suppress it at birth.

But what kind of thoughts do you imagine they think he is going to have? Goodness me! Why, George!

If anyone else talks, you mustn't listen. That's nearly as fatal as saying a sentence, yourself.

Why, only the other day I heard the general manager on one of the biggest lots moaning that he would be ruined forever if the information should leak out that he had once been a close friend of a young man who has recently published some caustic criti isms of Hollywood. I know the young man, myself, and have been several times warned by well-meaning friends not to admit it. He has spoken and he is a Pariah!

Greta Garbo is the press-agents' pride and joy. She doesn't go anywhere, see anybody or do anything. Best of all, she never says anything. "People may say anything they like *about* me," she is said to have remarked, "as long as they don't quote me as saying something."

A wise, wise girl—this Greta!

Joan Bennett has novel notions on these subjects. She avers that a screen star has no right to p ivacy and she declines to keep her comings and goings secret or to deny anything. She says an actor belongs to the public and that people should be privileged to know all about him.

Well—Joan hasn't been in pictures so very long. Someone will doubtless put her right about things some time.

Eric von Stroheim has talked himself out of any number of jobs in pictures. He is simply irrepressible and goes about telling producers and things where they are wrong. For heaven's sake! And insisting that he knows more about his job than his numerous and eager advisers.

Rupert Hughes, I think, summed this all up very neatly one time when he was giving fatherly advice to two young writers who were fired with ambition to write The Truth, as they saw it, about Hollywood.

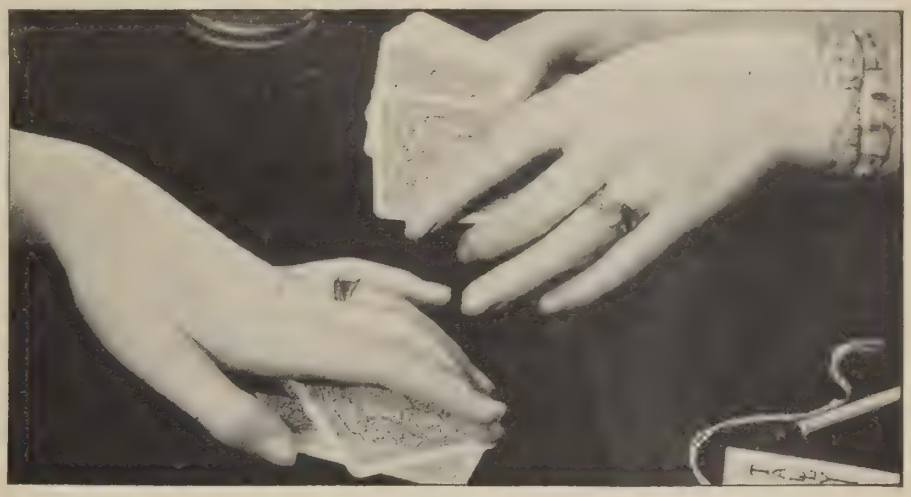
"That's all very nice and very interesting," he commented, drily. "But, in the event that you find a publisher sufficiently courageous to print your findings, have you made arrangements to—er—live elsewhere?"

Talking is a deadly, deadly Sin.

One of the newcomers in Hollywood is John Garrick, and he seems to be doing right smart for himself

Busy hands, the country over, now have this marvelous beauty care—right in the dishpan.

The beautiful hands of leisure are no lovelier than the hands of the woman who uses Lux.



. . Need your Hands say. .

"I Have No Maid"

YOU need never be ill at ease, uncomfortably self-conscious—even in the company of women who have maids to do all their work. Your hands need never broadcast "dishpan" though you wash dishes three times a day!

Modern young homemakers by the thousands are now keeping their hands white and smooth by using Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks.

Beauty Experts answer "No"

Asked "Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?" experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country answered . . . "With all our experience we cannot distinguish between the hands of the woman with servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan."

A Great Discovery

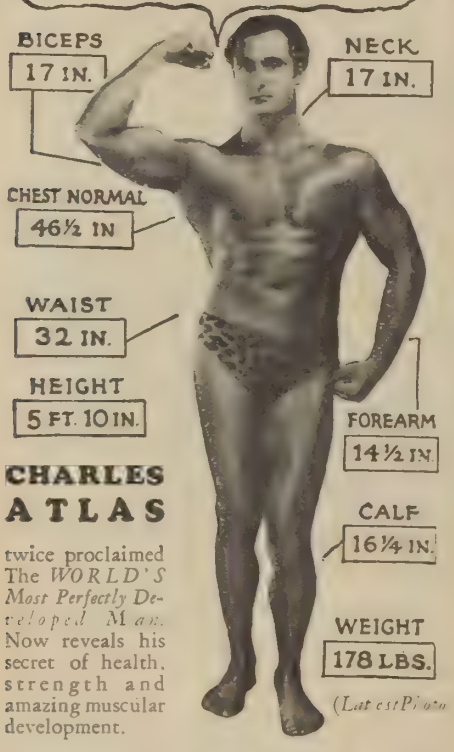
Women discovered for themselves in washing fine fabrics just what 305 famous beauty shops say: "Lux gives real beauty care—keeps busy hands lovely and young as the hands of leisure."

These beauty experts know that ordinary soaps dry up the oils of the skin and leave hands red and rough and work-worn, while the bland Lux suds protect these oils, keep the skin smooth and fine.

Save the precious, flower-like beauty of your hands. Even *one* dishwashing with Lux will leave them lovelier. And Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

LUX in your Dishpan keeps Hands Lovely for Less than 1¢ a Day

"Give me your measure and I'll PROVE that you can have a body like mine"



CHARLES ATLAS

twice proclaimed The *WORLD'S Most Perfectly Developed Man.* Now reveals his secret of health, strength and amazing muscular development.

IT'S easy my DYNAMIC-TENSION way. And quick! Just tell me what you NOW measure—and what you want to be.

I'll give you PROOF in just 10 DAYS that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. I'll put a solid inch of smooth, supple powerful muscle all over your body.

If you are under weight, I'll add the pounds where they are needed and, if you are fat in any spots, I'll show you how to pare down to the fighting trim that I am always in myself.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you **through-and-through** health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the hundred-and-one other ailments that rob you of the good times and the good things of life.

FREE! "Everlasting Health and Strength"

First, do what my other prize-winning followers did. Send for a free copy of my 48-page book—"**Everlasting Health and Strength.**" Gamble a 2c stamp for the biggest prize that anyone can gain—a handsome, healthy, muscular body that commands the respect of anybody, any time, any place!

With my book I'll send you a chart so you can give me all your measurements. Then compare **your** biceps with **mine.** Measure your chest and put the figures beside mine. Do the same with arms, neck, wrist and all other parts of your body. Then get proof of what my secret of **Dynamic Tension** will do for you—in your home—spending as little as 15 minutes a day doing what I tell you—without apparatus—without special foods, pills, or baths—without any kind of fussy contrivance whatsoever! Give **me** 10 days and I'll give **you** the proof!

Remember, it's easy my way. No apparatus—**Dynamic Tension** does the work! You owe it to yourself to find out what my secret will do for you. Make sure of **your** free copy of my book—mail the coupon NOW. Address CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 4610), 133 East 23d St., New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 4610)
133 East 23d St., New York City

Dear Mr. Atlas: I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will give me, too, a healthy husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "**Everlasting Health and Strength,**" and the confidential chart for my measurements.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

"People have been awfully kind," says Rex. "Literally hundreds of movie players—some of whom I barely know—have called me up to tell me they were sorry for me and were sure I had never done what I am accused of doing. All the other guests at the Farrell party that evening have expressed their belief in me. It's been wonderful to find out I had so many friends."

One remembers reading of other Duncan beatings in the newspaper headlines. There was the occasion on which the two sisters got into an argument with a traffic cop in Cicero, just outside of Chicago, and that time it was Rosetta's nose that suffered breakage by the cop's fist. Vivian's own nose has been operated on four times, her friends tell me. Her knee was operated on after an accident last year. And she was about to go into the hospital to have a throat operation when this happened. The trouble she has seen!

That was a pitiful picture of Vivian taken at the hospital, sitting in a wheelchair, with a blanket over her knees and her black eye gazing out at you (see illustration on page 8). The newspapers hinted that an operation on her knee might be necessary. However, it is on the hospital records that, when she entered the institution, she was walking unaided and singing. And it is also on the hospital records that in spite of her claim that her nerves were in a terrible state on account of the "beating," no sedative was necessary.

On the other hand, a famous local masseuse is authority for the statement that Vivian was covered with bruises that could not have been made by contact with a cobblestone fireplace, unless someone had hurled the fireplace at her, stone by stone.

"American girls," Nils Asther once told an interviewer, "do things girls in my country would not do." And he went on to relate how his first engagement to Vivian was broken by him, because one day in a restaurant she threw a sandwich, which had too much mustard to suit her, into the waiter's face.

It would seem that the peppy Duncan sisters have been featured sensationally in an impressive number of fistic encounters in the course of their career.

On the other hand, Rex Lease has never publicly been mentioned in connection with rough dealing. Though, curiously enough, the public has learned to connect him with similar incidents because, in his last motion pictures, he has invariably been cast as the wisecracking kid who gets drunk and beats up people.

"They had it in the paper that I sent Miss Duncan a huge basket of flowers with a plea for mercy," Rex says. "That is absolutely untrue, and so are the threats Nils Asther is said to have uttered against me, and those I have been quoted as uttering against him. As a matter of fact, nearly everything that has been printed about the affair is untrue."

Several years back, Charlotte Merriman decided to sue Rex Lease for divorce. They were living apart at the time and she asked him to come to see her to discuss the complaint she was about to bring against him in court. Rex was then out of work. He didn't have money enough for a taxi, so he walked. As he approached the house where his estranged wife was living, a phonograph next door began to play a sentimental song of the moment, with a chorus on the theme, "Kiss and make up." Rex took the advice, kissed his wife and they made up—temporarily, at least.

The present story has no such happy ending.

When the case was heard at Malibu Beach, Rex paid a fifty-dollar fine. He pleaded self-defense. Vivian charged that he had taken the key to her car, made advances. She had the black eye to show the judge.

A few days later, the anti-climax occurred. Vivian became Mrs. Nils Asther.

When Lila Lee goes camping, she not only has plenty of fish to fry, but cooks them in that California sun

Shoot A Million

(*Continued from page 53*)

Making a certain type of picture after its appeal has passed is like betting on the horse that chases—not leads—all the other horses around the track.

Which horse? Which color? Which card? Which number? Which picture? Which player?

Universal cashed in handsomely because they had John Boles under contract when "singies" made him a big star. That was one of the "breaks." They had him as a silent player, and he turned out to be a "dark horse" that ran 'way ahead of the field.

Westerns were "out." But Winnie Sheehan didn't think so. He put down a bet on Warner Baxter in "In Old Arizona." His winnings for Fox are history.

It should be called the "Hollywood Sweepstakes." That's what it is.

They Mean Business

NOT that the movie magnates call it gambling. It's "business." And it is not only a legitimate business, but the fourth biggest business in the United States—which means the world, too.

But it is all a gamble, nevertheless.

The big individual producers gamble their own money and their own judgment. The others—the corporations—gamble their judgment and the public's money. That is because the ownership of the largest producers is passing more and more into the hands of Wall Street and the banks.

These operate to a large extent on what they call a "margin of safety." Which means simply that they diversify their gambling both in product, method of production, and in the small investment by thousands rather than the huge "bet" of one individual.

But they can't change the popular taste. Or make it what they would like it to be. They can stand the gamble better, perhaps, but they can't reduce the element of chance in it.

Ask any producer why he is making any picture.

"Because I think it's going to be what the public wants" he will reply.

Ask him why he puts any particular star in it.

"Because I think he is box-office," he will say.

Of course, he thinks those things. He's betting on them. Nor does it matter whether he is an individual or a corporation—he can't be the public. That is the element he has to guess.

The Chances They Run

WHEN the radio first came out, sundry pessimistic souls were loud in their prediction that it would put the movies out of business.

But the motion picture industry bet it wouldn't. The stakes were increased, too; and better entertainment made it a better bet.

How does this producer know that his biggest star isn't going to get himself or herself into a scandal and become a flop overnight? He doesn't, of course, because lots of them have done just that. But every picture he makes with that star is a bet that it won't happen.

Suppose Television should come in and scrap the movie houses? Suppose it should come in, as the radio has, and help them instead? Who can tell? How?

Movie magnates are not crystal-gazers. They have to struggle along just like the rest of us, doing what they think best. If it isn't best—well, they lose.

The history of the motion picture itself shows the gamble it has been. Where are

(*Continued on page 113*)

• the modern minded read

College Humor

• because—Its fiction is in tune with life as it is lived today—absorbing, stimulating and inspiring on every page.
Its articles by outstanding writers are timely and authentic.
Its reviews on the field of sports are condensed and informing.
Its humor is the best of the latest—sparkling and fresh from the campus.
Each month the ***College Hall of Fame,*** articles on the latest books, travel, motion picture stars, ***Styles for College Men and Women*** —who's who and what's what among the up-and-doing moderns.

• highlights of the NOVEMBER issue

HUDDLE by Francis Wallace, CHORUS MAN by Faith Baldwin, HUMBLE PYE by Richard Connell, BEDS by Groucho Marx, OHIO STATE by Daphne Alloway McVicker.

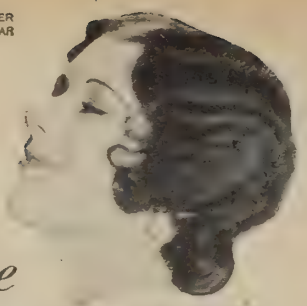
Regularly, COLLEGE HUMOR costs 35c a copy
One Year $3.00 Two Years $5.00
(Canadian Postage 50c a year additional; foreign postage $1)

To NEW subscribers we will send COLLEGE HUMOR for six months for $1.00. Fill in the blank below . . . It is your ticket to six months of gay and refreshing entertainment.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

COLLEGE HUMOR, 1050 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

JUNE COLLYER
POPULAR STAR



You too will be

HAPPY-

with hair like this!

To have lovely, lustrous, gloriously beautiful hair; to hear little whispers of praise; to feel admiring eyes charmed by the irresistible beauty of your hair—wouldn't this make you happy?

Your first Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than ever. *You'll see the remarkable difference the minute you use it!* Tiny dancing lights — rich undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos, blend with a soft loveliness to give your hair a wondrously beautiful effect. And how easy it is to use. You'd never think so small an effort could bring such delightful results. 25c at dealers', or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. K
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

Have Pretty Round Face and Neck

Results GUARANTEED

Miss Gonzales of Reno, Nev., writes: "I have used **Tiffany Tissue Builder** only two weeks and already it has filled out my sunken cheeks and removed wearied, worn-out lines that woman dreads. I used to look so old for my age, but now am proud of my appearance."

You, too, should be able to accomplish just such wonderful results for yourself. No tiresome exercise is necessary. Simply use the Tiffany Builder method to develop more flesh. **Results guaranteed or your money promptly refunded** if you are not delighted after 4 weeks' use. Price $3 prepaid. Send check, money order, or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money but deposit $3, plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES, INC.
1127 Hanna Bldg. Cleveland, O.

FEMININE HYGIENE

Dr. H.H. Warner's Book, "Feminine Hygiene" now mailed FREE. This reliable book on a woman's greatest problems—has enlightened and helped thousands. Write for your free copy today.

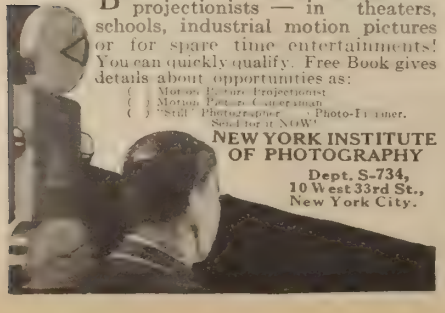
WARNER'S RENOWNED REMEDIES CO.
135 East 25th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

$60 to $150 a Week

Be a Motion Picture Projectionist

BIG demand now for motion picture projectionists — in theaters, schools, industrial motion pictures or for spare time entertainments! You can quickly qualify. Free Book gives details about opportunities as:

( ) Motion Picture Projectionist
( ) Motion Picture Cameraman
( ) "Still" Photographer ( ) Photo-Finisher.
Send for it NOW!



NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. S-734,
10 West 33rd St.,
New York City.

She Took A Joke

(*Continued from page 77*)

"You see," she remarked casually, "I was married when I first came out here to live. I had no thought of doing picture work at all. When I was just a kid, I was interested in the stage and professional people, but it never got much further than a passing interest. Once, when I broached the idea of it at home, grandfather nearly had a fit and threatened to disinherit me. I knew that no matter how successful I was in any line of work, I could never make that much money—so I just gave up the idea. It hadn't been really serious."

But, by some freak of fate, her marriage brought Jean to Hollywood. Like all girls who come out to Hollywood from Chicago, she had a girl-friend who was working at the Fox studio. Because she was mildly curious about studios, Jean went along with her one day, and like Sue Carol, Virginia Cherrill and Janet Gaynor, equally from Chicago and equally curious about the mysterious camera, she was offered extra work. "I didn't know enough about it to dislike it," she explains.

I think it was at about this stage in her career that "Mr. Harlow" did his disappearing act. Jean, however, remained to put her elegant scrawl on a Hal Roach contract.

For quite some time she lent her particular brand of luxurious dignity to the antics of Roach comedies, and it was while she was milling about the Metropolitan studios on official business that she met Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall, veterans of the then two-year-old "Hell's Angels."

The Joke She Took

"IT was really Ben and Jimmy who were responsible for getting me into 'Hell's Angels.' Naturally, I had heard a lot about that picture. Who hadn't? I knew that Greta Nissen had played the silent version, but that she was not to do the talking picture. I also knew that practically every actress in Hollywood was being thoroughly tested for the part.

"In a joking way, Ben and Jimmy suggested that I should be their leading lady. I took it just as it was meant—as a joke. I thought they were still kidding when I received word to come back to the studio and meet Mr. Hughes for a test. After that, I didn't think much about it at all. All I knew about acting was what I had picked up in hit-or-miss extra work and a few comedy leads. To this day, it's a mystery to me how Mr. Hughes happened to take the chance with me—but I'm grateful."

In her philosophical moments she is glad she splurged forth in such a sensational picture.

"Everyone will go to see it," she reasons it out. "In one jump it put me in a position I could not have reached in many years of hard work in much more insignificant and less spectacular talkies."

For the sake of brevity this tale has been presented in far greater continuity than she gave it. Most of it was merely dropped between sips of a perfectly served tea; between shaking the diamond bracelets back from her wrist; between strokes of affection lavished on a luxurious cat which wandered about, in and out, rather disdainfully. The cat, it turned out, was considerably more friendly when there were men about. Something tells me that the kitty is not often lonesome.

They say . . . . Jean knows the most interesting and most attractive men in Hollywood.

Now You're Talking

(*Continued from page 88*)

Our "Ingagi" Exposé Pleases This Reader

The excellent article on "Ingagi" in the August Motion Picture Magazine did not mention a scene which furnished me the first clue that the picture was not genuine. It's the scene in which the man-eating tiger is killed by the explorers, showing the tiger lying on its side supposedly dead, with natives gleefully dancing round and poking it, while the beast's side heaved regularly up and down, like a ham actor's chest in a death scene! If "Ingagi" had been well done, I should not have felt cheated learning that it was a hoax, but its most widely advertised scenes, the one of the gorilla and woman and the one of the lions rushing the cameramen, did not come up to expectations. I was glad to read the exposé in Motion Picture. *Mrs. Gertrude Browne, Seattle, Wash.*

Valentino Memorial A Great Disappointment

I was happy when I first read that a memorial was to be erected to the memory of Rudolph Valentino, but now that I have seen pictures of it, I am greatly disappointed. The terrible, distorted figure may be artistic, but as a memorial to the magnificent Valentino, it is shocking. The object seems to be all shoulders and no face! Why couldn't it have been a handsome inspiring figure with perfect features since it is a memorial to the screen's greatest lover? And why didn't one of his leading ladies unveil it? Was it because they couldn't bear the monstrosity of such a figure to memorize the perfect lover?

K. C. S., Harrisburg, Pa.

Abolish Tap-Dancing in the Talkies

The undersigned is the ringleader and nucleus of The Society for the Abolition of Tap-Dancing in the Out-Louds. Being founded, as it is, on the sincere desire to relieve modern life (so-called) of harmful and unnecessary monotony, the organization wins new support every minute of its existence. The society is flourishing in this here suburb and we expect it to reach national proportions ere long. We are confidently awaiting your congratulations.

For the information of interested fans and others, membership is honorary and due-less. The only qualification is a strong sentiment in favor of the movement. *Kate Seymour, Irvington, N. J.*

Why Pick on Alice White?

What is all this panning of Alice White in aid of? I have never written to a magazine before, but I feel it is time some of her many admirers spoke up. When there are so many pretty but stupid girls in the movies, it makes me wonder why they pick on poor little Alice. Alice can teach most of them a trick or two.

I like Clara Bow very much, but think Alice is just as good. There's a little sadness about Clara while one feels Alice is brimming over with youth, energy and happiness. Maybe it's because Clara has gotten so fat—Alice is so slim. Lupe Velez is impossible. Anita Page is nice but rather fat and in "Broadway Melody" she proved that she couldn't do the simplest dance steps. And there are so many others who can't come up to Alice White.

I think Alice has been treated unjustly and I'm out to give her a big boost.

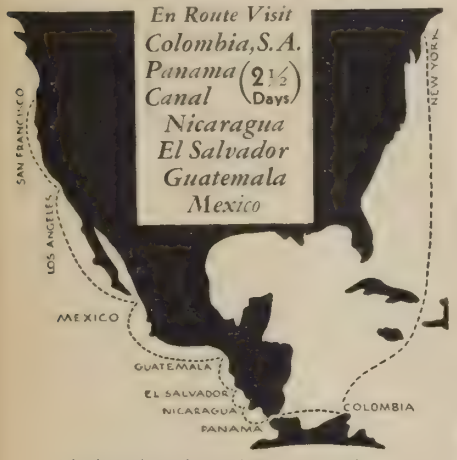
Don Ross, London, Eng.

Fortnightly Sailings
Less than $10 per day

APPEALING particularly to those who have time for a leisurely trip with rewards beyond measure. Ideal climate and friendly breezes all the way—ever-changing sights, amazing scenes.

Days of pure delight on balmy seas and in between ten never-to-be-forgotten visits in Colombia, So. Am., 2½ days crammed full of interest at Panama Canal; then Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico. Opportunity to visit via automobile and train through tropical jungles, the centuries-old capitals of Guatemala and El Salvador. Colorful! Historic! Romantic!

Steamers modern and comfortable, built specially for tropical service. All outside cabins with Simmons beds. Outdoor swimming pool. Orchestra. Wonderful meals.



PANAMA MAIL S. S. Co.
10 Hanover Square, N. Y. C.
Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

MYSTIC DREAM BOOK Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your friends. Tell them when they will marry and whom, and other interesting phenomena. Tells "fortunes" by cards, teacup, palmistry, etc. Lists "lucky and unlucky" days. More amusement in this 200-page book and brochure than $1 would buy anywhere. Regular $1 value. Send only *45 cents*, coin or stamps, that's all. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE LUCKY COIN FROM CHINA with every order.

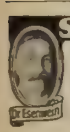
MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12,
Varick Sta. New York, Dept. MP-10

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-E. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.



SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 Springfield, Mass.

for Lovely Fascinating EYES

KATHERINE MacDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC

Shoot A Million

(Continued from page 111)

the companies of twenty years ago? Most went under, a few survived.

Compared with motion-picture-making, the stock market is a snap. "Buy good stocks, hold on to them, and you can't lose," advises Arthur Brisbane. But a producer can buy a good story, make it into a good picture, and lose his shirt. The worst thing that can happen to him is that he will have to hold on to it.

Chaplin's Big Bet

RIGHT now, Charlie Chaplin is betting plenty that the public will still accept him in a silent film. He doesn't know whether he can overcome the "talkie" vogue or not. Nobody knows. But he has his money up.

Those old-time gamblers would turn over in their graves if they "sat in" on the Hollywood game.

What would they think of a twenty-four-year-old youngster who shoves million after million into the center of the table without batting an eye?

That's what Hughes did in a single "pot."

What would they think of having to play against Wall Street in a "shut-out" game, with a million a mere ante?

That strip of film that feeds through the cameras is just like a strip of ticker tape. Only it's loaded with a lot more dynamite, either way. It can go lots higher, or it can drop clear through the floor.

And you can't play the movies on "margin."

It has been done, of course. Once in a lifetime, too, you can draw four cards to a flush.

"Raise you a thousand," the old sourdoughs used to say up in the Yukon.

"Two million? O.K." says the producer down in Hollywood.

When the boys up in the Yukon went broke, all they had to do was go and work their claims some more. If they lost the claims, there still was plenty of Yukon left.

But a "dud" picture won't pan any "dust" on Hollywood Boulevard. Nor in Keokuk, Ioway.

It's just as well that "Poker Bill" and "Faro Frank" sleep on in peace. They couldn't stand the racket, now.

Freulich

Neat sixteen: extra-young Joan Marsh does her relaxing in a negligée of shell-pink chiffon velvet, trimmed with maribou and ostrich

TANGEE

Color Magic for the Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gunmetal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M. P.-10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

See OLIVE BORDEN'S
Kissproof Lips
—in "High Society," "Dance Hall," "Hello Sister," and "The Social Lion"

"For 8 hours *my lipstick* Sticks"

—boasts Olive Borden, whose adorable lips have won the hearts of movie-goers everywhere.

"It's almost unbelievable, but when I make up my lips with Kissproof before breakfast, I never have to touch them again —in fact, I don't give them a thought—for at least 8 hours. Is it any wonder that I recommend Kissproof so?"

Superbly Natural, Too

When you use Kissproof, your lips have natural as well as lasting beauty. This illusion of naturalness is never spoiled by making up in public. With Kissproof you have the peace of mind of knowing that your lips will remain undimmed in color and loveliness throughout an afternoon of bridge or an evening of dancing.

Start using this modern lasting lipstick today. Outlasting the ordinary lipstick several times, Kissproof is very easy on the cosmetic budget. No better lipstick is made at any price. Ask for Kissproof today at your favorite toilet counter. *Black and gold case,* 50c; *swivel case,* 75c.

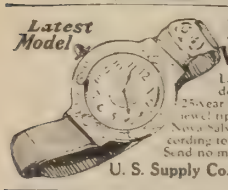
Kissproof

Your NOSE *Beautified*

NO OPERATION··NO PAIN
··30 DAY HOME TRIAL··

Dr. Josephs Nose Correctors produce amazing improvements by painlessly moulding the flesh and cartilage. Can be worn night or day in complete comfort. Quick and lasting results. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

DR. JOSEPHS, Inc.
Dept. L-30, Irvington, N. J.



Latest Model

EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

Ladies' wrist watch of latest Jewelled design and guaranteed movement. 25-year Platinoid fancy engraved case with new clip. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalogue sent with Salve. Send no money, just name and address today.

U. S. Supply Co. Dept. P236 Greenville, Pa.

How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

I *know* how—for I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face, lips, arms, etc. Tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, liquids, electricity—even a razor. All failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 569, Chicago.

How To Bring Up A Parent In Hollywood

(*Continued from page 65*)

actor should spend as much time as possible with his parents. "You can't have them just growing up wildly without attention," they agreed. "Besides, it gives us pleasure to be with them."

It Pays to Be Good

MARY PICKFORD was an outstanding example of a successful daughter, in her relation to her mother. So important did she consider Mrs. Pickford's contributions to her success that she paid her fifty thousand dollars a year for the services she rendered.

Harold Lloyd did well with his father, too. He kept him with him constantly—even in the early days before Harold was a success. The elder Lloyd could—and did—cook for the two of them, as well as attend to business details. And he wasn't above such lowly tasks as darning a sock for his promising offspring, upon occasion.

Of course, Hollywood offers temptations of whoopee to impetuous parents and this frequently causes young people great concern. Imagine the feelings of an earnest lad like Arthur Lake who awoke one night not long ago to find his mother coming in at an hour well past midnight! It is things like that that put gray into the hair of young screen actors.

Mothers and fathers actually go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove and gamboling about at beach clubs while their children are getting their beauty sleep in preparation for a twelve-hour day on the set. But, of course, no one denies that parents must have some pleasure—carefully selected and supervised.

Lupe's Problem

SOMETIMES parents get out of hand and must be sent away. I don't know whether there are military schools for the discipline of difficult ones or not, but it seems to me that Lupe Velez was heard to remark that she was obliged to send her mother back to Mexico because she interfered with Lupe's pursuit of her art.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., found it so profitable and satisfactory to allow his father to work in pictures that he is now adopting the same method with his stepfather. He has arranged for this latter gentleman to have a part in a production at First National, which is a nice filial gesture and one which might well be imitated by many an anxious youth.

Betty Compson says she took pains from the very beginning to see that her mother did not become one of the horrible examples —"an interfering movie mother." Her success is attested by the fact that her mother has never been inside a studio but once.

Laura La Plante says that you must always trust them and show your complete confidence in them, if your relations are to be pleasant. She practices this method, too, by allowing her mother to check on her account without supervision. Than which there can scarcely be greater trust!

On the whole, the old rules seem to work pretty well. The ones about being kind, but firm and reasoning, rather than punishing; and keeping little hands employed to keep them out of mischief. These newfangled notions about developing individuality and so on are all right up to a point, but there must be *some* discipline in a home.

Bert Longworth

His far-from-bitter half and their heirs apparent: Joe E. Brown, keeping in the background, introduces his family, Joseph Evan, Jr. (13), Don (11), and Mrs. Brown (21)

A Chicago Adventure

(Continued from page 107)

The Women of This World

"SEVERAL others had joined the party by the time I got back. Cy explained that the women were girl-friends of the 'boys.' And right here is where I want to say that the movies have certainly overdrawn the character of what they love to refer to as 'the molls.' Most of these girls were exceptionally nice-looking, neatly dressed with none of that flashy stuff, and very gentle in their speech and their manner. One who particularly caught my eye was a beautiful girl who appeared to be alone—that is, she had arrived with no escort. One of the boys whispered to me that she was waiting—for a boy who was doing a 'stretch.'

"At another table sat an inoffensive-looking man, who might have passed as a business man down there on a sight-seeing tour. He is now being held as one of the suspects in the killing of that reporter which has turned Chicago upside down.

"Just a little away from us sat 'Chief,' one of the most colorful of Chicago's night-life characters. I think they were all there that night, except Al Capone himself. I heard that he was there, however, in his private office.

"Daybreak was beginning to show through the curtained windows and my wrist-watch told me it was six o'clock. Although we had been there all night, I was not in the least tired; but I felt it was time to draw our festivities to a close. 'Wait just a little while,' Bon-Bon begged. 'I've ordered a corsage for you.' And, sure enough, in a little while it was there. *A corsage of orchids at six o'clock in the morning.* That is one experience I am sure has never happened to me before.

Missing: Only One Scarf

"IT wasn't until I started to pin on the flowers that I noticed a sport scarf I had been wearing all evening was missing! It had been very calmly removed without my even sensing it! One of my friends said, 'One of the girls probably "lifted" it as a souvenir.' That was all right with me. I've had worse things happen in Hollywood, where souvenir-hunters snip ruffles off your evening gowns with concealed shears or tear the buckles off your shoes, whether you like it or not. At least the Chicago version of souvenir-collecting does not inconvenience you in any way.

"As we left the place, I noticed the most beautiful car I have ever seen, parked just outside the club. It was a shiny, gleaming Rolls-Royce. I commented on the beauty of the car to Bon-Bon.

" 'Do you want to ride back to town in it?' he asked.

" 'Is it yours?' I asked him.

" 'No,' he replied, and seemed to be turning something over in his mind. 'But you could ride back to town in it, if I wanted you to. On second thought, I don't believe I do.'

"So Cy and I packed back into our taxi and waved 'Good-bye' to Bon-Bon.

" 'Why didn't he want us to ride back in that car?' I asked Cy, as we sped back on the road from Cicero to Chicago.

" 'Because it belonged to one of the Big Boys,' explained my boy-friend. 'And riding in the car of a Chicago Big Boy is not the safest thing in the world at this time of the night.'

"I like that Bon-Bon. As time goes on, I am more convinced than ever that he is a great little fellow."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is what Chicago is *really* like.

FEW ARE FAT IN THESE DAYS

THERE'S A REASON

Have you noted how few people are now over-fat, as compared with years ago? Slender figures are the vogue. And they have brought to millions new youth and beauty, new health and vigor.

Look about you in any crowd, and you will realize that some new factor has been found. People are not starving to reduce. They are combating the cause of obesity, which usually lies in an under-active gland. Modern science has discovered the remedy, and physicians the world over now employ it.

A famous medical laboratory embodies the method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. So countless people now reduce in this right and easy way.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. A book in each box states the formula, and explains the results. Your own doctor would probably prescribe the same help if you asked him.

No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply take four tablets of Marmola daily until your loss of fat proves that the cause is corrected.

Try Marmola, if you need it. Do this in fairness to yourself, your family and friends. Correct this wrong condition and note the amazing results. Life will bring you many new joys when you cease to overweigh. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

78,000 men and women have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage of the nose—quickly, safely and painlessly, while you sleep or work. Your age doesn't matter. Results are lasting. Doctors praise it. Small cost. Money-back guarantee.

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

Gold Medal Won 1923

Send for FREE BOOKLET "The Nose and Its Shape"

ANITA INSTITUTE, 1032 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Whiten Dark Skin While You Sleep!

Banish blemishes, tan, moth patches, and skin eruptions—whiten sallow, muddy skin with this famous safe skin tonic-bleach—Kremola. Mail your name and address and Kremola will be sent you. We also will send FREE a $1 box of Cream Balm Tissue Builder. When package arrives, pay postman $1.25, plus postage. Use entire box. If not delighted, return jar and your money will be refunded. Address: Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. MP-1 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.—Write for free Beauty booklet

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.

We Teach Beauty Culture

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 60-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school in spare time. Big demand. Easy fascinating work. Oldest, foremost school.

EARN $50 TO $200 WEEKLY

Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made $12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets $25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes, "learned $200 worth taking course." Write for complete information.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING

162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

PLAY PIANO BY EAR

SIMPLE—EASY—DELIGHTFUL

Astonishing new way teaches you to play song hits perfectly. If you can hum a tune, the Niagara method teaches you to play by ear. No teacher—no previous instruction necessary. No tedious do-re-mi daily practice—just 20 brief entertaining lessons easy to master.

Learn at home in your spare time!

Be a master of jazz and melody. Learn the newest bass and syncopation styles—trick endings. Make yourself popular in any crowd. Send for the Free Book—"The Niagara Secret"—telling how. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed you will also receive fascinating booklet on "How to Entertain at Piano". Send now!

Niagara School of Music, 403 Cleveland Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

So You Take the $1,500--

And trot around the globe . . .

Or buy that Straighter Eight . . .
Or save the old homestead . . .
Or start the new one . . .
Or—but you have your own ideas.
You know what you could do with it.

And don't get cynical.
You won't have to work for it—
That is, if you have
More brain than brawn,
More wit than wishbone.

It's a game, a diversion,
Amusement, entertainment.
You play. We pay.

A new picture game—
A game of pictures.
You send in titles—
We send out checks.

The first will be for $1,500.

The second, $1,000
Third, $500—Fourth, $250—
Fifth, $125—Sixth, $100—
Seventh, $75.

Eighth to twelfth, $50—
Thirteenth to twentieth, $25—
Then, 50 for $10 each—
Fifty for $5 each
And 250 for $1 each.

$5,000 in all.

If Time is Money,
Don't lose any.
Turn in a hurry
To Pages 40 and 41
Of the October

MOTION PICTURE

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

MARIE—Francis X. Bushman, Ethel Clayton and Joan Wyndham had the leads in "The Call of the Circus." Eric von Stroheim, Constance Bennett, Anthony Bushell in "Three Faces East." Jetta Goudal, Robert Ames and Clive Brook played in the silent version which was released in Jan., 1926. Anthony Bushell was born in Westerham, Kent, England, about twenty-six years ago. He is a graduate of Oxford University and while in school he distinguished himself as an athlete, winning the middleweight boxing championship in his first year at Oxford and later being "stroke" of the famous university crew. He is also a fine cricket player. Married to Zelma O'Neal, whose latest picture is "Follow Thru," Paramount Studios.

CYNTHIA C.—Charles Bickford was born in Cambridge, Mass. Does not tell the year. He is six feet two, weighs 165 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes. Latest picture is "River's End," Warner Brothers. Did you know that two hundred bushels of potatoes were used in one scene for Moran and Mack's second starring picture "Anybody's War"? The potatoes half filled a set which showed the annex to a cook shack near the front during the World War. Dorothy Sebastian and Neil Hamilton have the leads in "Ladies Must Play."

BLUE EYES—You're lucky. Evelyn Laye was born in London, Eng., July 10, 1900. She is five feet five, has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. First picture will be "Lilli," United Artists Studios. Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901, six feet two and a half, weighs 175 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "The Spoilers," Paramount Studios. Dorothy Burgess in "Beyond Victory," Pathé Studios. Evelyn Brent "The Silver Horde."

ROSA M. S.—Fred Scott hails from Fresno, Cal. He is six feet tall, weighs about 165 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Fredric March, Racine, Wis., about thirty-one years ago, five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Real name Fredric McIntyre Bickel and is married to Florence Eldridge. Latest picture "Laughter," starring Nancy Carroll. The late Fred Thomson, Montreal, Canada, April 28, 1888. He was five feet eleven inches tall, weighed 165 pounds, had gray-brown hair and hazel eyes. Died Dec. 24, 1928.

COMPSON FAN—Betty Compson was born in Beaver, Utah, Mar. 18, 1897. Five feet four, weighs 112 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Educated Utah public schools, Salt Lake High School; hobby, riding. Vaudeville violinist at the age of fifteen. Entered pictures in 1915 through Al Christie; engaged to play in comedies. For a complete list of pictures she has appeared in, kindly send along a self-addressed envelope; there are too many to mention here.

BOOSTER OF JOHN BOLES—John was born in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898. Married to Marcelite Dobbs and they have two children. Has appeared in the following pictures: "So This Is Marriage," "Excuse Me," "Love of Sunya," "Shepherd of the Hills," "Fazil," "Bride of the Colorado," "Give and Take," "We Americans," "Menace," "The Last Warning," "The Waterhole," "Man Made Woman," "Romance of the Underworld," "The Desert Song," "Scandal," "Rio Rita," "Song of the West," "Captain of the Guard" and "King of Jazz." Receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios.

SYDELLE—On location means a locale away from the studios used for making scenes. Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904. Robert at one time was a seaman on an oil tanker that stopped at San Francisco. Montgomery hurried to Hollywood, but was eased out of the studios as fast as he went in. On his return to New York, he tried the stage, was spotted by William Faversham and succeeded. We have just learned he is married, girls! His wife is Elizabeth Allen, an actress, whom he wed about two years ago.

M. J. T.—George Lewis, who made his mark as the star of Universal's Collegian series of pictures, has been signed to a contract by Fox Films. He will appear in Spanish films as well as English, being equipped for both by virtue of the fact that he was born in Mexico City of American parents and spent his early years there. Lewis is now playing the lead in a Spanish short entitled "Friendship." Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, Aug. 10, 1904. She is five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Latest production released "Let Us Be Gay."

HELEN KANE FAN—Helen has played in the following pictures: "Sweetie," "Pointed Heels," "Dangerous Nan McGrew," "Paramount on Parade" and "Heads Up." Jean Arthur was born in New York City about twenty-four years ago. Nancy Carroll is five feet four, weighs 118 pounds. Billie Dove, five feet six, about 119 pounds. Esther Ralston, five five, 124 pounds, she is appearing in vaudeville at this time. Anita Page, five two, 118 pounds. Loretta Young, five three, 98 pounds. Clara Bow's hair is dyed red.

Your New Skin!

REMOVE Ugly Mask Often in 3 Days

A NEW SKIN—fresh, clear, youthful, lies just beneath the surface of your old outer skin. Remove your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, pimples, large pores, signs of coarseness and age—simply, safely, quickly, with an amazing NEW liquid.

BEAUTY Is Just Underneath!

Simply apply this clear, wonder-working liquid, leave on 3 days, then—presto! off comes your old, faded outer skin. Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.

SPECIAL Introductory Offer

WRITE TODAY

Send only $1.00 for liberal bottle of "Mystic Skin" with full directions—by return mail, in plain wrapper. Take advantage of this big offer—write AT ONCE.

COLEE, (Dept. K-010) 853 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98c**

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake Street Dept. M-680, Chicago, Ill.

FORM DEVELOPED

By an Easy Simple Method that has stood the test of 26 years Successful Service. The Direct Method for a Symmetrical Figure—Development where needed. Neck, Chest, Arms, Legs—in fact ANY part of the Body. You need not send me a long letter. Just write "*I enclose 10c. Mail me a Large Box of*

PEERLESS WONDER CREAM

Sealed and Prepaid, and tell me how to Develop a Beautiful Rounded Form by your Simple Home Method." That is all you need say, and I will return the dime if you wish, but send it NOW.

Mme. Williams, Box 134, Buffalo, N. Y.

How To Obtain

A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 194 Binghamton, N.Y.

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE on treatment for reduction of Corpulency will be mailed without charge upon request to Dept. "K"
Garfield Tea Company
313—41st Street Brooklyn, New York

GIVEN

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mento-Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold, return $1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours.

U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. E236 Greenville, Pa.

ANN A.—Terry Carroll, sister of Nancy, is also going to appear on the screen. Buddy Rogers' brother, who has been called Bh, will now be known as Bruce. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, July 3, 1910. He is the third and youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Rogers, the unusual cognomen of Bh served him as a given name, because his mother and father selected the initials as a temporary "title" until a better one could be decided upon. On his twentieth birthday, he was christened Bruce Rogers. He is five feet ten, weighs 155 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. I guess you're out of luck, the Paramount studios in Astoria have barred visitors, stating they disturb the players while working on their productions. Too bad!

HELEN MUNGER—The Central Casting Company is an agency maintained by the Motion Picture Producers' Association for securing extra talent. Frank Fay was born in San Francisco, Cal. Has appeared on the stage since a child. Some of his earliest rôles were with E. H. Sothern and Henry Irving. He then entered the field of revues and musical comedies, and has been seen in Winter Garden shows such as "Artists and Models." Later became one of the most popular stage masters of ceremonies. Fay is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has coppery red hair and blue eyes. Married to Barbara Stanwyck and is now appearing in "The Miracle Woman."

CAROLYN—Rip Van Winkle couldn't sleep for long in the Catskills these days. The automobile horns would wake him up. Edna Murphy was born in New York City, Nov. 17, 1904. Real name, Elizabeth Edna Murphy, five feet two, weighs 101 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to Mervyn LeRoy, the director. Has never appeared on the stage. Started in pictures in 1919. Latest production is "Dancing Sweeties."

FRANCES BRUCE—Juanita Hansen was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1897. She is five feet tall, weighs 115 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Last I heard of her she was appearing in vaudeville. Haven't a photo of her in stock. Wesley Barry's most recent picture is "His Last Race," Tiffany Productions. Cliff Edwards and Polly Moran in "Way Out West," starring William Haines. Raquel Torres "Never the Twain Shall Meet," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

W. C. B.—Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Lupe Velez, Villalabos. Dolores Del Rio, Dolores Asunsola de Martinez Del Rio. Don Alvarado, Joe Paige. Gilbert Roland, Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonzo. Do you wonder why the players change their names? They are Ronald Colman and Nils Asther's real names. You refer to John Gilbert, who played the leading male rôle in "The Cossacks." Nils Asther played a small part in this picture, the rôle of the Prince. Helen Chandler and George O'Brien in "Rough Romance."

HELEN O.—Rudolph Valentino died Aug. 23, 1926. Quite a number of his old pictures have been re-issued. Grant Withers' hair was dyed blonde to appear with Corinne Griffith in "Back Pay." Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1904. Latest picture "Heads Up." Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893. Ann Harding's latest picture "The Greater Love," Pathé Studios. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in "Half Shot at Sunrise."

RUTH DENNEY—Edmund Lowe is married to Lilyan Tashman. Ramon Novarro is still a bachelor. John Gilbert, Gertrude Olmstead and Jean Arthur had the leads in the silent version of "Cameo Kirby," this was released in Oct., 1923. J. Harold Murray and Norma Terris, the talkie version, which was released in Feb., 1930. Charles Morton was born in Vallejo, Cal., Jan. 28, 1908. Kay Francis is about twenty-eight and is not married. Norma Terris was the girl in "Married in Hollywood."

MOLLY—Glad to hear you are one of our new readers. Dolores Del Rio hails from Mexico. Born on Aug. 3, 1905, five feet four, weighs 110 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Latest production is "The Bad One." Mary Astor plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Adios." Frank Fay and Lotti Loder "The Gay Caballero." Don Alvarado "Forever Yours." David Sharpe, Mickey Daniels, Mary Kornman and Gertrude Messinger in a new series of comedies for Hal Roach called "The Boy Friends."

GAYNOR STRUCK—Janet was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. She is five feet tall, weighs 108 pounds. No new picture has been announced for her at this time. Merna Kennedy was born in Kankakee, Ill., in 1908. She is a half inch taller than Janet, and weighs one pound less, and has bronze-titian hair and green eyes. Stage experience started at the age of nine when she was doing small parts and singing and dancing, then with the Orpheum circuit. Has appeared in the following pictures: "The Circus," "Barnum Was Right," "Broadway," "Embarrassing Moments." Raymond Hatton's most recent talkies were: "The Midnight Mystery," "Woman Hungry" and "The Silver Horde."

JOSEPHINE—You refer to Mitchell Lewis, who played the rôle of *Col. Hamby* in "Madame X." Ullric Haupt was *Larocque*. Fredric March can be reached at the Paramount Studios. Lloyd Hughes plays opposite Alice White in "Sweet-

BATHASWEET

Make your Bath a Beauty Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

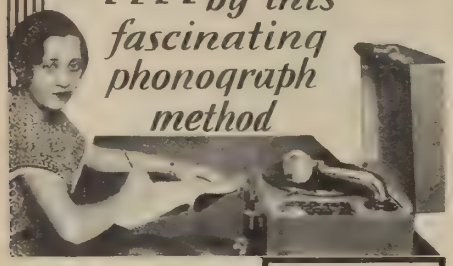
The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

FREE A can sent free, anywhere in the United States, if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. M. J., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

Learn Shorthand AT HOME

by this fascinating phonograph method



FIT yourself in your spare time for a $25-$50 a week secretarial position. By our phonograph dictation method even though you know no shorthand now, you can train yourself to take over 125 words a minute. **This speed guaranteed!** By the Steno-Phone method, you learn shorthand in ¼ the time needed at a business college, and at less than ¼ the cost. Endorsed by teachers and court reporters as the easiest, quickest, cheapest, best method of mastering shorthand.

125 Words *a minute guaranteed* AFTER **30 hours**

TYPEWRITING COURSE INCLUDED—if you act now. Say "good-bye" to a low-pay, no-future position by filling in the coupon below. Mailing it in can mean more money, bigger opportunity for you.

STENO-PHONE INSTITUTE
Dept. MPM-10, 4513 Ravenswood Ave, Chicago
Without cost or obligation to me, you may send particulars of your phonograph dictation course.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Check if you own or have access to
☐ Phonograph ☐ Typewriter

MOLES and WARTS

REMOVED PERMANENTLY

Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts.
Miller Co., 2439 South St., Lincoln, Nebr

Big Money Maker

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

Easy to sell. Everybody buys. Our box assortment and personal Christmas cards, also Everyday cards are unusual values, original and strikingly beautiful. Generous commissions give you a liberal profit. Get started at once, *full or spare time.* Earn some real easy extra money from now until Christmas. Write for particulars and samples.
Artistic Card Co. Dept. 16-D ELMIRA, N. Y.

KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Health, happiness, prosperity, love, courtship, marriage, home, family, etc. Complete astrological forecast, 25 large pages. Send 75c and birthdate or ... Coin ... Money back if not more than pleased. THURSTON, D-20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the keynote of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women will be glad to know that my patented Limstrainer Model 18 will successfully and safely improve those humiliating conditions in an amazingly short time. Worn at night. Many unsolicited letters of praise. Send a dime today for my copyrighted Anatomical and Physiological booklet and further information.
M. TRILETY ORTHOPAEDIC INSTITUTE
DEPT. L 1679 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

hearts on Parade," Columbia Studios. Hughes's most recent pictures are "Acquitted," "Love Comes Along" and "The Runaway Bride." Do you know that Dolores Del Rio is one of the largest property owners in Mexico—that her Las Cruces ranch comprises about a million acres—that she was the first motion picture star to make records—that her "Ramona" for Victor, was their best seller two years ago—that she speaks fluently in English, Spanish, German and French?

KERMIT H.—Fifi Dorsay hails from Paris, France. She is five feet seven, weighs 125 pounds, has black hair. Appeared in the Greenwich Village Follies in 1925. Later she entered vaudeville. First picture being "They Had to See Paris." Sally Blane, Salida, Colo., July 11, 1909, five feet four and a half, weighs 117 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Real name Betty Jane Young, sister of Loretta and Polly Ann Young.

ALICE SPENCER—John Garrick was born in Brighton, England, Aug. 31, 1902. Real name is Reginald Dandy. Educated in Brighton schools and Brighton College. Appeared in vaudeville and stock before entering the flickers. Has appeared on the stage in "Rose Marie," "The Desert Song," "Katja, the Dancer," "Princess Charming" and "The Wishing Well." Garrick was a flyer in the war and still holds his pilot's license. Possesses a notable tenor voice. Likes all outdoor sports. Swims every day, and rows whenever possible. Likes fishing and golf. Is five feet ten and a half, has blonde hair and blue eyes, and is still a bachelor. Appearing in "Just Imagine." Receives his fan mail at the Fox studios.

THE RED SHADOW—Alexander Gray was born in Wrightsville, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902. After his graduation from high school he matriculated at Penn State College where he paid his expenses by selling aluminum cooking utensils. It was here that he discovered that he possessed an unusual voice. He became the leader of the college glee club, a member of the male quartet, and was actively interested in the dramatic club. Also a member of the wrestling team. Later secured a position as technical editor of "Iron Age," which enabled him to study voice on the side. After a year he moved to Chicago where he taught grammar school and continued his voice study. He later taught in Northwest Military and Naval Academy. Gray made his picture début with Marilyn Miller in "Sally"; other film appearances include "No, No Nanette," "Spring Is Here," "Song of the Flame" and "Viennese Nights." He was married to Jeanette Wolff, now deceased, and has one daughter Jean Harriet, about ten years old.

HENRIETTA—Roland Drew played the rôle of *Felipe* in "Ramona," and *Gabriel* in "Evangeline." Joan Castle, the sixteen-year-old girl who was discovered via radio, arrived at Movietone City to find herself listed on the Fox roster of players under this new name. Her real name is Rosalind Cassell. Joan is one of the numerous screen players who were "discovered" by Gus Edwards. Mr. Edwards heard her sing over the radio and said that if the face suited the voice he had heard, she would be a wonder for the screen. He saw her at an audition in the Palace Theater and immediately secured a screen test for her. Her first picture hasn't been titled as yet.

NOSEY—At least you're frank about it! Bill Cody is now starring in a series of westerns for Sono-Art Productions. Hoot Gibson in "The Concentratin' Kid." Tim McCoy and Allene Ray in "The Indians Are Coming." Ken Maynard in "Sons of the Saddle," Universal Studios. Richard Talmadge in "The Yankee Don," Universal Studios. Eddie Dowling in "Honeymoon Lane." Robert Castle was born in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. He is five feet eight and a half, weighs 165 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes.

AYRES FAN—Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908; has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Educated at Lake Harriet High School, Minneapolis, and University of Arizona. Stage experience with Henry Halstead's orchestra and later Ray West's orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove at Los Angeles. He plays the banjo, guitar and piano. Has appeared in the following pictures: "The Kiss," "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Common Clay." He is not married.

GRETA GRANSTEDT was born in Malmo, Sweden. She is five feet one, weighs 106 pounds, has blonde hair and green eyes. Educated in Kansas and San Francisco, Cal.; not married; hobbies: swimming, dancing and horseback riding. Has appeared on the stage. Screen career began in 1926, she has appeared in the following: "Excess Baggage," "Behind Closed Doors," "Mexicali Rose," "Girl Troubles," "Erik the Great," "College Love," "Embarrassing Moments," "Close Harmony" and "The Notorious Affair."

BEN BARD was born in Milwaukee, Wis. He is five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Married to Ruth Roland. Stage and screen experience. Entered pictures in 1925 and has appeared in such pictures as "Two Girls Wanted," "Sandy," "Seventh Heaven," "Don't Marry," "Arizona Wildcat," "Dressed to Kill," "Romance of the Underworld," "Love and the Devil" and "Night Work."

So you're coming to DETROIT!

WIRE and we'll make ticket reservation for you to theaters, concerts and sporting events—we'll have them ready when you arrive. Hotel Fort Shelby offers the dual advantage of a hushed, peaceful environment . . and immediate proximity to the financial, theatrical and shopping centers of downtown Detroit. 900 attractive rooms—Servidor equipped. $3 per day and up. Write for direct motor route. Look for large green sign atop 22nd floor.

J. E. FRAWLEY, *Managing Director*

HOTEL FORT SHELBY
Lafayette and First DETROIT

TURN YOUR SPARE OR FULL TIME INTO MONEY

With our **Christmas Box Assortments** which contain 21 Cards and Folders in dainty water color designs, beautiful engraving and embossing, tipped-on illustrations, sparkling raised gold metallic effects, marvelous creations in parchment and deckle-edged folders—every card and folder with an artistic harmonizing envelope. SELLS FOR $1.00—COSTS YOU 50c. **WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES.**
If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and FREE SAMPLES
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 36, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable **NATURE'S REMEDY** and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like **NR** for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

At druggists—only 25c.
Make the test tonight.

FREE Write for sample of **NR** and beautifully colored 1931 calendar

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 16-H ST. LOUIS, MO.

Feel like a million, take

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

PERSONAL DAINTINESS

is possible if you are afflicted with perspiratory or other bodily odors. No matter what you have tried, we can overcome this weakness for you. Every case individually handled. Write your difficulty to **Crescent Laboratories, West Warwick, R. I.**

MORE MONEY DAILY FOR YOU!

SHIRTS UNDERWEAR TIES

Men and Women—
Industry's leader offers you direct-to-wearer agency. Pays big. Happy work. Thousands successful. Sample outfit free. Start at once. Write today.
DEPT. 576-R CARLTON MILLS, INC. 79 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Lila Lee has suffered seven different** set-backs in her career. Her latest jinx is a serious illness that occurred at the peak of her talkie fame.

2—**Shhh! That's Bill Powell's hide-a-**way name when he doesn't want to be recognized.

3—**Jane Winton pulled a fast one by** marrying herself to a New York broker while Hollywood believed her still wed to Charlie Kenyon.

4—**Alice Joyce will be forty years old in** October—and doesn't care!

5—**Betty Compson is very interested in** Hugh, so they say—and Cedric belongs to Dolores Del Rio.

6—**Antonio Moreno stepped into social** glory when he married Daisy Danzinger Canfield.

7—**Norma Shearer was on the verge of an** un-renewed contract before she made "The Divorcee." Now she's sitting on top of the world as a rival for Greta.

8—**Her childhood friends call her "Billie";** girls who knew her before stardom still cling to "Lucille."

9—**Remember Anita Page's real name is** Anita Pomares.

10—**Lois Moran is still unsmitten.**

11—**Mary Brian is clipping it shorter and** shorter every day—and incidentally so is Clara Bow.

12—**"All Quiet On the Western Front"** is in line to achieve this great honor—maybe.

13—**Virginia Valli and Charles Farrell** are still being rumored altar-bound after three years.

14—**Buddy's phonograph records are** selling like hot cakes and every record's a royalty.

15—**"Caught Short"—of course.**

16—**Harry Carey isn't afraid of the** "ghosts" circulating through Valentino's old home.

17—**Now you know how collapsible Leon** Errol is!

18—**Charlie Bickford just loves to remember the rough-old-days!**

19—**It is just one way of referring to** Mary Pickford's new friendliness with Hollywood people.

20—**Constance Bennett is pulling a** Garbo and a Gilbert by refusing to see the boys and girls from the papers.

Free proof

Waist and Hips Quickly Reduced

without dieting, drugs or exercises

WAIST and hips 2 to 4 inches smaller—*in 10 days.* That's what the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle has done for thousands of delighted women. We urge you to try it, too—*at our risk.*

Made of finest quality, fresh, live Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co., Perfolastic reduces by *automatic massage.* With every breath you draw, every step you take, its continuous gentle pressure breaks up fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh as an expert masseuse would. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces (garters included)—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET gives full details about this marvelous girdle and particulars of our 5-day trial offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risk. Send for it today. No obligation. Simply fill out coupon and mail to Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 1610, 41 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 1610
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Without obligation, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle, also particulars of your 5-day trial offer.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . .

Hurry, Henrietta, *I Need Help!*

Don't stand there, gal,
A-staring like that.
I'm sane.

I want *help*. In fact,
I not only want it—
I *need* it.

And I'm not talking about
Something you look for
In want ads.

Or what drowning spinsters
Want when they see
A big life guard.

I'm no drowning spinster.

I'm a sick man.
Sick and tired.

I've been hurting my eyes,
Fuzzing my brain,
Losing my wit—

All on account of that
Pre-war hokum I've been
Taking lately.

Here, Henrietta
Toss it in the stove.
And then hurry down
To the corner and get me
A great big help,
A sure cure for hokum,

Motion Picture CLASSIC

"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

A NEW PERFUME!

The most exquisite perfume in the world. Sells at $10 an ounce, and worth it. Rieger's Flower Drops — made without alcohol — the very essence of the flowers. The most refined of all perfumes, yet concentrated in such a manner that a single drop of this delicate odor lasts a full week. A superior odor and yet economical at $10 an ounce; $6 a half ounce.

Send for SAMPLE

Send only 20 cents (silver or stamps) for a sample vial of this precious perfume, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Lilac, Romanza. Send 20 cents for sample NOW!

Paul Rieger & Co. (*Since 1872*) **146 1st St., San Francisco, Cal.**

Other Offers

Direct from us or at dealers.
Bottle of flower drops with long glass stopper containing 85 drops, a supply for 30 weeks. $1.50
Lilac, Crabapple
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet. $2.00
Black Velvet Perfume sample offer, 1 oz. . . . $2.00
SOUVENIR BOX Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

MODERN ART PAYS BIG MONEY

In this Age of Color . . . the amazing demand for art work of all kinds is creating hundreds of big-pay opportunities every year. Manufacturers, decorators, publishers . . . all are seeking men and women with art training.

Through the Federal School of Illustrating many who drudged at small pay have found fascinating careers . . . larger incomes. Many Federal students are now earning from $2500 to $6000 a year. The Federal Course aims at dollars and cents profit for every student.

You can learn at home in your spare time the Federal way. More than fifty famous artists contribute exclusive lessons containing their technical tricks in illustrating, cartooning, lettering, designing, etc., to the Federal Course.

Test Your Drawing Talent

Send for our Free Vocational Test Chart. Our artists will judge your ability and give you a definite guide to your probable talent. Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you this test together with our book, "A Road To Bigger Things," without obligation.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

10080 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Federal School of Illustrating
10080 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me free book, "A Road To Bigger Things," and Standard Art Test.

Name_____

Age_____ Occupation_____

Address_____

What Men Want of Them

(*Continued from page 71*)

New York, to Norma: "*If I had a million dollars, I would come to Hollywood and drape you in a million jewels. Women like you are what poor men want and rich men get.*"

A lack-of-money resentment is a conspicuous feature in the letters addressed to the so-called "luxury" women of the screen. A recent story to the effect that Constance Bennett spends two hundred and fifty thousand dollars yearly on her wardrobe brought forth a raft of indignant letters from men.

T. R., of Chicago, is only humorously annoyed when he writes: "*I should like very much to take you over my knee and give you a good hard spanking,*" and signs himself, "*One Who Makes $25 Weekly.*" But a gentleman from Boston, "a family man" to be exact, becomes incoherent with his stuttering pen: "*It's women like you who break men in more ways than one. Let me take this occasion to give you a piece of my mind.*" And he does.

On the other hand, there is this letter, neatly penciled on ruled paper: "*I suppose I am what a swell lady like you would think nothing but a hick from a ranch, but after seeing you in a movie the other night, all I've got to say is I wish it was my quarter of a million you was spending on those duds.*"

Puppy Lovers

MEN want to "date" Sue Carol, Anita Page, Dorothy Lee, Sally Blane and other kid stars of the screen. Their letters are mostly from college boys, asking for their pictures (preferably personally autographed), wanting a personal reply to flaunt in the faces of their fellow students. A youngster in his first year of military training wants just some little token from Sue Carol to prove that she appreciates his devotion. He's modest enough. An initialed handkerchief will do. Another boy from a Northern school advises that he will spend part of his winter vacation in Southern California and would like to take Sue out: "*You are the only girl on the screen who looks regular. The kind of a girl that a fellow asks out to a party. And what's more, I bet you don't rate a fellow by his bankroll.*"

A story to the effect that Anita Page entertains young men in her own home brought forth a gust of approval from the younger generation. "*Gosh,*" scribbles one seventeen-year-old, "*you're the first girl I've heard of since I've been stepping out that didn't want a dance, a ride, or a movie out of an evening's entertainment. I wish there were more girls like you, but more than that, I wish I was one of the lucky guys to be invited over to your house. From now on you are going to be the model for the kind of a girl I want for a wife!*"

"Sincerely Yours"

EVEN among the silken sisterhood, the glamourous ladies of the screen, there are those who seem to appeal to the intellect of their masculine admirers. To Ruth Chatterton, in particular, come letters of appreciation and sincere regard.

A man of forty, "with ample means" but unmarried, writes to the lovely Chatterton: "*Please do not look on this as a silly letter from another man! Though I shall never be fortunate enough to know any one so lovely as you, you have built up a new ideal in my heart, of womanhood. All my life I have sought a woman who could share my heart and mind, as well as my home, with me—and I haven't found her. But such a woman I saw last night in you—in 'Sarah and Son.' If you will not feel I am presuming too much, I should like to write you now and then. I do not expect an answer. The privilege is an honor sufficient.*"

Another letter, offering no description of its author, requests the privilege of sending Ruth several books: "*Just a little appreciation of the happy hours you have given me.*" The secretary of a musical society in New York wishes to confer on her the title of honorary membership in the organization. "*Just to know you and to talk to you for an hour could be the happiest memory of my life,*" writes L. L., of Boston, in slightly more flowery appreciation.

The Unattainable One

I HAVE saved my observations of the letters I read addressed to Greta Garbo for the last, for a couple of reasons. First, they are not the hectic, stormy appeals you might expect the great siren of the screen to evoke. Secondly, an enormous percentage of Greta's mail is from women. The majority of men who write her are youths. Here is one from a boy just entered into a dramatic school in London, England, who pays tribute to her great art and hopes that she will look on him as a protégé. Here is another from one who hopes that these few poems he has written from inspiration of her screen presence will reach her attention. Another insists that she is not an earthly presence and should be regarded as no other woman. Many, many like these. Constantly they repeat the sentiment of awe and admiration of her work.

Garbo, above all the women of the screen, seems to stand out as unattainable and mysterious in the minds of men who write to her. The personal element, encountered in letters to other women, is strangely lacking in the mail addressed "Greta Garbo, Hollywood." If these letters are any criterion, men are not a little afraid of the enigmatic one. At least they tread respectfully, even when addressing her through letter.

If there is any general answer to that question of what men want of them, it must be to fulfil every dream of the earth and the possibilities of heaven.

Fred R. Archer

A good scout from Broadway: young Leon Janney, after "Courage" and "Old English" is all set to camp in Hollywood—under the stars

ARTISTIC ENLARGEMENTS

SIZE 16 x 20 INCHES (or smaller if desired)

FROM ANY PHOTO snapshot, tintype, etc.

only **98¢** each

Send as many pictures as you wish—of Mother, Dad, Baby or Friend, landscape or pet animals. You can have full figure, bust or group or any part of a group. High grade **LIFELIKE** reproductions guaranteed. Regular $5.00 Value.

GIVEN A beautiful **Highly Glazed Hand Painted MINIATURE** reproduced from your photo will also be given with each enlargement ordered.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply mail us photo (any size) and in a week you will receive the beautiful enlargement and miniature. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send one dollar with order and we pay postage. Your original photo will be returned unharmed. Money back if not delighted. Take advantage of this AMAZING OFFER and send photo today—DO IT NOW.

ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 17
5707 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. — 130 W. 42nd Street, New York City

Check Size Wanted
☐ 16x20 in.
☐ 10x16 in.
☐ 11x14 in.
☐ 8x10 in.

Please send _____ enlargements from enclosed photo. I will pay postman 98c plus postage for each enlargement and miniature. (If $1.00 cash for each enlargement is enclosed with this order, we pay postage.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

The LUDY
South Carolina Ave at the Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY'S NEWEST
Centrally Located Fireproof Hotel
Overlooking the Ocean
220 ROOMS with the last word in hotel equipment
Salt Water Baths — Solarium
Ocean Deck — Bathing from Hotel
European Plan $3 UP — American Plan $6 UP
Fireproof Garage Attached
R. B. Ludy, M. D.

Make His Heart Leap

with the bewitching fragrance of *Mystic Lure*, the new and different perfume. Its dominant, exotic scent seems to whisper of love and lure as it weaves its 'do spelling charm about you.

MYSTIC LURE

WRITE TODAY

You must try this [illegible] fragrance. Send coin, 50c for large bottle of Mystic Lure, or $1 for the extra large size (extra strength). Address

ALVERE, Dept. K-10, 799 Broadway, New York City.

Mole SOLVENT

DISSOLVES and PERMANENTLY Removes any kind, anywhere. Safe, No acid. Easily applied. Price $1. Information free. Vita Co., Dept. A, Room 415 1819 Broadway, N. Y. City.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 11444 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.**

FREE RADIO CATALOG

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES

168 pages of radio bargains. New 1931 Screen Grid, all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful Consoles—also battery operated sets. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST. DEPT. 162 CHICAGO

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 80*)

She's My Weakness—The love problems of two woefully immature adolescents, played by Arthur Lake and Sue Carol (RKO).

Shooting Straight—Richard Dix, as a gangster, changes identities with a reformer in a railroad wreck—and the fun begins. Romance, comedy, melodrama and a good fight follow (RKO).

The Silent Enemy—A tribe of Ojibway Indians struggle against Hunger. A powerful silent portrayal of life as it is, in the Far North (Par.).

The Singer of Seville—The price of greatness in singing, Ramon Novarro learns, is a broken heart. Poignant and dramatic (M-G-M).

Sins of the Fathers—The hard-hearted tycoon has only money, but Louis Mann has children. For variety's sake, a father-love story (M-G-M).

Sisters—Sisters Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day learn surprisingly well that the course of false love never runs smooth (Col.).

The Social Lion—As a dumb-but-sweet pugilist who can play polo, Jack Oakie almost crashes into society. Good lines, good humor (Par.).

Song O' My Heart—There is a story about an Irish tenor who becomes famous in America, but the important thing is that John McCormack sings (Fox).

Song of the Flame—Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray and Noah Beery sing some good music during a moviesque Russian Revolution (F. N.).

So This Is London—Will Rogers goes to England against his will, gets seasick, goes on an English house-party, and has his wit about him (Fox).

Strictly Unconventional—Not only one triangle, but two. If you like your talkies sophisticated, this will do (M-G-M).

Sweethearts and Wives—Billie Dove, Leila Hyams, Clive Brook and Sidney Blackmer in a merry mix-up about some diamonds (F. N.).

Sweet Mama—Alice White breaks up a gang of crooks—and the ghosts of countless racketeer films come to mind (F. N.).

Swing High—Helen Twelvetrees does some good acting and fair singing, and Fred Scott does **vice versa**, under the Big Top (Pathé).

Temptation—Lawrence Gray thinks he will steal; Lois Wilson thinks not. Passing fair (Col.).

This Mad World—Basil Rathbone does some good acting in a wooden story about a French spy in love with a German princess. The ending is novel (M-G-M).

Three Faces East—Eric von Stroheim, Constance Bennett and Anthony Bushell as three spies in wartime England—with the audience in suspense right up to the unlooked-for ending (W. B.).

Top Speed—Jack Whiting and Bernice Claire headline this typical musical comedy, but Joe E. Brown and Lila Lee save the day with their comedy (F. N.).

The Unholy Three—The ventriloquist, the midget and the giant are up to evil once more—and Lon Chaney, for his talkie début, has five different voices (M-G-M).

Viennese Nights—Old Vienna comes to life again, thanks to good music, good singing by Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Pidgeon, and Technicolor (W. B.).

Vitaphone Varieties—Program-fillers easy to watch. Consistently good shorts, with stars ranging from Madame Alda to the talkies' first stutterer, Joe Frisco (W. B.).

Way Out West—William Haines, as a slick tent-show artist, hooks some cowboys for their wages, is kidnaped. Often silly (M-G-M).

What A Man—Reginald Denny mildly amusing as a much-put-upon chauffeur who, you know, was once a gentleman himself (Sono-Art).

The White Hell of Pitz Palu—A German-made silent of three people marooned on an Alpine glacier. A thriller with no faking (Univ.).

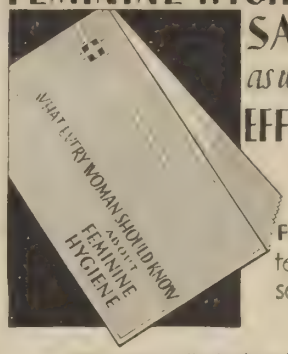
Wild Company—A passable sermon on the culpability of the older generation (H. B. Warner) when the younger generation (Frank Albertson) runs wild (Fox).

With Byrd at the South Pole—An amazing photographic record of the Byrd Expedition's adventures. There is little drama, but plenty of education (Par.).

Women Everywhere—Fifi Dorsay, the French Foreign Legion and J. Harold Murray in an inconsistent, near-naughty story (Fox).

Young Desire—Young William Janney, despite his parents, desires that dancing girl, Mary Nolan. It lasts a long, long time (Univ.).

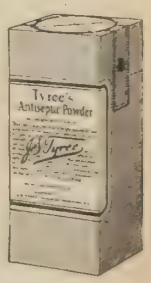
Is your method of FEMININE HYGIENE SAFE as well as EFFECTIVE?



FREE BOOK... tells full facts send coupon now

This booklet tells simply and frankly the facts concerning feminine hygiene, the importance of a *safe to use* antiseptic.

TYREE'S Antiseptic Powder is both safe to use *and* an effective antiseptic. Approved for years by physicians who know that it positively cannot injure or harm. Healing and soothing despite its remarkable strength. Hygiene routine is a pleasure with Tyree's—no unpleasant after feeling. Tyree's has a delicate odor and is easy and economical to use. Ask your druggist for it. The blue tissue wrapped box with complete instructions comes in three sizes—or send coupon for booklet and trial package, ample to demonstrate the effectiveness of Tyree's.



Tyree's
ANTISEPTIC POWDER

DOROTHY N. RIKER, *Service Dept.* M-10
J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Inc., Washington, D.C.

☐ I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me a large size sample package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and your free booklet, or:
☐ Please send free booklet "What Every Woman Should Know About Feminine Hygiene."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

$20 a week from HOME MADE CANDY

THAT is what Bertha Jenkins of Cambridge, Mass., makes through Lewis candy methods in spare time. Start at home. We teach you recipe secrets, furnish professional candy-maker's outfit, tell you what to make, how to sell. You can be successful, like hundreds of others.

Write today for FREE BOOK. **Lewis Training Institute, Dept. 9921-CS (A Division of Lewis Hotel Training Schools), Washington, D. C.**

DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT

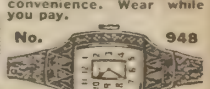
No. 918 Three blue white Diamonds; solid 18-k white gold ring, $37.50. **$1.00 a week**

No. 824 Elite Wedding Rings, platinum only $15.75, in solid 18-k white gold, $5.00. Diamond set wedding rings: 3 Diamonds, $12.75; 5 Diamonds, $18.75; 7 Diamonds, $25.00.

BIG FREE CATALOG

Over 2,000 bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Silverware and Giftwares for Christmas. Catalog explains everything.

CREDIT TERMS: 1-10th down; balance weekly, semi-monthly or monthly at your convenience. Wear while you pay.



No. 948

"Miss Liberty" set with 6 sapphires, flexible bracelet. Diet proof Pulsey case $3.75 Down; $3.75 a Mo. $37.50

How to Order State article desired—name of employer—kind of work you do—how long in position—age—married—where live—how long there. EVERYTHING Is CONFIDENTIAL. Send first payment OR goods sent for your FREE Examination on request.

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers — **LOFTIS BROS. & CO.** ESTD 1858 — Dept. E-615, 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only 50¢ *for* FULL OZ. JAR — *Stillman's Freckle Cream* REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
33 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxonite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

What Does 1931 Hold for You?

Birthday Readings Will Tell You!

And they will also tell you much about your talents, faults, how to make the most of your qualities and opportunities—based on position of Sun at your birth. Let Mary C. Blake, internationally known astrologer, show you what the planets are broadcasting for you for 1931. Birthday readings, U. S. forecast, how to meet crises you will face in 1931—$1. Reading, questions answered, advice on personal problems—$3.

MARY C. BLAKE

453 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Fill in carefully the coupon below—Check reading you wish—enclose currency or money order.

Mary C. Blake, Dexter Bldg., Boston:—I am filling in the information requested and would like a "Reading" sent me.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

Exact Date .....

Please print. Month ..... day ..... year ..... o'clock (time)

☐ Birthday Reading—$1

☐ Birthday Reading and Questions Answered—$3

Questions Enclosed

Hollywood Flops

(*Continued from page 98*)

orchestra played songs from "The Chocolate Soldier." No one rose to his feet to applaud the aquiline, gray-haired man who has given to the world some of the loveliest of all music. He looked bewildered and a little bit lonely.

Michael Arlen once lunched at the Montmartre. A very charming and, on surface indications, a very intelligent little lady leaned toward him. She seemed to be intrigued. She tapped his arm and said, brightly, "And what do *you* do, Mr. Arlen?"

Ice Begat Ice

HOLLYWOOD got out all the sirens (I refer to mechanical devices, as well) and the motor cops and the American flags and everything when ex-President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge came a-movieing. The Press followed in a long serpentine line. They didn't know . . . They couldn't say . . . Mr. Coolidge didn't seem to burble, don't you know—not even when they trotted out such exhibits as Ramon Novarro, Dorothy Janis and all the tourists' Best Bets. He was photographed with Marion Davies, though, and it is said that a smile . . . but no matter. Hollywood said, "Mrs Coolidge is *charming*." She seemed to know us.

Catherine Dale Owen was touted before she came, and then she was touted some more after she came. Teas were given for her. The Press attended. Interviewers ran around. People said, "A new find . . ." And now they look restless and wonder who has been "found," Catherine or the public.

Valentino's brother is in town. He got a new nose to come with. He is said to have his beloved brother's smile. He gives parties. People go to them. And then they go away again. Family succession does not obtain in Hollywood.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce paid us a fleeting visit. Wives and sweethearts put husbands and boy-friends in a cockle-shell, and there they kept them very well. They didn't even *ask* to get out. Peggy went away again and we took a census and found that not a millionaire, movie magnate, star or even an extra had followed the trail. Hard, *hard*-berled Hollywood!

No Second Gay Paree

ROSE DIONE used to be the idol of Paris. Gallant French gentlemen took her carriage and drew it through the streets with the strength of their own Francophile hands. Roses and jewels rained from the earthly heavens. In Hollywood, she plays bits, and folks say, "What is the name again . . .?"

Irene Bordoni . . . but where *is* Irene?

Fannie Brice had a new nose, too, when she came to Hollywood. Nobody seemed to care.

Lily Damita herself said that she was the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Hollywood didn't say razzberries, because Hollywood's mama has brought it up to speak nice to the ladies. But Lily went away to New York and nobody cried. Now Lily has scored a fresh triumph and the stony heart of Hollywood is touched anew.

Ruth Elder was a high-flier. She didn't fly high enough for Hollywood. People said, "Ruth Elder is here . . . Ruth Elder is here . . ." and then people didn't say, "Ruth Elder is here" anymore. And she isn't.

Hollywood is no idle worshiper.

You have to have that certain thing.

I don't know what it is. I doubt that Hollywood could define it.

Foreign celebrities mean nothing just because they are foreign.

Presidents and gunmen and opera singers and aviatrices and Follies beauties and millionaire's sweeties and barbed-wire columnists—none of these labels matters.

Hollywood is self-sufficient. Try to make a dent if you can. There is one, and only one, of whom I can think—one who crashed through and got into the blood. His name is Lindbergh. Perhaps a lesson may be had from that.

• • •

Fowl play: Fred Kohler may raise something else on the screen, but between pictures he proves that you *can* keep a fellow down on the farm after he has seen Hollywood

Letters To The Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

ent. Adapted was a mild word to use—it should have been mangled.

The same thing happened to the "Benson Murder Case." And remember the "Black Watch" adapted from "King of the Khyber Rifles?"

The silent pictures were offenders in this matter of taking liberties with an author's text. But, they had a good excuse in the necessity of substituting head lines and pantomime for words.

Why must so many of one's favorite volumes be butchered for the screen? They need not be. I have seen one or two adaptations which have enhanced my enjoyment of the work from which they were taken. *Margaret Ellis*

Movies Great Help and Joy to the Man Inside

STATE PRISON, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—What do motion pictures mean to the man behind the gray wall of a State Prison? Motion pictures are the greatest source of education, joy and happiness in this grim, gray house of stone and steel, outside of a letter or visit from home.

Every other Sunday we have a talking picture, and every man in the "big house" looks for the day when we may have them every Sunday, instead of only once every two weeks as the talkies spell joy to every man here.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway," we vote the finest picture we have ever seen in this "house of sorrow." We loved it.

Motion pictures are the only thing I look to in my fight to better myself and to keep abreast of the fast and ever changing life of today, for buried here, I may only guess at life and events in the world of freedom, but motion pictures show me.

John H. Robinson

Is It Another Kind of Blind-Fold Test?

KENOSHA, WIS.—I've tried to hold my peace but I guess I'll have to loosen up.

When condemned to die at sun-rise, why is it that every "deceased-to-be" flatly refuses to be blind-folded before being shot? That's a lot of boloney! We're all afraid to die, so why make an entire picture a flop just because of that act of bravery? *Adrienne Banke*

Why Must Only the Movies Suffer?

PARANAQUE, RIZAL, P. I.—I have heard so much about keeping the screen comparatively healthy by the removal of questionable situations or episodes or single lines from a play or story before it can be made into a "clean" motion picture.

But what is puzzling me is why all plays or stories containing episodes, which are permissible on the stage or printed page, be barred outright and considered questionable in motion pictures.

If virtue and righteousness are to be demanded of every screen play, this should be carried through, as a matter of fact, in plays, radio, sermons, magazines, novels and operas. And then, this would not have been such an interesting world *Carlos Bernabe*

These Pictures Are Free!

Yes, these six handsome sepia-finish pictures of well known Motion Picture Celebrities have been specially prepared as a gift to you and your friends—from Motion Picture Magazine. The size of each picture is five and one half by eight inches. Here are the subjects:

Greta Garbo
Nancy Carroll
Janet Gaynor
John Boles
Clara Bow
Maurice Chevalier

Start saving pictures of your favorites now, or add them to your collection. All you have to do is just send us your name and address, and we will mail this fine set of pictures to you absolutely free! Tell your friends about this offer. Fill out and mail this coupon now!

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
1501 Broadway
New York City.

Please send me the special set of six gift pictures, absolutely free.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

You and Co.

YOU may never have thought of yourself in just this way. It may never have occurred to you that in filling many of the needs of your every-day life you have at your command organized guidance and help of the most practical kind.

But this is the fortunate situation in which you find yourself whenever there is something you are about to buy, from a package of salt to a sedan. When you turn to the advertisements in this magazine you call on safe and expert buying counsel that will enable you to get the last cent's worth for every dollar you spend.

Advertisements are your purchasing advisers, your economic scouts in any field of merchandise. Each one presents important and carefully selected facts that you are not in a position to discover without their aid. You can "bank on" the advice that each one gives. Its value has already been proved to people, over and over again.

Make a practice of reading the advertisements. They save you time and energy and worry. They make it easy for you to be an expert purchasing agent for your family corporation.

Call on the proved counsel of the advertisements
. . . read them regularly!

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

are you powdered to YOUR satisfaction—

and HIS?

Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not altogether please. Still you must use powder.

Be assured of this: once you try Princess Pat—with its exclusive base of soft, caressing almond—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without powder, but that you couldn't get along *without Princess Pat powder.*

Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel," visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; nor the imported.

The Exclusive Almond Base Is the Chief Difference Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticise, but believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this, too. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy." Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.

Keeps the Skin Healthy » Protects Against Blemishes You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself.* This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good for your skin.* Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes* and *softens;* it benefits the most sensitive skin.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent beauty.* And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Seven shades. Two weights. Sold everywhere.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 101-A
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print] .....

Street .....

City and State .....

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Get This Week End Set SPECIAL

En Route

Unnumbered miles slip away from the Limited . . . sagebrush and sand and a painted desert . . . mountains stark above timber line. But through all the changing scene, this cigarette will be your best companion. Fragrant, refreshing, *dependable*, it adds the flavor of enjoyment to your journey. . . . And whether you travel three days or three hours, you know that you're *going* some place, when you go with Camels.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Motion Picture

S-M

130

NOVEMBER

25 CENTS

$5000.00 Cash Prizes

MARLAND STONE

Why Can't They Stay Married?

The Deadly Sin of Spreading Discontent

Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .

WHEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.

Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters. Maybelline Co., Chicago

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with *Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil* to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness *now*. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER • EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH 3 OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

THE SEA WOLF

FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

ON YOUR BACK

JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

SOUP TO NUTS

RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

Your favorite entertainment

FOX MOVIETONE PICTURES

HAROLD LLOYD

"FEET FIRST"

HAPPY days are here again! Here comes Harold with a brand new bag of tricks that will make your sides ache with laughter! Fun no end, thrills galore, action every second. ¶ Harold Lloyd's All-Talking picture "Feet First." Your eyes will be glued to the screen and you'll hang on every word! More than a motion picture—an *event* the whole family looks forward to with keen anticipation. Get set now for the great gloom destroyer of 1930! Get set and go! ¶ Your Theatre Manager will gladly tell you when "Feet First" is coming to your town. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release. ¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

TUNE IN! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday Evening, 10:15 to 11 P.M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Volume XL, No. 4 November, 1930

Features in This Issue

Cover Portrait of Helen Twelvetrees by Marland Stone

The Hot Spot ..... Dorothy Manners 8
The Truth About Lina Basquette's Attempt To Take Her Own Life

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood ..... Gladys Hall 28
The Third Deadliest Is: Spreading Discontent

What Isn't Possible? ..... J. Eugene Chrisman 30
Through the "Dunning Process" Greta Garbo Could Play Opposite Valentino

Border Bugaboos ..... Dorothy Spensley 33
Or Trying To Break Into The United States

Sauce For the Gander ..... Dorothy Calhoun 34
Some Hollywood He-Men Tell How They Diet Painlessly

$5,000.00 In Gold Offered By Motion Picture Magazine 40
Motion Picture Title Game!

Love Experts ..... Gladys Hall 42
II. Mary Duncan Doubts That Love Requires Sacrifices

Marriages In The Movies ..... Dorothy Manners 44
Lilyan Tashman Wonders If Hers Has Not Been A Trial Marriage

Why Can't They Stay Married? ..... J. Eugene Chrisman 48
A Doctor, Lawyer and Clergyman Look At Love And Marriage Among The Stars

Discoveries About Myself ..... Gladys Hall 50
Gloria Swanson Has Conquered Fear

Where Does The Money Go? ..... Reginald Taviner 52
When You Know The Studios, These Expensive Films Are No Million-Dollar Mysteries

What Women Want To Know ..... Dorothy Donnell 55
They Ask Sue Carol How To Outwit Their Surroundings

The Secrets Of Their Palms ..... Helen Burns 64
Know Their Palms And You Know The Stars As They Know Themselves

Their Reel Married Life ..... Helen Louise Walker 66
It's Not So Different From Real Life, Say Those Who Know

Advice To Young Amazons ..... Hale Horton 70
If You Must Marry A Movie Hero, Here Are Helpful Hints

Three-In-One-Girl ..... Herbert Cruikshank 74
Carol Lombard Is Herself, Constance Bennett, And Jeanne Eagels

That Hillbilly In Hollywood ..... Elisabeth Goldbeck 77
But Gavin Gordon Has Reformed And Admits He's Strong For Greta Garbo

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1930 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries $3.00. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane. London, E. C. 4. George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres, Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*

$20.00 Letter
They're Hard on Our Ears

CLEVELAND, O.—After you have heard my plea, dear editor, which is also voicing the opinion of many other fans, won't you intercede for us and see that we get some sort of a break? Tell the producers to have a heart. A word from you may make them see that they are offending our ears. Just because we like the talkies, it doesn't mean that we want our nerves worn to a frazzle by the eerie sirens and shrill alarms of the police and fire departments and other noisy outcries. If you witnessed a picture in which a raid took place, you've heard the nerve-wracking sounds of the alarms and shrill whistles or the clang-clanging of the approaching fire engines or ambulances. Maybe these are real, but who wants so much reality and in the exaggerated form presented by the talkies? There should be a limit to the extent these alarming sounds can be carried or otherwise a law should be passed prohibiting them altogether.

"The Divorcee," an otherwise excellent picture, was spoiled by that awful gruesome auto wreck. The scene itself was ghastly enough, but was it necessary to add the dreadful screams and shrieks and moans that went with it? Now why is a scene of this kind exaggerated to such an extent?

Another menace is the prolonged sob-stuff. We've listened to it until we have grown so hardened to sobs that no matter how real the weeping may be, it no longer arouses our sympathy. It just drives us to distraction. We don't want any more of it if we have to take it in such large quantities.

But get me straight, I'm not finding fault with the talkies. No! Never!! I want them in bigger and better doses. *"Gee"*

$10.00 Letter
War Pictures Too Much Like the Real Thing

READING, PA.—Why are we not allowed to forget the Great World War, that ended almost twelve years ago?

Just saw "All Quiet on the Western Front," and a few weeks ago, "Journey's End." Wonderful pictures, both of them; superb acting, splendid directing, excellent photography and everything else that goes to make a top-notch picture, except the fact that they were but two more war pictures.

I don't believe I am different from the great majority of people that go to the theater. I go there for one purpose and that is for an hour or two of pleasure. I like to laugh and smile at the antics and sayings of comedians; I like to put myself in the place of the lovers when the film runs along those lines; I like to be the detective chasing the thief, the thief eluding the detective—oh, I can picture myself in many, many rôles, knowing full well that I am way out of my element and that it would be utterly impossible for me to perform any of the parts.

But War pictures—the hardships of Army life, the hunger, filth, cold, fatigue and brutality of it all. A man going blind from gas, another crazy from shell shock, still another having his leg shot off or writhing on the ground due to a shot in the abdomen. The blood, dirt, wretchedness of it all. The Glory of War. What irony! We all know the War was a terrible experience; for those that did the actual fighting, for the ones indirectly connected with it, for those that had to remain at home. We know that men fought and died, turned yellow and died, got sick and died. We know that war is *not* a glorious picnic. Then, as I've said before, why are we not allowed to forget it as best we can, without having it vividly displayed before our eyes time and time again. I am quite sure that I get very little amusement and entertainment from pictures of that sort, where we know that the scenes being shown us are almost exact reproductions of actual occurrences, with only the characters changed. Let's have fewer and less vivid war pictures. *C. R. E.*

$5.00 Letter
This Thing Called Romance

DULUTH, MINN.—Now, listen, is this nice? When mothers and fathers all the world over are trying to teach their offspring to be sensible, to keep sentimental Tommy from marrying lounging Lilly who has a large palm and a little brain, to make honest Alice forget Willy Nilly who makes his living picking pockets, along comes a dulcet voice through the medium of talking pictures from a sweet, bewhiskered sap with tears in his eyes who tells them that "romance is the greatest thing in the world. Don't give up romance, my boy, don't give up romance," or something like that. Of course, the old fellow doesn't know what he is talking about. But Gavin Gordon does look so nice with tears in his eyes, and Greta Garbo is so very beautiful in her still proud misery. And sentimental Tommy ends by marrying lounging Lilly and five years from date commits suicide because of lack of funds, and poor little Alice ends up by taking baby and going back to Papa while Willy's in jail.

If you're going to put across a ridiculous theme like "Romance," why use such exquisitely finished actors as Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, and Lewis Stone to make falsehood seem plausible? Why not tell the truth about romance? Ben Turpin and Louise Fazenda would clear up a lot of muddy notions. They'd show you where romance goes when you see his knees sticking out of a pair of shorts like branches from a cactus plant or hear her with her face distorted out of shape crunching celery in your ear. Yes, sir, tell the truth about "romance" and there will be fewer sad old maids in the world and if you want some pointers, ask me. I've been married two months.

Mrs. I. L. Paull

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, Five Dollars and several One Dollar prizes for letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$1.00 Letters
Censorship in the Talkies

LOWVILLE, N. Y.—Censorship is ruining the talking pictures. I cite the following incident to add to the cumulative proof of that bane of the talkie existence—censorship as it is now practised.

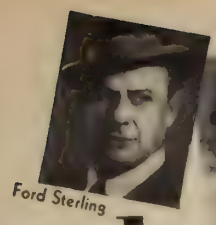
Last evening "Son of the Gods," featuring Richard Barthelmess, was showing at our local theater. The picture works slowly up to the climax where Miss Bennett comes to him in his apartment. Exactly at the crucial moment the talking apparatus ceased to function. The audience expressed audible disgust. It was only a moment before the picture went on, but further interest was spoiled. The spell had been broken by the introduction of the ridiculous. All the effort of those two fine actors went for nothing, for the sympathy of the audience was alienated at the time when it should have been strongest.

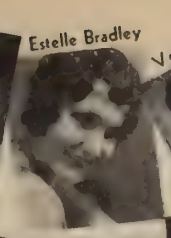
I discovered that the censorship bureau had wired the theater to cut out Miss Bennett's line which was, "If I hadn't been a jellyfish I would have come sooner." Always the smut killers succeed in ruining true artistic endeavor. Maybe I am dumb, but I fail to see anything wrong in the line they were so anxious to eliminate. Why can't something be done to appoint intelligent censorship, if we must have it? The situation today is ludicrous. *Phyllis-Marie Arthur*

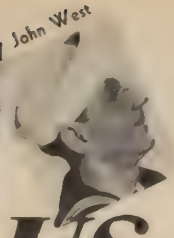
Extras and Featured Players

GREEN BANK, N. J.—Woe be unto this poor mortal, who like other human beings, is a star, also extra player, worshiper. And like so many other humans would dearly love to com-

(*Continued on page 123*)







The laugh's on US!

IN thousands of the country's better theatres the laughs on the programs are on these comedy players—on them and their fellow fun-makers in EDUCATIONAL'S big company of comedians and comediennes. It's the biggest group of comedy stars ever assembled by one company—and they are out to make your screen entertainment this season more amusing than ever.

There's always one sure way to laugh your troubles away. Look up the theatre that is playing one of EDUCATIONAL'S TALKING COMEDIES. There you will find entertainment and mirth for the whole family, children and adults alike.

And with the spectacular progress that has been made by the talking comedy, these pictures are able to bring you this season not only such popular veterans of the screen as *Lloyd Hamilton*, *Andy Clyde* and *Johnny Hines*, but some of the best and most popular comic performers from the stage, including *Charlotte Greenwood*, *Tom Patricola*, *Buster* and *John West* and many others.

Laugh heartily—*the laugh's on us.*

Educational's Talking Comedies

Educational Pictures
THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., *E. W. HAMMONS, President*, Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Hot Spot

Of The Month

The Truth About Lina Basquette's Attempt To Take Her Own Life

By DOROTHY MANNERS

ON the morning of August 13, Lina Basquette, gowned in dinner clothes after a formal party in her apartment, said "Goodnight" to the last of her guests, smiled a pleasant farewell and before the gentleman was half way down the steps from her apartment, rushed into the bathroom and swallowed a third of a bottle of disinfectant! It was the climax of the most amazing triangular problem Hollywood has ever known.

P. & A.

At the left is Lina Basquette, who attempted suicide over her failure to win custody of her three-year-old daughter, Lita Basquette Warner, at the right. According to the actress, she was to have the child for at least three months of the year

At one angle is Lina, former *Follies* dancer and De Mille motion picture star. At another angle is her beautiful child, Lita Warner, daughter of the late Sam Warner, who is the pivotal point in an adoption suit between Lina and the Harry Warners. The third angle is "Pev" Marley, recently divorced husband of Lina.

For months a much publicized war has been brewing between these several factors, but it was not until the newspapers blazed the headlines "LINA BASQUETTE ATTEMPTS SUICIDE" that the real seriousness of the situation was uncovered. According to Lina's own admission, it was the act of a person driven desperately close to the bounds of insanity, by the pressure of worry and disappointment. "Ever since my breakdown last fall, due to worry about my baby and the first hint of trouble between myself and my husband, I have wondered how long it would be before I had a complete mental collapse.

"I was not in my right mind, I was not in a healthy frame of mind when I did that awful thing," she said.

For the best part of a year she has been brooding over the fact of her separation from her small daughter, who has been in the custody of the Harry Warners, foster parents. Every effort she has made to see the child has been delayed and frustrated. To many friends she made the remark: "What can I do to get my baby back?"

Second Marriage a Failure

ON top of this worry, though she tried to keep the fact from even her closest friends, her marriage with "Pev" Marley had begun to go on the rocks. The bitter disappointment of this bore down on her all the more because "It was for Pev's love that I gave up my child. He did not understand her place in my heart. He wanted her sent away. Because I loved him so much and wanted to do everything to keep our love what it was, I agreed to let her go from me."

At last Lina and De Mille's former cameraman decided to give up the ghost of their marriage. Pev remained in their little hillside home and Lina took up residence in a town apartment above the High Hat café.

For several months there were various and casual reports of her activities. It was announced that she was going into business with a former designer of gowns at M-G-M, Kathleen Kay. It was reported that she had acquired an entirely different circle of new friends, including a certain wealthy young man whose attentions to her were quite marked. It was supposed that she was happy in her new life. Then suddenly the ambulance sirens shrieked—the newsboys tore their throats in ballyhoo—Lina Basquette had taken poison in an attempt to take her own life. Let us go back to that fateful day preceding her sensational act and see the truth of what happened as it is told by Lina's own lips:

The World Went Dark

"EVERYTHING had gone wrong from the moment I woke up. Little trivial things at first that I tried to shake off. Then big things, important things, the most important of which was a letter from my baby's nurse in the East saying that no plans were being made to send Lita to me, as had been promised. And also, though she tried to say it as kindly as possible, I could read between the lines what was meant. *My baby was growing away from me.* She was no longer asking about me—when she would see me again. She did not even scribble her funny little signature at the bottom of this letter as she had always done with little x marks for kisses. There was a snap shot of her, too—and somehow she just didn't look like my baby as I remembered her.

"Right in the midst of a rather hysterical fit on my part over this, Mr. Marley called on me with his lawyer and wanted to talk divorce grounds. I tried to do what I thought best in this matter. I have no hard feelings for him. All I wanted was my freedom. Before they left I agreed that he should sue me on whatever grounds he deemed reasonable.

(*Continued on page 121*)

The ONE *story that held millions breathless.... The* ONE *girl who could bring it to vivid life . . .*

BELASCO'S epic story of the strangest gamble a woman ever made. Strangest stakes ever left to the fate of cards. Strangest climax in show history as the 'golden girl' gambles the one time in her life—for love—And *cheats* to win!

Twelve stirring situations all brought to you with the artistry, charm and compelling beauty of—

ANN HARDING *as*
The GIRL *of the* GOLDEN WEST

JAMES RENNIE · HARRY BANNISTER

Based on the play by DAVID BELASCO

A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON *Production.*

A FIRST NATIONAL AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

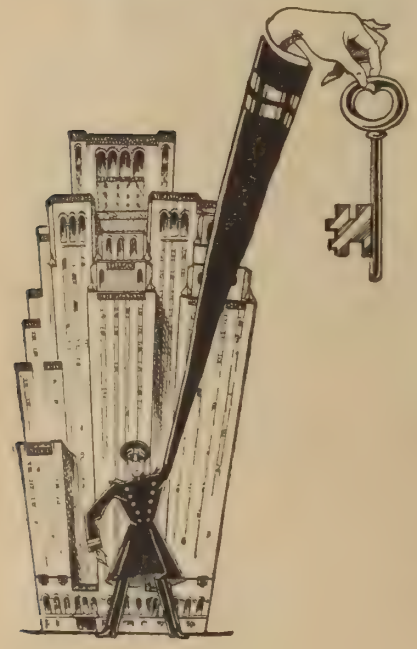
VITAPHONE Picture

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

WELCOME TO NEW YORK AND

THE HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON

31ST ST. AND 7TH AVE.
OPPOSITE
PENNA. R.R. STATION



A Preeminent Hotel of 1200 Rooms each having Bath, Servidor, Circulating Ice Water and many other innovations... featuring a sincere spirit of hospitality.

E. G. KILL, *Gen. Mgr.*

ROOM AND BATH $3 UP

By MARION MARTONE

Amos 'n' Andy—playing in *Check and Doublecheck*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—recently completed *Social Errors*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—last release *Old English*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Big Money*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Arthur, Jean—*The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Astor, Mary—recently completed *The Steel Highway*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—recently completed *East Is West*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—playing in *Typhoon Bill*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, John—last release *Moby Dick*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Noah—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Sin Takes A Holiday*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Scotland Yard*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—playing in *The Passion Flower*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blackmer, Sidney—playing in *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Blane, Sally—playing in *The Leather Pushers*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Lilli*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—playing in *Her Wedding Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Brook, Clive—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Buchanan, Jack—recently completed *Monte Carlo*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Byron, Walter—playing in *A Play Called Life*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *Check and Doublecheck*—Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—recently completed *Laughter*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Chaplin, Charles—playing in *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The Right To Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—recently completed *The Playboy of Paris*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Churchill, Marguerite—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Claire, Ina—playing in *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Cody, Lew—recently completed *Divorce Among Friends*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—last release *Manslaughter*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—last release *Raffles*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Compson, Betty—recently completed *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *Morocco*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Illicit*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Ex-Mistress*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Rosalie*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *The Dove*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Morocco*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Dark Star*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Along Came Youth*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *Reaching For The Moon*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Little Caesar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *The Princess and the Plumber*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fazenda, Louise—recently completed *Leathernecking*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Forbes, Ralph—playing in *Her Wedding Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *The Virtuous Sin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Her Wedding Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—last release *Romance*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Hackett, Raymond—recently completed *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Haines, William—recently completed *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—recently completed *Divorce Among Friends*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *Sweethearts On Parade*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *The Cat Creeps*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Hobart, Rose—recently completed *A Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *The Virtuous Sin*—

(*Continued on page 12*)

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME

TRADER HORN

FILMED IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA!

Directed by W. S. VAN DYCK
who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS."

THE MOST AMBITIOUS PICTURE UNDERTAKING SINCE BEN HUR!

PLAYED against a background of tropical danger and primitive passion, the great book that thrilled the world has come to life with all its adventure and all its romance. The ivory coast of Africa, the jungle, a ruby worth a king's ransom, a white orphan girl worshipped as a goddess, love's awakening for this girl and her English lover, their thrilling escape from the natives and the terrors of the jungle! An all-talking production . . . the greatest thrill picture ever shown!
From the famous novel by Trader Horn and Ethelreda Lewis

with
Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth

METRO-GOLDWYN-M

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

DOLLARS AND SENSE

MONEY-SAVING OFFERS

Show Good Sense and Save Dollars by ordering your Magazines through us

Motion Picture Classic
Motion Picture Magazine
Both for One Year →
No. 1C — $3.00 — Save $1.00

Motion Picture Classic
Cosmopolitan
Both for One Year →
No. 2C — $4.25 — Save 75c

Motion Picture Classic
McCall's Magazine
Redbook
All for One Year →
No. 3C — $4.50 — Save $1.00

Motion Picture Classic
American Magazine
Woman's Home Companion
No. 4C All for One Year → — $4.75 — Save 75c

Motion Picture Classic
Vanity Fair
Both for One Year →
No. 5C — $5.25 — Save 75c

Motion Picture Classic
McCall's Magazine
Better Homes & Gardens
Pictorial Review
No. 6C All for One Year → — $3.45 — Save $1.15

Motion Picture Classic
College Humor
Both for Two Years →
No. 7C — $7.50 — Save $1.50

Motion Picture Classic
Vogue (26 issues)
Both for One Year →
No. 8C — $7.00 — Save $1.00

Motion Picture Classic
American Home
World's Work
All for One Year →
No. 9C — $6.25 — Save 75c

Canadian Subscribers Must Pay Additional Postage for some Magazines. Write Us For Prices

Remit by Money Order or Personal Check

USE THIS COUPON - - - - -

Motion Picture CLASSIC (NC)
Paramount Building
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is $ .....

Please send me Club No. .....
☐New. ☐Renewal.

Name .....

Address .....

In The Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 10*)

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—*A Play Called Life*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Janis, Dorothy—playing in *Ourang*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Johnson, Kay—playing in *The Passion Flower*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Jolson, Al—recently completed *Big Boy*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Dark Star*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Kane, Helen—recently completed *Heads Up*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Keaton, Buster—recently completed *Dough Boys*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—recently completed *The Spoilers*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kohler, Fred—playing in *Captain Blood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Langdon, Harry—recently completed *See America Thirst*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Laye, Evelyn—playing in *Lilli*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Dorothy—recently completed *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Leonard, Barbara—recently completed *Men of the North*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—playing in *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loff, Jeanette—recently completed *The Boudoir Diplomat*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Scotland Yard*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Renegade*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *The Right To Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Ex-Mistress*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *The Steel Highway*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Stolen Thunder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *The Virtuous Sin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacLaglen, Victor—playing in *No Favors Asked*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Manners, David—recently completed *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marshall, Tully—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *The Great Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Miller, Marilyn—recently completed *Sunny*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Lois—playing in *A Play Called Life*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly—playing in *Way For A Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *The Bat Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Morton, Charles—playing in *Check and Double Check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Myers, Carmel—recently completed *A Lady Surrenders*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—recently completed *College Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—last release *Call of the Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—last release *Sea Legs*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Fair Warning*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *The Princess and the Plumber*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *Kiki*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pidgeon, Walter—recently completed *The Hot Heiress*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *The Passion Flower*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *New Morals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Power, Tyrone—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *War Nurse*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *Lookin' For Trouble*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rennie, James—playing in *Captain Blood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *Check and Double Check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Charles—playing in *Along Came Youth*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—playing in *Manhattan Mary*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Lightnin'*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rollins, David—recently completed *The Big Trail*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roth, Lillian—playing in *Sea Legs*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charles—playing in *Her Wedding Night*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Sills, Milton—recently completed *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Skinner, Otis—recently completed *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Smith, Stanley—recently completed *Soup To Nuts*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Illicit*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *The Passion Flower*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—last release *What A Widow!*—United Artists Corp., 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sweet, Blanche—playing in *The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—recently completed *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Lilli*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Taylor, Estelle—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *New Moon*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Torres, Raquel—playing in *Never The Twain Shall Meet*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracey, Spencer—playing in *Up The River*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *The Cat Creeps*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Resurrection*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Luxury*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert—recently completed *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St. Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—recently completed *Sweethearts On Parade*—Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Marjorie—playing in *Stolen Thunder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Whiteman, Paul—last release *The King of Jazz*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Whiting, Jack—recently completed *College Lovers*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Withers, Grant—recently completed *The Steel Highway*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Wolheim, Louis—playing in *The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Woolsey, Robert—recently completed *Half Shot At Sunrise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *New Morals*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—recently completed *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—recently completed *Madame Satan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

if you would have the VOICE you want

ANSWER THIS AD

ESPECIALLY IF ALL OTHER METHODS HAVE FAILED

If you have voice ambitions — if you have tried other methods without success — yes, even if you have lost your voice or are afraid of losing it — or even if you stammer or stutter . . . mail coupon now and learn about the marvelous results Prof. Feuchtinger's great SILENT method of voice training has brought to thousands upon thousands of men and women — *even after other methods failed!* Your voice has marvelous possibilities that you may not even suspect . . . let us reveal them to you . . . let us tell you the real facts about your voice . . . Write — mail coupon now.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

And now the most astounding part of it all. This school offers to train you at home, by mail, at a very nominal cost and absolutely guarantees to improve your voice at least 100% or refund every penny of your tuition. The Feuchtinger Perfect Voice SILENT Method of Voice Training has been successfully taught on this *guaranteed* basis for nearly a fifth of a century to over 30,000 men and women . . . . Investigate! . . . . Send today for free book telling all about this *guaranteed* voice course . . . . *mail coupon now!* . . . . PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 12-68, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Now for Free Voice Book with True Experiences of Others

Perfect Voice Institute,
1922 Sunnyside Ave.,
Studio 12-68 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture" with true experiences of others. I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Singing*
☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Speaking*

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

THE GOSSIP TEST

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1—**A blackened eye was the cause of a big to-do in Hollywood** recently. Who did the giving and who was on the receiving end?

• ● •

2—**What new form of amusement** now the rage is robbing movie houses of a large number of patrons?

• ● •

3—**Name the youngster who played** only a small supporting rôle and yet was billed above the name of the star of the picture in letters four times larger?

• ● •

4—**Who is the very recently made** movie star who arrived from Hollywood on the same train with Maurice Chevalier and refused to be photographed with him? What did she give as her reason?

• ● •

5—**What is the John Barrymore-**Dolores Costello tempest all about?

• ● •

6—**Rumors now have it that Harry** Richman has been discarded by Clara Bow. Who or what is to blame?

• ● •

7—**One well-known movie star** kept another star from making a picture at the studio where she was under contract thereby holding up all production on her picture. What is the reason for this deep enmity and who are the two stars?

• ● •

8—**There's been some re-christening at the Paramount Studio.** Whose names were affected?

• ● •

9—**On what grounds did the husband of a flaxen-haired motion** picture star base his charges when answering a civil suit filed against him by his wife? Name the star.

Maurice Chevalier is Paris bound for a vacation and a few weeks' appearances on the stage as well as to acquire some of that French accent he has lost since becoming so Americanized. Jack Oakie, Clara Bow and Eugene Pallette came to say Bon Voyage to Chevalier

10—**What did Lina Basquette give as her reason for her attempt** at suicide?

• ● •

11—**Are you able to name the** young man who has fallen in love with the mysterious Greta Garbo and how is great Garbo reacting to it?

• ● •

12—**The unfortunate Mary Nolan** got herself some unfavorable newspaper publicity. What's the trouble this time?

• ● •

13—**Why has Irving Thalberg's** chest expanded several inches in the last few weeks?

• ● •

14—**Why did Dolores Del Rio** have so much difficulty getting herself married to Cedric Gibbons, the art director, at the Santa Barbara Mission?

• ● •

15—**Whose words are these: "I** would rather be the adored mistress of a man I love, and who loves me, than an unwanted wife"?

• ● •

16—**What robbed the motion** picture industry of one of the best character actors in its history?

• ● •

17—**Who is the movie player who does not believe in making** sacrifices for love?

• ● •

18—**Can you give the names of four motion picture stars who** have become mothers within the last few months?

• ● •

19—**Where did Maurice Chevalier find Yvonne Vallee, his** leading lady in the French version of "The Playboy of Paris"?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 118)

Second Annual

Lenz Bridge Contest

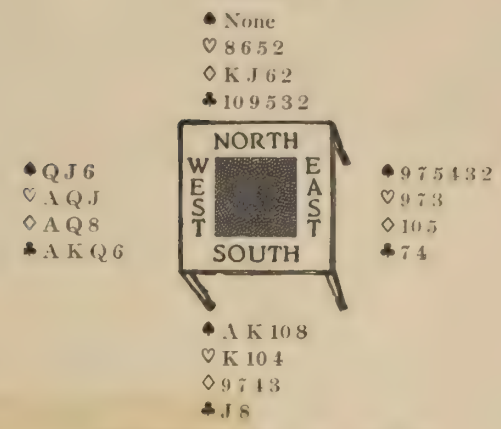
NOW APPEARING IN Judge

$20,000.00

In Prizes

FOR THE SOLUTIONS OF TWELVE PROBLEMS

PROBLEM I



SOUTH bids first—No SCORE

FRENCH LINE and THOMAS COOK & SON

Round trip for two, first class, from New York to France on one of the palatial steamers, the ILE DE FRANCE, the PARIS or the FRANCE. Trip across the Mediterranean and a three-week Motor tour of Northern Africa cities (French Line). A week in France, including Paris (Thomas Cook & Son).

FRENCH LINE and
FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO., INC.
AGFA-ANSCO CORPORATION
LABORATORIES OF THOMAS A. EDISON
BENRUS WATCH COMPANY
GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.
L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES
ART METAL WORKS, INC.
JOHN WANAMAKER
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CHENEY BROTHERS
THE MENNEN COMPANY
MARK CROSS COMPANY
BENSON & HEDGES
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
MOUQUIN, INC.
HICKOK MANUFACTURING CO.
THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

PEERLESS AUTOMOBILE NOW MORE EMPHATICALLY THAN EVER— ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

The new Peerless Custom Eight—a large luxurious car of 120 H. P. and wheelbase of 138 inches. The latest development of an organization with thirty years' experience in the building of fine motor cars. The body styles and interior effects created by A. de Sakhnoffsky, a Russian designer who has scored many successes abroad.

PYRENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
THE GLOBE-WERNICKE COMPANY
COMMUNITY PLATE
COSTIKYAN & COMPANY
HANOVIA CHEMICAL AND MFG. CO.
THE ARCHDALE CO., INC.
M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD CO.
THE BEARDSLEY & WOLCOTT MFG. CO.
FIFTH AVENUE STATIONERS
COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.
THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD COMPANY
HAY'S FRUIT JUICE CO.

JUDGE—18 EAST 48TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me JUDGE for 21 weeks for $2.00. Start with September 27th issue so I may have all contest issues.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By ROBERT FENDER

AND as the wise-cracking animal trainer out at Selig's says: Everyone has someone to love but all that I have is zoo—

• • •

Herbert Cinema suggests: that they give us at least one crook picture in which the big bold gangster refuses to be saved in the last reel by a good woman's love.

• • •

The dopesters have it: that JACK OAKIE has given us all the stuff he knows and has been repeating since his first picture and is apt to bog down any moment now; that CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS has been cute once too often and is beginning to affect the public's stomach; that CLARA BOW has flamed cinematically for the last, or nearly last time so far as many are concerned.

• • •

It's readable and fairly accurate that: RALPH GRAVES has deserted acting for writing; "*Bad Women*" will be a feminine "*Big House*"; silents are being seriously considered by at least one big studio; no star in the business can get away with "temperament" again (there's too many good newcomers to grab the job); the star system is about to give up the ghost; "going on location" is becoming more and more obsolete because it's far cheaper to read up on a flock of National Geographics and stick close to the good old reliable Southern California Sun; "gag men" are nearly a thing of the past; "*The Silent Enemy*," made by two cameramen thousands of miles from Hollywood and its artistic directors is the most artistic picture in a decade; the same picture, portrayed by people who had never seen a camera before includes more good acting than has ever come out of this odd town; LEW AYRES can't eat for CONSTANCE BENNETT; it's just five hundred per cent. harder to get your friends on a studio lot than ever before and the old gag about "he's a movie critic for an upstate paper" won't work now; a whole batch of FOX executives are wondering why they didn't save up for these rainy days; JANET GAYNOR enjoys (or does she?) the unique position of being voted the screen's most popular girl. RUSSELL GLEASON makes and sails tiny boats in his backyard to forget; WILL ROGERS makes a lot of noise with his soup and more with his gum; the choice of JOHN WAYNE, a newcomer, for the juiciest part in "*The Big Trail*" gave the town soreheads something more to cry over; BEBE and BEN are still in love and it's been months now; with ALICE WHITE and CLARA BOW apparently on the wane, the screen needs a new girl to awake the reindeer in us; JOAN BENNETT is fairly unpopular with studio workers but it's just a plain case of *green-eye* because the beauty is making so darned much money without any visible strain; JOHN BARRYMORE says any number of surprising things right out loud that, when the sound department has finished blushing, makes it insist on a re-deal; TED HEALY (Soup to Nuts) thought it was all a mistake and pined for New York and his freedom after his first day at work; the same HEALY is by all odds the most original, pleasant and refreshing gent yet to appear in these wastelands; EDDIE CANTOR is quite a shock to meet up and talk with—he only does it to music—; JAMES HALL lives next door to MERNA KENNEDY and has been known to smile at her; WILLIAM HAINES had words with CHARLES CHAPLIN and says it would have gone further had they not been in a mutual friend's (MARION DAVIES') house; MARIE DRESSLER contributes to a batch of down-at-the-heel European ex-notables just for the fun of it; studio people, when previewing a picture publicly, act as if they actually enjoyed it and that those same numbers when viewing the film in a studio projection-room, safely removed from the cash customers and studio *execs*, have been known to boo and sneer and snarl and otherwise act natural; the only good servant for a film somebody is none, but if one is absolutely necessary he should no *spik inglish* nor remember this morning what happened last night.

Everything comes in with the tide: if it isn't old sandwiches and bottles and shells, it might be a coupla oysters and their pearls. The oyster and his jewel in the canoe are Larry Gray and Marilyn Miller—the others are Bill Seiter and his wife, Laura La Plante

• • •

ALICE WHITE cracks out with the first known alibi for hapless midget golfers. She blames her misses on the cheap felt now being used.

• • •

It's a funny one that Pathé is putting out "*Rebound*" after just having let INA CLAIRE go her way. Funny because MISS CLAIRE (surely you remember MRS. JACK GILBERT?) did great things with the play and would undoubtedly have meant much to the movie. As it is now, ANN HARDING has the part. And that's because of one director, E. H. GRIFFITH. He is the man, reflect, who put ANN in the money; first with "*Paris Bound*," then "*Holiday*" and now "*Rebound*." ANN is high at this point.

• • •

Hollywood's latest game is guessing why MARY PICKFORD shelved "*Secrets*." Everyone plays it. Prop boys, laborers, hair dressers, assistant directors, studio front office boys and others who have absolutely no idea.

• • •

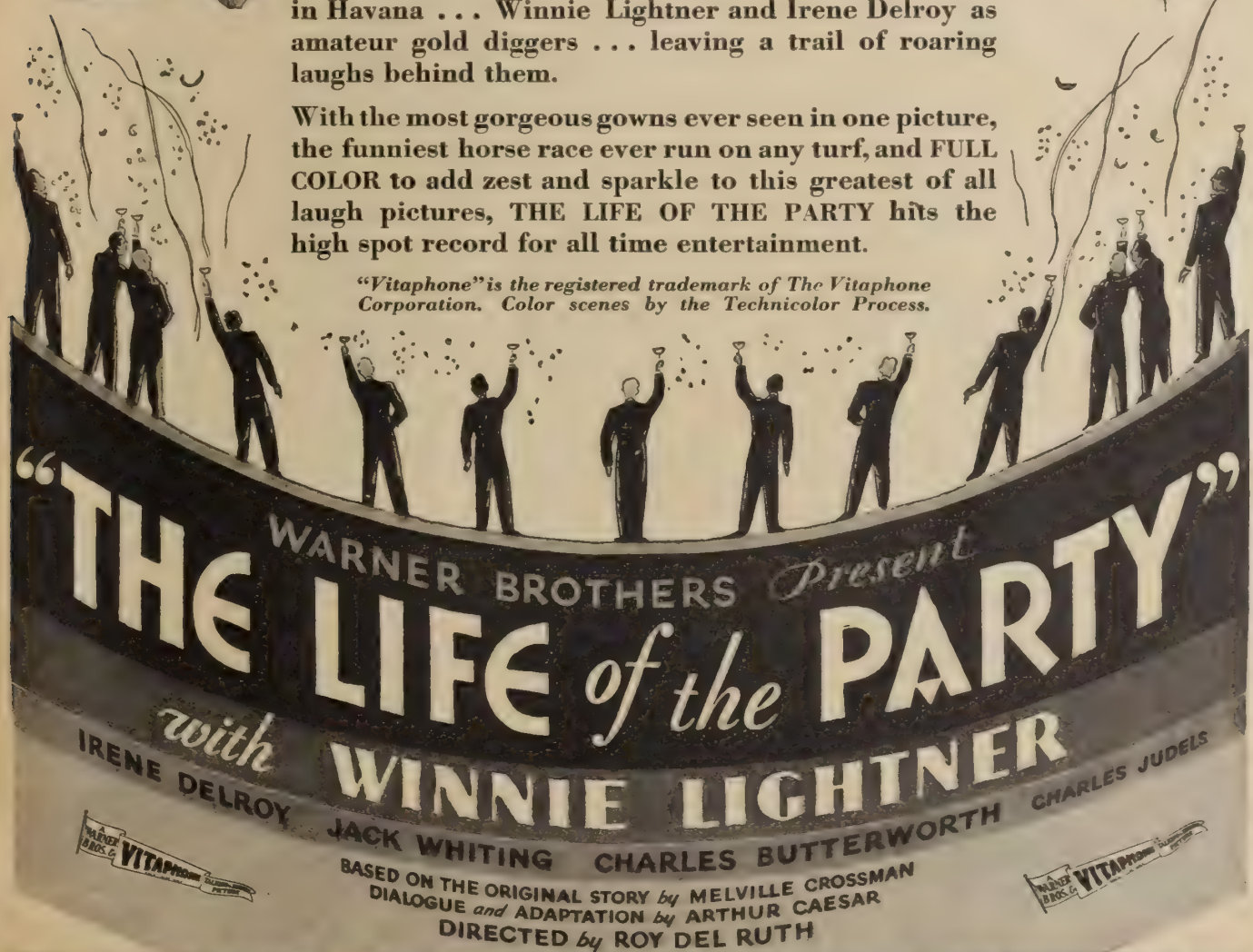
Hollywood is mushrooming. The place has spread its bounds to

(*Continued on page 111*)

From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.


"THE LIFE of the PARTY"
WARNER BROTHERS Present
with WINNIE LIGHTNER
IRENE DELROY JACK WHITING CHARLES BUTTERWORTH CHARLES JUDELS
BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY by MELVILLE CROSSMAN
DIALOGUE and ADAPTATION by ARTHUR CAESAR
DIRECTED by ROY DEL RUTH
A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic

Née Gloria Morgan and married at eighteen to the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple French frocks . . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated Paris society!

Pearls are her jewels and the gardenia her flower . . . these accent the whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls.

Exquisite women entrust their skin to Pond's four preparations . . . famous Two Creams, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues, bracing Skin Freshener.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams! And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day — first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent, in an enchanting peach-color now as well as white.

Third—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—Cleanse immaculately with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Send 10¢ for Pond's Four Preparations

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. L
113 Hudson Street . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

The present holder of the long-distance critical acclaim record, Joan Bennett has quickly and surely become one of the *leading* leading ladies. With reason, her bright and open eyes are now engaged in "*Smilin' Thru*"

Archer

Hurrell

Robert Montgomery has reason to smile. Some do as they like, some say what they like, but he acts as he likes—refusing to play in weak stories. And for this display of uncommon sense, he is rewarded with chances like "War Nurse"

Richee

Clara's eyes are wearing mourning, and the Bow mouth is wistful. Her whole attitude is one of "what's the use?"—an understandable attitude after "Love Among the Millionaires." But "Her Wedding Night" and happier days are coming

John McCormack sang for her in "Song O' My Heart." Even Will Rogers waxed musical in "So This Is London" after coming to know her. And now Maureen O'Sullivan is hearing her praises sung in profusion. The reason? "Just Imagine"

Hurrell

As a good second team improves the varsity, so do second-lead players of Anita Page's calibre force stars to work to score. Resting comfortably in that knowledge, she has not long to wait before getting into the first line-up herself

Bachrach

Long publicized as Russia's gift to well-dressed Hollywood, Ivan Lebedeff has now doffed the tall topper and the butterfly tie, and is perspiring like a mere he-man. And he likes it, as you can see above and in "Half Shot at Sunrise"

Elmer Fryer

Besides the tricky snowball-and watermelon-seed necklace, Bernice Claire has acquired another Hollywood rarity—a happy outlook. No other singer is kept so busy, and—speaking of operetta figures—she is "The Toast of the Legion"

Wm. E. Thomas

The son of a famous actor, young Phillips Holmes forgot that this was a distinct handicap and acted naturally. Drama came into his life. And now, in the spotlight in "Her Man," he sees stardom just over the horizon

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

November, 1930

MAJOR GEORGE K. SHULER
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

A FEW years ago, some genius hit upon the discovery that people could be dragged to the theater if they could move in surroundings reminiscent of Greek temples, Persian palaces, or Moorish castles, with easy chairs and organ music to help them sleep. But the novelty has worn off. People are staying away from the movies. And they started to stay away even before miniature golf was out of swaddling clothes. It is obvious that moviegoers want something new, something to surprise them. They are weary of the same old stories. Does anyone disagree?

• • •

A FRIEND of ours—quite an amateur detective, in his way—came to us the other day with an explanation of where the producers have been finding so many of these stories you have been seeing and hearing lately. He swore, violently, that he himself had seen one excavated from an antique filing cabinet, where it had been interred, with appropriate rites, in 1912. Who are we to doubt it?

• • •

THE curiosity of the public to see what happens to silent versions in the talkies is approaching the freezing point. The notion is beginning to percolate through moviegoers' craniums that some of the producers have not had a new idea since they grasped the one that it would pay to have their stars heard, as well as seen. If that notion is sufficiently encouraged, miniature ping-pong courses will soon be taking away the fans who still remained faithful when miniature golf appeared down on the next corner.

• • •

MARY PICKFORD is to appear on the New York stage this winter. So are Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky. Lillian Gish will very likely be there. Colleen Moore is considering a stage appearance. So is Janet Gaynor. There are others on the verge of taking the same step. Why? Can it be that they also crave novelty? Can it be that they also want stories giving them dramatic opportunities—regardless of what they will forfeit, financially, by going East?

• • •

REX LEASE had an altercation with Vivian Duncan, which for a few days made the scandal-sheets break out in a red rash. They darkly hinted that Rex's career was over. Then someone accused Mary Nolan of being a drug addict, and the tabloids got out their biggest type, to proclaim her ruin. Their smallest was used on the sequel—that a Federal narcotic inspector had given her a clean bill of health after a thorough examination. Rex is still working; so is Mary. Their employers are not so gullible as the tabloids would make them out to be.

• • •

MAURICE CHEVALIER has made himself the idol not only of Paris, but of Hollywood. At the party given for him before he started for France on his annual three months' vacation, this innocent lauded producers and directors to the skies—the first actor on record to give the devils their due.

• • •

THE biggest surprise to us in this talkie era is the way million-dollar productions have been living up to advance notices. "All Quiet on the Western Front" turned out to be, as advertised, uncompromising, unforgettable—on an epic scale. "The King of Jazz" was dazzling, even though it may have been short on spontaneity and humor. "Hell's Angels," the talkies' first great spectacle, looks like four million dollars. And now comes "Whoopee," which has real pace and constant humor, against a magnificent background—the first talkie musical comedy in which the producers have several things to show for their money.

THE SEVEN DEADLY

III PERHAPS THE GREATEST IS:

By GLADYS HALL

IF this be a sin . . . Oscar Wilde said, "Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation."

It probably depends on what the man or the nation does with the discontent. It can corrode or it can actuate.

An eminent doctor of political science recently observed that much of the ferment and trouble, insurrections and revolutions in India and China may be laid, in part, at the palatial doors of American motion pictures. It's logical. For if, for thousands of years, these peoples have known nothing but the daily toil and the daily mite, if they have lived in penury and poverty and have never dreamed but that the rest of the world lives likewise, what wonder that they rise up when the tawdry bandages are pulled from their eyes and they see? . . .

They see the opulence and leisure of such women as Swanson and Bebe Daniels, the lavishness of De Mille sets, the glitter of a Chevalier, the pomp and circumstance and passion of *possession*. They, who have never known possession of anything, or even dared to hope. . . .

When, from hovels and huts, they behold gorgeous homes, magical cars, extravagant pleasure places extravagantly peopled, lordly sums of money, the power and plethora—why should they stay content with breaking backs and barren hearts and only the faint hope of a remote Nirvana to sustain them?

What Is There To Be Lost?

CAN it be that people live like this, look like this, love like this? Can it be that life is really a goddess of liberty and plenty, instead of a niggardly wench, cackling with famine behind her rags? If so . . . *if so* . . . then *why not we?* Why *not* revolt against the old, the rusted chains, why not throw off the suffocating rags, why not emerge into that sun, blazing, beneficent, brilliant?

Hollywood has given these peoples glimpses of a world, a way of living, they never knew existed. Ways of living more miraculous than the tale of Aladdin's Lamp or the Arabian Nights' Tales *in toto*. Jewels and ease and beautiful women and debonair men and beauty striking with great gashes upon their shrunken, starving senses. Why not we? *Why not?*

Serge Eisenstein, famous Russian director, said that in his country certain American pictures are barred. The Soviets dare not exhibit to the starving peasantry the luxury of the De Mille sets, the lavish ways of life in which those silk-shod feet are set. They have enough trouble, enough to strive for, without giving them incredible revelations.

From the Hays office drifted the information that for every foot of American film shown in England a dollar's worth of American goods is sold.

Nancy Carroll, Ronald Colman and Alice White are three of Fortune's darlings who spread discontent and envy through their success and personality

NEXT MONTH: The

Sins of Hollywood

Spreading Discontent

The opulence of the De Mille settings, the distinctive personalities of Gloria Swanson and Maurice Chevalier—these contribute mightily toward spreading discontent

Clara Bow wears a tricky anklet—well, *John Bull's* poorest stepdaughter craves one like it. Must have it. Does have it, or lives in a very fever of discontent. Buddy Rogers tips a suave panama—all right, *John Bull's* starving stepson must tip its imitation at the very least. And so it goes. . . .

Sackcloth Under Velvet

HOLLYWOOD spreads a mighty discontent. It is pervading the world. It is penetrating into the most obscure, the most impoverished quarters. It is like a mantle of richest velvet, lined with prickly sackcloth, gradually enveloping the stirring world. It is causing Judy O'Grady to feel that she must be like the Colonel's lady above the skin as well as under it.

Hollywood inoculates the humblest, the lowliest with the virus of discontent. It may be the yeast in the loaf of life. It may "rise" the loaf to such an extent that all peoples will find their places in the silken skein. It may cause wars. Probably will. It may, eventually, bring about a world peace, because nation will become familiar with nation and the best of each can be emulated by all. It may be that the sin of discontent, partially causing the present travail, may grow into a virtue more tremendous than we can now envision.

Certainly, Hollywood is the envy-spot of the world to-day.

When Douglas Fairbanks was in Spain a few years ago, hobnobbing with King Alfonso, he had barely bowed to majesty, when majesty whispered in his ear, "And what is Fatty Arbuckle doing now?" Not a word about the tariff or presidents or progress but—"What is Fatty Arbuckle doing?"

In Paris, in Berlin, in Rome, in Cairo, the natives do not ask about New York or Boston or Niagara Falls or the Golden Gate—they ask about Hollywood. Invariably.

How Sweet Is Home Now?

HOLLYWOOD spreads discontent, divine or the reverse, petty or important among nations. It also spreads discontent among our own people, among individuals.

It causes discontent of husbands with wives, and wives with husbands, and husbands and wives with their homes, their incomes, their modes of living, their "babbitty" friends, their cars, their vacations, the whole flat adventure of their unrecorded lives.

A uxorious husband, indeed, who could look upon Gloria Swanson and not wonder whether the Little Woman is all he once dreamed a woman might be . . . Perhaps, if she dieted a little, didn't wear such silly-looking hats, could manage to achieve those jeweled finger-tips, did her hair differently, *something*. . . .

A stoic wife who could watch Ronald Colman and not think that, *really*, Jim *might* shave a little more closely and more often, not look so *sweaty* when cutting the front lawn, not talk in that kind of rough way, and laugh so *loud*. . . . A philosophical wife who would not proceed from there and wonder why Jim has to cut the lawn at all. . . . Men like Ronald Colman, gay lovers like Chevalier, do not even know that lawns are cut—know nothing of lawns save as stretches of moonlit greensward upon which their feet go suavely to keep a rendezvous under a silver moon.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Deadly Sin Of Talkie Larceny

What

Through The Greta Garbo Opposite

By J. EUGENE

sound, color photography and other scientific accomplishments responsible for the perfection of the modern motion picture. It was invented by Dodge Dunning when he was but seventeen years of age, and the story of its inception and development bring out vividly the fact that motion picture opportunities are not alone for those who would be stars, there are other thrilling and remunerative branches.

ARE you one of those who still thrill to the very name of Valentino, and would you hock the family jewels rather than miss the latest Garbo picture? What, then, would you think of a brand of modern movie magic which could make it possible for you again to see "The Sheik"—*with Greta Garbo as Rudy's leading lady?*

Impossible as it sounds, that is exactly the sort of magic which Carroll and Dodge Dunning have been performing for the past three years in their modest stucco laboratory in Hollywood. They could, with equal facility, present Barbara La Marr and Charles (Buddy) Rogers in one of the romances which made her famous, or show Wallace Reid's pictures with Fifi Dorsay as his leading lady!

By use of the "Dunning Process," movie miracles far more fantastic than these are being wrought daily; and countless thrilling and unusual spectacles, impossible to obtain by other means, have been incorporated into hundreds of the pictures which you have seen.

They recently made it possible to show two German stars, singing in their native tongue, on a vast Hollywood set, surrounded by hundreds of Hollywood extras. There is, of course, nothing extraordinary about this—until you learn that the two foreign players have never been in Hollywood, or even in America, and that their song was sung in a Berlin studio! Magic? The Dunnings would make *Merlin* and his fellow-necromancers drink their own devil's brew for sheer envy.

Tricks Without Trickery

FIRST, let it be clearly understood that the "Dunning Process" is not double exposure, shots through glass, or trickery in any form. It is based entirely on the science of color separation, and back of it lie months of diligent research, untiring experiment and imaginative invention. It is a technical development, ranking with the synchronization of

Carroll Dunning was at one time president of the old Prizma Company, forerunner of modern color photography. It was during this time that he made the experiment which, though unsuccessful, formed the germ idea of the present process. The Prizma Company failed, and Carroll Dunning moved his family to California, intending to retire.

"I had forgotten all about my old experiment—which was an attempt to put living people into a painted garden and project it on the screen," says Mr. Dunning, "until a former associate of the old Prizma days recalled it to me. Dodge was with us at the time and that evening, after dinner, he said, "'Dad, that business you and Mr. Cadwallander were talking about to-day—I can do it.'

The Boy Knew His Science

"I ASSURED him that it was impossible, but he persisted until he convinced me. I set him up a laboratory in the basement, bought him a small movie camera, and applied for a patent. He worked for several months, during which time the patent was rejected as impossible, visionary and impractical. By then, he had succeeded in producing a rather crude

After Reading This Article You

Isn't Possible?

"Dunning Process" Could Play Valentino

CHRISMAN

Archer's Art Shop

Anything is possible in pictures through the "Dunning Process," based on the science of separating colors or neutralizing them. Valentino could easily play opposite Garbo. Above is a "Dunning Process" scene—the bus being in a Hollywood studio while the street is Fifth Avenue, New York. The Process is demonstrated at left, in the two strips of film

processed picture, showing his little sister walking through the Roman Colosseum. And realizing that he was on the right track, I succeeded in convincing the patent office, securing a basic patent.

"Edwin C. King, a friend of mine, was at that time president of the old F. B. O. Studios. He became interested and allowed Dodge to move his 'lab' into the studio and subject his idea to actual production conditions. Fred Thompson, then making Westerns for F. B. O., became interested also, and for more than a month devoted his time and a great deal of hard work to helping Dodge develop it.

"The first time the 'Dunning Process' was used in a real picture was in Fred's 'Silver King Comes Through,' in which we processed a shot showing Fred throwing the 'heavy' from a rapidly moving train. The next was in 'The Legionnaires In Paris,' when we took a shot of Kit Guard and Al Cook driving a taxi around the base of the Eiffel Tower."

Money Saved, Lives Saved

SINCE then, the process has been used in hundreds of pictures. Because of their ability to people the streets of a miniature city with actual living players, or place an entire cast in a far-away location without their ever leaving the home studio, the Dunnings have saved vast sums in production expense for picture producers. More important, however, is the saving of human lives.

By means of the process, any "stunt" shot that can be conceived may be made entirely without risk. In the picture "Flight," for instance, more than eighty "Dunning" shots were made, and the 'plane in which Ralph Graves and Jack Holt seemingly risked their lives was suspended not more than five feet above the floor of a studio stage! Dozens of the lives that have been lost in the making of picture thrills could have been spared if the "Dunning Process" had been used. A notable example is the disaster of last January, when, in the making of "Such Men Are Dangerous," Kenneth Hawks and his nine companions were hurled to death, as two 'planes collided over the Pacific. It is a matter of record that studio officials tried to persuade Hawks to use the process on this dangerous shot and that his refusal to do so cost him and his companions their lives.

Then there is the spectacular and costly "Hell's Angels." This picture cost four million dollars and a number of lives. Upon the making of this picture, Mr. Dunning refuses to comment; but we cannot condone the fanatical desire for realism that influenced Howard Hughes to spend this vast sum and lose these men, with such an instrument as the "Dunning Process" at his disposal.

Anna Never Saw New York

AS a tribute to the realism possible through the use of the process, let us recall "Anna Christie." In this picture, you saw Greta Garbo on the barge, with Brooklyn Bridge and the famous New York skyline in the background. Greta Garbo did not go to New York for the making of this picture; the Dunnings brought New York to her.

In making "They Had To See Paris," Will Rogers rode but a few feet across a studio stage, yet you saw him riding gaily down a Paris boulevard on the screen—and again the Dunnings scored.

In "Double Cross Roads," you saw Montague Love hunched over the wheel of his speeding car as a machine-gun stitched its deadly bullets across his windshield into his very face. The

(Continued on page 105)

Will Know How Some Pictures Are Made

Fryer

Laura La Plante may not be a Helen Wills, but she can serve a mean backhand and catch an opponent off his game. Naturally his eyes cannot follow her volleys and her charms at the same time. Laura plays tennis at her beach home—and plays it the year around—this on an order for fair weather sponsored by the Southern California Climate Association

Border Bugaboos

Or Trying To Break Into The United States

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IT isn't only English syntax that is bothering the foreign actor.

It's wondering how he is going to stay in the land of the free and the home of the talkie.

Two years ago he was struggling through a maze of Anglo-Saxon synonyms and trying to wear his hat like an American. Today with every studio belching forth Spanish, German, French and Italian versions of their celluloid product, he can afford to preen and be himself. The producers call him "Mister." Sometimes "See-nor." In other words, he's in demand.

But on July 1, 1929, the United States government launched an Immigration Quota Law that reduced the number of aliens entering the country from 164,667 to 153,741. And that made it tough for the actor. Unless he had a quota number, secured and registered in his country, and had proved to the satisfaction of Uncle Sam that he was neither feeble-minded, epileptic or of psychopathic inferiority, addicted to chronic alcoholism, was not a pauper, a professional beggar, a vagrant or afflicted with a loathsome disease, nor guilty of moral turpitude, nor polygamous, anarchistic and a few dozen other things, he had as much chance of staying in the country as he had of getting a seat in a supper-hour subway.

In Spain, getting a quota number is like waiting for Judgment Day. There are only one hundred fifty-four Spaniards admitted to the United States each year. Applications are placed years, twenty and thirty, in advance. In other countries similar conditions exist. Many foreign actors have entered on Immigration Visés for four or six months, and were granted extensions once or twice. Ultimately, they had to return.

Tiajuana, Old Mexico, where an alkali dust road leads to iron gates and the International Boundary Line, frequently holds the horrors of the Inquisition to the foreign actor. Below the border and beyond are the casinos Agua Caliente and Playa de Ensenada where the local gentry frequently travels—and not to gather jumping beans. It is at this little border town, crowded with shacks, bars and flaming posters, that the country's most famous Ask Me Another game is played.

José Crespo had some difficulty breaking into the United States. At the top, his Mexican passport and card of identification. Above, Señor Crespo and Maria Alba in a love scene from the Spanish talking picture, "Olympia"

Ask Me Another

"WHERE were you born?" is the first question and the most important.

Fifi Dorsay was detained overnight because she answered "Canada" and neglected to have credentials with her.

Maria Alba, her sister Theresa, and Antonio Cumellas, all of Spain, spent three days beyond the line until their passports were sent down by plane.

Anthony Bushell's business manager rushed his papers down in eight hours because the immigration officials recognized him as the young English actor of "Disraeli."

Jillian Sand, also British, delayed her inspection of Caliente until her passport could be properly viséed. She was taking no chances.

José Crespo, now playing John Gilbert's rôle in the Spanish edition of "Olympia," his time having expired after several extensions, spent ten months trying legally to recross the border. With Crespo it was a comedy of errors, that nearly became a tragedy. Fifi didn't mind being detained, nor did the others—so much. But José did. He was anxious to pursue his career. One day or two would have been all right, but ten months—!

Fifi with lissome wiggles and winks had managed to remember that Rouses Point, New York, was where she had made her spectacular entrance into the United States. And, sure enough, the immigration author-

(*Continued on page 102*)

SAUCE *for*

Some Hollywood How They Diet

BY DOROTHY

IN the days when ladies kept slim with corsets, instead of calories, in order to hold their husbands' love, men acquired "corporations" without worrying about their wives' affections. They changed their collar and belt sizes every year and would have laughed—or, rather, wheezed—at the very notion of reducing. That was ladies' nonsense! But no longer.

The movies and the comic strips have taught malekind that the fat men are the funny men. They are the ones who get kicked, have pies thrown at them and otherwise have embarrassing moments. The stronger sex doesn't mind being sworn at or criticized, but it *does* object to being laughed at! It is a rare thing now to see a middle-aged man whose belt-buckle arrives several feet ahead of him. They are using the same weapons that the women use to keep their youthful figures: massage, exercise, diet, not to mention—sh!—corsets.

And masculine reducing is especially practised in Hollywood, where an ounce too much chin, or an inch too much waistline in front of the camera may mean the loss of a contract and the ruin of a career.

They Will Not Starve

AS a rule, men do not eat the sweets and the starchy foods that appeal to women. Imagine a Hollywood sheik sitting down in the Embassy and ordering creamed chicken and nut fudge cake! Yet they, too, find it necessary to make changes in their diets, when the scales show threatening numerals. For one thing, men are the best patrons of the soft drink vendor and the soda fountain, strange as this may seem. For another thing, men like hot breads and plenty of butter, waffles and syrup, and pies loaded with cream or ice cream. They do not take kindly to black coffee. If they deliberately choose to eat salads, you may be sure they are dieting!

Edmund Lowe has just one radical form of dieting, which he combines with exercise. He follows an hour's brisk handball or squash play with a luncheon that consists of this: One quart of sauerkraut juice. A plateful of sauerkraut.. Nothing else. He rests for a half-hour and then takes a hot Turkish bath. In this way, he has been able to lose as much as ten pounds a week, and still eat his regular breakfast and dinner.

It seems to be the general rule in masculine dieting that men simply will not starve themselves in quantity of food as women will, and they do not like to be held down to a strict and monotonous schedule. One meal a day they will sacrifice to their vanity and figure. But the rest of the time they want to eat what they like, as much as they like, and nothing that they don't like.

Two Slender Meals a Day

THERE is Sidney Blackmer, for instance. When he went East between pictures the last time, his Broadway friends frankly told him that he was getting fat. The lazy California sunshine had put in its work. In the twenty days that he was away from Hollywood, Sidney lost fifteen pounds—and five years in appearance.

The William Boyd at the top won a five-thousand-dollar bonus by reducing to the William Boyd at the left. He ate wisely and well three times a day

the GANDER

He-Men Tell Painlessly

CALHOUN

"No need to go hungry—or lonesome, either, when you're reducing," smiles Mr. Blackmer. "Since dinner is the social meal of the day, I did my dieting at breakfast and lunch and forgot about it at dinner-time. Of course, potatoes and butter and salad dressing are out, even then. But I don't believe my hostess suspects I am dieting when I'm invited out to dinner!"

For breakfast, Sidney Blackmer has black coffee, and orange or grapefruit without sugar. It's easier for some people, he suggests, to drink their unsweetened fruit than to eat it.

For luncheon, he has one hard-boiled egg, melba toast, or bran bread toasted, and lettuce and tomato salad with lemon juice and no other dressing. Use as little salt on your food as possible, he adds, as salt induces excess water drinking.

In less than three weeks, on this routine, he was able to lose five pounds in a week.

Exercise Makes Him Hungry

WILLIAM BOYD, Pathé's big blonde he-man, recently won a five-thousand dollar bonus from his company by shedding twenty-four or five pounds that were threatening to injure his romantic possibilities on the screen. And Bill didn't starve, either.

"I work too hard with my hands, fixing up my beach cottage, and keeping house in it, too, to go hungry," Bill grins. "If exercise alone kept you in trim, I'd always be a human skeleton. But, unfortunately, exercise makes you sit down to your meals so ravenous that you'd consider a stalk of celery and a hard-boiled egg an insult, not a meal. I've got to eat—plenty. So I figured out what to leave out of my diet, rather than what to put into it, and except for these taboo items I eat just what I like.

"Everybody, I suppose, knows that alcoholic drinks add weight, but very few men stop to think that a bottle of pop or ginger ale or some other soft drink is just as fattening. You can play a hard game of golf for two hours and then gain back all the weight you've worked off by drinking one glass of soda-fountain stuff.

"Iced lemonade, without too much sugar, and iced grapefruit juice and orange juice—without any sugar—is the right substitute, if you're worried about the old waistline. And chilled tomato or sauer-kraut juice is twice as refreshing as a sweet drink and actually has thinning action.

No Waistlines in Water

"IF you're exercising continually, as most men are, either by pushing a lawn-mower or playing squash or golf, drink plenty of cool water and it won't add weight. And black coffee isn't so hard to take, once you're used to it.

"Desserts are out on my diet. Most men secretly love the gooier kind of puddings and the heavier kind of pies—and they'll eat cake too, when nobody is looking. And as for candy—when a fellow claims

(*Continued on page 109*)

In twenty days, the Sidney Blackmer at the top lost fifteen pounds and became the younger actor at the right. He did it by dieting only twice a day

Makin' Talkie

Lippman

Like their feet, their fate is up in the air these days—for hasn't First National decided to cut down on chorusters? But Dance Director Larry Ceballos still gets a rise out of them—for prologues in Warner theaters

OPPORTUNITY knocks once again: The tabloids determinedly go on painting Hollywood as a place of fearfully fascinating orgies and strange sins. The latest individual victim is Mary Nolan, who once gained Broadway notoriety under the name of Imogene Wilson—a fact the news hounds apparently cannot forget. She fell asleep in a boat at Arrowhead Lake, awoke with a severe case of sunburn, was rushed to a hospital. Two nurses, for some as yet unexplained reason, made out affidavits that she was a dope addict. A Federal narcotic inspector appeared on the scene, examined her thoroughly, gave her a clean bill of health. The tabs headlined the nurses' story, whispered the sequel. According to *Variety*, theatrical trade paper which misses little of what is going on, Mary has been told by studio associates that here is a great opportunity to hit back at the tabs. They are not exactly advising her to do something, but—

• • •

HER little helpmate: Ina Claire's opening in the stage play, "Rebound," was, as the society reporter says, "one of the most brilliant affairs of the social season." John Gilbert took a large crowd of friends to see his wife's triumph. He had promised her to sit where she would not see him from the stage, but with her first appearance Ina beheld her husband's face, chin apparently resting on the edge of the stage in the front row of seats, like the severed head of *Jokanaan*. To encourage her, Jack wore a perpetual flashing smile, which so disconcerted Ina, her friends say, that for once in her competent dramatic life she almost forgot her lines.

Bredell

And still they come: swelling the total of Rogerses on the screen, Charles Rogers' younger brother, christened Bruce after twenty long years, is now to be seen among us

• • •

NO profit in his own country: *"Snappy dialogue, what?" one producer enthused to another in the lobby between acts. "It'd go great in the talkies! These New York playwrights know how to be funny." "Great!" exclaimed the other producer. "Wonder who wrote it? Ought to get him to come out to Hollywood." They consulted the program. "Donald Ogden Stewart," they read blankly. The smiles slid from their lips. Their eagerness subsided as they turned sourly away. This wouldn't do at all. Only a home-town boy! Nobody to get excited about.*

Longworth

A family secret: Noah Beery, Jr., who gets his first degree in "College Lovers," wants his father to break down and tell him where he learned to sing

Hurrell

A supporting chance: Dorothy Jordan, temporarily neglecting Ramon Novarro, is all wrapped up in making a twosome with Robert Montgomery in "Love in the Rough"

ROMANCE finds a setting: Cleverly, Dolores Del Rio utilized the yearly Spanish fiesta at Santa Barbara as a setting for her wedding—riding through streets hung with banners and decked with bunting to the Mission, while crowds in boleros and mantillas looked on. More and more, the film people are discovering the dramatic locale of these crumbling old missions as a background for their private romances. This is the fourth film wedding in a mission this year. Benjamin Glazier, who best-manned the Gilbert-Claire elopement, was present at the Del Rio wedding; but Aileen Pringle, so long a friend of Bridegroom Cedric Gibbons, was not an attendant of the bride as on the occasion of his former wedding.

• • •

ART with a vengeance: Which reminds me that on the wall of Aileen's Santa Monica library hangs a crayon picture done by Gibbons, depicting a weirdly tall blonde woman in a nightgown composedly watching one man brain another with an uplifted sash weight. The picture is named "Evening Scene in the Snyder Mansion." Aubrey Beardsley at his morbidest never drew anything more sinister.

• • •

ALSO happily married: *And speaking of Gloria Swanson's "friendly arrangement" with her husband, the Marquis, to live with a continent and an ocean between them, Aileen has the long-distance marital record in the movie colony. She has been married to a British gentleman of title for many years without laying eyes on him, although they have kept up an amicable correspondence half-a-world apart.*

• • •

SIC transit Gloria's Marquis: When the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudray arrived in Hollywood the other day (to be met they say, by the limousine of an actress whose name has been romantically connected with his for some months), it was a very different arrival from his first appearance there. Then, crowds lined the streets for miles to cheer the "real live Marquis" whom Gloria had brought home in triumph; and great banners, flaunting "Welcome Home, Gloria" and "Welcome to Our American Marquise" were strung along their route in the greatest demonstration ever given a movie star. Perhaps the American populace was curious to see what a Marquis looked like. I remember Ben Lyon's celebrated telegram to Gloria when the news of her Paris wedding reached Hollywood: "Lots of happiness, Gloria, but I always thought a Marquis was something over a theater entrance."

• • •

THEIR little recreations: Winnie Lightner, Joe Brown and Jimmie Hall all own models of the new midget car, imported from England via Butler, Pa. Jimmie drives his tiny coupé right onto the stage and into his dressing-room. Winnie has hers equipped with Rolls-Royce headlights and a radio.

• • •

LOGIC is logic: *Rob Wagner, in his Beverly Hills' Script, which makes that snooty film colony simply another small town filled with "folks," telis this tale. An extra girl drove her car onto a movie lot and parked it in a garage bearing the name of a famous director above its door. The director, coming along at the moment, pointed it out to her. "I know," the extra girl responded, candidly. "But I saw your latest picture previewed last night and I thought you probably wouldn't be here any longer."*

• • •

A CHANCE brings a change: Fifty oil-millionaire Indians have arrived in town from Oklahoma to work as extras in "Cimarron." While they earn their seven-fifty a day, they are living in the swankiest hotels in the city and private valets answer the 'phone for them. Richard Dix has let his hair grow long for his rôle as *Yancey Cravat* and his whole manner, so

Bredell

No longer a cowboy: he may be back in them thar hills, far from the sea, but in "The Law Rides West" Richard Arlen is looking for trouble as a sheep-herder

Longworth

An actor has his reflections—and Otis Skinner's are, at present, all of *Hajj*, king of beggars, on the steps of the mosque, slily making a living and "Kismet"

friends on the lot relate, has taken on the color of his part. Instead of being the wisecracking, back-slapping Rich of old, he bows in a stately manner to his acquaintances and greets them in a rich Southern drawl, "Good mo'nin, suh. Good mo'nin, ma'am." They say that he has an almost superstitious feeling that his whole career has been leading up to this culminating part—as if, indeed, he had been born to play it.

• • •

HOSPITAL notes: No sooner has Hollywood been shocked to hear of Lila Lee's illness, which has sent her, at the height of her success, into a hidden sanitarium in Arizona where her friends cannot disturb her for six months' time. than it receives another blow in the rumor of Lon Chaney's ill health, based on a recent throat operation and heightened by a trip East to consult famous doctors. At the studio, they say that it is all Lon's determination not to spare himself in his work, which has repeatedly brought a relapse from each "cure." However, there is a bright bit of news for the fans. Anna Q. Nilsson, who was injured two years ago by a fall from her horse in the Sierras and has since spent most of the time on her back, has been discharged from the Orthopedic Hospital—cured. She has even walked by herself—though, to date, only in water, which has buoyancy of its own. But there is every prospect that her marvelous patience and faith are to be rewarded by a complete cure, and that the fans will see her golden beauty on the screen before many months are gone. Herbert Brenon, who has directed Anna in the years gone by, has promised her a good part in his next picture.

• • •

UNETHICAL arrest: *Wails Rex Lease, accused of giving Vivian Duncan a black eye at a Hollywood party, "But, listen, people don't get each other arrested for what happens at parties! When Mickey Neilan and Jack Mulhall mixed it up at a party, did they send for the police? No! They took each other to the hospital!" However, though denying having hit Vivian, Rex offered to apologize to her publicly. The affair was quietly adjusted by a fifty-dollar fine in court one morning when the newspaper boys weren't expecting the case to come up.*

• • •

SINGLE combat is a memory now: And perhaps, after all, the black eye hastened Vivian's marriage to Nils Asther, bringing to a close their lingering three-year engagement. Nils visited her at the hospital every day after her "accident." And, according to reports, Vivian made a gay invalid. A nurse who stood by when the newspaper photographers took the sad, sad picture of Vivian in a wheel-chair with a blanket over her knees, tells us that after the picture was taken Vivian tossed the blanket aside, and ran under her own power to her room, without uttering a moan.

• • •

A HANDS-OFF policy: Young Leon Janney, the new boy actor who made his début in "Courage," got the part himself without pull or agent, simply by going to the studio and applying for it! But they do say that Leon is going a bit Hollywood. In his present picture, he has a scene with a famous New York actor. The actor several times laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. At length, with the cameras clicking, Leon stopped stock still, shook off the hand and turned to the director haughtily. "Is there any need," asked Leon, breathing heavily, "is there any need for me to be pawed?"

• • •

VITAL statistics: It seems an opportune time for us to reveal that the handsome young "bachelor" star, Robert Montgomery, is expecting a baby in his household before long, not having been a bachelor for several years except for professional purposes. The Chester Morrisses also are awaiting what a tabloid columnist writer refers to as the B. E. ("Blessed Event"), and the Shearer-Thalberg baby is expected this month.

When it comes to riding horses, Laura Lee can hold her own. Moreover, she plays a warmish game of polo—so warmish, in fact, that it's a short game when she's in the saddle. The Meadowbrook boys should see her at "Top Speed"

THE unexpected event: They say that when Eleanor Boardman's baby was born, the doctor announced to her, "Mrs. Vidor, you have a lovely little daughter," she wailed, "Oh, doctor! Are you *sure?*"

• • •

ROUSING our eyre: Ann Harding seems to have fallen heiress to another Ina Claire part, in the purchase of "Rebound." She will probably make this before "Jane Eyre," which is to be named "The House of Horror," or something else moviesque. "Because," explained a publicity man, when we remonstrated, "nobody has heard of 'Jane Eyre'—and, anyhow, they'd probably pronounce it 'Jane Erie,' or something like that." Shades of our youth! Are we really as old as that?

• • •

EDUCATION was superfluous: We see by the papers that a doctor has petitioned Will Hays not to allow stuttering or defects in speech to be shown on the talking screen, because it causes stuttering in the listeners. Which would shut out Joe Frisco, among others. And this, as such things will, reminds us of a story we heard the other day about one of the recent vaudeville imports. It seems that the publicity department had been after him to fill in a biography for their files, and on one pretext or another he had postponed the task. Finally, cornered, he made the astonishing admission that he had never had occasion or found it necessary to learn to read or write!

Bachrach

The vanished American: as the colorful *Yancey Cravat* of early Oklahoma and Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," Richard Dix is shooting straight into the biggest rôle of his career

• • •

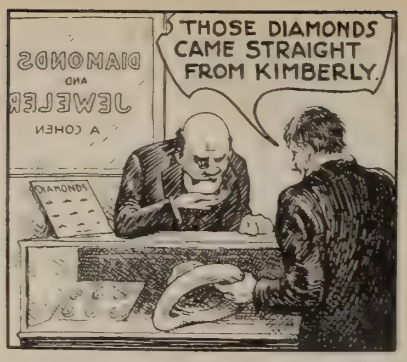
*TO the manor born: The recent epidemic of infantile paralysis has had parental Hollywood worried. The Harold Lloyd estate was in a condition of siege, with a guard at the gate to prevent germs from entering. Harold's picture was delayed several weeks because one of the children of Sam Taylor, the director, was ill with the disease, and the whole family was quarantined. Gloria is guarded like a little royal princess. "I'd like to send her to public school next year," Mildred said recently. "Harold and I both believe in public schools, but the only trouble is—**I'd have to wait outside for her all day in the car!**"*

• • •

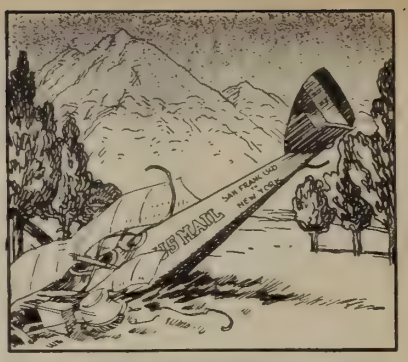
SAVING his face: It sometimes seems as if movie stars

(*Continued on page 96*)

K-11. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

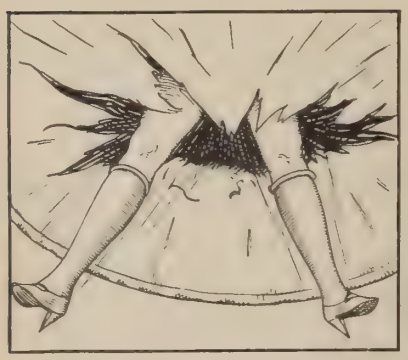


K-14. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



K-15. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

K-12. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



K-13. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

PLAY THE GAME

370 Cash Awards

FOR PLAYING THE MOTION

ON these two pages we publish Pictures 11 to 20, the second installment of ten pictures in the *Motion Picture Title Game*. Study them and see how easily you can fit titles to the pictures. A knowledge of names of players or productions will prove helpful—in most cases you will find a leading phrase to guide you to the correct title.

First Ten Pictures and Rules FREE

If you missed the first ten pictures and the Rules that govern this game, which appeared in the October issue, we will be happy to send you a reprint, containing the first ten pictures, the complete Rules and List of awards, without charge. Just send your name and address on a postcard, addressed to the Motion Picture Title Game Editor. The fact that you start a little later will not affect your opportunity of winning one of the major awards.

$1,500.00 All Your Own

Doesn't the possession of fifteen hundred dollars, all your own, to do with as you like, bring up pleasant visions? That trip to Europe you have so wanted to take—That new car you have wanted—That bungalow on the lake—a college education—fine clothes—there are a hundred and one ways you could use $1,500.00. You know best just how you could use it to your advantage. But to spend it you must have it—and you can have it if you "play the game"—play it with a determination to win! There are many cash Awards. The second award is one thousand dollars, the third, five hundred dollars—well worth trying for, aren't they? And three hundred and sixty-seven other cash awards.

While you are playing, you are developing your powers of observation, judgment and skill and are competing with others who can have no advantage because of their special knowledge or technical experience

Equal Opportunity For All

Everyone has an equal opportunity. While anyone, excepting employees of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or their relatives, may play the Game, we have put everyone on the same footing by issuing an Official Reference Book in which are listed the names of all Feature Players and Feature Productions used in

This is a Sample Picture

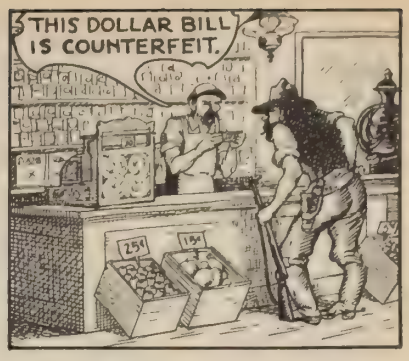
What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

The sample picture above shows a picture of a stage, with the audience applauding, the actress standing as if made of stone. From the wings the prompter calls "Bow, Clara, bow!" In selecting a title for this picture it is obvious that it represents "Clara Bow," the well-known feature player.

This shows how answers may be selected. The important point to be remembered, however, is that all parts of the picture should be studied to determine the title which best fits the picture as a whole.

K-16. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

K-17. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



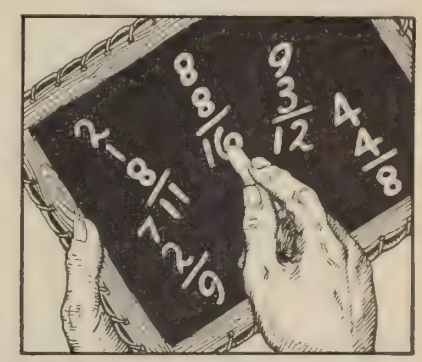
K-18. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

- - Win $1,500

A Total of $5,000.

Picture Title Game Now

THESE are not puzzle pictures in any sense—they are pictures without titles. You are invited to fit titles to the fifty pictures that comprise the Game. If at the completion of the Game the set of titles you submit is considered best by a committee of competent and responsible judges, you will receive Fifteen Hundred Dollars in Cash.



K-19. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

K-20. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

this Game. It is not a requirement that you purchase a copy of this Official Reference Book, as copies can be inspected without charge at the office of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, or at any Public Library (a copy will be sent, without charge, on receipt of a request from the Librarian of any Public Library).

You may, however, find it more convenient to have a copy of your own, in order to refer to it from time to time as titles suggest themselves to you from a study of the pictures as they appear in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE from month to month. In this event you may use the coupon in this announcement. The coupon in the lower right corner below brings you the Official Reference Book for the nominal price of 25 cents.

SCHEDULE *of* AWARDS

FIRST AWARD
$1,500.00

SECOND AWARD
$1,000.00

THIRD AWARD
$500.00

FOURTH AWARD
$250.00

FIFTH AWARD
$125.00

365 Other Cash Awards

Is Your Subscription About To Expire?

You won't want to permit your subscription to lapse now, as the Motion Picture Title Game has only begun. You will surely want the balance of the pictures that will appear in the next three issues. So, if your subscription will expire during the next three months, now is the time to renew. It will insure you against disappointment, as newsdealers' copies may be scarce.

Use This Reference Book Coupon ☞

Editor, MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME M. P. N.
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is 25 cents ☐ coin ☐ stamps send me postpaid a copy of the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME REFERENCE BOOK. Please send me complete list of Awards and all information and keep me posted as I have decided to play the Motion Picture Title Game.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Love Experts

As told by

Mary Duncan

To

GLADYS

HALL

White

II. Mary Duncan Doubts That Love Requires Sacrifices

WHAT *does* a woman like Mary Duncan think of love?

To such a woman, a seductive sophisticate, darkly desirable—love genuine and counterfeit, lustful and clean, actual and masquerading must have come in passionate prolificness. Loves sacred and loves profane.

Mary Duncan, the dangerous, defiant, and very desirable sort of woman, to whom the hearts of men are as casual fruits to be a moment's pleasure, then tossed away.

How does such a woman look on love? What does it mean to her? How important is it? Is she satiated or ravenous? Does she despise the winged god or worship him? *Is* he a god—or a man with feet of clumsy clay? Does he wear the face of a god or the leering face of the satyr?

She says, "There is no pleasure like the agony of being in love; no agony like the pain of being loved, when that love is returned.

"Love is a fiend, an archangel, a fire, a fever, a heaven, a hell.

"Love is hitting the high spots and sinking to the low spots.

"Love is like caviar, like heady wine, like a drug, like a scourge, like a torment you would not exchange for the most cloistered peace.

"Love is never a domestic animal. It is a wild beast—and it behaves like one.

"Love is the most important thing in all life, I cannot live without it and—yet I would never make any sacrifice for it.

Mary Duncan believes:

Love is the most important thing in life and—I would never make any sacrifices for it.

Home-making love . . . is not for a woman like me.

There is no such thing as unrequited love for a woman in good health.

All women prefer to be loved rather than to love.

For a woman in my profession, love is as essential as the stage we play on. It keeps us living.

Love is the very opposite of monotony. And who, alive for this glorious once, craves monotony? Not I!

Love is not a static emotion. It is important, but it is transitory.

Variety Is the Spice of Love

"DIFFERENT types of women react to different kinds of love in different ways. We take love according to our needs.

"There is the sweet young girl, to whom love comes as gently, as inevitably as April comes to the world. A moonlit young love, flowering tranquilly into a tranquil marriage, into the home and the nursery and measles and the servant problem and anniversaries and old age. The most normal love in the world. The mating love. The home-making love. Such love is not for a woman like me.

"There is the incurably frivolous girl, born to tarnish love and also born to make her final victim miserable. The kind of girl destined to live on some poor dupe's alimony money and laugh about it. The kind of girl you hear whispering 'An' I sez to him and he sez to me.' The sort of girl who boasts about her 'boy-friend's' car and the places he takes her and the things he buys her, and never utters a word about the kind of person he is, what he wants, what he stands for. The kind of girl who wears love as an early Indian wore scalps. A question of prowess, the more game to the trickiest huntress.

"There is the psychopathic love. The sort of woman who

(*Continued on page 108*)

To a cross-eyed critic, it might look as if Jeanette MacDonald has only one leg to stand on. To all others, it is obvious that she is on all ten of her toes and thinking about staying there. She stood alone in "Monte Carlo"—and now is keeping her balance in "Stolen Thunder"

Otto Dyar

Marriages In

As Told By

Lilyan Tashman

To

Dorothy Manners

E. T. Monroe

EDMUND LOWE

Lilyan Tashman says:

I look on the romance of Eddie and myself as typical of our day, of the time and age in which we live.

It was nothing so foolish as love at first sight. It was a case of love at the first realization of what we meant to each other.

They spoke the same words over us; we made the same replies. But in my heart I knew that ours was not just another marriage.

We are no more married now merely because the law has bound us, than we would have been in a marriage of companionship, had we chosen that way.

If there ever comes a time in our lives when we find we are not meant for each other, that we are not happy just at the thought of being together, this marriage no longer exists.

If I ever cease to be a sweetheart, I will have ceased to be a good wife.

I should rather be the adored mistress of a man I love, and who loves me, than an unwanted wife.

"I DO not want, and shall never accept in my own marriage, the privileges of a woman whose only hold on her husband is a marriage license.

"If that is believing in the theory of trial marriage—then I am a believer.

"I believe thoroughly in a couple's being together because they want to be together, and not because someone has spoken binding words between them.

"Naturally, I refer to people who have reached the years of mental discretion. People who know what they are doing with their lives—and *why*. Promiscuity, so often mistaken for free will, is dynamite to anyone's happiness.

"Trial marriage might work out certain insurmountable problems in the lives of the people of my profession, if there were some way of dignifying it in the minds of the public, so that the experiment might be free of the wagging tongues of gossip. But that is impossible for those of us who live under the concentrated glare of the spotlight.

"If Eddie and I had been carving out our destiny in any walk of life other than the one we chose, we might have attempted trial marriage. We would have been sure we were attuned, companions of every hour of the clock, before we legalized a union which most couples stumble into so blindly to meet the conventions.

The Only Holy Matrimony

"I HAVE never been impressed with the sanctity of marriage unless it is sanctified by complete spiritual agreement between two people, and not merely a few words spoken over them by a legalized authority. I have known people—shall we say, 'living together,' for want of a better expression,—who are more loyal, more deeply devoted, than many other couples who keep faith with the world—and not with each other.

"Trial marriage has this in its favor, at least:

"It is the union of two people who want to be together.

"Marriage, on the other hand, may be a cloak for many

The MOVIES •

Chidnoff

LILYAN TASHMAN

Lilyan Tashman Wonders If Hers Has Not Been A Trial Marriage

ulterior motives. A woman may marry a man she does not love, for protection, for upkeep, for a home.

"A woman may marry for greater dependence—or independence—than her single orbit offered.

"She may marry for escape, or refuge.

"But a woman *lives* with a man only because they are mated! Save in the courage of her own convictions, she gains nothing from it—and in the eyes of the world she loses plenty.

Now a Matter of Choice

"'MARRIAGE is a woman's only protection,' shout the reformers. 'Why should she strike at the very foundations of her existence?'

"Well, that was all right forty, or even twenty years ago. The world, except through the door of marriage, was thoroughly closed to women. They were dependent on men, not only for their livelihood, but for the occupation of their time and thoughts. Marriage was their goal; and their only outlet.

It was a wise woman, indeed, who staked out her claim on a man through matrimony.

"But the world, in our day, is a glorious one for woman! It is as much her world as man's. In the walks of commerce, professionalism, art, she is contributing as much as he—if she wants to. The opportunity is here to fill her life to its fullest. She earns her own money. She has her own life. Her own home. Her own thoughts. She is, for the first time in the history of her sex, an individual. Marriage is for her to choose; it is no longer her only outlet.

"I look on the romance of Eddie and myself as typical of our day, of the time and age in which we live.

"We have been married for five years, and we knew each other for years before that. We were meant for each other from the start. It was nothing so foolish as love at first sight. It was a case of love at the first realization of what we meant to each other!

"I was working in the 'Follies.' Eddie was a young leading man of Broadway. He was not making much more money than I. Had I been seeking money, position, 'backing,' the 'Follies' offered splendid introduction to more attractive bait than a struggling young actor. But I loved him.

Hollywood Married Us

"WHEN a contract for pictures took him to the Coast, I followed soon after. I came because I wanted to. I wanted to be near the man I loved. Certainly I was not sure of any guarantee of personal success. I had been told I was not particularly a 'picture type,' and in contrast with that, the portals of the New York stage were opening promisingly to me. I weighed the matter.

"It was no silly child who packed her things—and followed. I knew what I was doing when I balanced my possible success as an actress against my personal happiness as a woman. I do not want to give the idea that I look on that decision as any sacrifice on my part. I was doing only what I wanted to do. I think I would have been content to remain in the background of Eddie's life, but, fortunately, I was not called upon to practise that.

(*Continued on page 103*)

CURTAIN

SATURDAY NIGHT . . . HOLDS A TELEPHONE

Ball

C·A·L·L

AND BESSIE LOVE CONVERSATION AND...

Ball

WHY Can't

Stockton

Murillo

Above, Dr. H. B. K. Willis, prominent Hollywood specialist and physician to many movie stars. At the right, S. S. Hahn, well-known Los Angeles attorney, who has handled many film divorces and across the page, the Reverend Neal Dodd, pastor of The Little Church Around the Corner, who officiates at many Hollywood weddings

By

J. Eugene

Chrisman

IT happened, as so many things do, at a Hollywood party. A prominent picture beauty, whom we shall call "Miss X," had just returned from the East with a new husband—her sixth. The groom was being introduced to the guests.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you," said a famous male star to whom he was presented. "Because, you know, we're related."

"Related?" puzzled the newlywed. Then he smiled, "Some distant connection, I presume?"

"Oh yes, quite," drawled the star. "I was your wife's *first* husband!"

And that is Hollywood, where women are co-respondents and men are ex-husbands and where yesterday's household budget becomes tomorrow's alimony, overnight. Marriage is a gamble the world over, but in the movie capital, unless figures lie, the hymeneal dice are certainly loaded to throw "craps," nine times out of ten. A film marriage that outlasts the bride's permanent wave will cause more comment than a tourist seeking autographs.

Of course, there are, or were (I haven't seen the afternoon papers), several happily married picture stars, but they are as scarce as inferiority complexes at "The Brown Derby." And several couples, to whom the divorce lawyers had long since stopped sending Christmas cards, recently went haywire and proved themselves the rule, rather than the exception.

Even Old Stand-Bys Fail Us

THERE is, for instance, the case of Colleen Moore and John McCormick. Their marriage threatened to become a Hollywood institution, like Sid Grauman's hair or Mary Nolan's past, when suddenly—blump! Overnight, for publication at least, a loving and considerate husband turned into a regular heller who couldn't enjoy his morning grapefruit until he had jawed at his wife. Right on top of that came the news that Irvin Willat had turned out to be another wolf in sheik's clothing and that the beauteous Billie Dove hadn't been done right by, either. To clinch the thing, along came baby-faced Harry Langdon to headline as a love-pirate, while the divorce case of long-married Herr Lubitsch and his wife struggled for the other half of the front page.

We struck an attitude and pondered, but nothing came of it. We asked ourselves questions that we couldn't answer. At last, in the interest of those fans who, like ourselves, must be anxious to know what it's all about, we went direct to headquarters.

Here, just as they were given, are the answers of three wise men—a doctor, a lawyer and a clergyman, all familiar with film foibles—to the question, "Why Do Movie Marriages Flop?"

FATHER NEAL DODD
Pastor of "The Little Church Around the Corner" and Known to All Hollywood as "The *Padre* of the Movies"

"KNOWING hundreds of movie people intimately, I cannot, in justice to the many splendid men and women among them, bring any indictment without numerous exceptions. If any of the colony are offended by my remarks, I can only say—if the shoe fits, wear it.

"The divorce situation among film celebrities is both alarming and deplorable. The country as a whole is suffering from a divorce epidemic, but there is no denying that marriage, among those of prominence in the cinema world, shows less evidence of

They Stay MARRIED?

A Doctor . . . Lawyer And Clergyman Look At Love And Marriage Among The Stars

P. & A.

Knowing humanity, its guiding impulses and what motivates its conduct, professional men, the world over, come remarkably close to a true perspective and appreciation of its values. They've gained this knowledge through their study and a sympathetic approach to the problems of the heart and soul.

The forces of love and passion are—to the doctors, lawyers and clergymen of the world—an open book. So they become, naturally, philosophers and guides to mankind.

In this article three professional men of Los Angeles and Hollywood weigh the marital problems of the most talked-about town in the world. Their opinions carry real understanding.—Editor's Note.

stability and permanence than elsewhere. This situation is partially due to the type of people so often elevated to picture fame, and partially to the abnormal conditions to which marriage in Hollywood is subjected.

"A great number of our film stars are of obscure origin. They are unfitted by heredity, early environment, educational and cultural background to maintain their balance in the face of suddenly acquired wealth and popularity. In many cases, they had already formed habits and appetites that their new status only gave them unlimited opportunity to gratify.

"They began to search for new thrills, and marriage, owing to the ease with which divorce could be obtained, became only another brief episode in the quest. Such people enter into the holy bonds of matrimony without the slightest conception or regard for its sacred obligation.

Lightly Begun, Lightly Ended

"THESE marriages are based either on a passionate physical attr. ction or the furtherance of ambition, and, being lightly entered into, are as lightly terminated when passion dies out or when it becomes, for any reason, expedient to end them. They are married in church only to gratify their love of pomp and ceremony, and the minister, rather than being the servant through whom God sanctifies the union, is merely a convenient individual, authorized to legalize their passion or convenience.

"Prominent film people are surrounded by an abnormal atmosphere, against the influence of which only the strongest characters are able to maintain their mental, moral and spiritual balance. Public idolatry inflates their ego, developing a selfishness that precludes any possibility of happy marriage. Members of the opposite sex throw themselves in the paths of both masculine and feminine stars, giving them an opportunity for promiscuous contacts which few are able to resist.

"I have performed many film marriages, many of them against my better judgment—for few of them have been entered into with any conception of the spiritual significance of the step. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are, among our film stars, many splendid people who are not to be included in any indictment of the misdeeds of the less stable element. The divorce situation in Hollywood will continue until the time when changing conditions greatly improve the moral, spiritual and intellectual fiber of those who make our pictures."

MR. S. S. HAHN
Prominent Los Angeles Attorney Who Has Handled Many Film Divorces

"TOO much easy money, the desire for unrestrained sexual expression, ambition, ease of obtaining divorce and lack of sound intelligence, as well as the constant search for new thrills, are the things responsible for Hollywood divorces!

"Most film marriages are contracted because of sexual desire or as a means of furthering ambition. As a consequence, when the flame of passion has died or the ambition been gratified, divorce follows.

"In few cases does either party expect permanence. They have come to regard marriage as a temporary arrangement. Even when film people do love each other and attempt to build a happy marriage, it is far more difficult for them to do so than for ordinary mortals. The demands of their profession give them little time for each other. Their every act is 'news' and the

(*Continued on page 104*)

Discoveries

Bachrach

About Myself

Gloria Swanson Has Conquered Fear

As Told by Gloria Swanson

To Gladys Hall

"I HATED being a child. I wanted terribly to be grown-up.

"I was never interested in the things of childhood. I felt, always, that I was simply marking time through an intolerably dull and monotonous prelude to something real, something mysterious and poignant.

"I was alive with curiosity about what I felt to be the hidden mystery of life. Hidden to children, clear and explicable to adults. Mysterious adults who held the key of the Great Secrets and would not yield it up. No doubt, sex and marriage and the having of children were the hidden, half-guessed-at things that so intrigued me. I didn't know what it was. I only knew that it was something—something I couldn't know because I was a child, with long years to go through before I would be able to discover it for myself.

"I have never been interested in vicarious experiences, the experiences of others. Not unless I could share in them, at least by *knowing*. I have cared more for reality, no matter what the reality might be, than for the thinner stuff of romancing.

"I never played with dolls. I had, as a child, no maternal complex. I seldom played with other children. I preferred my own company or the company of adults, from whom I might, at some unexpected moment, catch a glimpse of the mystery I continually felt them to know.

Morbidly Innocent

"FOR all my wondering and conjecturing and actual longing, I grew up through a singularly innocent adolescence. A boy kissed me and I expected, calmly and confidently, to become a mother. I had read a great deal and, I suppose, heard a great deal. All of which had been second-hand. I could only learn from what happened to *me*.

"I suppose I was an unhappy child with, actually, nothing to be unhappy about. Happiness or unhappiness, merriment or morbidity seem to be the rhythms of our natures. We are born one way or the other. We must grow into balance.

"Perhaps I should say that I was an introspective child, rather than an unhappy one. Introspective children are always slightly morbid. Children should think of the external world and let themselves alone. And a person should have something definite to be unhappy about, unless he is melancholy. I had nothing. I was given everything and denied nothing. My mother and father were sensible and affectionate parents. Not very well suited, the one to the other, temperamentally, but that didn't affect me.

"I used to love to lie for long hours on the roof of the patio in our house in the Philippines. I would look at the stars and listen to the wind in the palms and experience a nostalgia I had no way of understanding.

"When I was a very young girl, I was cruel. Cruel to everyone.

"Especially cruel to men. It amounted to more than coquetry

(*Continued on page 90*)

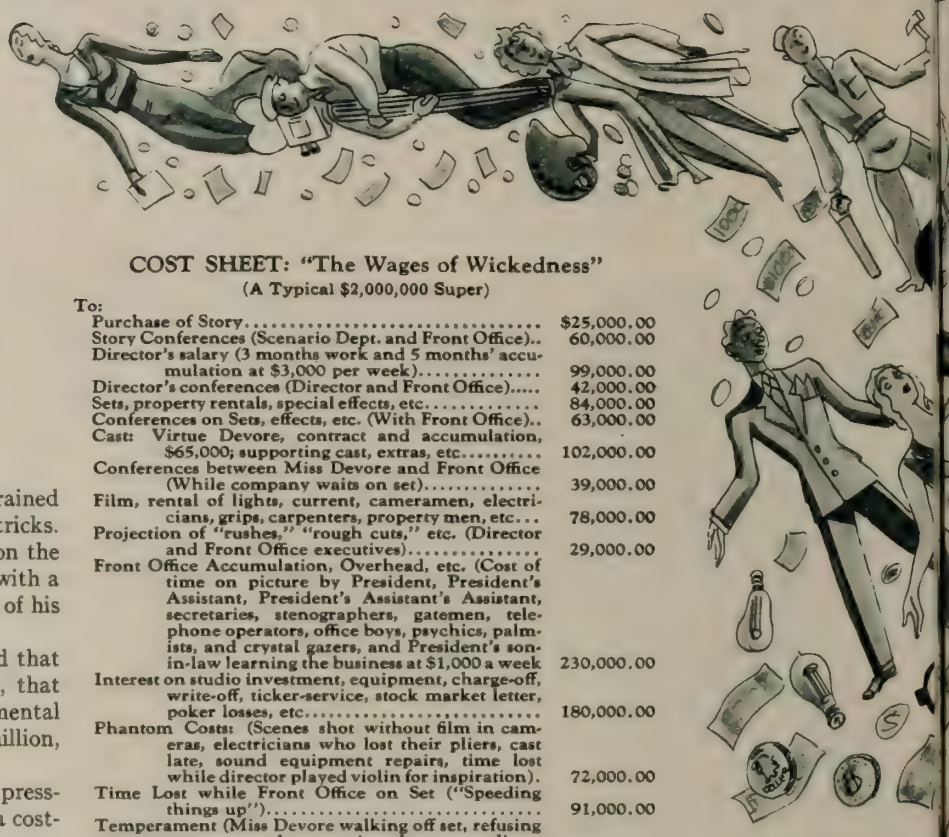
Richee

It's plain what *Huck Finn* thinks of *Tom's* giving *Becky* a hand, when the fish is bitin' like alligators. But with Mitzi Green for his first love, Jackie Coogan, who has grown into "Tom Sawyer," can't help himself—though a thousand Junior Durkins look down on him

WHERE DOES TH

By Reginald Taviner

Illustrations By C. J. Mulholland



FIGURES are funny things. Like trained seals, they can be made to do a lot of tricks. And no seal that ever juggled a ball on the end of its nose can begin to compare with a movie mogul juggling arithmetic on the ends of his fingers.

The public is getting so used to being told that so-and-so spent such-and-such on a picture, that almost everybody believes it without even a mental protest. One million, two million, three million, four million and up.

Dollars and descriptives go hand in hand; a press-agent who can't match his superlatives with a cost-sheet isn't worth his caviar.

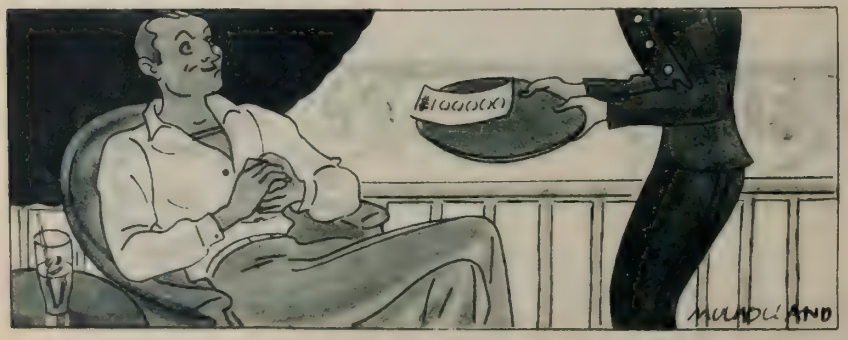
Unfortunately, it is a fact that motion pictures are sold chiefly on the basis of what they are supposed to have cost. They are sold on that basis not only to the exhibitor who shows them, but also to the public who sees them. In other words, if it didn't cost at least *one* million, it isn't an epic—and let's go see some other show to-night, how about it, Mayme?

But is their ballyhoo cost their actual cost or is it the trained seal doing his stuff in the accountant's cage? Does the one-million-dollar "Super Special" really cost a million dollars, or were they pesos?

Did "Ben Hur" really cost $6,000,000? "Hell's Angels," $4,000,000? "King of Jazz," $2,000,000? "Whoopee," $1,500,000? —and dozens of others $1,000,000 each? If so, why? In the immortal phrase of Moran and Mack, "What causes that?"

Premature Expenses

IF they actually were round American dollars, where did they go? A million dollars is a lot of money—to everybody but a liquor racketeer, or maybe a Congressman. For that much money you can buy two or three submarines, a dozen locomotives, a score or so of the biggest airplanes, or several pork chops.



COST SHEET: "The Wages of Wickedness"
(A Typical $2,000,000 Super)

To:	
Purchase of Story	$25,000.00
Story Conferences (Scenario Dept. and Front Office)	60,000.00
Director's salary (3 months work and 5 months' accumulation at $3,000 per week)	99,000.00
Director's conferences (Director and Front Office)	42,000.00
Sets, property rentals, special effects, etc.	84,000.00
Conferences on Sets, effects, etc. (With Front Office)	63,000.00
Cast: Virtue Devore, contract and accumulation, $65,000; supporting cast, extras, etc.	102,000.00
Conferences between Miss Devore and Front Office (While company waits on set)	39,000.00
Film, rental of lights, current, cameramen, electricians, grips, carpenters, property men, etc.	78,000.00
Projection of "rushes," "rough cuts," etc. (Director and Front Office executives)	29,000.00
Front Office Accumulation, Overhead, etc. (Cost of time on picture by President, President's Assistant, President's Assistant's Assistant, secretaries, stenographers, gatemen, telephone operators, office boys, psychics, palmists, and crystal gazers, and President's son-in-law learning the business at $1,000 a week	230,000.00
Interest on studio investment, equipment, charge-off, write-off, ticker-service, stock market letter, poker losses, etc.	180,000.00
Phantom Costs: (Scenes shot without film in cameras, electricians who lost their pliers, cast late, sound equipment repairs, time lost while director played violin for inspiration).	72,000.00
Time Lost while Front Office on Set ("Speeding things up")	91,000.00
Temperament (Miss Devore walking off set, refusing to go on set, late, arguing about story, lines, close-ups, etc)	129,000.00
Chair Miss Devore broke over Assistant Director's head	1.29
Assistant Director's doctor bill	75.00
Miscellaneous (Telephone calls, stationery, stamps, etc.)	15,000.00
Inter-Office Communications (Memos from Front Office to set and various departments: time, messengers, and replies)	289,998.71
Exploitation (Publicity, advertising, etc.)	250,000.00
Total	$2,000,000.00

Every time art buzzes it may cost a thousand dollars.

It is not uncommon for a director to draw several thousand dollars a week for months between pictures

How do they manage to spend that much money on a single picture, which takes perhaps three months to shoot and then is run in a couple of hours? Ah—take a look at the studio cost-sheet.

The first item you won't understand is one labeled "Accumulation." Say, for instance, that there are one big star, the director, and an "ace" cameraman, all under contract to the studio. There will be many players besides the star, of course; the director will have anywhere from three to a dozen assistants; and the head cameraman, who circulates around with a colored glass in his eye, needs several assistants to run the cameras for him.

Suppose that none of these gentlemen has actually worked on a picture for a month. Their salaries for that month have, of course, been paid. The entire sum of those salaries is charged to their next picture before it ever begins.

It is not uncommon for a director to draw several thousand dollars a week—for months between pictures. Stars frequently get from three weeks' to three months' vacation at a stretch. And such stars are too big to "use" in anything that happens to be in production on the lot. Imagine Garbo as a maid in a Crawford opus, or Bill Haines playing college-friend to Buster Keaton!

How Good Is a Good Start?

A MILLION-DOLLAR picture that gets away to a flying start, without at least

M·O·N·E·Y GO?

When You Know The Studios, These Expensive Films Are No Million-Dollar Mysteries

twenty per cent. "accumulation" before a single scene is shot, is exceptional. Two, three and even four hundred-thousand-dollar accumulations are not unusual.

Then, next of the items on the cost-sheet is the tremendous overhead that all large studios have to carry—and the only thing that can carry it is their product. So far as an individual picture is concerned, everybody from the president down to the third assistant office-boy is "overhead" and a proportionate share of the total has to be charged to it for their salaries. Thus, if the overhead is fifty thousand dollars a week and there are five pictures being shot, they each carry ten thousand dollars' overhead charges.

When a butter-and-egg man marries the boss's daughter and starts to learn the business from the top down at a thousand a week, those pictures have to carry him and his canary-colored Rolls and his bootlegger. One-fifth of his salary would be figured into the cost-sheet of each picture. He might not ever know that they were being made; he probably would be too busy asking his father-in-law for a raise to find out. But he would be charged to them, just the same.

That's one place where the million starts to melt. It's looking much smaller already. The actual picture isn't started yet.

Sales Are Expensive

BALANCING "accumulation" and "overhead" on one end is "exploitation" on the other. Every major film company has a chief sales office in New York, and branch offices in the "key" cities. Each office has its own staff of salesmen, stenographers, what-not. All their salaries and commissions, their complete incomes can originate from only one thing—the picture.

The exploitation, sales, distribution of the finished film are ordinarily figured at from thirty to thirty-five per cent. of the total cost. Between the pre-cost and the post-cost, so to speak, lies the production itself. And at least half of the million is gone already, before one scene is shot.

The cause for wonder isn't how a million can be spent on a picture, but how a picture can be made for a mere million!

The first actual cost that really goes into the picture itself is the story rights, which total anywhere from fifteen thousand dollars for an original script to as much as two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a "hit" play or novel such as "Ex-Wife" or "All Quiet on the Western Front." The average is somewhere between sixty and seventy-five thousand dollars. That is for the story alone, following which, the raw material goes to the scenario department for "treatment."

Plenty can sometimes be spent on this.

They Must Look Rich

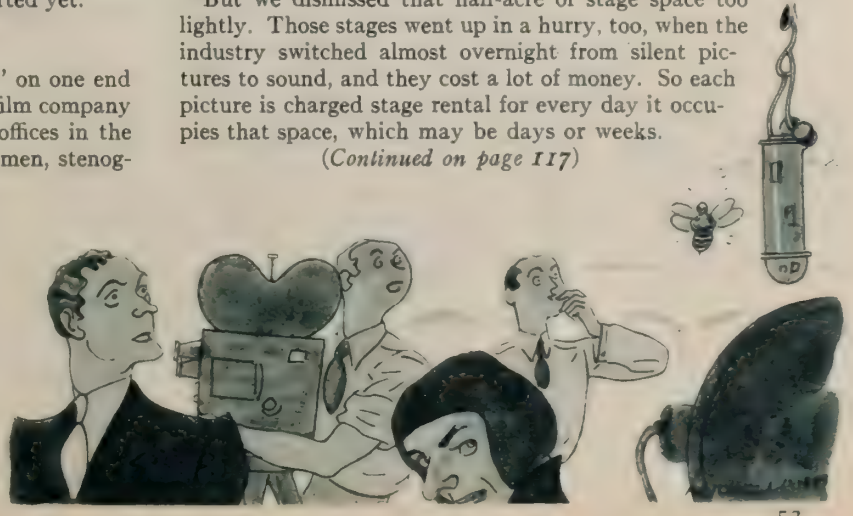
NEXT, the "technical" takes a whack at it. "Technical" is where sets are sketched, submitted to the "front" office and the director—maybe—for an okay, then designed and built. Here the cost may be absolutely anything, depending wholly upon the number and the lavishness of the sets. But they have to be lavish to carry that million-dollar tag. They have to look like a million dollars, literally.

They are always built in a hurry, and speed costs money. It is one of the most important of the phantom items on the cost-sheet. Carpenters, plasterers and painters in droves are turned loose with their hammers and trowels and air-brushes. Then the set "dressers" move in and do everything from placing furniture in a living-room set to propping fifty-foot trees for an exterior shot of a mansion. One day, there is a half-acre or so of vacant stage space; and the next, the mansion is up, complete with lawns, flower beds, and the crumbling, ivy-covered ancestral garden wall.

The total number of sets for a picture may run all the way from ten to fifty. They may cost anywhere from fifteen hundred to one hundred thousand dollars each.

But we dismissed that half-acre of stage space too lightly. Those stages went up in a hurry, too, when the industry switched almost overnight from silent pictures to sound, and they cost a lot of money. So each picture is charged stage rental for every day it occupies that space, which may be days or weeks.

(*Continued on page 117*)



A LITTLE KISS EACH YEAR

Marriage is a little drama in three acts, say Robert Ellis and Vera Reynolds, kissing and telling. First the honeymoon kiss (above) when life is full of promise (s). Next, the first anniversary kiss (center), when they know better. And then, a year later (below), the zero hour—and kiss

Duncan

What Women Want To KNOW

They Ask Sue Carol How To Outwit Their Surroundings

By Dorothy Donnell

Duncan

SUE CAROL gets four hundred letters a week from women fans. They write her from every part of the United States, from typists' desks, and ribbon counters, and débutantes' boudoirs; from country villages and farms and exclusive suburbs; on engraved and scented notepaper and ruled school pads. She hears from the educated and the ignorant, high-school girls, working girls, young married women, and worried mothers. And there are a few letters in the trembling handwriting of the old.

The last, Sue says, are the most pitiful—with their simple words that tell of the loneliness and the isolation of Age. While the younger fans have a hundred problems to be settled, the withered women have only one, and that is the problem of how to keep on living without love. They pour out their hearts to Sue, telling her how hard it is to have their children grow up and go away from them—how terrible it is not to be needed after a lifetime of mothering—how empty their hands are without small stockings to darn or cookies to bake or babies to hold.

"My own children have forgotten me," they write. "Won't you let me pretend you are my daughter? You remind me of her. If I could just write you sometimes as I'd like to write my own girls—only *they* wouldn't understand—it would help so much."

Some of them want to adopt her legally. Some of them give her the advice mothers give their daughters. They warn her against the "temptations" of Hollywood they have read about; they beg her to keep sweet and dear and good, as she is in her pictures. They urge her to wear her rubbers and get enough sleep. They tell her that she looked thin in her last picture—is she doing any of that silly, new-fangled dieting? And they scold her gently when she has draped or scantily-clothed pictures taken. "You're too nice a girl for that, my dear," they say in their prim, cramped handwriting.

One old lady has been writing Sue for three years, ever since her first letter told of the daughter who had left home at seventeen and never been heard from again. She knits scarfs for Sue at Christmas and bakes her fruit-cakes for her birthday, and goes to see every new picture Sue makes, with the pride she has never had a chance to feel for her own daughter.

But, naturally, the greater part of Sue's letters are from girls of her own age and represent a cross-section of the thoughts of the

(Continued on page 92)

They Ask Sue Carol:

How to keep on living without love.
How a boy likes a girl to dress, talk, behave.
If a girl should encourage "petting."
Whether to go to school or to the altar.
Why parents never seem to understand.
Whether a woman can have a career and a happy married life at the same time.
How to be happy.

THE SEASON'S

Lillian Roth And Rosit As Devilish

With Mr. Hays back in Hollywood, you wouldn't think anyone would dare to be devilish. But you don't know Hollywood. For when girls like these step out, there's bound to be mischief afoot. And they can cook up a witchicism or two. And put ideas into even a pumpkin head

BEST WITCHES

Marion Shilling Moreno Are As Can Be

All three of them may be comparatively new to bewitchery, but they know how to make faces light up. And how to throw something besides a wicked line. Not to mention that when it comes to putting something into stocks, Lillian, Marion and Rosita believe in using their heads

All portraits by Otto Dyar

JOAN CRAWFORD

discovers new silverware treasures in "PIECES of 8"
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

•

The Viande Knives and Forks and companion pieces for her table.

That very modern young lady, Joan Crawford, appears in the role of that dashing pirate girl, Johanna Silver, the symbol of 1847 ROGERS BROS. famous "Pieces of 8."

For Joan . . . like thousands and thousands of other modern young women, has discovered the new Viande pieces for her table. The silverware treasure of this modern age. Knives with long handles and short blades. Forks with long handles and short tines. And the companion pieces . . . salad forks, salad knives, butter spreaders and dessert forks.

And, of course, her silver is in "Pieces of 8." Eights of the essentials . . . dinner knives and dinner forks, 8 tea spoons, 8 dessert spoons . . . and a sugar spoon and a butter knife. And the most delightful of all . . . this gorgeous array of America's oldest and finest silverplate in the newest Viande shapes and forms . . . costs but $49.50.

. . .

Viande Knives, Sixes, $15.00 . . . Eights, $20.00
Viande Forks, Sixes, $8.25. Eights, $11.00.
3 Piece Tea Set $40.00 . . . Tray $20.00.
Silhouette pattern.

The Viande Knife, U. S. Patent Applied For.
Canadian Registration Granted Feb. 11, 1930

JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Our Blushing Brides."

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE
a Product of the International Silver Company

Write International Silver Company, Factory E, Meriden, Connecticut, for booklet Y-53, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware."

The Picture Parade

What A Widow

SWANSON FINE IN A GAY MOOD: Only a lucky few will ever know such a widow as Gloria Swanson in her elegant new burlesque. A luckier and fewer will ever *be* such a widow! The seriousness of her first talkie over, the intriguing Gloria reverts to her early days and with the aid of Allan Dwan, director, combines the Sennett and De Mille technique in the most riotous screen comedy this season.

Gloria indulges in a spree which would lighten the burdens of all widows, sweeping out the dark corners of suppressed desires and leaving life as gay and refreshing as a spring morning. The only drawback to her plan is that few dyspeptic old gentlemen possess the magnificent fortunes with which to start an experimental orgy.

Every woman will receive a vicarious thrill in watching Gloria indulge in all the exquisite foolishness the feminine mind is capable of devising. And there are thrills for the men, too. But don't go to see this picture if you are incapable of extravagant imaginings.

Romping through this kindly caricature of gay widowhood with Gloria are Owen Moore and Lew Cody, a likable inebriate.

It is a genuine treat to see the Swanson in such a capricious mood. She has not forgotten how to be a comedienne.

Madam Satan

DE MILLE IN ALL HIS GLORY: Even if you hadn't known beforehand, as the spectacular story of "Madam Satan" unfolds in a veritable maelstrom of action and sound, you would sense the unseen and lavish hand of Cecil de Mille.

Forever striking a different and gaudy note in picture handling, De Mille startles by introducing Reginald Denny, of light comedy rôles, in a highly romantic situation, indeed, one of sex-appeal, as the unfaithful husband and lover. Kay Johnson is the cold beautiful woman who becomes a dynamo of human emotions when her love is threatened. There is an interesting blending of the mind and the emotions in her rôle.

Surrounding these two, who remain human beings even amid such gorgeous (and if the truth be told, absurdly fantastic) settings as a pagan revel aboard a giant zeppelin, is a cast equal to De Millian talents. Lillian Roth and Roland Young, the second leads, are two of the brightest personalities. Theodore Kosloff emphasizes the directorial power with his startling dance ensembles symbolizing the mechanical age and the electrical dynamo.

You will be dazzled, dazed, amused or bemused, according to your De Mille reaction but you won't be bored! That isn't the way this director puts it over—he shoots the works or nothing.

Abraham Lincoln

FINE PICTURE IN EVERY WAY: "Abraham Lincoln" is a great picture because it brings the shadowy and legendary Lincoln before us in a human manner. Walter Huston gives a performance whose perfection defeats itself. He will be remembered as Lincoln himself, not as an actor playing a rôle.

A prologue showing the coming of slave ships to the United States opens the picture and sets a note of proper torture and agony. Then the story goes to the birth of Lincoln and from there proceeds biographically, stressing, however, many episodes which portray Lincoln as a human being rather than as a great national hero. His fight with the town bully and his ability to drink from a hogshead, will probably seem sacrilegious to Lincoln worshipers.

His courtship of Ann Rutledge, romantically played by fragile Una Merkel, and his marriage to Mary Todd Lincoln (Kay Hammond) after Ann's death emphasizes the human note through the epic scenes of war and the final tragedy which raised Lincoln to godhead in the memory of America.

It is the understanding interpretation of Huston and the scholarly direction of D. W. Griffith which makes a picture that will be remembered long and lovingly, and may even take its place in cinema history with "The Birth of a Nation."

Here They Are - - Advance and Authentic

Monte Carlo

A POLISHED MUSICAL: Herr Ernst Lubitsch has done it again. With "The Love Parade" he came near to laying the perfect pattern for screen musicals. With "Monte Carlo" he improves the formula. Lubitsch has discovered what all directors must learn if the operetta form is to meet approval with film patrons. Songs must advance, not impede the plot development.

"Monte Carlo" differs from the average musical comedy only in the polished manner of its telling. It concerns the love of a count who masquerades as his beloved's hair-dresser to gain an introduction. Told with many typical touches of Lubitsch subtlety, it becomes adult fare. There are only two characters of any import—the always charming Jeanette McDonald and Jack Buchanan, whom you remember in Irene Bordoni's "Paris." Both acquit themselves with premiere honors. Jeanette is in particularly lovely voice and her part allows her her best acting opportunities to date. Stardom, I should say, is just around the corner.

The Sea Wolf

NOT PLEASANT BUT STRONG: Milton Sills repeats his former success as the tyrannical and brutal master of a tramp trader in this talking version of "The Sea Wolf." Well-written dialogue adds immeasurably to the remembered drama of the man who always gets what he wants, the pallid, desperate waterfront girl whom he elects to treat with derisive respect and the weakling who finds manhood in the welter of blood aboard the trader.

Sills, obviously older, dominates the picture as before with a strange, sinister mixture of mental cunning and physical force. There are truly breathless moments when horror in some form threatens the miserable human beings aboard a small boat in the horizonless China seas which leave the onlooker spent and sick. The episodes wherein the shark bites off the leg of the feeble-minded cook, and that of the blinding of the ship's master take a strong stomach to endure.

Altogether not a pleasant picture. Jane Keith, a newcomer to the screen, makes a strange character understandable.

A Devil With Women

IT HAS THAT ACTION: Victor McLaglen stands out literally and figuratively from the cast of his latest picture, towering head and shoulders above the little Latins associated with him in this South American drama.

Enormous, lusty, with his famous grin, battered features, and bold eye for the ladies, he marches through revolutionary intrigue and bandit raids, a host in himself, knocking down the small peons like a giant playing tenpins. A soldier of fortune who runs South American politics for the love of a fight. He discovers the photo of a madonna-like lady, Mona Maris, in a tintype shop and later rescues the original from bandits. With the simple minded faith of one who has hitherto been invincible with the ladies, he assumes she loves him instead of the romantic looking guitar player who is his companion.

There is a fiesta, and a fight, some marvelous scenery that hasn't been overworked in the movies but Victor is the whole show after all. With an almost completely Spanish cast this picture should translate easily into that tongue.

Billy The Kid

EPISODIC—UNREAL BUT FAIRLY LIVELY: "Billy The Kid" in screen form lives up to the wild exploits of that famous outlaw, as told in the book—with a weather eye on the censors. Johnny Mack Brown in the title rôle gives a characterization that is amiable, and not at all historical.

In real life Billy was a merciless, cold-blooded killer. Cleaned up for the talkies, we find him modestly keeping secret the numbers of men he has killed—all with the best of motives.

Saved from hanging by a kind-hearted settler, *Tungsten*, *Billy* serves his master faithfully. In a running gunfight with a gang who is trying to steal the cattle belonging to *Tungsten* the rancher is shot and *Billy* swears to kill every man who was in the gang. When he makes this declaration he becomes an outlaw and the sheriff, Wallace Beery, is constantly on his trail, though remaining a firm friend.

Kay Johnson furnishes the blonde love motif which is subordinate to the gun fights that form the greater part of the action. The story is episodic, and at times slow and unreal.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures

Outside The Law

NOT UP TO THE MARK: Tod Browning is justly famed for his crook dramas, and he directed this one, but somehow there is no connection between the two facts. I believe this is Mr. Browning's first talkie, and he has not quite got the hang of how to be menacing out loud. This one is about a crook named Owen Moore and a hard-boiled beauty named Mary Nolan. These two rob a bank, spend many nerve-wracking weeks cooped up in an apartment together evading the law, and finally meet a little child who teaches them that there is a Santa Claus.

Each and every character is allowed to whip himself into a frenzy on the slightest provocation, and the whole thing is an orgy of over-acting. Mary Nolan gives such a good imitation of a tough girl that you almost forget how beautiful she is. Edward Robinson is as sinister as his feeble part allows. There are lots of laughs, which must have been quite a surprise to the producers. In fact, it's one of the mediocre pictures of the season. Funniest moment: Mary Nolan waiting for Santa.

The Lady Who Dared

JUST A PICTURE: The Lady in the case is Billie Dove, looking even more incredibly beautiful than usual, if possible. Hence the Dove devotées will want to see Billie daring. Outside of which it is scarcely worth bothering about. Billie feels that she is being neglected by her husband, the unique Sidney Blackmer. She gets into what promises to be a pretty mess with a diamond smuggler and a lady black-mailer.

The diamond smuggler is none other than our old and welcome friend, Conway Tearle. Still with his nice dignity. He falls for Billie—naturally. And would fain wash his hands of the dirty dealings save for the fact that the lady black-mailer, Judith Vosselli, has Power over him. He must, perforce, go through with the malodorous machinations. Billie dares to beard the b.m.'s in their own den and comes off with the fatal papers, thanks, in the end, to Conway's protection of her fair name at the expense of his own freedom and happiness. It's just a picture. You can spend your money on it or not as you please. It wouldn't please *me*. I may be wrong.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs

CAPITAL ENTERTAINMENT: Colorful as an old English print, artificial and dainty as a candy box cover, this old stage favorite is a grateful event in a month of grimly realistic pictures. The quaint settings deserve first praise in a picture where there are many things to praise. The voices, for instance. Even people who think they don't like singing in pictures may find that they really meant they haven't liked the singing they have heard before this.

Claudia Dell's soprano is as fresh and young as her piquant beauty—a new type to the screen by the way. Perry Askam and Walter Pidgeon photograph equally well. Full advantage has been taken of the greater versatility of the screen over the stage so there is none of the usual cramped stage setting atmosphere about the picture, which wanders through woods, the streets of Bath, and the duelling grounds, at the sweet will of the plot. Ernest Torrence and Lionel Belmore give the seasoning of oddity and humor to what might be saccharine without them. In short, we liked "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" immensely.

Moby Dick

A MAN'S PICTURE—MUCH ACTING: A man's picture, impregnated with strong fumes of grog, tobacco and ocean brine, seasoned with mouth filling oaths—though the actual dialogue will pass the most captious censor—reckless, and at moments brutally unpleasant. The agonized yell which *Ahab* gives when they sear the dripping stump of his leg, bitten off by the white whale is probably the most epic sound the talkies have produced. Good taste is thrown to the winds in many scenes, one feels, deliberately.

It is John Barrymore on an actor's rampage, defying movie conventions, and audience inhibitions, and doing it so gorgeously, so insolently, with such obvious enjoyment that it sweeps the audience through the stormy scenes with him.

Joan Bennett is a bit colorless in the thankless part of the girl who waits for her sailor lover, but her beauty in the quaint costumes and the whimsical St. Bernard pup who grows to be an old dog in the course of *Ahab's* crazed wanderings in search of his enemy, the whale, are a welcome relief.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies

The Sap From Syracuse

NEAT LITTLE COMEDY: Typical nonsense with the difference that it has Jack Oakie to see it through. Although Oakie does again many of the things you saw him perform in "The Social Lion," he gets away with them nicely. His fresh face makes up for a lot of slow spots here. You'll like him more than ever.

Mention should, and indeed mention *will* be made here of one Ginger Rogers, the girl in this one. This young lady from Broadway brings a lot with her to films, including a face that makes one exclaim "Oh" and "Ah" and even "Mmmm." Besides she has a voice that, used in one of those vocal duels with Jack, shows the latter up as—as—but then Jack Oakie never claimed he could sing anyway. Ginger Rogers, then, is plenty good. And another one who is introduced to fans with this picture is also plenty good. Her name is Betty Starbuck. In her rôle as a glinty, hard-boiled sophisticate, Miss Starbuck will help to make timid ones more afraid of women than ever.

The Rap

PLENTY OF FUN IN PRISON PARODY: Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy parody the prison pictures in general and the "Big House" in particular. Incidentally it marks their first effort that runs over five reels into the feature length class. This reviewer must confess that Laurel and Hardy are a pet hilarity. Consequently "The Rap" was one long howl. Fortunately for his dignity as a critic, his immoderate laughter was drowned in the rest of the preview audience's mirth.

Perhaps the most gorgeous gag is the opening sequence. Stan and Babe are glimpsed in front of a Malt and Hops store figuring the cost of making fifteen gallons. "But we can't drink that much," Stan protests. "What we can't drink, we can sell," overrules the Babe. Fadeout. Fadein. A long shot of the two disconsolate comics in handcuffs being led away.

As other highlights, there's Stan's "buzzing tooth" which causes him to give the "razzberry" to everyone from the warden down, their efforts to sleep two in a prison bunk, and their innocent complicity in the jail break.

The Naughty Flirt

INTERESTING HIGH JINKS: If the spectacle of Alice White, lying across a masculine knee and being competently spanked, appeals to you, by all means go to see this picture which reveals her at her sauciest, naughtiest and biggest-eyed best. Dialogue certainly does not slow up the action.

A black maria filled with drunk members of the Younger Generation who have been celebrating the expulsion of *Kay Elliott* from a select boarding school starts things off. From the night court we follow these gay young people, a house party with mixed bedrooms and emotions to a justice of the peace, elopement where the heroine starts out to marry one man and finished the ceremony by marrying another.

Paul Page and Douglas Gilmore seem unnecessary except for the fact that it takes men to make scandals. Myrna Loy looks improper when the plot requires impropriety. There must be those who still enjoy being shocked by the doings of the Younger Generation and get a vicarious thrill out of adolescence on the loose.

The Truth About Youth

RATHER DRAGGY AND OLD-FASHIONED: This picturized version of the stage success, "When We Were Twenty-One," has an old-fashioned flavor. It is surely not modern youth it claims to tell the truth about, unless Scott Fitzgerald has lied to us. Loretta Young bakes birthday cakes, keeps housekeeping accounts, is coy and demure with old gentlemen and innocently cries, "Where, where?" when the cabaret dancer tells her she has "two dangerous curves."

David Manners as the handsome youth falls for a jazz baby—Myrna Loy—and his guardian, Conway Tearle, believing Loretta is in love with the boy, steals the jazz baby away from him. Then the truth about youth comes out—Loretta has really preferred Conway's middle-aged charms all along. There is a nice bit of acting when the demure and unsophisticated Loretta tries to meet the dancer on her own grounds, but in spite of that the picture drags. It would have been better done in the costume of the eighties as an old man's retrospect.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

The Life of the Party

SURE-FIRE GAGS BRING LAUGHS: "Life of the Party" presents the sprightly Winnie Lightner in another "Gold Diggers of Broadway," this time minus all the songs and dances. Only one song is sung in the whole picture, and that, fortunately, at the beginning.

Winnie and her girl friend, Irene Delroy, run off to Havana with some clothes belonging to Charles Judels, who operates a modiste shop. Here they pose as rich widows.

A report that a "Mr. Smith," inventor of a drink called "Rush," is about town sets the girls agog. They find a "Mr. Smith" (William Davidson) but he isn't the right one. However, Jack Whiting, the real "Mr. Smith," sees Irene Delroy and makes a play for her, so everything turns out well.

In one of the most comical sequences Winnie dons jockey's garb and rides the horse she has bet all her money on. (Of course) the horse runs the other way. The audiences will get other good clean laughs in the scenes where everyone gets rough and breaks up the furniture.

Liliom

IT COULD BE BETTER: Charles Farrell isn't *Liliom*, and even Frank Borzage, the director, couldn't make him *Liliom*—the whimsical, tough, side-show barker who let his wife go hungry because he wouldn't work at anything but his "art"; and wouldn't work at that because it meant returning to the arms of his employer, the bewitching *Mme. Muskat;* then beat her because it hurt him to see her suffer.

There are moments of great beauty in the picture. But they are supplied by the sets, the flow of motion, the lusciousness of Estelle Taylor as *Mme. Muskat*, or the poignant voice of Rose Hobart, as *Julie*, *Liliom's* wife.

Farrell's part has been padded so that it makes the whole picture flat. And his voice hasn't the virility, the devilishness, the conceit and the poetic quality that the part demands.

Rose Hobart is the surprise of the picture. She will delight the critics and disappoint the fans, for she pleases the ear but not the eye. Estelle Taylor, in her first talking rôle, is given little to do but dominates the scenes in which she appears.

Misbehaving Ladies

FAZENDA IS AMUSING: Whimsy and farce blend in this study of what happens in a country village when a former daughter of the place who has become a real live princess returns home. Though Lila Lee looks gorgeously beautiful in the robes she hires from a costumer when she discovers that the villagers are expecting her to look the part, we are inclined to award the acting honors to Louise Fazenda who gives a delightful, honest and richly humorous study.

However, the director should have held down Lucien Littlefield who plays a companion part in slapstick vein. Village types, familiar in the movies and never seen elsewhere, supply a Greek chorus for a delightfully whimsical idea, and an incredibly silly plot. Ben Lyon, as the village inventor, is as perennially boyish as ever. A more deft handling of the basic idea of the picture might have given us a sparkling fantasy.

But it's worth the admission to watch Louise Fazenda reckon that the last time she saw the princess was between the final payment on the piano and Pa's first spell of sciatica.

Going Wild

LOTS OF FUN WITH JOE E. BROWN: There are two ways of looking at this one. If you are a Joe E. Brown fan; if, that is, you go for Joe (and nearly everyone does) you'll laugh at "Going Wild" till the ushers have to hold you in your seats. You'll like everything about it, including the terrific mess Joe gets himself into when, posing as a world-war ace, he is compelled to pilot a plane in the big race. Never having been up before, Joe has to think fast. The snickers pile up as so, finally, does the plane. That takes care of the Joe E. Brown fans.

Should you be one of those who can get along without Joe, you'll find this pretty poor stuff. Your thoughts will keep flying back to Eddie Horton's "The Aviator," and that comparison will land "Going Wild" in the dog house. You will remember that what is done here was done better (and first) in Eddie's picture. The usual musical comedy support is furnished by Ona Munson, Lawrence Grey and Walter Pidgeon. doing as well as possible.

THE SECRETS

By HELEN BURNS

THE famous lovers of the screen—are they a race apart? Or is it possible to know them as real people, to analyze their characters and personalities, to know in just what way they are like or unlike you and me? We need no magic crystal, no knowledge of clairvoyant hocus-pocus. The power to see into the secret places of the heart is ours for less than the asking. It's really very simple. Everything is plainly written in the palm of every hand.

For example, here are hands that you have seen hundreds of times on the screen, not knowing that each held in its palm the key to a more intimate knowledge of its owner and yourself. Success is indelibly written in these hands, as well as the struggles that preceded success and the talent that made it possible. The inner yearnings and the desires that have led, in some instances, to front-page love affairs are there for you to see.

Look closely at the hand of Clara Bow, and, after you have read the explanation of its lines, compare it with your own.

This is an impulsive little hand, one that will get what it wants, and lose interest as soon as it gets it. This is due to the short smooth fingers—the fingers of one who thinks quickly but not deeply.

Sex Appeal Plus

AN unusual amount of self-confidence is indicated by the space separating the life line (the long line beginning above the thumb and curving around the hand to the base) and the head line (the line starting just above the life line and running out across the hand). Never, even in early childhood, has this person heeded advice. She may have listened attentively, but, invariably, she went ahead and did just what she had planned to do in the first place. The downward slope of the headline shows a romantic and adventure-loving nature, a further indication of desire for change and excitement.

We come now to the heart line, to a new gage of that elusive commodity called sex appeal. That long line starting under the little finger and running out across the hand is responsible for a good percentage of the heart-aches in this man's world.

When that line makes a wide sweep up to the base of the second finger, that person has what Elinor Glyn, with her heavy touch, christened It. And when you also find a smaller line, in the shape of a half-circle, starting between the first and second finger and ending between the third and fourth, that particular person has as much sex appeal as any one person can have.

How often have you wondered why a certain pretty girl drew men away from her even prettier sisters, or why some particular man caused a stir among the women when he came into a room? Just what indefinable something did that man or woman possess that others, in many ways more attractive, lacked? If you had looked at the palm of that man or woman, you would have found the answer plainly written there—the heart line circling up to the base of the second finger, and perhaps the half-circle, or a part

The hand of Kay Francis (left) is temperamental and ambitious, and indicates that her head rules her heart. The hand of Maurice Chevalier (above) indicates an idealistic lover. While the hand of Joan Crawford (right, above) reveals one who must struggle for success

Of Their Hands

Know Their Palms And You Know The Stars As They Know Themselves

of it, above. Of course, you'll find many such lines where the owner obviously lacks sex appeal. Even sex appeal requires an attractive wrapping.

Passion's Thermometer

AND to prove that this is no magic formula, we'll explain why, other qualities being equal, such a heart line registers the ultimate in sex appeal. The heart line is the thermometer of inner fires, and, when it terminates at the base of the second finger, it registers the boiling point. The line forming a half-circle just above it increases the passion and

sensuousness of the individual possessing it.

The many breaks in the heart line on Clara's hand indicate many enthusiastic love affairs, invariably of short duration. Even if the owner of that hand should live to be a hundred years old, which the life line says is not possible, no capacity for lasting affection would be acquired. All this person's love affairs will be exceedingly ardent and rather hectic while they last, and they will tend to be selfish.

Look to the third finger for indications of ability to imitate and impersonate and to express thoughts and feelings. When that finger is longer than the first, it shows ambition to attain fame and make money through one's artistic or dramatic ability. The long third finger also marks the owner of this hand as a gambler, not only with money but with life itself. You'll find that long third finger on most of the men and women who have worked their way to the top of the Hollywood ladder. The courage to play for high stakes and take one's losings with a smile is almost a necessary attribute to success in the motion picture industry.

Success is written plainly in her palm and in the other palms revealed here. The person who has the long line running up the hand to the base of the third finger will make money through his or her dramatic and artistic ability. Such an individual not only has talent, but will find a way to cash in on it.

A Successful Dreamer

THE hand of Lawrence Tibbett is altogether different. It is the hand of a true artist, but an artist who believes in making his dreams come true. The long sloping head line shows a more romantic than practical nature. The branch leaving the life line below the first finger, and running up through the head line, indicates great and enduring ambition. The photograph does not show the high full pads at the base of the hand that mark the musician and the beauty-lover as a man apart. High full pads will also be found below the third finger, indicating artistic ability; below the fourth, revealing the power to interpret that ability; and below the first, disclosing the ambition to develop that talent to its utmost.

This hand has not only one strong line

(*Continued on page 100*)

The many breaks in the heart line of Clara Bow's hand (left, above) indicate many ardent, short-lived love affairs. The hand of Gary Cooper (above) reveals a more romantic nature than you think. That of Lawrence Tibbett (right) has the marks of lasting success

Their *Reel* Married Life

It's Not So Different From Real Life, Say Those Who Know

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Louise Fazenda, married to Hal Wallis, above, has played the wife of Lucien Littlefield so long that she takes a genuine wifely interest in his welfare

'S a funny business—motion pictures. Has someone said that before? I'm sorry. It's one of those things that keep on occurring to you, as you perambulate about the village in pursuit of your—ahem—calling. You can't help noticing the *strangest* things. And you are always wondering how in the world people manage to cope with these odd situations.

F'rinstance. How do you suppose actors keep track of exactly *who* are their husbands and wives? Acting is so much like being married. If an actor were inclined to be at all absent-minded—and, after all, why shouldn't he be?—then I should think he might get all mixed up and confused, sometimes, trying to figure out which lady was his *real* wife, married to him by an actual minister—or maybe a justice of the peace in Mexico—and which one was a mere make-believe spouse, wed with infinitely more ceremony, on the set sometime.

He sees so much more of the make-believe wife. She's right there on the set every morning. He probably meets his own, legal one only by appointment, one or two evenings a week. He might easily forget all about the latter, unless something came up about alimony!

A Daily Love-Life

I believe it was Conrad Nagel who, when a stranger inquired what he did for a living, replied, "Oh, I make love to Lillian Gish every day from nine until five!"

That's the sort of thing I mean.

Like Louise Fazenda. She and Lucien Littlefield have played a nice, stodgy married pair in so many pictures Louise admits that she feels an actual, wifely interest in Lucien's welfare.

"I have such a time with him about his diet," she sighs. "He just *will* eat all the wrong things while he is working. Like cheese. I have been trying for years, it seems to me, to try to persuade Lucien not to eat cheese for lunch while he is on a picture.

"He eats meat and pie and heavy things like that, when I know he'd be so much better off with nice, light salads and vegetable plates. But I can't do a thing with him!"

Now, did you ever hear a more wifely remark than that?

Louise and Mrs. Littlefield are great pals and they have quite a time, worrying in concert, over Lucien's health and comparing menus and household budgets and milk bills.

That Grandmother Feeling

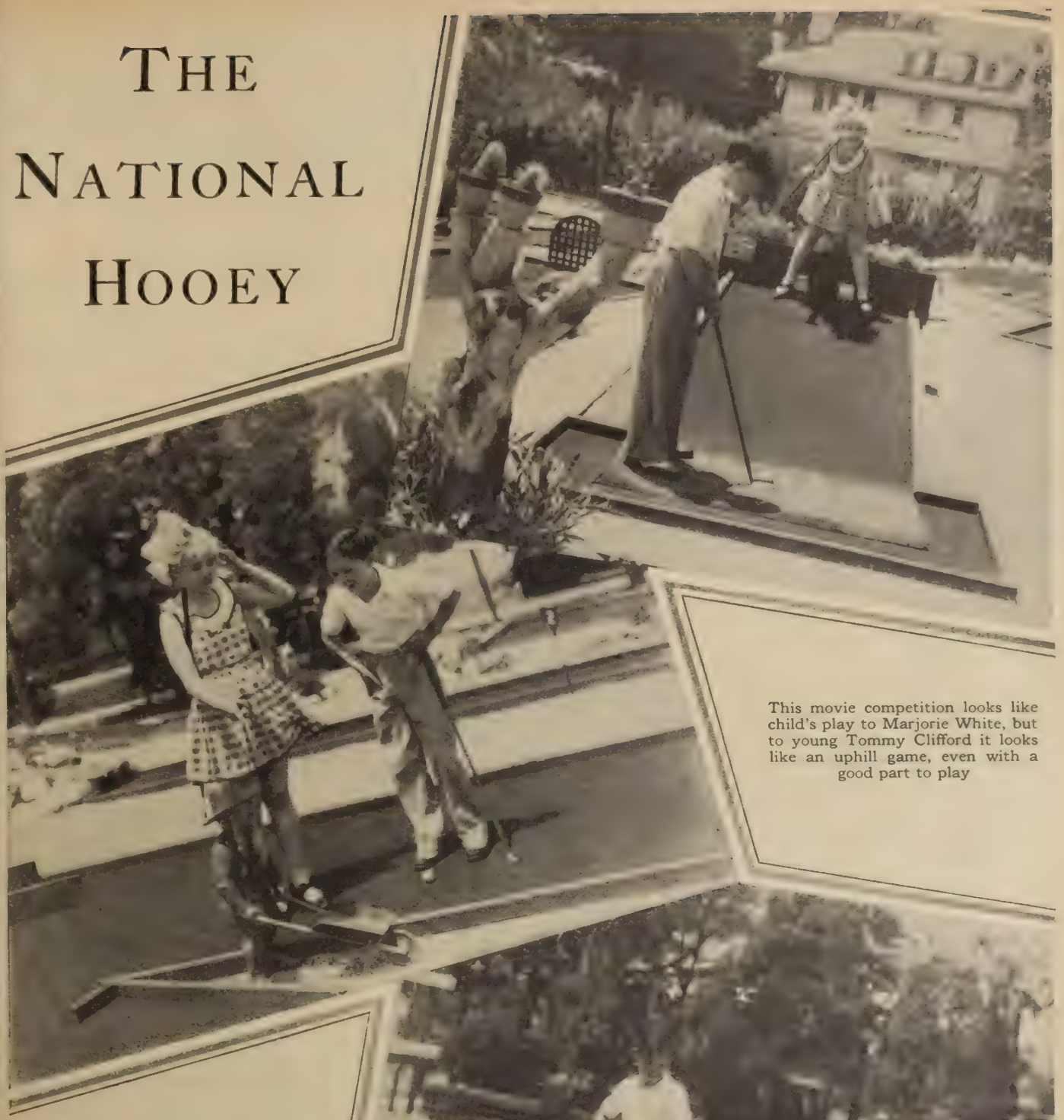
"THE married pair which Lucien and I portray so often are such mature people," Louise says. "I sometimes feel as if we were the mother and father and Mrs. Littlefield and Hal (my husband) are the son and daughter. Which makes the Littlefield youngsters our grandchildren. They are such dears!"

For the sprightly Louise to admit feeling like a *grandmother* is a little bit of a shock. But there you are. It's a mad business.

(*Continued on page 106*)

Irene Rich has played Will Rogers' screen wife so many times she feels as if she might be married to him

The National Hooey



This movie competition looks like child's play to Marjorie White, but to young Tommy Clifford it looks like an uphill game, even with a good part to play

"Whatcha doin' now, Margie—roughin' it?" Tommy, enjoying the luck of the Irish, gets a laugh out of the funny things his li'l playmate is always landing on

There's more than one way to knock it for a loop, and Marjorie knows all of them. This, she finds, is one of the easiest ways to show the form she has

Dramalizing

Irene Rich Offers On The Art Of

The incorrect sports costume for a mature woman is shown at the left. Berets are for only the very young. White shoes are not smart with dark skirts and long strings of beads are not good form with sweaters. Miss Rich, in the upper left, wears the correct attire for sports consisting of a simple white silk dress, white gloves, white shoes and sheer hose. White felt hat on soft becoming lines, white kid purse or a fabric one if shoes are of fabric

Portraits especially posed for Motion Picture by Russell Ball

For cooler days, the lapin fur coat at the right, lined with a woolen material of mixed weave, the same material the dress is made of which Irene Rich is wearing and which she considers absolutely correct for sports wear

Miss Rich, left, gracefully poses in correct evening attire for the matron. Black transparent velvet on simple lines, black satin slippers, and black elbow length gloves are smart for evening. You will notice that the only thing that adorns this gown is the diamond pin at shoulder. See what Miss Rich says is wrong for the matron in the evening on the opposite page

The Styles

Advice To The Matron Being Well Dressed

A black transparent velvet dress on plain lines is appropriate for afternoon wear with black suede slippers and sheer dark hose, silver fox fur, black suede purse and black gloves, white collar and black hat. No jewels. Incorrect accessories can detract from an otherwise perfect costume. Light shoes with black dress are very bad. White furs, gloves and white hat lack smartness with black velvet as you can see by comparing the two outfits at the right

This is not the correct coat for white sports clothes according to Miss Rich. White silk dress, white shoes, white gloves and hat are correct in themselves, but need a top coat of white flannel, not fur trimmed

For the matron, the evening gown at the right is all wrong. This frock is suitable only for the very young girl. The material is metal brocade taffeta. Extreme styles are never good taste for the mature woman. Light shoes make the foot appear large and conspicuous—wear dark slippers whenever possible. The string of pearls Miss Rich wears here is correct for misses

Advice To

If You *Must* Marry Here Are

By HALE

Bachrach

I PRESUME, if you already have determined to capture a husband from among the actors of Hollywood, no good would come from my attempting to dissuade you; although I still insist that King Carol would be a safer bet. Carol at least came home again. However, if you must, you must, and I'm only too happy to assist.

In order that you female love-bandits might operate efficiently, I have tiptoed around Hollywood, popping all manner of disturbing questions to the more eligible young men of the screen. And you've no idea how many dangers I'm about to remove from your path!

For example: While on your honeymoon, how would you like to be awakened with "Come on, sweetie, to-day we start on a whaling trip?" You don't like whaling? You prefer the opera? Well, just break up Charlie Bickford's home, and you'll go whaling and like it! Then, too, I suppose you'd scream with joy on discovering that your new husband was nothing, if not a chronic giggler?

The point is, that picking a husband in Hollywood is quite as precarious as bobbing for apples. After a difficult time of it, you may or may not succeed in catching your apple, or, in the event of a successful snap, the chances are that the apple fails to measure up to your idea of a nice sweet prize. So it is with love.

Apeda

Little Trouble-Saver

BUT, instead of risking all on the lure of a mocking eye, instead of wasting your youth in comparatively fruitless endeavor, you brighter babes will eagerly ogle this informative effort. You will ascertain, with the least possible exertion, the particular type of woman appreciated by the Hollywood star of the species male; the simplest manner in which to attract him; and whether or not he actually wishes to be married and, if so, why. Then, too, just consider the following puzzlers:

Dyar

Among the unmarried eligibles who are vulnerable to romance, but are shy toward matrimony are from top to bottom, Ivan Lebedeff, Charles Farrell, Charles Rogers and Ramon Novarro, right. They have succeeded in being heart-whole and fancy-free (upon occasions)

What actor thinks that woman's greatest charm is infidelity? What Christmas gifts are most acceptable? Do you know, for example, who it is that prefers a German police dog to a pair of suspenders? Who claims that if a man makes a confidante of a woman, he is either weak or insane? Why must you be a pigeon-fancier? And what actor would actually answer a love letter from an unknown woman? (That's right—Arthur Lake.) But here is a more difficult question: Just how would one go about snaring Ivan Lebedeff? Frankly, girls, I don't think it's in the deck. However, if you feel you know more than your broker, the following pearls might enhance the rope:

No matter how unique his conversation, never be shocked.

Young Amazons

A Movie Hero, Helpful Hints

HORTON

Simply sigh languorously and take it on the chin, like Joe E. Brown. Always dress the sophisticate, even though you find it impossible to talk like one—and never attempt to answer a remark quite beyond your understanding. Silence has fooled many men, let alone the entire United States. So, in the event that he should touch on *Dorian Gray's* fascination for Huysmans, and you, not knowing whether Huysmans was bird, beast, man or woodcut, should aver that Mr. Gray was a man after your own heart, Lebedeff would simply raise an eyebrow and stroll away. A soft "Ah-h-h, Ivan!" is always good; providing, of course, that you never pun on the word "Ivan." Punning is a dreadful sin to sophisticates.

Fryer

It's Beauty *vs.* Virtue

JUST acquire a finicky taste for liqueurs, pick up a line of sophisticated chatter concerning the opera, the arts and the home-life of the Tsar, and success may meet your efforts—but I doubt it, unless you're renowned for your beauty. Because, to the worldly men of Hollywood, women are either beautiful or otherwise. "And fate," Lebedeff argues, "has reserved but one talent for the homely woman: the art of being virtuous." You may discard this hint or take it for what it's worth, but be careful.

Sophisticated or otherwise, you'll find in Hollywood three distinct groups of male attractions. To wit: Single, married, and married-but-not-working-at-it. Judging from the number of divorces, one assumes that married actors are more easily assailed. Groups One and Three are vulnerable, but gun-shy. Naturally enough, William Powell and Ronald Colman are automatically eliminated. "The only way to snare those two Birds of Paradise," Ilka Chase points out, "is by wielding a butterfly net baited with caviar." And who wants to run around Hollywood waving a butterfly net? It's obviously out of the question.

Among the more available males in Group One, we find Walter Pidgeon, William Bakewell, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, William Haines, James Hall, Buddy Rogers, William Janney, Arthur Lake, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Robert Montgomery. Groups Two and Three include such potent heart-breakers as John Gilbert, John Boles, Ben Lyon, Nick Stuart and Glenn Tryon. And it's your fault if you get mixed up with Charlie Bickford, for he's as ruthless off-screen as George Bancroft appears to be while on. To these gentlemen I put all manner of pertinent questions.

I even asked Richard Dix what he considered a wife's most

(*Continued on page 112*)

R. H. Louise

Charles Bickford at the top is ruthless off the screen. Gary Cooper, below him, is like an Airedale in his affections—he gives his heart to one girl at a time. Richard Dix and Walter Pidgeon, left, have kept them guessing for years—the cagiest bachelors in Hollywood

Ball

Richee

THERE'S SERVICE WITH THAT SMILE

He's waiting for you, girls—waiting in a little café in Paris. (*Brrr!* what a thrill!) And with that smile on the bill of film fare, M. Chevalier should more than serve the purpose as "The Playboy of Paris"—*n'est-ce-pas?*

In Spain . . . beauty experts *insist*

on olive and palm oils

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture – 23,723* of them, the world over – agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

Tejêro advises you: ***"Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin – so – rinse it off with refreshing clear water–to icy-cold temperature. There! that leaves the skin smooth, fresh and lovely."***

Luis Tejero

TEJÊRO, *whose beauty salon visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejêro's establishment.*

SEILER, *of Geneva, Switzerland – who joins 23,723 beauty specialists in recommending Palmolive.*

Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.

DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejêro, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

With the Spaniard's fiery spirit, he becomes indignant when his smart clients don't follow his advice. "How dare you mistreat your complexion," he storms, "when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Treatment advised by 23,723 specialists

You know the treatment to which he refers. It is stressed by 23,723 beauty specialists — the world over. Before all else they emphasize the need of a pure soap and water for foundation cleanliness. And every single one of them considers Palmolive best.

In 16 countries, women are told to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" by the daily use of this vegetable oil soap.

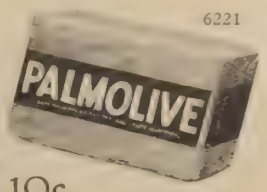
Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

P. S. Because Palmolive is so inexpensive it is the natural choice of experts as a bath soap, too. It protects sensitive skin from irritation.

*by actual count

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR
Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time–over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

6221



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

Three-In-One Girl

Carol Lombard Is Herself, Constance Bennett, And Jeanne Eagels

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Thomas

IMAGINE Constance Bennett with Jeanne Eagels' voice and you have Carol Lombard. Perhaps Carol is a somewhat frailer Constance. Not quite so Pola Negri-ish about the chin. More delicate facial contours. Perhaps, too, her voice sounds more youthful than the throaty, sex-laden tones of poor Jeanne. But anyway, Bennett and Eagels were brought vividly to mind as Carol sipped her tomato juice cocktail at one of Mrs. Algonquin's most discreet tables. What a pal is George, that diplomat who masquerades as a head-waiter!

Perhaps you don't know Mrs. Algonquin's little place. Well, she's the lady who supplies all Hollywood homes with towels and silver marked "Hotel Algonquin."

Perhaps you don't know Carol Lombard. Not so well as you should, anyway. And certainly not so well as you will one of these days very, very soon.

Carol is really one of the Peters family. Belongs to the good, old Fort Wayne, Indiana, Peterses. Originally, her name was Jane Peters. And originally she was an ash blonde. But now she's Carol Lombard, by virtue of numerology. And now there's more fire than ashes in her mass of sun-imprisoning hair. By virtue, perhaps, of the California climate. With bountiful Nature aided just the least leetle bit by Man's ingenuity.

Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Her

YOU'D guess her weight at one hundred and fifteen and not be three pounds wrong. She's tall, and her figure merits that descriptive adjective "svelte." Now a real smart blonde, filling these specifications, would favor black in her apparel. And that's just what Carol likes best to wear. This time she was clad in "Broadway Black." It's a peculiar shade. Not quite so *nwah* as Hollywood black, yet a bit less oh-oh than what you'll encounter on Park Avenue.

(*Continued on page 110*)

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequences; **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn—Florenz Ziegfeld).

Marion . . . . as she *is*

Through even the gray, shadowy limitations of black and white films, the color of Marion Davies's personality reached out and touched the hearts of millions.

Now, you have a chance to see that colorful personality *without* limitations—in Technicolor. To enjoy to the full the radiance of a charm that has won her unique position in filmdom.

With Technicolor's aid you see, at last, reality on the screen. Color—lavish, laid on with Nature's true touch—fires your imagination. You see the stars as they really are.

MARION DAVIES gives the screen one of the finest performances of her colorful career in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical vehicle—"The Florodora Girl," embellished with Technicolor scenes.

in Technicolor

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

The payroll read, "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, $75 a week" . . . But his chance came in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. Today, thousands thrill to his "talkies."

© P. Lorillard Co.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Programs rustle . . . "Who is Tibbett?" . . . Then comes a voice of molten gold, clear, pulsing, tender, stirring . . . "The Diamond Horseshoe" cheers like bleachers. Encores. Bravos. Flowers. Speeches.

A quick triumph for Lawrence Tibbett? Not at all! *Nature* gave him that glorious voice.

That's why OLD GOLD makes no claims . . . of factory skill . . . or secret processes. For *Nature* alone deserves the credit. The sun, the rain, the fertile soil simply produced *better* tobaccos. That's why OLD GOLDS thrill your taste. That's why OLD GOLDS give you throat-ease.

From an "off-stage voice" to a star in the opera, concert, "talkies," that's what *Nature* did for Tibbett. From a tyro-brand to a great success. That's what *Nature* did for OLD GOLD.

OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots," November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

That HILLBILLY *in* Hollywood

But Gavin Gordon Has Reformed And Admits He's Strong For Greta Garbo

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Hurrell

FROM hillbilly to man of the world—in six lessons. It must have been accomplished as easily as that by Gavin Gordon, son of the Mississippi mountains. He was born and reared in Chicora, Mississippi, a little sawmill settlement seventy miles from the nearest town. You had to get there on a hand-car, I believe.

But anyone who had not been supplied with the facts would never guess Gavin had seen them thar hills. He isn't anything like the hillbillies that we've been brought up to believe in. A certain crudeness of frame, perhaps. A certain something about the back of the neck—but no, that's just imagination. Gavin Gordon bears fewer traces of his origin than anyone I've ever seen.

Not a single "air I" or "that-a-way" creeps into his conversation. In fact, he scarcely has a trace of Southern accent. He lacks all the languor, the drawl, of the South. Briskly he talks, rapidly, and constantly, with very few serious moments. He kids everything, even himself. His movements are lively, his mind is lively. All very nice, but it doesn't live up to the best screen traditions for hillbillies.

Gavin says that more than anything in the world he admires a good liar. I think that must be the basis for his self-esteem. His confessions have a strong flavor of unreliability, they seem colored by the whim of the moment, warped by the imagination of a man who loves to talk. He admits that when asked by the studio for his biography, he wanted to make up a nice gaudy past for himself, but the publicity department thought he'd better stick to the facts.

It was a happy day for Gavin Gordon when he was chosen as Greta Garbo's leading man in "Romance." Most of the boys would give their eye-teeth to be in Gavin's shoes

Gavin himself isn't quite sure how he achieved his present sophisticated, highly polished and, I might even say, slick demeanor.

"Everything happens in a small town that happens anywhere else in the world. When I left there, I knew as much about the sordid things of life as I do now. People are murdered, people are born, and heart broken, and in love. But it's entirely different. You come through it wide-eyed, gaping as if you knew nothing."

He lived for seventeen years in Chicora, working among the big trees, sucking-sugar cane in his leisure moments, fishing with the line around his toe. (I hope you're taking all this with a grain of salt.)

He was quite a ladies' man, even in those days, and was very much in love with one girl in particular.

Why He Left Town

"SHE was the belle of the town—not exactly beautiful, but very charming. She had more real native charm than any woman I've ever known. It was one of those down-by-the-old-mill-stream romances. We were going to be married and live up in a big house on the hill and sweep down in our finery and dazzle the townspeople.

"But we quarreled. I can't remember now what it was about. We were incompatible, I guess."

(Continued on page 94)

How to be

AS TOLD TO KATHERINE ALBERT

BY Bebe Daniels

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

BETTY COMPSON
Radio Pictures' star

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—*a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

How alluring in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"That is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

"Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

ANNA Q. NILSSON
Lovely blonde star

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . . exquisite June Clyde . . . Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky-smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap.

Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

They like its dainty fragrance, and the quick, generous lather, even in the hardest water . . . And, above all, the exquisite softness it gives their skin.

So enthusiastic are they, indeed, that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

SALLY BLANE
Radio Pictures' Player

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with so many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

JUNE CLYDE
Radio Pictures' Player

Lux Toilet Soap

CAPTIVATING

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom which is one of the most beautiful seen in Hollywood. She is one of the 511 important actresses there who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, both at home and in their dressing rooms. *"Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin,"* she says, *"have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!"*

Bebe Daniels

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

All Quiet on the Western Front—An epic tragedy of the "lost generation"—the youths who went to war and vanished. An intense, uncompromising, unforgettable picture—now being considered for the Nobel Peace Prize (Univ.).

Anybody's War—Together with their dog, Moran and Mack join the A. E. F. A mildly amusing vaudeville war, with the dog stealing the act (Par.).

Anybody's Woman—Ruth Chatterton as a questionable burlesque beauty to whom Clive Brook finds himself married after a debauch. Both make much of their surprise rôles (Par.).

The Bad Man—Intent on doing wrong, Walter Huston does right in spite of himself, and ends up as good movie bad men seldom do. An ingenious story, well acted (F. N.).

Big Boy—Al Jolson as the plotted-against blackface rider of a race horse of that name. A happy event because Al sings to produce laughs, not tears. Wisecracks galore (W. B.).

The Big House—An effective explanation of why prison riots occur. You are not likely to forget this one (M-G-M).

The Border Legion—Richard Arlen joins a young army of Idaho outlaws led by Jack Holt. Fay Wray is taken captive. Guess who gets her, after the excitement runs its course (Par.).

Born Reckless—**Louis Beretti** again rules gangland, in the convincing shape of Edmund Lowe (Fox).

Bride of the Regiment—To save her husband, semi-nude Vivienne Segal accedes to Captain Walter Pidgeon's demands—in a dream. Some good singing makes you forget your embarrassment (F. N.).

Broken Dishes—O. P. Heggie irresistible as the henpecked husband who goes to lodge, comes home tight, breaks dishes, asserts himself, sees that his daughter (Loretta Young) marries his wife's pet hate (Grant Withers)—(F. N.).

Campus Crushes—A laugh riot that proves beyond all doubt that no college comedy should be longer than two reels (Educ.).

Cheer Up and Smile—Adolescence made tolerable by Arthur Lake, against a background of college and night-clubs (Fox).

Common Clay—Constance Bennett acquits herself nobly as the girl who learns that it isn't what you are, it's what you seem, that counts. A heavy story, made intensely moving (Fox).

The Conspiracy—A novel murder mystery, in which the audience is tipped off to the solution and is amused and excited by Betty Compson's efforts to keep an amateur detective off the right scent (RKO).

Dancing Sweeties—Sue Carol and Grant Withers as a young married couple who decide in the end that there is no place like home. The Younger Generation's little problems again (W. B.).

Dangerous Nan McGrew—Helen Kane, helped mightily by Victor Moore and Stuart Erwin, gives old-fashioned melodrama the boop-oop-a-doop (Par.).

The Dawn Patrol—A spectacular story, with an undercurrent of pathos, of the boys who fought over, not in, the trenches. Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., make the most of a big opportunity (F. N.).

Joe Cook, supported by Joan Peers, makes his talkie début in "Rain or Shine"

Nick Stuart and Marjorie Beebe have their romantic moments in the Mack Sennett-Educational comedy, "Campus Crushes"

Dixiana—Bebe Daniels scores another hit as the Southern singer and dancer who has funnymen Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey for her partners, and operatic Everett Marshall for a lover. An eyeful and an earful (RKO).

Dough Boys—Buster Keaton enlists in the army by mistake, and war promptly becomes ridiculous. New gags fitted to an old theme (M-G-M).

The Fall Guy—Jack Mulhall falls for everything but the idea that his boss is a dope peddler. Little action, but good lines (RKO).

Follow Thru—Golf as played in musical comedies—and good sport it is, too. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll are starred, but Jack Kaley and Zelma O'Neal, better suited to their rôles, all but steal the picture (Par.).

For The Defense—William Powell as a criminal lawyer and lawyer criminal in an absorbing, relentless picture of a great city's courts (Par.).

Golden Dawn—In darkest Africa, Walter Woolf falls in love with golden-complexioned Vivienne Segal, who turns out to be white, after all. There is also an overdose of songs (W. B.).

Good Intentions—Vivid vocalism by high-hat highwaymen, with Edmund Lowe and Earle Foxe making it the best gangster talkie to date (Fox).

Good Morning, Sheriff—Lloyd Hamilton in a gorgeous kidding of Westerns. Another two-reeler to rave about (Educ.).

Good News—The Tait College boys and gals get rah-rah again, with breezy comedy and hot music. Bessie Love, Gus Shy and Cliff Edwards accelerate the breeze (M-G-M).

Grumpy—Cyril Maude, staging the most colorful comeback of all, is once more the whimsical old fellow who knows how to recover a stolen diamond (Par.).

Hell's Angels—The talkies' first great spectacle. A tense story of war in the air, well acted by Ben Lyon, James Hall and Jean Harlow (Caddo).

Hell's Island—Ralph Graves and Jack Holt have a fairly exciting struggle for Dorothy Sebastian on another Devil's Island (Col.).

Holiday—Holidaying from the responsibility of choosing between Mary Astor and Ann Harding, Robert Ames goes to Paris, and between the three of them a clever story, with brilliant dialogue, meets all comers (Pathe).

Hot Curves—Despite the Victor-McLaglenish title, a baseball story—and a good one (Tiffany).

Inside the Lines—Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes seem to be German spies, intent on blowing up the British fleet at Gibraltar. But appearances are interestingly deceiving (RKO).

Journey's End—The greatest of war plays becomes one of the few great talkies. Honest, sensitive and tragic—with Colin Clive of the original stage cast as the futile **Captain Stanhope** (Tiffany).

Kathleen Mavourneen—Sally O'Neil lands in America with a terrific brogue, to be a cause of dispute between an Irish plumber and a politician. Jigs and songs help little, if any (Tiffany).

The Last of the Duanes—Outlaw George O'Brien falls in love with a girl captive, and the robber chief's wife falls in love with him. The scenery is interesting (Fox).

Lawful Larceny—Refraining from song, Bebe Daniels regains her husband and his money from another woman. Fortunately, Lowell Sherman is also in the cast (RKO).

Let's Go Native—A theatrical troupe, which includes Jack Oakie and Kay Francis, is shipwrecked on a desert island inhabited by a musical comedy producer. What follows is a riot (Par.).

Let Us Be Gay—Marie Dressler as an eccentric dowager, Norma Shearer as a Paris divorcée, and Rod La Rocque as her re-smitten Ex, at a farcical Long Island week-end party (M-G-M).

Little Accident—A baby appears on the scene just as its unexpectant father (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) is about to marry another girl. He kidnaps the infant and contracts a highly amusing case of paternity (Univ.).

Lottery Bride—Jeanette MacDonald, Bride No. 66 of a boatload of women destined for unknown husbands, has some colorful adventures in the Far North, against a background of good Friml melodies (U. A.).

Love Among the Millionaires—Working on the ancient thesis that, no matter how she tries, a waitress cannot prevent a millionaire from loving her, Clara Bow is heavily handicapped. Mitzi Green steals the picture (Par.).

Love in the Rough—A comedy with the moral that if you would succeed in business and romance, play golf. Robert Montgomery has a good time learning this little lesson (M-G-M).

A Man from Wyoming—All romance on the Western front, with Gary Cooper and June Collyer enjoying the War unbelievably well (Par.).

Manslaughter—Claudette Colbert as the rich girl who is prosecuted and convicted by her district-attorney lover (Fredric March). In their capable hands, the story takes on a new lease of life (Par.).

Man Trouble—Life in the speakeasies of New York, with Milton Sills an exciting gangster trying to win Dorothy Mackaill's love. She sings (Fox).

Numbered Men—A pale and sentimental version of life in prison (F. N.).

Oh, Sailor, Behave—This started out as the cinema version of the sophisticated comedy, "See Naples and Die," but ended up a vaudeville version of Neapolitan life. Irene Delroy and Charles King are practically lost in the shuffle (W. B.).

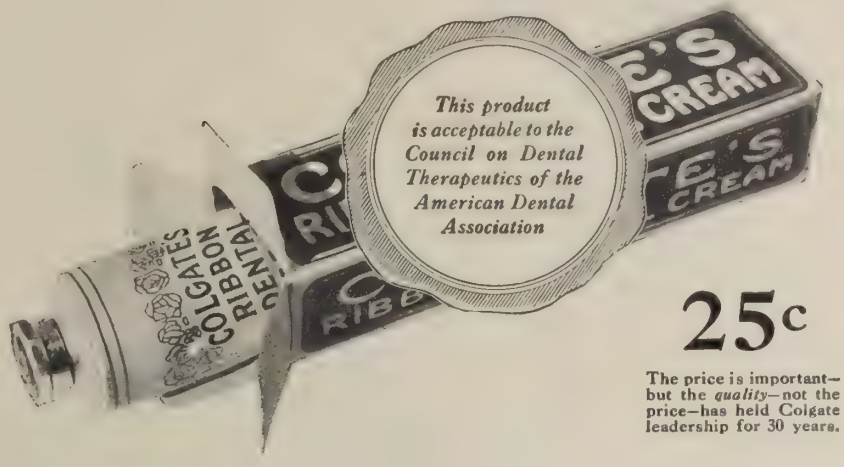
Old English—George Arliss superb as an eighty-nine-year-old who regrets nothing except his incapacities, and enjoys himself too much to regret those greatly (W. B.).

On the Make—Victor McLaglen as Victor MacLaglen—the lady-killer who loses the girl to **Sergeant Quirt's** successor (Fox).

Our Blushing Brides—A neat little talkie about three department store clerks—Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian—and how they succumb to romance (M-G-M).

(Continued on page 120)

Bebe Daniels and Everett Marshall in an emotional scene of Bebe's latest hit, "Dixiana"


This product is acceptable to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE announces the acceptance of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

Be guided in your choice of a toothpaste by the acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics.

●

Use Colgate's — not only the largest-selling toothpaste in the world — but a toothpaste recommended by dentists for more than a quarter of a century.

Colgate's cleans teeth safely; it contains only safe cleansing agents. It leaves the teeth clean; the mouth refreshed and pleasant-tasting.

Colgate's is used by more people than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

6239

C. S. Bull

If a horse can eat out of his helmet, what is to prevent Mr. and Mrs. Gus H. Fan and their daughters from eating out of his hand? The new Hollywood idol, Robert Montgomery, swings a mean mallet at polo—and like his acting, he's done well by it since his school-days

A Perfume . . .

taught me the secret of *Youth*" . . .

says

LILA LEE

"YOUTH—what is it? An age? . . . a number of years? No—I thought that once . . . before I knew . . . about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else . . . except perhaps . . . those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies . . . one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a *mood* . . . to be recaptured . . . triumphantly worn . . . forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . in a French-cut flacon, so smart . . . A Compact (single or double) which may be changed into a loose-powder compact. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder . . . that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum. A Toilet Water . . . so refreshing. Two Brillantines . . . solid or liquid. A Sachet . . . the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

6209

Seventeen

Shystar: Robert Woolsey meets June Clyde off-stage (left) and can't say what he thinks

Learning to love him: Jean Arthur above, rehearses a close-up with Robert Armstrong for "The Record Run"

Just to prove she's normal, June Clyde (right) can't get a sun umbrella closed

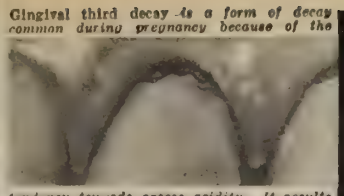
A ripping game: so Montague Love (above), bending over gingerly, assures Reginald Sharland

Ben Lyon visits the RKO lot in make-up to see Mrs. Ben (above), and she says he's no gentleman

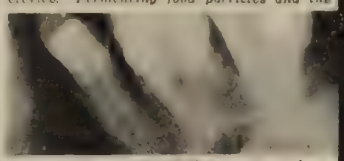
They have some laughs between them: Cyrus Woods, scenarist, and Robert Woolsey scan the script of "Half Shot at Sunrise"

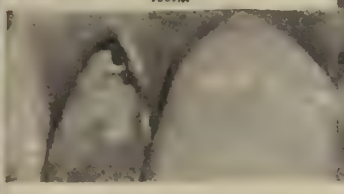
"I've just been looking over your lines," Robert Woolsey tells June Clyde and Geneva Mitchell (above); while Arthur Lake (below) is glad to meet another he-man, Everett Marshall, the wrestler

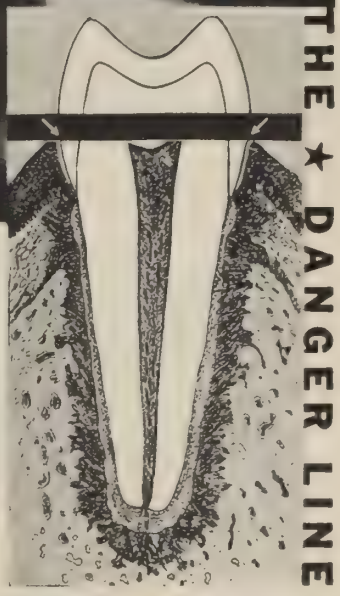
A match for a scenario writer: Richard Dix (above) helps Jack Rubin, scenarist, smoke the cigarette he has just loaned him



Gingival third decay is a form of decay common during pregnancy because of the tendency towards excess acidity. It results from acid attacks near the necks of the teeth, along The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth and where there is a tiny crevice. Fermenting food particles and the acid-forming germs of decay collect here, because your tooth-brush can't penetrate such a tiny crevice. There is an old saying that one baby costs two of its mother's teeth.







THE ★ DANGER LINE

THE EXPECTANT MOTHER

SHOULD, BY ALL MEANS, KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

for it is the only type of dentifrice that can bring these special benefits to protect the teeth of motherhood

★ The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this thin edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection. Never let this happen.

MANY a woman emerges from the trying period of pregnancy with her teeth and gums in bad condition—sometimes she loses one or more teeth. But this certainly need not happen.

During pregnancy, a woman's teeth are unusually susceptible to decay—due, first, to the demands upon the lime stores of her body and, second, to the presence of germ acids in the mouth. Correct food, including the necessary vitamins and mineral salts, and the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream, will aid in combating decay.

Years ago, physicians and dentists began to advise expectant mothers to use Milk of Magnesia as a mouth wash to combat germ acids. How natural then that today an increasing number of both professions consider Squibb's Dental Cream a valuable aid during pregnancy—far beyond the powers of other types of dentifrices.

It is 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Each time you brush your teeth with Squibb's *you combat germ acids.* You force countless particles of Milk of Magnesia into the crevices and fissures of your teeth.

One of the most vital parts of the mouth is the thin margin of tissue where the gums join the teeth. It is called The Danger Line because it is a real point of danger for everybody. Here pyorrhea starts. Here, also, occurs gingival third decay—so prevalent during pregnancy.

Squibb's affords The Danger Line wonderful protection. It definitely soothes irritation and helps keep your gums firm and sound.

How beautifully Squibb's cleans the teeth—and so safely. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure the delicate gum edge. Use Squibb's every day. Your teeth will keep so much more attractive and healthy. For you'll be giving your gums the safest of care and your teeth the finest possible protection against decay.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

HELEN S.—Vilma Banky is married to Rod La Rocque. Gosh! I thought everybody knew that. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, Dec. 9, 1907. Appearing in "Little Caesar," First National Studios. Joan Crawford has brown hair and blue eyes. Anita Page, June Walker, Zazu Pitts, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames, Marie Prevost, Hedda Hopper, Eddie Nugent head the cast of "War Nurse," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. The Barrymores have named their baby Dolores Ethel.

RUSH—How's that for service? Marion Davies, Nils Asther, Jetta Goudal and Andre de Segurola appeared in "Her Cardboard Lover." Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell played in the following pictures, together, "Seventh Heaven," "The Lucky Star," "Street Angel," "Sunnyside Up," "Happy Days," and "High Society Blues." Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell in "The River, "City Girl."

M. T. L. R.—Submarine cameras will be used to photograph salmon runs in Alaska in connection with the production of "The Silver Horde," from Rex Beach's epic of the north. The salmon will be photographed from underwater locations as they make their wild dash from the open sea back to their birthplaces to spawn. Evelyn Brent and Joel McCrea have the leads. Radio Pictures Studios. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. Has been married to Lydell Peck since Sept. 11, 1929. No new picture has been announced for her at this time. Charles Farrell hails from East Walpole, Mass. Aug. 9, 1905, is his birth date. He is not married or engaged, has brown hair and eyes. Appearing in "Liliom." Rose Hobart plays opposite. Mary Brian's real name is Louise Dantzler, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes.

K. M. G. MC C. FAN—Betty Bronson and June Nash are the girls who played in "Compañionate Marriage." Anita Louise's full name is Anita Louise Fremault; she is thirteen years old. Philippe de Lacy, July 25, 1917. Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has black hair and gray eyes. Married to Mary Leeper since Aug. 25, 1926. Latest picture, "Sons of the Saddle."

CLUB FANS—The John Boles Fan Club, Joseph E. Goldblatt, 6852 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill. The William Janney Club, Sally Zyck, 91 Church St., Thompsonville, Conn. Rudy Vallee Boosters, Box 102, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. Joan Crawford Fan Club, Bernice Halpren, 4946 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Robert Montgomery and Rudy Vallee Clubs, Mrs. Wayne Bell, 412 E. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa. The Association of a Higher Standard for Fan Clubs, P. O. Box 272, Wilmington, Calif. Jean Arthur Club, William F. O'Brien, 706 12th St., Franklin, Pa.

RICHARD ARLEN ADMIRER—These endurance tree-sitters are certainly fearless, braving hungry squirrels like that. You refer to Phillips Holmes, who appeared in "Only the Brave," starring Gary Cooper. Richard Arlen's latest pictures are "The Law Rides West" and "Social Errors," Mary Brian playing opposite in the latter. I would suggest you write our circulation department, at this address, regarding the June 1928 issue of Motion Picture. Let's hear from you again real soon.

TOOT DE SWEET—Comment allez-vous? Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, Dec. 16, 1909. She is five feet, half inch tall, weighs 100 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is Cloutman. Hobbies, riding and skating. Entered pictures after winning title of Miss Hollywood in Santa Cruz and has been in pictures for four and a half years. Rudy Vallee at Island Pond, Maine, July 28, 1901. Ivan Lebedeff, Uspoliai, Lithuania (before 1918—Russia), June 18, 1899. He is six feet one, weighs 148 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Not married and receives his fan mail at the Radio Pictures Studios.

LUCILLE—Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1909. Phillips was noted on the Princeton campus for his excellent work with the famous Triangle Club of Princeton University, and, despite the fact that he has never heretofore appeared in front of the motion picture camera, his first scenes showed him a player of great potentiality. His first picture was with Charles Rogers in "Varsity" with the exteriors being filmed at the above University. Director Tuttle ran across Phillips on the campus and persuaded him to take a "test" and two days later signed him to a contract. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Latest productions "Her Man" and "Barber John's Boy."

A GARY COOPER-MARY BRIAN FAN—I would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures Mary and Gary have appeared in. There are too many to mention here. Richard Dix is appearing in "Cimarron," Radio Pictures. Stepin Fetchit, the negro comedian, got his stage name from a horse. Step was christened Lincoln Perry and was born in Key West, Florida. It was in Montgomery, Alabama, where Fetchit, then Perry, was attending school, that he got a job in a street carnival and started his entertainment career. Horse racing was a feature of the carnival. He came in contact with a horse named Step and Fetchit. He liked the horse so well that later, when he got his stage job in "In Old Kentucky," he changed his own name to Stepin Fetchit.

SALLY—"No, No Nanette" was released by First National Pictures. "Dumbbells in Ermine" and "Skin Deep," Warners. "Puttin' on the Ritz," United Artists. "Roadhouse Nights" and "Men Are Like That," Paramount Studios. Gary Cooper is appearing in "Morocco." "Cowboy Cooper" is the nickname by which Gary was known during his college days at Grinnell.

MARY STEFFEN — Free wheeling, according to an auto ad, is here at last. Wait'll they hear about it in Scotland. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, and there attended the public schools. Coming to New York in 1913 she continued her education at the Washington Irving School. She has appeared on the stage in "A Kiss in a Taxi," "The Barker," "The Ghost Train," "The Mulberry Bush," "La Gringo," "Fast Life," "Tin Pan Alley," "Dynamo" and "See Naples and Die." Miss Colbert's first screen appearance was in a silent film "For the Love o' Mike." She is a decided brunette, with large brown eyes. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 103 pounds. Latest production "Manslaughter."

CHARLES—Marian Nixon, William Janney, Hugh Trevor and Lowell Sherman have the leads in "The Losing Game." "The Singer of Seville" will be released as "Call of the Flesh," starring Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan. Johnnie Walker, Sharon Lynn are appearing in "Up the River." Jason Robards, "Lightnin'." Mary Lawlor was born in Utica, N. Y. She is five feet two, weighs 114 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Has appeared on the stage in "Rosie O'Reilly," "Annie Dear," "No, No, Nanette," "Queen High," and "Good News." First picture "Good News," which was adapted from the stage production. Miss Lawlor studied dancing with Kosloff and voice with Johnston in New York. Receives her fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

M. A. M. MICHIGAN—That was William (stage) Boyd who appeared in "The Benson Murder Case," and "Those Who Dance." He appeared on the stage before entering pictures. The songs that were played and sung in "Our Modern Maidens" were "I've Waited a Lifetime For You" and "Should I." The latter was also featured in "Lord Byron of Broadway." Claude Allister played the rôle of *Algy* and Lawrence Grant was the doctor in "Bulldog Drummond." Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, Gus Shy, George Fawcett and Nina Quartero have the leading rôles in "New Moon." John Gilbert's real name is Pringle. Dennis King, Dennis Pratt.

ROSALIE—H. B. Warner's initials stand for Henry Byron. Jean Arthur posed for magazine ads in New York about three and a half years ago. Ruth Chatterton was born in New York City about thirty-one years ago. She is five feet two and a half, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Ralph Forbes. Appearing in "Anybody's Woman." Constance Bennett, New York City, about twenty-five years ago, five feet four, weighs 99 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

MISS PEGGY—James Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 22, 1900. He is five feet eleven, weighs 148 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Hall has appeared in stock and in musical comedy. For three years he played leads in "Merry, Merry," several "Passing Shows," and also opposite Madge Kennedy in "Poppy." He was appearing in "The Matinee Girl" when signed by Paramount. He is fond of all outdoor sports, particularly horseback riding and tennis. Latest production "Divorce Among Friends," Warner Brothers.

GERTRUDE WESLEY—Eddie Polo, who was a red-blooded, fighting fool in serials, when last heard from was touring Germany with a circus. Nita Naldi is now married to a wealthy Frenchman and living in Versailles, France. Her real name is Dooley. Leila Hyams was born in New York City, May 1, 1905. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has blonde hair and gray eyes. Miss Hyams appeared on the stage with her mother and father before entering pictures. Started in pictures about 1925, first film "Dancing Mothers," starring Clara Bow, Conway Tearle and Alice Joyce. Hobbies are swimming and riding. Latest picture "Way For a Sailor," starring John Gilbert.

DIXIE LEE FAN—Dixie was born in Harriman, Tenn., about twenty years ago. She is five feet three and three quarters, weighs 110 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Appearing in "Cheer Up and Smile." Frank Albertson, Fergus, Minn., Feb. 9, 1909, five feet nine, weighs 145 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Hugh Allan, twenty-eight years old, six feet tall, 170 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Real name Allan Hughes and is married to Catherine Hoffman. George Duryea, New York in 1904, six feet tall, 175 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes, and is married.

BOOTS—When Neil Hamilton is not actually working on a scene in a picture, the director always knows where to find him—in the studio machine shop. Neil spent many of his early years as a machinist and worked his way through the vast machine shops of the Sargent Hardware Company. He can still handle power drills and lathes with the best of them. Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, Mar. 4, 1905. She is five feet five, weighs 114 pounds, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. That is her real name.

CATHRINA—Bela Lugosi was the doctor in "Such Men Are Dangerous." Claude Allister was *Freddy* in the same production. Mr. Lugosi was born in Lugos, Hungary, Oct. 20, 1888. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 177 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. Real name is Blasko, not married, hobbies sculpturing and hunting big game. Has had twenty years' stage experience, played in a number of German films before coming to this country. His most recent picture released is the above. Eric von Stroheim in "Three Faces East," Constance Bennett plays opposite.

DOROTHY—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, N. Y. Dec. 9, 1907 He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. He was educated in New York, Los Angeles, Paris and London, where he studied art and philosophy. Douglas has also had considerable stage experience in Los Angeles theaters. He married Joan Crawford on June 3, 1929. His latest picture is "Outward Bound."

(*Continued on page 114*)

How to Make Up

...Your Complexion...Your Eyes...Your Lips

...to Emphasize Each Feature of Beauty

Like the Screen Stars Do

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius...Max Factor... explains how you may actually double your beauty with a new kind of make-up

As Told To
Florence Vondelle

JOAN CRAWFORD, M-G-M Star, approves her color harmony in lipstick created by Max Factor.

"HOW to enhance beauty...how to emphasize personality...how to attract and fascinate...these are the secret problems of every woman which we in the motion picture colony have studied for twenty odd years," Max Factor told me. "And now we know the answers."

"Every girl, every woman may now benefit by what we have learned ...and thus accentuate her own natural charms; yes, actually double her beauty, for she has never really learned how to be more beautiful than she is.

"And this is the art of make-up...to be more beautiful than you actually are.

"Color is the life of beauty...and color harmony is the secret of perfect make-up. This we discovered in pictures...and I created colors in cosmetics to glorify natural beauty and to harmonize with the subtle change of coloring in the different types of blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes. Color tones in powder, rouge, lipstick, and the requisites of make-up...created to living types, for such ravishing beauties as Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and other famous stars.

"So, first in make-up, is your individual color harmony...then practice the art and technique of application:...how to rightly place a touch of rouge to suit your facial contour; how to deftly blend the eye-shadow; how to apply the lipstick, to make the color permanent; how to blend the foundation and powder to give an all-day velvety-smooth make-up...and then make-up becomes a magic wand of beauty.

* * *

Now you may share, with the screen stars, this wealth of beauty magic. For you personally, Max Factor will create your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites for every day, in a color harmony ensemble to effect a transformation in you, to bring out every bit of beauty, of charm, of magnetic attraction...and you will receive this book, forty-eight pages on the art and technique of make-up. The coupon below offers you this courtesy...mail it today.

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

This Amazing Book...*Free*

With Your Make-Up Color Harmony Chart

Scores and scores of feature pictures...millions of feet of film... the glorious beauty of Technicolor . . . have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Now realize that you may at last know Hollywood's Make-Up secret. Realize that you yourself can create a natural, alluring beauty of almost indescribable charm by working wonders with everyday make-up. Mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, Calif.

BESSIE LOVE, M-G-M Star and Max Factor, using Face Powder.
Powder must blend perfectly with the color tone of the skin...enlivening its beauty, but never appearing noticeable.

GWEN LEE, M-G-M Player, and Max Factor, using Lipstick.
Lipstick should impart a lovely, lifelike red, blending with the rouge and powder...avoid grotesque, glaring colors.

RACQUEL TORRES, M-G-M Player, and Max Factor, using Rouge.
Rouge must harmonize with the complexion colorings, and with the make-up ensemble . . . avoid "off colors" which mar beauty.

ANITA PAGE, M-G-M Player, and Max Factor, using Eye Shadow.
Eyes appear lovelier and seem to acquire a mysterious depth when faintly and artistically shadowed with Eye Shadow.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-11-30

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

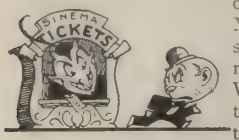
COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Minor	
Fair		COLOR LASHES	Grey		
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR	Oily		
Dark			Dry		
Sallow		AGE	Normal		
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Enough of This Hell Stuff

One never knows what sort of hell he is coming to next. We see "Hell Harbor," "The Woman from Hell," "Hell's Heroes," "Hell's Island," and Howard Hughes's four million dollars' worth of hell, "Hell's Angels."



Movies have even ensnared that grand old man of the bad lands. Witness: "Flesh and the Devil," "Masks of the Devil," "The Devil's Holiday," and "Devil With Women." Now I'm no angel, but I'm not ready for hell yet, nor a meeting with his august majesty himself. Really, I've seen so much hell on the screen, curiosity makes me turn in the opposite direction. So, for heaven's sake, let's get the "hell" out of the movies.

J. W., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Real Love Is Not Silent

In one of the recent magazines, a writer gave her opinion on the love scenes in the talkies, and thought that the love scenes should be silent! Are the real love scenes in our own lives silent? Certainly not! They are as talkie as we choose to make them. In the picture "Honey" the story was partly based on the talking love scenes. If they had been silent, I'm afraid the picture would have been a failure.

R. H., Dexter, Me.

Charlie's Broken Heart

Come on, folks! Can't you be square enough to the other fellow to let him mind his own business? Take, for instance, Charles Farrell's broken heart when Janet Gaynor married the man she loves. In the first place, how do you know it was broken and in the second, whose heart was it—his or yours? His, of course! Well then, let *him smash* it! At least he couldn't have found a sweeter, prettier girl for his adventure if he had searched the world o'er. How about it?

Lucille F. Petrie, Oakland, Cal.

Girls Like Clara Are Rare

Three cheers for Clara Bow! The best story I've ever read about her was in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE. Miss Goldbeck certainly gave us an interesting story of the Clara who is genuine and honest. Such girls are hard to find. They are rare. Just because she is given snappy young rôles, she's called wild. I've seen more wild girls here in the East than Hollywood has ever produced.

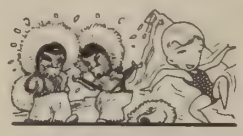
Mary Ganetti, Ithaca, N. Y.

Doug No Hero At All

Recently the newspapers reported a robbery committed on none other than Douglas Fairbanks. The articles very vividly described the scene saying that Doug, the supposedly fearless movie star, went upstairs to get the money for the bandits. In the movies he is portrayed as a strong and quick acting man while in reality he seems vice versa. The movies sure deceive us and the least Doug Fairbanks could have done was not report the robbery so he could have remained, in our thoughts, the dark, handsome, strong, fearless man as we movie fans pictured him in our minds.

S. D., Chicago, Ill.

Too Much Shaking



Why do pictures like "Sunny Side Up" have to be spoiled by such vulgar dancing as they did in the Eskimo scene. Such a sweet little picture with such sweet players and then come out with that awful scene. I like peppy dancing and I don't like the Spring-is-here kind either, but that awful squirming and twisting was just a little too much for me.

Mrs. Ester Stennett, Oklahoma City, Okla.

It Was Awful

Well! What a lot of hokum "Let's Go Native" turned out to be. I'm not slamming Jack Oakie's work. He did as well as could be expected in a plot like that and with Kay Francis opposite him, poor boy. I also think that Garbo would have fitted about as well as Jeanette MacDonald did in that picture. All in all, it was a pretty flop and plenty of people got their long needed beauty sleep. That's something that has never happened before when an Oakie picture was showing.

Freeman Jackson, Tampa, Fla.

Must Be A Successful Flop At $22,000 Per

Estelle Wittmann wrote that she was disgusted with Rudy Vallee's "Vagabond Lover" and that she wished somebody would tell Rudy he was a flop. Flop indeed! the Paramount theaters wouldn't pay Rudy $22,000 per week if Rudy was a flop. You and a few other people won't be missed in Rudy's audiences. Ann Morris said that many men say they dislike Rudy but if you go to The Paramount every week you will see more men than women. I know because I go.

E. P. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Giving Clara Credit

Knocking Clara Bow don't go with me. I think she is entitled to all the praise and boosts she gets. I give her credit for her spirit and realism in pictures. She is so real I could just shoot the boy friend who hurts her as the handsome boy friend does in "True to the Navy."

B. E. Wilcox, St. Paul, Minn.

On this page, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Take That Back, He's No "Sissy"

I am a Buddy Rogers fan. Someone is trying to ruin his character by calling him a "sissy." which is not so. Come on, all you Rogers fans, now is the time he needs some help. He is no "sissy," but a he-man. Please keep his handsome face in Motion Picture.

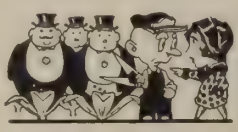
L. L. Olivet, New York, N. Y.

No More Hokum

Before the era of sound the word "hokum" was shouted at pictures with all the abandon of a circus juggler tossing balls in the air. Now you seldom hear the word. Formerly, a director put over his picture in a spectacular way with elaborate sets so unreal that "hokum" was the only way to describe their distorted grandeur. "Ladies" wore trailing gowns, and "gentlemen" wore canes and eyeglasses (one at a time). Vamps were voluptuous parasites who wrecked homes with one languorous glance from come-hither eyes. It was all "hokum." Now, we have real stories directed by directors in whose eye and conviction truth is the greatest of all virtues and not to be sacrificed in the name of bunk. No longer is the girl and her baby thrown out into the snowstorm, the vamp becomes a figure more tragic than seductive, the villain no longer mutters threats through his mustache.

George Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.

Tell Us Where They Grow



Constance Bennett's phrase in your last issue about "every girl should marry at least one millionaire" struck me as being very silly. I wonder if she thinks all millionaires are put on a dish for us to help ourselves. Or maybe Connie knows where they grow. Anyhow, she's all wet.

D. L., Minneapolis, Minn.

Museums, Not Movies, Place For Skeletons

The Eighteen-Day Diet is the curse of Hollywood. It is getting to be a town full of fleshless skeletons instead of beautiful women. Who can get a thrill out of watching the hero crush a bag of bones to his manly bosom? Bones are positively repulsive. We want curves now and then to hold our interest or some of these cuties (??) who live on grapefruit and toast are going to live on less if they depend on popularity for a living. We won't pay a dollar to see skeletons on the screen when we can go to the museum for a dime.

Velma K. Holt, Louisville, Tenn.

My, How We've Changed

What is this world coming to? We are getting so refined. No more do we wash our own hair, twist a lot of little curls around our faces and dash down the street chewing gum and treating everyone to the latest slang. Oh, no, we have our hair shampooed and finger waved at the beauty salon. Our dresses have lines, we stroll down the street and speak in soft, well-modulated tones that we hope and believe are just like Gloria Swanson's. We even spend fifteen

(*Continued on page 98*)

ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .

to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

There is only one TANGEE
Be sure you see the name
TANGEE on the package.

Tangee Lipstick in gunmetal case $1, in gold and black enamel $2.50. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. The new Tangee Powder $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Cosmetic for eyelashes, brows and tinting the hair $1. Prices 25¢ more in Canada.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M. P.-11

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....

Address.....

TALKING PICTURES
New Market for Writers

BIG PRICES are being paid for stories suitable to Talking Picture adaptation. Material from new writers is receiving favorable consideration at the Hollywood Studios. ENORMOUS DEMAND has been created for stories written directly for the screen, but in order to succeed in this lucrative field the writer must know the new technique of the TALKIES.

Learn to Express Yourself In This New Medium

Hollywood Institute (located in the center of motion picture production) is in a position to offer you the most practical and timely instruction possible in a short, interesting course that is simple and easy to learn and directly in line with Talking Picture requirements. We teach you to write the new photoplay technique of DIALOGUE, SOUND and ACTION. Our students are taught through PRACTICE—not theory.

Professional Training

Hollywood Institute is headed by H. H. VAN LOAN, internationally known author, journalist and scenarist. As writer of more than 100 successful photoplays produced at the leading Studios, Mr. Van Loan is in a position to speak with authority for he *knows* the technique of Talking Pictures as required by the big Studios. Our courses and training are endorsed by editors, authors and scenario writers as being the most practical instruction available.

Selling Your Story

Hollywood Institute training and service is complete in itself. We not only teach the writing of Talking Picture stories, but our Sales Department is in daily contact with the studios and makes personal submission of acceptable stories written by our students.
Hollywood Institute also offers a course in Dramatic Fiction Writing designed to teach the writing of stories that sell—first to popular magazines as fiction—then to motion picture studios for Talking Picture production—thus providing a double market.
Never before have there been such tremendous opportunities in authorship. Mail coupon today for full information and details on our easy payment plan.

Hollywood Photoplay & Fiction Institute
Dept. No. B-11, 5507 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me without obligation a copy of your catalogue
☐ **"WRITING FOR TALKING & SILENT PICTURES"**
☐ **"DRAMATIC FICTION WRITING"**
giving details of the opportunities in the course I have checked.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

HERE'S the newest aid to eye beauty—Lashpac (patent applied for). In a dainty enameled metal compact you get mascara in *stick form* and a tiny brush. Simply moisten end of mascara and *apply direct* to lashes. Brush is used only to separate hairs after application. Use Lashpac any time, anywhere. Keep your lashes gloriously dark and tempting. At beauty shops, drug and department stores, $1.00. Refills, 50c.

Write for free folder "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them"

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Dept. 91, Rochester, N.Y.

Discoveries About Myself

(*Continued from page 50*)

or the feminine desire to tease. I was hard about it. I liked to inflict pain. I was unaware of the humanity of others. *I* loved and hated and suffered and dreamed—the loves and hates and sufferings and dreams of the rest of mankind were nebulous stuffs to me. They didn't matter or they only mattered as they touched my life, affected me.

"If I was having tea or luncheon with a man and he would say something I didn't like, I would threaten to leave the place if he said it again. And I would leave. No matter how dreadfully embarrassing for him or, very often, for me. I always did exactly what I said I would do, even if it killed me to go through with it. I took a pride in being ruthless. I think I liked to see men suffer.

"The cruel streak persisted for quite a long while. I was considerate of no one but myself. I strove to please myself and to have other people please me. When they didn't, I—well, I had methods of my own. It never occurred to me that I should try to make people care for me, be fond of me. It never occurred to me that they wouldn't be, no matter what I did. I had not learned that we must work for affection, for appreciation, for love—far harder, very often, than for money or for fame.

"I was enormously self-confident. I always expected to be invited to everything, and to be the center of things when I was invited. If a play was to be given—in school, at a club, in any gathering—I was confident that I would be asked to be the star performer. I was the invincible and central factor of the universe, I thought—when I was very young.

Carefree Only Once

"I NEVER had the average, normal kind of girlhood. The kind of girlhood that means girl-friends and lots of boys to go about with and parties and secrets and things.

"I have never been really carefree, with the exception of one brief period in my life, following my first marriage and divorce. For a few short months then, I really did let go and did the things most girls do all through adolescence. I went out with a lot of different boys. I got together with the girls afternoons and evenings and talked and giggled and was silly and happy. I spent more money than I could afford to spend on clothes and trinkets and luxuries. I was constantly in debt, of course, and didn't worry about it. I had never really had a gay time before without counting possible costs. I have never had one since. I *did* have one then.

"I have discovered that I have changed greatly, fundamentally, in that one respect. I no longer indulge my own whims. In those days, when I was making a hundred dollars a week, I thought nothing of paying four hundred for a suit, if it happened to appeal to me. I thought nothing of buying a new car on the dollar-down-and-dollar-a-week—sometimes—basis. I would think a long time now before I would spend that amount on any garment, unless it might be a fur or something with a lot of 'wear' to it. I would hesitate a longer while before I would buy a new car or a piece of jewelry or anything not really essential to daily living. I am actually letting my house deteriorate. I look at one room and think, 'If I do this room over, I'll have to do the one next to it.' The result being that I do nothing.

"I have conquered fear.

"Undoubtedly, this is my most important discovery about myself. For fear, particularly in business dealings, was my Nemesis, the bitterest foe I have ever had to fight.

"Time was, and not so very long ago, either, when I went through cold and unimaginable agonies before I had to talk to some producer or executive. I would spend hours, nights, before a business appointment of importance, thinking up the things I would say, answers I would make, rehearsing the way I would act and talk. I knew I would do none of the things I had planned to do or to say. I wouldn't dare to call my soul my own. It is a policy in this business to make one feel inferior and unnecessary. I always succeeded in feeling both to a very considerable and very weakening degree.

"No more. I have fought that battle, inch by inch—and won it. I have argued it out with myself time and time again, patiently, slowly. I determined to meet fairness with fairness, and unfairness with unfairness. I have finally reached the point where no one can make me feel either at a loss or inferior or even unnecessary. I can give as good, or as bad, as I get, head up. This is unquestionably the most important conquest of my whole life.

The Most Important Thing

"I HAVE discovered what I *know* to be the most important thing in life. Not love—not even children—not home. *Independence.*

"Independence. Absolute independence—by which I mean, first of all, financial independence. Without which there is no other—dreamers of dreams, Arcadians and idealists to the contrary.

"I want to be free, of everything and everybody. I want to be able to say, 'I think I'll go away for a while'; and when someone says, 'Where will you go and when will you be back?' to answer, 'Oh, China . . . Peru . . . the North Pole . . . I don't know . . . and I have no idea when I'll return.' And *go.* To be free of production schedules and dates for this and that, and everything limiting and binding. *Really* to be free. To be *able* to be free. It is life. The only life worth living.

"I have discovered that I am growing more and more simple in my tastes and needs and desires as I grow older. By which I mean, fonder of simple things to do and to have, less and less fond of elaborate and complicated pleasures, books, people.

"I get more real thrill out of a drive to the beach by moonlight or to see the dawn, than I do from the most expensive party I could give or attend.

" I do almost no entertaining worth the name. I go to very few parties. I prefer to play tennis with a few good friends, to sit and bask in the sun, to go to little school entertainments and watch the children, to read what I feel like reading, rather than what I think I should read.

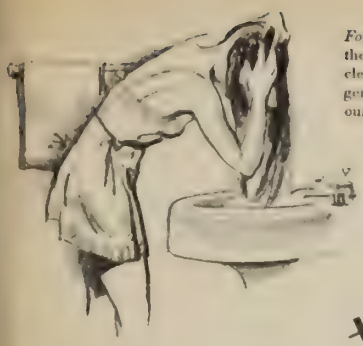
"Once upon a time to have said that I preferred these homely pleasures to any others would have been a pose. I would have been deceiving myself, if nobody else. It is no longer a pose. It is being honest. Honest with myself. I do prefer the simple things. I have found that they are alone worth while.

"I have stopped worrying about that gadfly known as Self-Improvement.

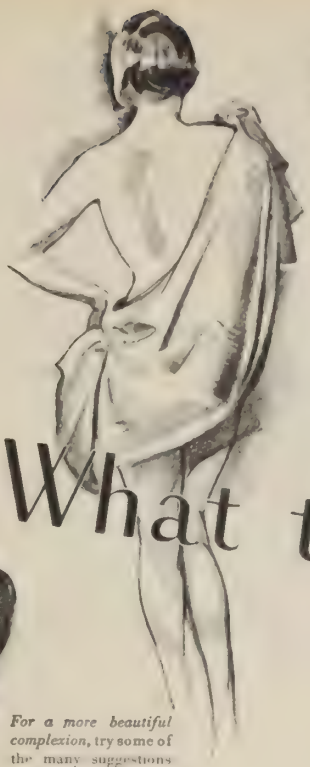
"I have ceased trying to find the key to the riddle of the Universe. Or the key to the riddle of myself.

"I have stopped reading books of psychology, philosophy, religions, new and old thoughts. Isms.

"I used to be constantly struggling to 'find' myself, mentally and spiritually. I am no longer struggling. I am learning to take things easily, as they come, from day to day, counting each day enough."



For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness . . . frequent, generous shampoos. (See our booklet).



To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.

What to do?

For a new smart look to your clothes, put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean.

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.

What to do?

For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

WHAT TO DO?

For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.

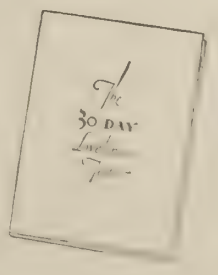
To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.



Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and *a definite program to follow.* Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book About Baths," or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. MPM-4
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

NEW DOUBLE
EYELASH TREATMENT
Beautifies . . . Softens

No longer need you fear

"Brittle Lashes"

Perhaps you hesitate. Perhaps you just hate to put ordinary mascaras on your lashes. Perhaps you feel that made-up lashes—stiff and beady—are in bad taste . . .

Of course you're right . . . And therefore, you will be the more interested in a new and absolutely different eyelash treatment.

It is the *new* Winx with the "double treatment" formula. First—of course—it darkens and shadows lashes. The effect is always good taste, natural, appealing . . . But that isn't all . . . Winx actually *softens* lashes . . . "Brittle" or coarse lashes—so often the result of ordinary make-up—are impossible with Winx. Indeed, regular treatment with Winx helps lashes to grow fine—curly.

Winx comes in two forms: *Liquid,* which is easy to apply and is absolutely waterproof. *Cake,* which in its chic silvery compact can be carried even in a small purse... Ask for the *new* Winx!

for lovely lashes

What Women Want To Know

(*Continued from page 55*)

much-discussed, much-criticized Younger Generation. From their breathlessly scrawled sentences, unpunctuated paragraphs and blotted pages, one may get a truthful idea of what matters are vital to the girls of to-day.

They Tell All

FAN letters are startlingly frank. They contain things that the writers would hesitate to confide to their most intimate friends—things of which their own families are often ignorant. Confessions, secret yearnings, inhibitions—all these are poured out to their chosen screen confidante. The secret of the tremendous fan mail that daily comes into Hollywood lies in this need of self-expression, self-confession—a need that seems to be an offshoot of our hurried, complex and materialistic American life.

It is reassuring to learn from Sue that the thousands of girls who write to her every year are interested chiefly in the same things in which girls have always been interested—boys, love, marriage. The old, old things that are always new. The fundamental things, the sane things. "How can I attract the boy I am in love with?" "How do boys like a girl to dress, talk, behave?" "What shall I do when my parents object to the boy I am going with?" "How much should my boy-friend be earning before we can get married?"

As a natural corollary to these subjects, come the questions of personal appearance. What make-up does Sue use? How does she get her hair cut that way? Where does she buy her clothes? Should a girl with light brown hair and blue eyes wear red—or blue?

Sex-Appeal Problems

MORE serious problems of the Younger Generation creep into their letters, sometimes. "Should I let boys 'pet'? Is it really true that they don't want to marry a girl who allows petting? But if that is so, Miss Carol, what is a girl going to do?—because if she doesn't allow it, she won't get invited out at all! And don't you think, Miss Carol, that girls ought to know all about Sex? And isn't a girl happier, after all, with a career than just married and keeping house?"

"I want to go to work," one fan ("nineteen years old and considered pretty") sums up the restlessness of modern girls, "but there is no chance in a small town like this, so I would have to leave home. I have seen so many girls go to seed in this little old town I dread such an existence for myself."

Education seems to be a problem to these modern girls. They have read that Sue went to boarding-school and they write anxious, often misspelled and unpunctuated letters, to ask whether education really helps a girl. "Shall I go to college or not? Father wants me to, but mother wants me to stay home and get married, and please, please, dear Sue, advise me!"

"Which, usually," Sue laughs, "means please advise me *not* to go to school any longer!"

No One Understands

ALL through these letters, one catches glimpses of another loneliness, the loneliness of Youth, isolated in the midst of parental love, unable to make itself understood, or to understand the language of maturity, and calling out for help to a stranger of its own generation. The phrase, "my folks don't understand," runs through them like a sad little chorus. In spite of the modern attitude toward parenthood, the child-psychology articles and lectures and the studies of women's clubs, the generations seem as far apart as they have ever been.

The character of Sue's fan mail changed somewhat when the news of her marriage leaked out. She received bitterly reproachful letters from girls who didn't think Nick good enough for her, and equally bitter letters from girls who had had their own Nick! Did she believe in long engagements, and did she advise a girl to elope?

She is overwhelmed with questions from young married women, essentially modern. Does Sue think a woman can have her own career and a happy married life at the same time? Another question is eternally old-fashioned. Should young married people have children right away or wait and have their fun first?

Which Way to Freedom?

THERE seems to be no doubt, from Sue's twenty thousand letters a year, that girls these days are thinking of freedom, even in marriage, and of financial independence. The letters from young wives speak of allowances and budgets and efficiency in housework. They are keenly interested to know how another girl combines a job of her own with marriage. Do she and Nick, they ask, divide the household expenses equally between them? Does *her* husband keep at *her* to give up her work and stay home? Or what kind of work does Sue suggest for a bride with lots of time on her hands and only a few rooms to keep clean, so that she won't be bored, playing bridge or gossiping like the young married set she knows?

Sue admits that she is appalled at the responsibility of giving advice on some of the matters they write her about so confidently. "Except on children," she adds. "I always advise them to have children, if they can afford them. They even ask me how much babies cost! But when they want to know whether they should divorce their husbands, or tell me about their domestic quarrels, I don't know what to say!"

The strangest thing that Sue Carol's fan mail discloses is that the pretty screen heroines are unconsciously the rivals of other girls with their Toms and Dicks and Harrys, the innocent third angle of innumerable domestic triangles!

They Know Not What to Do

"I HATED you at first, Sue," one high-school girl wrote frankly, "because my boy-friend was always asking me to go to see your pictures, and telling me you were his ideal and asking me to try to be more like you. . . ."

Young wives complain that their husbands are continually comparing them to Sue—*Sue* doesn't smoke cigarettes, *Sue* doesn't go places with any man but her own husband, *Sue* never wears such low-necked dresses—Sue this and Sue that! Pocketing their jealousy, they write their screen rival to tell her that they are trying to be "just like her," and to ask just how she would act under certain circumstances, and whether she would advise their giving up perfume, lipstick, flirting, shopping at the delicatessen, blind dates, and have their hair cut in a boyish bob like hers and never serve anything to drink at parties.

What do the younger women of America want? Not primarily self-expression, Sue Carol says, not sex freedom, not feminist privileges—but just one simple human right, which one of her correspondents puts into childishly pencilled words:

"I want so much to be happy, and I seem to be where I do not know what to do . . ."

Doctors Show

Talkie Stars

How To End COLDS in a Few Hours

ALICE WHITE
Starring in
Sweethearts on Parade
Man Crazy
The Naughty Flirt

TEMPTING taste! Surprisingly quick relief! Then the joy of facing the microphone without fear of spoiling a picture by the sniffle of a head cold, the husky hoarseness of a chest cold or the static-like discord of an untimely cough.

This, briefly, is the new experience told by scores of "talkie" stars.

For doctors have shown the way to quickly end head colds, coughs or chest colds. And at the first sign of a cold players are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Soon the cold is gone! For this hospital certified remedy has been chosen by physicians as the best of different widely used methods to treat colds. Test cases have proved that it gives the quickest, surest relief.

ROBT. ARMSTRONG
Starring in
The Record Run
Dumbbells in Ermine
Lookin' for Trouble
Beyond Victory

Robert Armstrong Finds Quickest Way to End Colds

ROBERT ARMSTRONG for example, had a severe cough caused by neglecting a chest cold. Examination showed that his breathing passages were congested, his throat was inflamed by constant coughing and his voice was hoarse.

Then he was given double strength doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion started clearing up, then a spoonful every two hours.

In just an hour or so the medication began to relieve congestion. Breathing became easier; the spasmodic attacks of coughing ceased and by dinner time he was feeling like a different person. When friends arrived for bridge that evening his hoarseness had almost entirely disappeared. The next day he was delighted to find that Cherry Pectoral had cleared up the cold so that his voice was in condition to go ahead with the picture.

LILA LEE
Starring in
Second Wife
Misbehaving Ladies
The Unholy Three

Alice White Used Cherry Pectoral to Get Rid of Cold Caught at Dance

ALICE WHITE is still another, like Lila Lee, Roland Drew, Nancy Drexel, Robert Montgomery and scores of Hollywood stars, who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds disappear after a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"During a recent dance", says Miss White, "I became overheated on the dance floor and walked out on the veranda to cool off. As a result I caught a severe cold. The next day my head and chest were so congested with cold that the director advised me to stay at home. He realized that my hoarse voice would simply spoil the picture.

"By evening the cold was worse and I was advised to take Ayer's Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion began to clear up, then once every two or three hours.

"By night my fever was gone. I was able to sleep without coughing. The next day my voice cleared up so that I could work—and in just a day or so I was astonished to find that all trace of the cold had disappeared. No wonder Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a necessity to players, especially now that talkies demand that one's voice be kept free from the effects of a cough or cold."

ALEC FRANCIS
Starring in
Case of Sergeant Grischa
Captain Applejack
Outward Bound

Ayer's Pectoral was hospital certified as the best of the different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds because it gave the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety. It is now featured by all leading druggists.

Should any married woman remain unaware

[of these most important] facts

SO much is at stake that every woman should learn the real facts before she feels she has solved her problem. It is not enough to accept the beliefs of even the majority of her friends. They may be wrong. Let her find out for herself from an authentic source. Let her read the booklet "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." And she can no longer be unaware of the truth.

Zonite—strong, not poisonous

Undoubtedly the antiseptic must be powerful to produce surgical cleanliness. Here is where the misunderstanding lies. Physicians certainly approve of feminine hygiene. Just as certainly they do not approve of bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid. Yet some women still persist in using these caustic poisons. They do not know that the modern germicide, *Zonite*, is safe as pure water and *far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body*.

Read this book of instruction

Zonite is non-poisonous and non-caustic. It cannot cause areas of scar tissue nor interfere with normal secretions. It is actually soothing to membranes. Send for this booklet that tells facts in language easy to understand. You can get Zonite at your own drug store, in bottles. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MP-011
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name.....
(*Please print name*)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

That Hillbilly In Hollywood

(*Continued from page 77*)

He tried to sigh deeply but failed.

"When I was seventeen, I went to Mobile, Alabama, studied stenography, and worked there for four years. That was where I saw my first movie. All the time I was there, I was seeking, searching, unhappy. I felt there was more in that thar world. So I finally went to Chicago."

Even then he was gawky, gaping, and had a carpet-bag and high boots with green stockings coming out of the top. ("Now remember," says Gavin, "I've had my carpet-bag made into a make-up box, and always have it with me on the set.") He was still a hick, and still stage struck, and the combination led him straight to one of those movie schools we hear so much about in the law courts. He thought that was a short cut to stardom, but when he found it was just a racket, he went back to stenography.

Grant Mitchell, playing in Chicago at that time, advertised for a secretary, and Gavin, with his yearnings toward the theater, got the job.

"When Grant left, he said, 'If you ever come to New York, look me up.' So I did. I got a job on the stage almost immediately, and was a very bad actor. I spent most of my time out in the alley, necking the gals."

Not Even Garbo Is His Ideal

AFTER several years in the theater, he came to Hollywood, had the usual struggles, and by some happy accident was given a test and chosen as Greta Garbo's leading man in "Romance."

He was very skeptical about the rumors that have circulated around—rumors that Garbo is his ideal, that he adores her, and that she actuated his whole career.

Gavin isn't the type to have an ideal. "But," he conceded, "I really do admire her more than any woman I've ever met."

He is deeply grateful to her for her consideration when, on the first day of the picture, he fractured his shoulder on the way to the studio.

"When the thing you've wanted to do more than anything else is put in your hands, and then snatched away, it is horrible. I guess I probably did cry like a baby. I went to the studio after the accident, thinking I could grit my teeth and go on. Then I fainted—but in much less romantic arms than Garbo's—and I had to go to the hospital.

"In my eagerness I left too soon. My shoulder broke again during a scene. But that time I refused to go back to the hospital. I played the whole picture with my arm and shoulder tightly strapped. You can do anything, if you want to badly enough. But without Clarence Brown's help, it would have been impossible. He was marvelous, did everything to make it easy for me. And Garbo was very lovely and considerate."

No Wedding Bells for Him

GAVIN is six feet two, has gray eyes, is twenty-nine, and I've no idea how much he weighs, but it must be a lot. He loves to eat, having been lured into the habit as a result of that famous Southern hospitality. He lives with his sister. He can get quite romantic, and he has dizzy dreams of fair women—famous actresses, and I don't mean Garbo.

He likes women, some of his best friends are women, but he doesn't feel faithfully inclined towards them. At present he's convinced that he will never marry. And that's probably a break for some girl, because Gavin comes from a large family, and everyone in his family has had at least fourteen children.

"A man over at the studio was trying to get me interested in a domestic life. He said, 'It's great to be married, really. To come home from the set and find a hot dinner and a fat kiss, and a baby, and someone to talk to before going to bed.' Well, I'd like that for about a week. Then I'd be ready for something else.

"I don't know what I want. I thought at this age I'd be settled, matured, jelled, so to speak. I thought my character would be finally determined, I'd be definitely established in some line of work, I'd know what I wanted of life, my heart would be set on someone.

A Synthetic Liver

"BUT I find it's not true. I'm just as unsettled as ever. I'm still searching, wondering. I'd like to go to Europe, but I know that when I go I won't like it half as well as my mental conception of it. A friend of mine said I was the most synthetic liver he has ever known. He said, 'You're a male *Hedda Gabler*.' The illusion and expectation of things is what we enjoy most. Helen of Troy was probably not beautiful at all. Very likely, Cleopatra was a flabby enchantress. She probably had a mustache."

When I asked him to account for the fact that with relatively no education, he peppers his conversation with allusions to *Medusa*, Helen of Troy, and other characters that were never included in a stenography course, he said.

"'Omnivorous.' Is that the right word? I read everything I could lay my hands on. And I've always cultivated very interesting people, who had something to give me. All my friends in New York had a culture and a mentality far superior to mine. I never could understand why they bothered with me."

Gavin knows more adjectives than any hillbilly I've ever known—or even any actor. Every actor has his adjective. Gilbert has his "colossal." Menjou has his "able." But Gavin has "omnivorous," "incompatible," and a flock of others that were too long for me to remember.

He knows more mythology. He has better manners. As a hillbilly he just isn't convincing.

In fact, I don't believe he is one at all. I think he made the whole story up, in spite of the press-agent's warning.

What do you think?

NOT AN ENDURANCE CONTEST

There are contests and contests. • Most of them make you work for your money. • Most of them have a catch. • Most of them are designed for puzzle sharks. • •
But turn back to pages 40 and 41 and read about • A contest that is play, not work. • One without any catch, any letters to write. • A contest devised for the entertainment • —And enrichment— • Of Mr. and Mrs. Average Moviegoer. • Like all the rest of

MOTION PICTURE

Columbia Has The Best Directors~ Assuring You The Best Pictures!

FRANK CAPRA *for*

DIRIGIBLE

With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES

From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead's great story. Mr. Capra directed "Rain or Shine," "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure," etc.

HOWARD HAWKS *for*

THE CRIMINAL CODE

From the sensational New York Stage hit by Martin Flavin . . . and winner of the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year. Mr. Hawks directed "The Dawn Patrol," "The Air Circus" and others.

JOHN BLYSTONE *for*

TOL'ABLE DAVID

Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer's immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of "So This is London" and many other hits.

VICTOR FLEMING *for*

ARIZONA

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others .

JOHN ROBERTSON *for*

MADONNA OF THE STREETS

With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's wonderful novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE *for*

A GREAT PICTURE

With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia

LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nation-wide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at $250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the *New Movie* and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by *Film Fun;* Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., *Screen Romances;* Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., *Motion Picture Magazine,* Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., *Motion Picture Classic;* Vera Martin, New York, N.Y., *Screen Book;* Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., *Motion Picture Stories;* Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., *Photoplay;* Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., *Screenland.*

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

"As gentle and refreshing as rain in spring, is the

Velvetskin PATTER

Joan Crawford

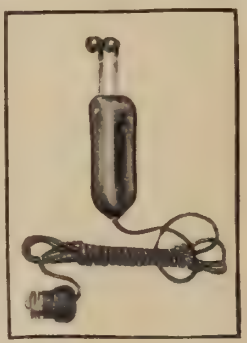
"Those who have been out-of-doors on a cool misty morning will remember this exhilarating experience when using the **Velvetskin Patter**, for it has the same crisp, life-giving feeling," says Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's popular young star.

"Waking up sleeping pores and bringing life to the skin, the **VELVETSKIN PATTER** should become a morning and evening ritual of all beauty seekers."

The benefits of regular facial patting, as advised by Miss Crawford, have been generally acknowledged but all too seldom practiced because of the difficulty of hand patting. Now comes this newest of beauty aids, making a genuine pleasure of a former task.

For your complexion's sake you can't afford to be without a **Velvetskin Patter.** Its rapidly moving fingers work in creams and lotions . . . stimulate nourishing circulation and accomplish pore-deep cleansing, so necessary for the perfect complexion.

Select your **Velvetskin Patter** to match your boudoir. Available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.



For sale at the better shops and stores. Send coupon for interesting new booklet, "Velvetize Your Skin." Learn this new method of making an exhilarating pleasure of your daily facial.

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CORPORATION
(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)
Meriden, Conn.

Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation
92 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut

Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

My dealer's name.....

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 39*)

are exempt from the accidents that endanger the lives of common mortals. But when Phillips Holmes received the entire weight of an overturned automobile on his classic profile a month or so ago, it looked as though there would be one player the less in the future. At the hospital, the doctors agreed that an operation must be performed to mend the broken facial bones—an operation that would leave a disfiguring scar. But Phillips's mother and father are theatrical folk. They pleaded with the surgeons to save the boy's beauty—and finally an absolutely new method of treatment was invented, just for the case. All the work of mending the broken bones was done from inside the young player's mouth. Now he is back on the lot again, without a trace of one of the worst accidents that ever befell a movie actor.

• • •

TWO Robin Hoods meet: Harry Carr, local columnist, gives us this delightful glimpse into the home-life of a famous movie star. It seems that at the time of the recent hold-up of Doug Fairbanks at his beach home, Doug searched his pockets frantically and was able to find only a few cents in change. "But you wait down here, boys," he told the robbers, "and I'll go up and see what Mary has." He returned with twenty-seven dollars and some cents—which represented the entire cash-on-hand of the Fairbanks household! And the housebreakers, by the way, were evidently movie fans. When they flashed their light on the face of their victim (who had come downstairs in his pajamas, having heard a strange noise), one of them exclaimed, "Gee, it's Doug Fairbanks! Gosh, Doug, we hate to do this to you—but we need the money."

• • •

ANYWAY it was a good story: *The fact that the robbery was not reported to official agencies gave rise to interesting rumors. One of the most persistent is that it was one of the cleverest stories to reach the papers in years—for, automatically, it dispelled those other rumors about an imminent divorce. Didn't the robbers find both Doug and Mary at home, and on good terms? . . .*

• • •

SHOWMAN: He stood on the corner of Highland and Hollywood Boulevard. His hat was white, his coat was plum-colored. His trousers were red-and-black-checked, with wild flowers embroidered in petit-point down the outside of each leg. "See that guy?" asked the newsie. "I bet he's in the moom pitchers." It seemed a reasonable guess

• • •

BUSINESS is pleasure: Chevalier and his wife were departing for their beloved Paris for a three months' stay. "For a visit," he explained frankly, "*and to renew my accent.*" He has the business sense to see that his broken English is one of his greatest assets. But if he is clinging to his foreign accent, he is rapidly becoming Americanized in other respects. "A *Babbitt* with a French accent," an interviewer said of him the other day. His businesslike approach disconcerts those who, meeting him for the first time, expect something a bit subtle, gay and *risqué*. One such young woman admirer was waiting at the train with the crowd gathered to greet Chevalier when he first arrived in town. The French star descended from the Pullman, looked about with his famous smile, and grasping her hand, said briskly " 'Ow-do-you-do? What-can-I-say-that-will-be-of-interes' to the-readers-of-your-paper?"

CLARA comes back: And when Clara Bow arrived in town from her recent trip East, the usual crowd was gathered to greet her. As she stood, charmingly posed, on the top step of the car, clasping a huge sheaf of roses to her, and bowing and blowing kisses to her admirers, an agitated colored porter appeared suddenly at her elbow. "'Scuse me, lady," he said, breathlessly, "but you left this in yo' compartment!" And he thrust into Clara's hands, in full view of the onlookers, a large, partially squeezed tube of toothpaste. Clara, by the way, is being kept incommunicado. No reporters or interviewers are allowed to approach her. The studio considers that she has done enough talking for one while.

• • •

A CHANGED man now: *But her influence is still as strong as ever. Rex Bell is going around Hollywood with different-colored hair and plucked eyebrows, owing, so it is said, to a remark to Clara that he "would do anything in the world for her" . . .*

• • •

WEDDING sequence: And now Jack Pickford is embarked on matrimony with Mary Mulhern, an ex-Broadway actress. The pair stayed in Monterey, romantic honeymoon resort for movie folk, while passing the three days' period demanded by California law to "think it over" after applying for the license. And the last movie honeymooners at the same hotel were Bebe Daniels, once rumored engaged to Jack, and her new husband, Ben Lyon, once the avowed suitor of Jack's former wife, Marilyn Miller. Cupid plays a queer game in Hollywood.

• • •

BILLIE Dove wires us plaintively: "HAVE A HEART WHEN EDDIE CANTOR SAYS I WAS WORKING IN THE FOLLIES IN 1914 I WAS BEGINNING GRAMMAR SCHOOL." We hasten to make the *amende* honorable so far as it can be done. Dates are dangerous things to throw around anyway.

• • •

IN Hollywood a woman is as old as she looks: The most famous beauty specialist out here told this story the other day. A once beautiful, still popular, but rather time-worn star came to him to see about getting her face lifted. "For five thousand dollars," he told her, "I'll make you look not a day over thirty; for ten thousand I'll make you look not a day over twenty and for fifteen thousand you can look sixteen." She chose the latter operation which was very successful. But no response came to his bill. Later, meeting her on the street with her latest leading man, a boy of tender years, the doctor beckoned her aside and threatened suit. "Go ahead," said the rejuvenated star serenely, "I'm under age so you can't collect."

• • •

HEADLINES in Local Film newspaper: "Wouldn't It Be a Joke on the Owners of Tom Thumb Golf Courses If the Studios Should Begin to Make Motion Pictures Again?" There is a lot of inside talk, gossip around the sets, to the effect that if Chaplin's "City Lights" is a hit the studios may go back to making silent pictures as well as talking ones. Meanwhile the picture people have seized upon the popularity of the new baby golf courses and Bill Seiter and Laura La Plante are building the most expensive course to be laid out to date, on a Hollywood business lot. It will cost around twenty thousand dollars.

Who else wants to learn to play....

at home without a teacher, in ½ the usual time and ⅓ the usual cost?

Over half a million men and women have learned to play their favorite instruments the U. S. School of Music way!

That's a record of which we're mighty proud! A record that proves, better than any words, how *thorough*, how *easy*, how *modern* this famous method is.

Just think! You can quickly learn to play any instrument—directly from the notes—and at an average cost of only a few cents a day.

You study in your own home, practice as much or as little as you please. Yet almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies—not dull scales, as with old-fashioned methods.

Like Playing a Game

The lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You simply *can't* go wrong. First you are *told* what to do. Then a picture *shows* you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it any clearer.

As the lessons continue they become easier and easier. For instead of just scales you learn to play by *actual notes* the favorites that formerly you've only *listened* to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

Truly, the U. S. School method has removed all the difficulty, boredom, and extravagance from music lessons.

Fun—Popularity

You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and *get somewhere*, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

Here's Proof!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—*and owe it all to your easy lessons,*" writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind. "*I knew nothing about music when I started.*"

"I have completed only 20 lessons and *can play almost any kind of music I wish.* My friends are astonished," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your *easy lessons.*"

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical.* Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment.* That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead *twice as fast* as those who study by old-fashioned, plodding methods.

Booklet and Demonstration Lesson—FREE!

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson AT ONCE. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6010 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Guitar
Organ	Hawaiian
Violin	Steel Guitar
Piccolo	Mandolin
Clarinet	Sight Singing
Flute	Ukulele
Harp	Trombone
'Cello	Cornet

Drums and Traps
Banjo
(Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Saxophone
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
6010 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

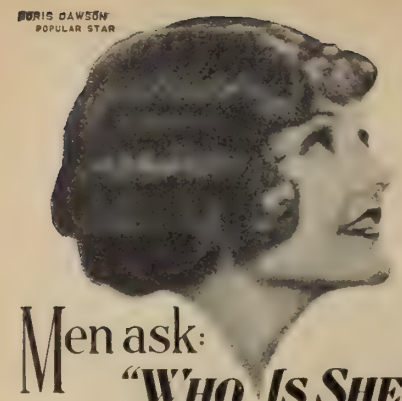
Have you Instrument?

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Printed in U. S. A.



Men ask: *"WHO IS SHE?"*

(Would You Care to Know Her Secret?)

Watch her when she enters the room. Men's eyes seek her out. You hear them ask: *"Who is that stunning girl?"* What *is* her charm? Why does she invariably attract, when other girls go unnoticed?

Look at her hair? Do you not find the answer there?.....See how it accents her best features—adds vivacity to her eyes—lends a touch of romance!

You, too, can have lovely hair—*this very evening.* Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! Only 25c at your dealers', or send for a free sample.

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleansing, Golden Glint Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the true beauty of your hair!)*

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. L
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Color of my hair:

BLEMISHES GO

Skin Clears Up while you sleep

Don't let conspicuous skin blemishes worry you for a minute. Even if costly salves and ointments have failed you, relief is still possible.

Before going to bed anoint the infected areas with good old Rowles Mentho Sulphur. While you sleep blemishes will disappear. Your skin will clear up in a surprisingly short time and soon regain its lost loveliness.

This ointment the color of skin contains the 3 valuable ingredients that heal, cleanse and smooth the skin. That's why it's so effective.

At the first sign of a pimple, a blemish, rash or blackhead get a small jar of Rowles Mentho Sulphur from your druggist. It is safe and gentle in action. It's the sensible, easy way to keep the skin flawless and clear.

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 29*)

Hollywood causes discontent with romance, that young April romance, before it has been chained and housed and billed. Discontent to young lovers wandering through the flat fields of the Middle West, the leafy lands of the East, the canyons of the Far West. How, *how* can plain Tom Smith rate, when Gary Cooper smiles his enigmatic smile, promising a bliss less human than divine?

How can little Betty Breeze next-door compete with the vehement fascinations of Clara Bow, daring, provocative, surrounded by laces and lights and glamour?

How can little Mrs. Hatch, ten years married, be a *Faustine* in the eyes of her plodding husband, when she has to sit by him, in last year's suit, made over, and watch Greta Garbo posture before him, an incredible World's Delight?

Flat . . . flat . . . stale and profitless . . . the red-handed, freckle-nosed, department-store-clothed boys and girls, men and women, when they come face to face with the Garbos, the Bows, the Chevaliers, the Colmans. . . .

Hollywood causes discontent with monotony. There is never anything monotonous in the movies. Never that routine of the average life. Three meals a day. Same wife. Same husband. Same old schedule of breakfast and dishes, bathing the baby, marketing, getting lunch, playing bridge, paying bills, over and over, over and over.

In Hollywood, marriage is a carousal. Change partners . . . change partners. . . .

In Hollywood, no one lives in one house for more than a year at a time.

In Hollywood, the boulevards are agleam with Rolls-Royces, and thrilling people, bound on thrilling adventures, careen across the country and thread the sky with the slim wings of pleasure 'planes.

If life can be like this, suave and butlered and variable and rather violent—what's the use?

Little wand-like girls, with faces as pretty as the faces of Loretta Young and Joan Crawford, tap typewriters in the office of some rotund gentleman for twenty-five a week—and are bitter against the fate that gives them a hall bedroom and a bargain-counter dress and gives Nancy Carroll and Sue Carol imported models and FUN.

Judge Ben Lindsey once said that the defense of nine out of every ten of the youngsters who come under his jurisdiction is, "I did it because they do it in the movies" or "I wanted it because Joan Crawford had one . . ." or "I don't see any harm in it. Alice White did it in her last picture . . ." And when the Judge tries to tell them that life is not like that, they turn away, unwilling to believe him. They have seen it, haven't they? With their own eyes? Heard it, haven't they? With their own ears? Time and time and time again.

Serious, young-old boys, weighted down with responsibilities and dependents, glower darkly when they watch Ramon Novarro making his graceful love to Dorothy Jordan. When they watch Dick Arlen swing across a polished floor with Mary Brian in his arms. They can dance quite as debonairly as Dick Arlen. They can make love—well, they *could*, if they only had a girl like Clara Bow. Heck, what can you expect of Betty Breeze, who doesn't know what it's all about and hasn't any eyelashes at all, to speak of, and never wears thingumbobs and thinks It is a pronoun in the school grammar.

Even a tragedy in Hollywood causes discontent. A broken heart in Hollywood is like a flaming flower, exciting, violent, talked about. The ladies and gentlemen with broken hearts are written about and photographed, and lo, they are invariably manicured and marcelled and befurred and bejeweled. A tragedy in Hollywood is done to the strains of music and wrapped about in silk.

How compare it to its disadvantage with the tragedy of plain little women fretting their hearts out over paying for Minnie's tonsils or Peter's summer at camp. *Those* are the tragedies so wan, so commonplace, so unimportant and so colorless that nobody ever knows about them, or thinks about them—much less talks or writes about them. They are the tragedies that cause fading little women in audiences—or the same fading little women, reading the fan magazines—to look away with a distant smile compounded of bitterness—and scorn.

Hollywood exudes an effluvium that causes discontent. Is it divine—or diabolical?

Perhaps only Time, that secretive old director with his closed script in his hand, can ever tell.

Now You're Talking!

(*Continued from page 88*)

minutes reading the dictionary and all because of these sophisticated talkies. Oh, dear, dear, tell them to make more as I need more lessons.

M. S., Ft. Worth, Tex.

Another Boyd

Can you explain how there came to be two William Boyds in Hollywood and who is responsible for the folly? We motored some twenty miles to a town and would cheerfully have gone twice the distance to see William Boyd. That is to say THE Boyd. We sat in a dazed state through a boring film in which someone we have never seen before appeared. He certainly was called William Boyd and presumably that is his name, but the resemblance ends there. We went home in a state of blasphemy having been cheated out of an entertaining evening which the real Boyd would have provided. Can nothing be done to prevent occurrences of this sort? *E. Mackintosh, Inverness.*

Why Doesn't He Do Something?

In the September MOTION PICTURE I stumbled across an article by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., about himself. I would like to say that I agree with him when he says he is disappointed in himself, what he has done, and what he is. I am disappointed, too. However, I gave him credit for having enough sense not to broadcast the facts. Perhaps, as he says, it is hard to get ahead and gain recognition for himself when he has such a famous parent, but I can't for the life of me see what young Doug has done to gain popularity. Perhaps if he would spend less time brooding over the fact that he has such a world-famous father, and get in and do something, he would be recognized as somebody other than Douglas Fairbanks' son.

M. V. S., Albany, Cal.

Is This Being Fair?

Why is Clara Bow trying to pull that stuff about "they ain't done right by our Clara"? Why does she play in such sexey plays if she doesn't want to be talked about. Little Clara better pattern her future after people like Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton. My compliments to them; they are real actresses.

It is quite possible this will not reach your column but I will watch and see how fair you are as I am a subscriber. *R. N.*

(*Continued on page 113*)

These Pictures Are For You!

Twenty-four of them, all new poses, size 5½ by 8 inches.

Yes, for you. We know that thousands of our readers are collecting pictures of the interesting men and women of the screen. You have your favorites. You are interested in the new feature players who are at the height of their popularity now. Surely you will want their fine pictures. Here are the subjects, all new poses:

Just send one dollar to pay for the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—"The Oldest, The Newest, The Best" publication of the screen. We will enter your name and address promptly and send you, absolutely free, this fine set of 24 sepia finish pictures of your favorite player.

Send Your Order Now!

Loretta Young	Claudette Colbert
Grant Withers	Marion Davies
Dennis King	Alexander Gray
Lawrence Tibbett	Neil Hamilton
Jack Oakie	Kay Johnson
John McCormack	Lila Lee
George Arliss	Jeanette Loff
Norma Shearer	Jeanette MacDonald
Joseph Schildkraut	Chester Morris
Catherine Dale Owen	Lupe Velez
Jean Arthur	Stanley Smith
Bernice Claire	Vivienne Segal

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — 11 M. P. M.
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. — Set No. 8

Here is One Dollar. Send me the next six issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the gift set of 24 pictures. If you reside in Canada add 25c extra: Foreign, 50c extra.

Name

Street Address .....

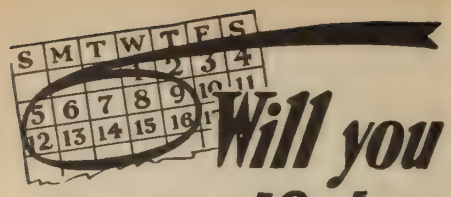
Town

State

Start with ..... issue.

Extend my present subscription check.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY



Will you give me 10 days TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU SLENDER

—Annette Kellermann

HOW many pounds do you want to take off? How, many inches do you want to reduce your neck, bust waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the **proof** that my personal methods will give you a slender graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch for over fifteen years.

40,000 women of every weight, age and condition of life have been benefited by these methods. No need now for you to fear obesity in any part of the body.

Graceful posture and poise come with this new figure you will acquire. Health too—health, that will glow in a rosy complexion free from sallowness, wrinkles, pimples, "fag lines." Pep and energy that will make life worth living! Your whole system will be cleansed of impurities. Constipation and other ailments contributing to your present condition will be corrected.

And it's fun this quick easy way. Spend only 15 minutes with my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of delicious, satisfying foods, but they produce energy instead of fat. I use no drugs or pills; prescribe no starvation diets.

You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested methods. I invite you to send for a free copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." But please act at once. Mail the coupon below or write. Address: Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 3811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, INC., Suite 3811
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose . . . . pounds. Send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." Requesting it does not obligate me in any way.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . .

STORY IDEAS For Talking Pictures and Magazines wanted for development, revision, copyright and submission to studios and publishers. Established 1917. Location and exceptional facilities make our SERVICE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS. Sales dept. on commission basis. FREE BOOKLET gives full particulars.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
425 Western and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, California.

Be The Man Behind The Camera

EARN $60 TO $250 A WEEK

Trained motion picture cameramen in big demand. Opportunities everywhere for

( ) Motion Picture Cameramen
( ) Projectionists
( ) "Still" Photographers
( ) Photo-Finishers

Big pay, fascinating work. FREE Book tells how we quickly train you through our Simplified Plan for well paid position or to open a business of your own. Send for it NOW!

New York Institute of Photography
Dept. T-715 10 West 33rd St. New York, N. Y.

The Secrets Of Their Hands

(*Continued from page 65*)

running up to the base of the third finger, but two accompanying lines, the surest proof of unusual and lasting success that could be found in any hand. Also, the third finger is abnormally long—still the finger of the gambler, but with the other marks of success so strong that few missteps are possible.

The heart line follows the route of Clara's heart line, but it is deep and clear. The power to attract is there, but much of the frivolity indicated by the broken heart line of Clara's hand is absent. The strong branch joining the line running up the hand shows the stabilizing and lasting influence of one of the opposite sex.

Temperament and swift changes from ecstatic heights to despondent depths are marked by the sloping head line and the sweeping heart line.

A Self-Made Star

THE hand of Joan Crawford indicates a person who would have to climb every step of the hazardous ladder to starry heights alone. You can see for yourself that this hand possesses neither the spectacular sex attraction of Clara Bow's, nor the talent of Lawrence Tibbett's. It has its share of sex appeal, as evidenced by the long heart line and the half-circle above it, but no love affair will ever make its owner forget her goal.

Where you find a head line and life line widely separated at their beginning as in this hand, you will find self-reliance and courage. Where you find that wide bulge at the tip of the third finger, you will find a person wide awake and quick to take advantage of opportunities offered to further his or her career.

The line running up the hand ends at the base of the third finger, as in the two hands already noted; but the crossbars indicate that success will be gained and maintained with constant struggle. Her hand will get what it wants by working for it. Nothing will ever be handed the owner of this hand on a silver platter.

Idealist

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S hand is by far the most sensitive and typically artistic hand shown here. The long slender fingers, with cone-shaped tips and the joined head and heart line, indicate the artist and beauty-lover. Once more, we find the long third finger, but the gambling instincts indicated by this hand are modified by the deep, straight head line. That head line shows unusual business acumen and reasoning power. The owner of this hand will never buy stock on a tip, or because others are buying it. He is careful and conservative.

Right here, we introduce you to a heart line as different from that of Clara Bow as daylight is different from dark. Only the idealist possesses the long heart line ending under the first finger. No one with such a heart line will ever fall in love with anyone he could not be proud of. Love, with this type, is always mental as much as physical. Such a person will attract an audience more by the intelligent use of his talents than by the outpouring of a passionate and sensuous nature.

Note that this hand, also, has the identical mark of success shown on the other hands—the long line running up the palm of the hand to the base of the third finger.

Clive Brook's hand indicates a warm and ardent nature, but his personal love affairs must be a combination of head and heart

More Romantic Than You Think

GARY COOPER'S hand appears immediately to be less of the actor's hand than any of the others. It is a strong square hand, the hand of a practical business man, but the lines in the hand greatly modify the type.

The heart line is passionate and sensual, possessing sex appeal in a marked way, but the little lines running downward from it predict a good deal of unhappiness caused by love affairs that are more a matter of the heart than the head.

The line leaving the life line and running up under the first finger indicates ambition, but the life and head lines linked together at their beginning, show that chance and environment had a great deal to do with the development of that ambition. The third finger is longer than the first, but it is set lower on the hand, showing the ambition to be more for financial than artistic success. It is unusual to find such a sloping head line on a square hand, and this tells us of a person possessing a more romantic nature than he cares to admit.

She Lives to Learn

THE hand of Kay Francis is a slender, artistic hand, but it is less temperamental and more consistently ambitious than any of the others. The heart will play a small part in the life of this individual—for the heart line runs straight across the hand to below the first finger. Branches from the life line below the first finger indicate much ambition, and the offshoot, curving around the end of the heart line, shows that the heart will never be allowed to interfere with the realization of that ambition.

Also, the line running up the palm goes first toward the second finger and crosses later to the third, showing that the ambition

More Secrets Of Their Hands Will Be Given Away In Future Issues Of Motion Picture

is primarily for financial independence. The owner of this hand will win her laurels by interpreting life through what she has learned with her head, not through a natural gift for mimicry or dramatic ability.

Clive Brook's hand proves once again that the lovers of the screen have many things in common, even though the types and characters are entirely different. Again we find the long third finger and the line running up the palm and ending below it. But the desire to gamble, indicated by that long finger, is modified on this hand by the caution shown by the linked-together head and life lines, and the line under the third finger branching towards the fourth, showing stabilizing business judgment.

The strong, straight offshoot from the heart line toward the first finger assures us that, although the individual possesses a warm and ardent nature, his love affairs must be a combination of head and heart.

Now, study these seven famous hands carefully and compare them with your own and those of your friends. How does your character compare with that of these popular favorites? And just how are they different from the characters they portray on the screen?

In palmistry, as in everything else, you have to use your mental apparatus. You may search from one end of the world to the other and you'll never find two hands alike. You may find that long sweeping heart line and the half-circle above it on the hand of a moron, but he won't have sex appeal. You may find branches from the life line below the first finger indicating great ambition, but if the hand shows a wavy, chained, weak head line, all the ambition in the world won't make a success of that person.

These seven hands have this in common—the long third finger, the line running up the hand and ending at or near the base of the third finger, and that same line beginning or sending a branch near its beginning opposite the thumb, a sign that success will always be dependent upon public favor.

These marks of success you will find on the hands of people as entirely different as Lawrence Tibbett and Clara Bow, but there are a hundred ways of determining their differences in character and abilities from their palms. If you read carefully the hands shown, following the hints here given, you will soon come to know these movie favorites as they are now known only to their most intimate friends—or themselves.

Dyar

The Rogers boys—Buddy and Bruce. Buddy is ready with the helping hand toward giving his brother a chance in the movies—and the latter will be found in the popular star's next picture

The attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the appearance of the hair.

Leaves Your Hair Radiant with Loveliness

Why Proper Shampooing Gives Your Hair An Alluring Loveliness—Unobtainable By Ordinary Washing.

How To Have Soft, Silky Hair—Sparkling With Life, Gloss And Lustre.

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair.

Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
61-B Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D._____

Name_____

St. Address_____

City_____ State_____

Border Bugaboos

(*Continued from page 33*)

ities, after telegraphing, found that Yvonne Lussier had passed through, victoriously, some years before, and was entitled to a Non-Immigrant Alien's Identification card, which caused Fifi to blow kisses airily as her car passed through the gates.

José had neither lissome wiggles nor kisses. Entering as a student artist from Spain in 1926 he had managed to have six month extensions until it was necessary for him to leave the country and make reapplication for admittance. In July 1929, then, the boy who had been the first leading juvenile of the Madrid theater went to Mexico City by way of El Paso to make a few personal appearances, to play in "Stronger Than Love" and return to the United States after his non-immigrant passport had been permanently viséed. He thought it was as easy as that. On advice he secured a contract to teach Spanish drama several hours a week at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. Uncle Sam would not find him a dependent.

Passport in pocket he made the long journey from Mexico City to Juarez, across the line from El Paso. It took three days and two nights, but time flew as he planned his immediate return to Hollywood. At the Juarez port of entry the gentleman looked at his passports and saw the word "teacher." "Have you taught two years?" He hadn't. It was too bad, they regretted. They could not give him a visé. He was entering irregularly. His good advice had been bad. True, he had lectured on occasion at the University but he was not a professional teacher. The Immigration Department in Washington would have to okay the refusal, and it would be a year before he could re-apply, unless special permission was received from the Secretary of Labor.

The Tape Is Red

ACROSS the border was El Paso, brisk little Western city, bustling with mining activity. Through there ran the Southern Pacific and at its end was Hollywood. José bought a guitar, took lessons and waited. He also took English lessons. He watched the hordes of tourists who passed back and forth across the line, unhampered, to get a drop of beer or stronger. Occasionally he was allowed into El Paso to do banking, always accompanied by an officer. He expostulated in vain. He sat looking from his window at the Hotel Rio Bravo at the black hills of El Paso and the unattainable United States. He sat there until March.

Then came special permission to re-apply, through the efforts of a lawyer in Washington and two in Los Angeles. Hollywood studios, too, feeling the need of foreign talent, daily wired him offers. It would be easier to talk with studio representatives. He would go to Mexicali, a Mexican town below the California border. It would take twelve hours to reach it by Southern Pacific. Could he be permitted to travel on American soil for that length of time? The authorities were sympathetic, but firm. It was impossible. José offered bond. Sorry, no. He offered to pay the fare, there and back, for an official to go with him. That, too, was rejected.

Things looked pretty black. It meant a return to Mexico City, three days and two nights, north again to Nogales, below the Arizona border, and then a motor trip across the wastes to Mexicali. There is no direct rail connection south of the Rio Grande from Juarez to the West Coast. He thought regretfully of an anonymity that would allow him to wade the straggling Rio Grande upstream and submerge himself into the laboring mass.

He grew philosophical and thought of Victor Hugo's famous lines that include reference to a Utopian twentieth century in which ". . . frontier boundaries will be dead, . . ." and quoted it in a letter to James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor at Washington. He boarded a train for Mexico City and eventually arrived at Nogales in the state of Sonora, with guitar, package of books and travelling bag, only to find the bus which plyed between that town and Mexicali was an auto truck with tables for seats.

Eleven laborers had been waiting several days until a full-fare passenger arrived to support the trip. There were no roads. The truck bucked like a broncho. At night they put up at little inns, and ate very bad food. The laborers often shared one room. José slept under the sky in the truck on a starlit night. A laborer fainted from starvation. José shared his food with them. They spent fourteen hours on the sun-parched desert. It took him three nights and four days. It took ten days to go from Juarez to Mexicali. By train it would have been twelve hours. But what of it?

Breaking Through

AT Mexicali he signed a film contract. He would now go to Tiajuana and enter the glorious United States. He had made application to re-apply. He was in possession of a non-immigrant alien passport. Now he must have it viséed by the American consul at Lower California who made his residence in Ensenada, seventy-two rough miles from the point of entry, Tiajuana. The consul had just been transferred from Paris, a Virginia gentleman of the old school. José made four round trips from Tiajuana to Ensenada to discuss the visé. He showed his good behavior certificate, the letter from the Captain General of Madrid, proof of his military career and of his seven years on the Spanish stage. But it was not sufficient evidence to prove that his "heart strings were securely bound to Spain." The three lawyers worked tirelessly. The Spanish ambassador at the capital became involved. José's manager, Fanchon Royer, made a number of pilgrimages from Hollywood to the consul's office.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided they wanted him for several pictures. They sent wires to Washington. Tam Kilpatrick of their foreign department made a trip to Ensenada. José waited, and took more guitar lessons. Anything to kill time. May became June. June became victory. The wheel of state creaked and moved.

Crespo got his visé. It was a visé for six months. Ten months to get a six months' visé. Perhaps he can renew it at the end of that time. And then again and again. Ten months, but it was worth it. And when anyone suggests Agua Caliente for the week-end, he shakes his head. He'd rather walk down Hollywood Boulevard.

What's On Your Mind?

Do you take your talkies without a murmur?
Or do you itch to give vent to your enthusiasms?
Or tell certain actors and producers
Where, when and how they pain you?
Obey that impulse, and tell what you think to
MOTION PICTURE, *"It Speaks For Itself"*

Marriages In The Movies

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Almost from the first, Hollywood was kind to me. I received interesting offers to work in pictures. My days were crowded with the activity of my chosen work and my free time was spent with the man I loved. Life had little else of its good things to offer me. Hollywood accepted our complete absorption in each other. I never went out with another man, nor Eddie with another woman. In a manner of speaking, Hollywood married us to each other, in the sense that the world understands marriage—and in Hollywood we were becoming property of the world. The world expects matrimony to follow in the path of love. In following a public profession, we had given part of our lives to the world and its conventions.

A Companionship Marriage

"AND so Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe were married, as Jenny Smith and Johnny Jones are married. That is, they spoke the same words over us, we made the same replies. But in my heart I knew that ours was not just another marriage. I did not have to tell Eddie in so many words—he understood me too well—but had I spoken them, they would have been:

" 'We are no more married now merely because the law has bound us, than we would have been in a marriage of companionship, had we chosen that way. If there ever comes a time in our lives when we find we are not meant for each other, that we are not happy just at the thought of being together, this marriage no longer exists. Real marriage is in the heart and not in the mouth of a Justice of the Peace.

" 'I am not financially dependent on you. No bonds of pity or worry about my future need bind you to me after you have ceased to love me, if that time should ever come.

" 'I want to be your wife. But first, and above that, I want to be the woman you have selected of your own free will, above all other women, to share your life with you.

" 'I do not want ever to be a responsibility. I cannot be happy unless we are equally dependent on one another. The law has granted me certain rights to your life. I don't want them unless you want to share them with me.

" 'If I ever cease to be a sweetheart, I will have ceased to be a good wife. My share of this agreement is that I retain my individuality. That I have a right to my own thoughts, my opinions and beliefs. It is as much our job as ever to intrigue, to be attractive. Only so long as we need each other is this a true marriage.'

Divorce Dodgers

"IF people have wondered that divorce rumors have never skirted us during the years of our marriage, it may be partly due to the fact that we have lived together with this understanding clear between us.

"I have never permitted my privileges as a wife to allow me to appear before Eddie looking seedy or badly groomed. If certain care and discrimination in clothes have earned me a title as a well-dressed woman in Hollywood, the secret of it is that I am dressing for the appreciation of one man.

"If friends look on me as a good hostess, it is because I am at the head of the home of the man I love.

"If I have made a concentrated effort to keep abreast of the times, to read the most discussed books and see the best plays, it is because I enjoy discussing such things with my husband.

"I should rather be the adored mistress of a man I love, and who loves me, than an unwanted wife.

"If this is believing in the theory of trial marriage—then I believe I am practising one, legally."

"I'd rather not answer those questions"

WISE MOTHER! She knows that professional advice and explicit rules are needed in the delicate and critical matter of feminine hygiene.

That is why the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you, free, a booklet called "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene," written by a prominent woman physician. It contains the answers to many intimate questions.

For the delicate purpose of personal cleansing, insist upon "Lysol." It penetrates, is positive in action. When diluted and used according to directions, "Lysol" is non-poisonous to humans, yet so powerful that it kills germs under conditions which render so-called "non-poisonous" preparations ineffective.

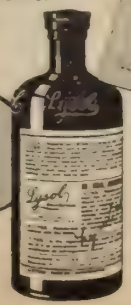
For 40 years, doctors and hospitals the world over have relied upon "Lysol" at the most critical time in a woman's life — childbirth — when disinfection *must* be thorough and without possible risk of injury.

Remember this: "Lysol" comes to you in highly concentrated form. A little goes a long way. Some of the so-called "non-poisonous" preparations offered to you contain 90% or more of water. Use "Lysol" and be safe—*sure!*

Send the coupon below for our free booklet, written by a prominent woman physician.

Be careful! *Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being sold.* Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Lysol Disinfectant



© 1930, L. & F., Inc.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,*
Dept. 469 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited
9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8

See MARION NIXON'S
Kissproof Lips
—in Warner Bros.' "Show of Shows," "Say It With Songs," "In the Headlines," and "General Crack."

"Found! a lipstick that really stays on" . . .

—exclaims dainty Marion Nixon, whose Kissproof lips are winning the admiration of thousands of film fans.

"On location it's *such* a nuisance to continually be making up my lips. That's why I'm so enthusiastic about Kissproof. Once on my lips, it lasts all day or all evening, giving my lips a rich coloring that is absolutely natural."

Miss Nixon is but one of the famous movie stars and discriminating women who use Kissproof because of the unequaled lasting beauty that it gives.

Superbly Natural, Too

Kissproof never looks "put on." It gives warmth of color without that "lipsticky" look.

Start using Kissproof today. Know the joy of a lipstick that will keep your lips lovely all day or evening long. Inexpensive, too, because it lasts so long. Ask for Kissproof today at your favorite toilet counter. Black and gold case, 50c; swivel case, 75c.

Kissproof

FEMININE HYGIENE

Dr. H. H. Warner's Book, "Feminine Hygiene" now mailed FREE. This remarkable book solves woman's greatest problems—has enlightened and helped thousands. Write for your free copy today.

WARNER'S RENOWNED REMEDIES CO.
130 East 25th St. Minneapolis, Minn.

Dry hair in few minutes

THE Hamilton Beach electric aerator keeps the hair luxuriant and alive. After washing give hair a treatment of energizing warm air, then a breeze of fresh cool air—very exhilarating. Sets water waves quickly. A chic ivory toilet article. Sold at stores.

Free Beauty Book Send today—no obligation

—for free booklet revealing the secret of lovely hair and explaining this marvelous aerator which costs so little yet gives the hair a new luster and enviable beauty. Simply say "Send Hair Dressing Secrets" and mail NOW to

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO.
1103 H. B. Building, Racine, Wisconsin

P & A.

Do you remember those dog days of July, that baked most of these United States? Well, the only cooling thing to do was to dress as lightly as possible and put yourself and the flowers under the water. Ginger Rogers took this treatment and didn't once remark—"it's hot, isn't it?"

Why Can't They Stay Married?

(*Continued from page 49*)

slightest slip from the straight and narrow results in headline scandal. They are beset and surrounded by constant temptations and opportunities which few of them are loath to accept.

"Constant attention to their own interests is necessary if they are to hold their places in public popularity, the demands on their time are unceasing and they have little or no opportunity for normal home life. Public adulation makes them vain, self-centered and intolerant. They develop "temperament," exaggerate their own importance, and, as a rule, make thorough jackasses of themselves—individuals whom a saint could not tolerate in intimate contact.

"First divorces are often caused by the idea that they have outgrown the old mate. Separation may bring a pang, but they will sacrifice anything to their all-consuming ambition. The second time it is easier and they are soon able to slip matrimony off and on like an old coat.

"Knowing movie people as I do, I am not at all surprised at the short duration of most Hollywood marriages. In fact, I wonder how they manage to put up with one another as long as they do!"

DR. H. B. K. WILLIS
Prominent Hollywood Specialist, Physician to Many Movie Stars

"THE rapid tempo of the lives of the movie stars is in a great measure responsible for the unhappiness of their marriages. Hollywood, in comparison with the rest of the world, is geared at a ratio of about four to one. These people live four times as hard, play four times as strenuously, make four times as much money, spend it four times as fast, and last, professionally, one fourth as long.

"An automobile engine will soon begin to perform erratically if kept speeded to its maximum capacity, and so will the human machine. To the individual who operates under a constant pressure, the ordinary facts of life become distorted and all sense of relative values is lost.

"Into the brief career of the average movie star is compressed a lifetime of living. They seem to realize that their day is short and they try earnestly to pack into it every possible experience and every obtainable thrill. In such a scheme of living, marriage is only another incident, another thrill to be experienced, and, when wrung dry of its ability to accelerate the emotions it is discarded.

"Motion picture stars, male and female, are individuals chosen largely because of their attractiveness to members of the opposite sex. Daily, before the camera, they feign emotions which, if genuine, would be devastating. For this reason, their natural emotional reserve is largely expended, making it necessary for them to demand constant change of subject to secure stimulation.

One Thing Begets Another

"PROPINQUITY on the sets leads to the development of real physical attraction. Then comes a location trip, during which this attraction is ripened and developed in romantic surroundings. To the man, an illicit relationship is sufficient; but the woman demands marriage as a cloak of respectability—hence, another divorce, another marriage.

"Many of our beautiful film stars originate as 'Judy O'Gradys,' and as 'colonels' ladies' lose none of the standards of their former estate. Wealth and position enable them to make their own rules. Their egotism reaches a degree at which whatever act their desires prompt becomes right and proper, and from the Olympian heights of their own self-importance, they scorn the rules formulated to regulate the conduct of mere mortals."

And there, my friends, we shall let the subject rest. If any three men in Hollywood are capable of getting to the root of the matter, these three are. It may be a deplorable condition but at least it has its compensations. We don't have to shell out for golden anniversary presents—not in Hollywood.

What Isn't Possible?

(*Continued from page 31*)

bullets were real, but the Dunning magic made the spectacular result possible.

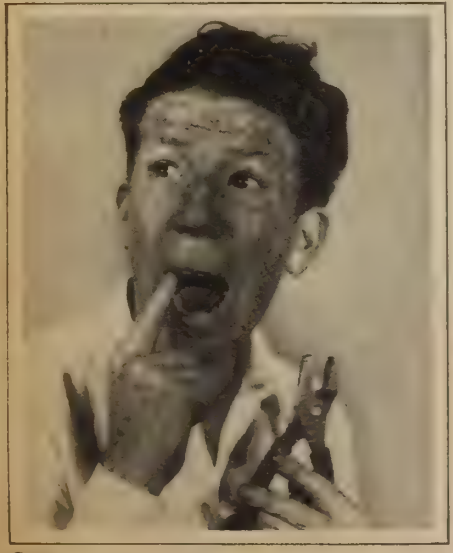
Carroll Dunning reminds one strongly of Henry Ford. Dodge, the son and the inventor of the process, is a strapping young six-footer, whose busy brain is engaged with still greater miracles of movie magic.

"Of course, we have a basic patent on the process," says Carroll Dunning, "and, although a number of other processes have been attempted, they have been—so far—entirely incapable of producing such a finished product as ours. If it were possible for me to explain, in an understandable manner, the method which we use, I would be glad to do so; but it is not. Our process is based entirely on the science of color separation and the fact that some colors neutralize others. We have, it is true, done some astounding things but we are only beginning to realize the possibilities of it.

"The most recent development is in the making of foreign talkies. We recently took a big musical revue made in Hollywood at tremendous cost. In it were vast and expensive sets and hundreds of trained extra people. To have reproduced the picture in even one foreign studio would have meant prohibitive expense, and the cost of bringing foreign stars from eight countries would have been terrific. Through our process, we replaced the Hollywood stars with native stars of nine foreign countries, using the original Hollywood set and Hollywood extras, lights and all production details, with the foreign players working in their own studios abroad. Thus we actually made nine different foreign versions of the picture at a total cost of less than a thousand dollars a version. The money saved ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Yes, we could, with a bit of careful work, put Garbo in as Valentino's leading lady in 'The Sheik,' and you would never know that she did not play with him in the original version. We can insert new characters into a picture, no matter how many years ago it was made—show them walking behind and in front of the characters in the original film, and even shaking hands."

This invention of a seventeen-year-old boy has brought a fortune to these two masters of modern movie magic, but it is richly deserved. Through them, the time will come when human life and limb will never be risked in the making of a picture.



Stax

Mickey Daniels may have outgrown the "Our Gang" comedies but he can't outgrow his freckles. With his years he has added wisdom. The bothersome tooth explains it

"Everyone who understands beauty care takes Kleenex as a matter of course . . ."

Virginia Valli

Screen stars—wise in the ways of beauty—find Kleenex indispensable for removing cold cream.

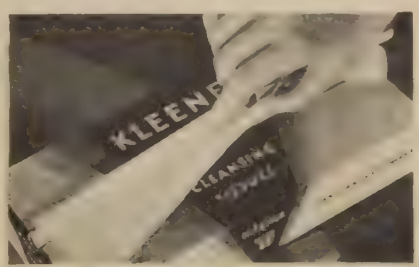
WHY is Kleenex in the dressing room of almost every star in Hollywood?

Because, as Virginia Valli says, "It's the modern, sanitary way to remove cold cream and make-up."

Kleenex *is* the modern way. How much daintier to use an immaculate tissue than a germ-filled cold cream cloth . . . or a harsh and unabsorbent towel!

With Kleenex there's no rubbing or stretching the skin. You just *blot*. Along with the cream come embedded dirt and cosmetics—which harsh cloths often rub right back into the pores.

Kleenex is simply discarded after using. If you don't know Kleenex, start today to give your skin the care it deserves. Buy Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.



USE Kleenex for handkerchiefs—it avoids reinfection when you have a cold . . . is soft, dainty . . . and saves laundry.

Try Kleenex Free

M-11

Kleenex Company,
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

BRAND NEW
GENUINE Model 3
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Try this wonderful portable typewriter—the same machine that has satisfied 500,000 users.

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included —If You Act Now

Leatherold carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. Mail coupon today!

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
[Corona Division]
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. B-130

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, and get my money back. You are to give your standard guarantee.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Employed by*_____

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.
98c
SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.
Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake Street Dept. P-680, Chicago, Ill.

All Ginger Rogers has to do to keep in the good graces of Jack Oakie is to say, "I get you" when he pulls wise-cracks. Incidentally, each likes the other very well

Their Reel Married Life

(*Continued from page 66*)

"Lucien and I are such good *friends*," she went on. And how many times have you heard a wife make that remark? "We always talk things over and make our plans together, for a picture. He is so sweet and considerate about consulting me about plans and little business arrangements which may concern me.

"Why, do you know, we've never had a cross word or a hard feeling in all our work together!

"You have to have friendly co-operation and tolerance and understanding in a team like that. Or you'll never make it go!"

A good many married couples might learn something about marriage from the Fazenda-Littlefield combination.

And look at Irene Rich. She has played Will Rogers' wife, not only for months and months in recent talking pictures, but in numbers of silent pictures years ago. Someone asked her recently how she could bring herself to submerge herself and her personality, as she does, in the Rogers pictures.

It's a Wifely Duty

"SUPPORTING a star like Mr. Rogers is a great deal like being married," she told her questioner. "It is a wife's duty, you know, to submerge herself and sacrifice her own personality to her husband's. Well, that's exactly the way I feel about these pictures.

"It is *his* personality that counts. And I know him so well—I am so anxious to see the best of him show in his performances. Positively, if I think he is going to forget his lines, I find myself making faces. I am as nervous as if he were my little boy and were reciting a piece in school! He has that hesitant — almost stammering — way of speaking, you know. And sometimes I think he is going to 'muff' his lines.

"I don't care about how they bill me—or whether I get a close-up—or any of those things. But I do care tremendously about the success of the pictures. I really mean that.

"They are such sweet, 'folksy,' commonplace stories. And it is such a charming, ordinary, next-door-neighbor sort of couple that we play. I wouldn't miss doing them for anything!

"Any wife who has been married, happily, for a number of years, I think, gets to feel more maternal than wifely toward her husband. And it is a lovely emotion.

"A wife said to me the other day, of her husband, 'Why, he couldn't *lie*—not really—and stick to it and get away with it! He's too honest and sweet and simple. Why, he isn't *smart* enough to lie successfully. He'd forget.'" And she smiled, as if she were talking about a child.

She Wants to Be at His Side

"YOU always have that feeling about a husband. You watch him to see that he hasn't any spots on him and that he has the right studs in his shirt. You worry about his taking cold. You know!

"Well, that's a good deal the way I feel about Will Rogers. I don't exactly worry about his studs or his diet. But I do feel ever so anxious about his having the right working conditions and about his being happy with his cast and his director. I want so for him to do his best!

"And I feel that I belong so in his pictures. Someone asked me, in a tentative

sort of way, not long ago, if I didn't think I had made about enough Rogers pictures.

"'Fiddlesticks!' I replied. 'They are *my* pictures—and if one is going to be made, then I want to be in it.' I'd be sick if he made one without me.

"If you could only know Will Rogers—really. He is much more than a fine actor. He is a very great person. An *important* person, not only to America, but to the whole world. Simple and genuine and with such a huge understanding of people and their problems—"

There was a good deal more of this. I ask you—does it have a wifely sound? "If you could only *know* him—"

Two in a Million

MISS RICH wants, so genuinely, for Will Rogers to be appreciated! It's nice and sweet and womanly and generous. Not, after all, that he *isn't* appreciated. And profitably, too. But wives never feel that their husbands are appreciated enough. It's a common enough wail. The big, mean old world just doesn't *see*, as a wife does! Well—how could it?

She sees, in the Rogers pictures, the married problems of a million couples, scattered here and there, throughout the world.

"There was a line in our last picture," she said. "Will looked at me and in that funny, hesitant way of his, he said, 'Well, honey—I want our boy to marry a girl a good deal like you! Yes—I do!'

"There was something about that that just *tore* at me. It's so human and—and—universal. Real."

Don't mistake me! Irene has a husband of her own. And children. And she is devoted to that family. But—don't you imagine that she sometimes gets her domestic emotions a little bit confused? The make-believe—and the real? How could she help it?

She has played in pictures which presented marriage problems so often, even in between her Rogers operas. She insists that she *ought* to be an authority on marriage!

Responsibilities of Wifehood

"MOST of my fan mail," she says, "comes from sad women. They see me in a picture which presents their own, particular problem and attempts to solve it. And then they imagine, somehow, that it has been a real problem for me. They give me credit which belongs to the writer of the story. And they write to me. Poor things! It gives you a tremendous sense of universal experience and responsibility, somehow!"

Clive Brook and Ruth Chatterton are going to have a difficult time to avoid "feeling married" if these marriage problem pictures keep on pursuing them. They are starting on their third, in succession.

But the marriedest couple that Hollywood ever saw, I think, was the team which came here from New York to play in "Abie's Irish Rose," a year or so ago.

It was that sweet, Jewish couple, Ida Kramer and Bernard Gorcy. They had played man and wife on the stage for years. And they were still doing it in pictures.

Despite the fact that each had another spouse somewhere or other, they called each other "Momma and Poppa." Miss Kramer watched and mothered Poppa in a truly wifely and habitual fashion.

"Poppa understands me better than my *own* husband does," she was heard to remark, wistfully!

How do they ever keep these matters straight?

Get a load of their *Unwritten Chapters*, a new and interesting series of articles to appear in MOTION PICTURE exclusively

Busy hands, the country over, now have this marvelous beauty care—right in the dishpan.

The beautiful hands of leisure are no lovelier than the hands of the woman who uses Lux.

. . Need your Hands say . .
"I Have No Maid"

YOU need never be ill at ease, uncomfortably self-conscious—even in the company of women who have maids to do all their work. Your hands need never broadcast "dishpan" though you wash dishes three times a day!

Modern young homemakers by the thousands are now keeping their hands white and smooth by using Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks.

Beauty Experts answer "No"

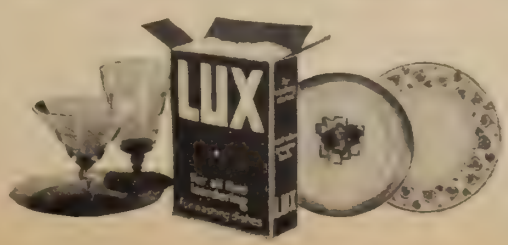
Asked "Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?" experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country answered . . . "With all our experience we cannot distinguish between the hands of the woman with servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan."

A Great Discovery

Women discovered for themselves in washing fine fabrics just what 305 famous beauty shops say: "Lux gives real beauty care—keeps busy hands lovely and young as the hands of leisure."

These beauty experts know that ordinary soaps dry up the oils of the skin and leave hands red and rough and work-worn, while the bland Lux suds protect these oils, keep the skin smooth and fine.

Save the precious, flower-like beauty of your hands. Even *one* dishwashing with Lux will leave them lovelier. And Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



LUX in your Dishpan keeps Hands Lovely for Less than 1¢ a Day

Science Discovers
LIQUID
that has no color
"yet"

It Imparts Color to
GRAY HAIR

WILL the wonders of science never cease! Now a scientist has discovered a colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair no matter what your age—no matter how Gray your hair—no matter what else you might have used without satisfaction. Already hundreds of thousands of people have used this amazing discovery. It is called Kolor-Bak and is as simple to use as A.B.C. You merely comb it into your hair and the color comes—the Gray disappears so gradually, so perfectly, that no one detects it. Another strange thing about this colorless liquid is that the one very same bottle will do for Blonde, Black, Brown, or Auburn. Now you don't need to experiment with uncertain, messy, sticky preparations that may endanger your hair. Kolor-Bak, the clean, colorless liquid, leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you request.
KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair

FILL OUT YOUR FIGURE IN 30 DAYS

Flat chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliness of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their *feminine* charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method plumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue.

SPECIAL OFFER
Write Today Send only $1.00 for liberal jar of MIRACLE CREAM (in plain wrapper) and my special Figure Moulding Exercises and complete advice. Take advantage of this big offer—write AT ONCE!

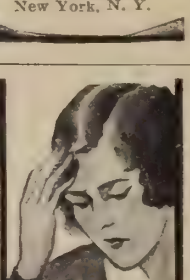
NANCY LEE, Dept. K-11
853 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

CONVINCE YOURSELF that you can develop a rounded, feminine figure. Accept liberal offer.

FEEL DIZZY?

HEADACHY, bilious, constipated? Take NR —NATURE'S REMEDY tonight. This mild, safe vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You will enjoy free, thorough bowel action without a sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable —at druggists—only 25c.
A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO.
Dept. 16L St. Louis, Mo.



FREE
Write for sample of NR and beautifully colored 1931 calendar.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Love Experts

(*Continued from page 42*)

broods and grieves, sometimes a lifelong over what is really her own emotion. The sort of woman who is, usually, a willing victim of that sickly malady, 'unrequited love.'

"There is no such thing as unrequited love for a woman in good health.

"There is the woman who loves no man, but is in love with love itself. She is the woman who goes from man to man, seeking a cure for what is incurable.

"All women prefer to be loved rather than to love. I am one of them.

The One Invaluable Gift

"CERTAINLY, for me, love is the one thing in the world I wouldn't have missed for anything else the world has to give.

"I can't imagine any woman saying that she would not want to love or be loved, unless it might be some rare person with a passion for some branch of science or a work requiring level absorption and concentration which no disturbing would make worth while.

"For a woman in my profession, love is as essential as the stage we play on. It keeps us living. It stimulates. It goads. It fires. It rouses the creative impulse as nothing else can.

"Love is a disturbance. It is not a state of benign peace. It is not, usually, a happy thing; or it is not a happy thing for very long at a time. The very nature of love is unrest, is seeking, is fevered.

"Love is uncomfortable. It is distressing. It keeps you awake nights and on edge in the daytime.

"Love is a fever. A fever quite as actual as any other bodily fever that inflames the mind and body, induces delirium and fantastic images and leaves you, when it goes, strangely calm and purified. Until it attacks again.

"And like the other fevers, love has its stages, its degrees of virulence.

"You might say of love as the poet Service once said of alcohol, 'Sober am I nonentitized, drunk am I more than half a god.'

"When we are in love we are more than half-gods . . .

Monotony's Enemy

"LOVE makes you hit the high spots and the low spots—it is the very opposite of monotony. And who, alive for this glorious once, craves monotony? Not I!

"I never work as I work when I am in love. When I am in love, I *know* that I am alive. I am sure of it, thrillingly sure, conscious in every nerve. When I am out of love—I am not so sure. To be out of love is to know a kind of death.

"I manage to stay in love pretty much of the time. I have never had to look for it. If I had to, I would.

"And yet, with all the vital importance of love, with all the thrill it gives the creative faculties, the emotions, I would not sacrifice for love. I know that I wouldn't. I have met that test and—well, failed, if you like.

"I do not believe that sacrifice is necessary. It is one of the sickly manifestations of the fever. So pale an element should not enter into so flaming a condition.

"I would not marry a man, for instance, no matter how violently I loved him, if he insisted upon my giving up my career. I couldn't continue to love a man who would so cater to his vanity, his maleness, his jealousy as to ask me to stay at home and be only the wife and mother. I might volunteer the sacrifice. I would never make it on demand.

"I believe I am as normally feminine, as completely feminine a woman as any woman could be. And such being the case, I want some day to marry, to have a home, to have children. But that will have to come when I have finished my work. I do not believe that two great emotions can live and have their beings side by side in any human heart. One must be sacrificed to the other, always.

Love Comes, Love Passes Away

"I KNEW at a very early age that I would not make sacrifices to love. I fell in love with a boy in my home town, down South. His father was a professional man of considerable eminence. And he had a mistress, very much to the shock and scandal of the townspeople when they found it out. My father forebade me to see this boy, believing, I suppose, that the taint might carry. I naturally persisted in seeing him. For months and even years I never had another thought. I believed, vaguely, that some day I would grow old enough and then I would marry him and we would live together in a house of our own and have children and gardens and quarrels and things, the way every one else did. I was singularly innocent.

"Well—I went away to college. I met other boys. I began to be really popular in a grown-up way. The fever that had attacked me and held me all through my adolescence faded away as if it had never been. I forgot all about him or thought I had. Now I know that we never forget those we have loved.

"I won't say that love leaves scars. I do say that love leaves its impress and that the impress is ineradicable. To this day, I am interested in that boy. I have never seen him again. I do not particularly want to see him. But I want to hear about him, about what he is doing, where he is . . .

"Love is not, you see, a static emotion. It is important, but it is transitory. But who is to say that transitory things cannot be as vital as things that go on and on, wearing themselves out with endless repetition and common usage?

Instinct Saved Her

"WHEN I was in college, I had a very popular period. A lot of boys, a lot of proposals and invitations. I never cared for any of them. I was bored by all the things other girls were hot and bothered about. I couldn't understand girls who allowed boys to pet them and kiss them. I felt repulsed by all that sort of thing. I revolted from the slightest contact with every boy. It was, I suppose, some sort of protective coloration. An instinct operating for my own safety. Perhaps I knew, subconsciously, that I dared not unleash my own emotions, lest they consume me.

"A year or two ago, I was the victim of what I now know to have been a violent infatuation. There are loves with most of the elements combined. There are other loves with nothing but the bodily fever, devastating. This was such a love. We were in that state where we would fly, the one to the other, from opposite ends of the globe, leaving everything behind, careless of every other consideration and responsibility. We called each other by 'phone from London to New York, from Paris to Los Angeles, and *vice versa*. It was a restless, insistent, rather terrible thing.

"It couldn't go on like that. Fever pitched to that degree either kills or burns to ash. I didn't know whether I wanted to marry him or not. I didn't know *what* I wanted. I wasn't conscious of anything except the frantic desire to have him near me. I knew that I was in the grip of some stupendous thing, a tidal wave that might well spell destruction for me.

The Successful Cure

"I TRIED the only curative measure I knew—going out with other men. I hadn't gone out with any other man for months. For two years. I hadn't wanted to. I didn't want to then, but something made me. I did, and gradually, very gradually, I found that the cure was working. That particular fever was responding to treatment. I began to realize that this man was *not* the only man in the world with whom I could find any pleasure. That was the beginning of the end. There came the day when I knew that I didn't want to see him any more. The frightful urgency was gone. It had simply vanished as mysteriously, as inexplicably as it had come. The saddest part of all love is when love is gone.

"Love is most dangerous just because it *is* a fever attacking two people and running a course that is likely to come to an end with one before it comes to an end with the other.

"Love is heaven—at times. Love is hell—at times. At no time is it the sane, orderly, grooved, in-between place.

"We can't very well live with it. We certainly should not live without it.

"It is pain and problem and precarious bliss. I wouldn't have missed it for either heaven or hell. And yet, anomalous as it may seem, I wouldn't sacrifice for it, either—*yet*."

Sauce For The Gander

(*Continued from page 35*)

he wants a five-pound box for his girl, it's an even break she'll never see it. I've eliminated desserts entirely, except for fruit.

"Spaghetti is another favorite masculine dish. It's one thing most men can cook, and they load it with cheese and mushroom sauces. That's taboo if you want to get thin. So are hot cakes and hot breads loaded with butter. I eat bread only once a day—at breakfast—and then it's sliced thin and toasted dry. Bran or whole wheat bread is the best.

"Aside from these items, I put away three square meals a day, and get thin and stay thin in the bargain."

He Diets Once a Day

"FOR exercise to keep your figure, I don't recommend movie acting," Robert Armstrong grins.

"I always put on weight on a picture and have to take it off afterward. Generally, a little exercise will do it. I am especially fond of competitive exercise. The rowing machine I bought gets dusty—there's no fun exercising without company! But as a man gets older, the tendency is to get heavier, and that kind of weight has to be fought by reasonable attention to the menu card.

"I eat only two meals a day, and one of them is sketchy. When I'm not working, I skip breakfast and eat lunch; when I am working I eat a piece of melba toast in the morning, drink a cup of black coffee and call it a day till dinnertime. And then I have what I like regardless of calories.

"Whenever I want to shed a pound or two quickly, I leave out the starches like potatoes and bread and emphasize green vegetables and fruits. But remember, exercise is the main point. If women would go in for some form of physical exercise, they wouldn't have to worry so much about freak dieting."

And there you have the man's viewpoint! Do your own washing—and eat chicken *à la* King without a qualm!

Read MOTION PICTURE next month and learn how to diet pleasantly.

"HAIR ....

Lovely Valerie Raemier, one of Ziegfeld's girls, wears the BEAUTY BOB. PROPER CARE *keeps her hair in such wonderful condition.*

THAT FAIRLY SPARKLES *with new life and lustre!"*

It's important to have your hair arranged to suit your type. The effect is lost, though, unless your hair is kept soft, lustrous, abundant.

This is easily done. A million busy women and girls know how. They put a little Danderine on the brush each time they arrange their hair. Just try Danderine and learn how marvelously it cleanses your hair; gives it new life and lustre. Danderine dissolves the crust of dandruff; soothes, heals the scalp; stimulates the growth of long, silky, abundant hair. It makes the hair easy to manage; holds it in place for hours. Waves "set" with it, look nicer and stay in longer! Five million bottles used a year proves its popularity!

Danderine
The One Minute Hair Beautifier
AT ALL DRUGSTORES 35c

Body Beauty is returning
Excess Fat is doomed

That evidence is everywhere. In every circle you see slim figures coming back in an amazing way. They are coming without abnormal exercise or diet, without harmful drugs.

Medical science has found that a weak gland is a great cause of obesity. It has learned how to repair the deficiency—by feeding the gland. Doctors the world over now employ this method. It has become a standard treatment. A new era has come to people who wish to keep their beauty, health and vim.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this new factor—thyroid. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results. You and your doctor can know exactly what you are taking. So you need not worry about harm. Modern doctors—everywhere—fight excess fat in this way.

Marmola has a remarkable record. It has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now it is time-tested, and it stands supreme in its field, while false helps have disappeared by scores.

Marmola feeds the system a gland factor which largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to help turn food into fuel and energy rather than to fat. It also excites other glands to activity.

Obese people usually lack that factor.

Try Marmola. Price $1.00. Read the book in the box, learn the reasons for results. Then, when the pounds drop away, tell your friends who should know. Don't wait longer. Excess fat robs life of half its joy.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

Feed away the Wrinkles

WRINKLES appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

50c the jar at any druggist's.

Dr. Charles FLESH FOOD

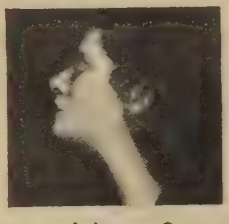
Free: This coupon will bring you—free—a sample jar of Dr. Charles Flesh Food if mailed to:—

Dr. Charles Flesh Food Co., Dept. M.K.
220-36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

.....

.....

Be Beautiful Always!



You can always be beautiful and stay young looking if you prevent and banish shadow and age lines and wrinkles from face, neck and hands. *Lines-Out*, marvelous beauty aid, prevents and removes shadow and age lines, keeps skin soft and tender, banishes tiny lines around eyes, lips, chin. Not an ordinary cold cream, but a help to beauty and charm. Cannot grow hair and is absolutely greaseless. Endorsed by beauty experts and guaranteed satisfactory. Send only $1.00 for large, home-use size. Don't delay. Write today. Use coupon below.

Lines-out KEEPS · SKIN · YOUNG
PREVENTS WRINKLES
Removes SHADOW *Lines*

ANSEHL & CO., Dept. M-1 7 Wood Street
Gentlemen Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send me a full-size package *Lines-Out* Beauty Cream. I enclose One Dollar.
Name.....
Address.....

Three-In-One Girl

(*Continued from page 74*)

It's not exactly a fast black. But it's not so slow, either. Her gold-glinting tresses were topped by a tight-fitting hat, small and smart, with its severity modified by a touch of white at the forehead. Well-kept, slenderly expressive hands lent beauty to a ring of ancient jade. No make-up, except a shade around the largest, most depthful blue eyes that you'll see between Manhattan Beach and Malibu.

The kid's clever. And better than that, she's herself nine moments in every ten. Which is a darned good record in this here vicinity. Or any other where cameras click under the Kleigs. During that tenth moment, Carol may pronounce Asbury with an "Aw" instead of rhyming it with razzberry. But maybe that's because she looks like Constance Bennett!

Carol has been in—and out—of a half-dozen studios during the five years since, at seventeen, she began what most of 'em call her "career." The kid, herself, refers to it as "the racket." During that time, the grimmest sort of tragedy gripped her. For it was Carol, if you recall, whose beautiful face was terribly marred in a motor accident. That was a full three years ago. Twenty-five stitches were taken in her upper lip and the left side of her face. It is a great tribute to a fine surgeon that not the faintest trace of a scar remains.

A Youngster All These Years

THAT happened at the time when she had her first contract. It was on the Fox lot. Carol was pretty bad, she says. Just a kid with the four-square figure of adolescence. The accident kept her off the screen for many months. Then she went to Sennett's, and beautified beaches. Later to Pathé, then back to the Fox studios. And now finally, she's on the Paramount payroll. If they're smart, she'll stay there.

She's played in a dozen features, but it wasn't until she stopped the show in Buddy Rogers' film, "Safety in Numbers," that critics and customers began to sit up and take notice. They'd been casting Carol as an ingénue. Don't they all? When her strength lies in comedy. And that, incidentally, is what she wants to do. She doesn't want to be a star. Let her make folks laugh and she'll be happy.

There's only one reservation she makes regarding her desire to be a comedienne, and that is that some day, a little later on, she'd like to do a thing like "Rain." She feels that she has it in her. Don't be surprised if she's right. Carol doesn't overestimate herself; she seems to have a pretty good line on her capabilities. If she thinks she can portray a *Sadie Thompson*, the chances are that she can. She has more of Eagels than the voice.

It isn't remarkable that she considers Gloria Swanson supreme upon the screen, nor that she endeavors to pattern herself after La Marquise. Next in line is Ann Harding. The girl has good taste, you see. Among the men, she fancies Fredric March, Bob Armstrong, Robert Montgomery. And —oh, yes—Charles Kaley. There's a great picture bet, that last boy, she says. But maybe here Carol is a wee bit biased. She's known Charlie quite a few years, you see. And some day—well, a girl must marry some time. So don't be astonished if Carol becomes Mrs. Kaley one of these fine days.

What the Woman Wants

NOT only is Carol rare in not having stellar aspirations, but can you imagine a blonde who doesn't give a hoot about money? It doesn't bring happiness, she says, so t'ell with it. Happiness is what Carol is seeking. And she says that for any girl the end of the rainbow is in the arms of the man she loves. Yep, sophisticated, svelte, blonde, black and all, this level-headed lady-in-the-cinema wants marriage and a lot of kids.

After that, she won't work. Not in pictures, anyway. It doesn't work out, she says—marriage and the movies. It's too tough all day. You're too tired at night. Besides, she wants to make a success of her job, whatever it may be. And she knows she can't divide her energies. Marriage will be her job. She's going to make good at it. Perhaps she'll try some less exhausting labor after the orange blossoms fade. Designing clothes, home decorations—things like that. She doesn't want to be a "has been." Not ever.

Carol wasn't fazed when the movies went noisy. The money she makes goes into good investments. There wasn't any for "voice culture." But that didn't stop her from learning a few tricks. She attended every talkie in town, and watched the way the best of them put it across. When her chance to meet the mike came along, she came and talked and conquered.

Hollywood Is Home to Her

SHE'S been in Hollywood since the folks moved out from Indiana. That was when she was seven. She lives there now, with two big brothers—business men—and a mother—"a peach of a sport," she says. According to Carol, this mother of hers helps her to maintain a balance. It's easy to "go Hollywood." A mother who understands, who is "a peach of a sport," is a lot of help to a girl. Aids in keeping feet on the ground—and head in the air.

Naturally, almost a "native daughter," Carol gets homesick for Hollywood. New York smothers her. She'll be glad to get back. She likes picture people. They're so democratic, she says. And they like her. According to Carol, that's because she's never hurt anyone. She doesn't recall having done an unkind thing. She has no regrets.

It is Carol's idea that success in the movies depends almost solely upon the breaks. Of course, you have to have the goods when the break comes. But if you don't get it, all the talent in the world won't help. Stars can be made by proper handling —good parts, good direction, good publicity. And stars can be unmade by the lack of these things.

So, Carol says, if she has the goods and gets the breaks, she'll make good in the movies. These are the things she told over Mrs. Algonquin's tomato juice, between imitations of Greta Garbo, funny stories about a couple of other fellows, a boost for Charlie Kaley, good news of Kathryn Crawford, while a Broadway yokel at another table was busily pointing her out to some country cousins as Constance Bennett.

Carol has the goods. Here's hoping she gets the chance to show them. If so, it's red apples to the hole in a doughnut that she's a favorite with the fans in one more year.

If you want to know—*pronto!*—
What a current picture is about,
Who is in it or behind it,
And how good or bad it is,
Turn to the Tabloid Reviews of
MOTION PICTURE

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

include the entire coast. Playwrights, directors and dialogue doctors, formerly crowded together in the film capital, may now be found tucked away in quiet haciendas and modernized ranches at various points between Carmel Highlands and Ensenada, Mexico. It helps the soul or something.

Ensenada is fast rivalling Caliente for first honors with serious drinkers. It boasts an even grander hotel in which the local revellers may sleep it off.

· ● ·

JACQUES DARCY, modern-settings expert, comes right out with it. "If anyone ever asks for me," he is reported to have said out loud, "tell them I'm in EVELYN LAYE'S dressing-room."

· ● ·

A star may be cast as crook, cattle-thief or most any other sort of low-life and get away with it. But to take the part of a gigolo, that odd number who lives off of women, is screen suicide. Which accounts, no doubt, for the change in Paramount's "*Ladies' Man*." PAUL LUKAS will probably get the part for which WILLIAM POWELL was originally slated. Violets are still unpopular flowers.

· ● ·

One of the museum pieces here that always brings a sad little smile is the drinking fountain on Hollywood Boulevard given to the city by the W. C. T. U. Sad and unused it stands and why not? Who knows what water would do to the local stomachs? Cause cancer maybe.

· ● ·

JEAN HARLOW, says her husband in answering a civil suit of $4,500 preferred against him by the ravisher, "posed for indecent pictures." But, we hurry to protest, they were the best part of "*Hell's Angels*."

· ● ·

Very short story: He used to be one of the best scenario writers in the business. He taught a lad all he knew about such things. The boy prospered and today is an associate producer. Now the old master is jobless with a big and expensive family on his hands and the kid he started, recently approached for work, "can't seem to remember" him.

· ● ·

There's the story of the FAIRBANKSES and MEI LAN FAN, China's gift to the theater. When MARY and DOUG were in China, MEI turned over the joint to them; gave them the keys to the joss house. That brought an invitation from America's sweetheart and her heart to (or approximately) "come and see *us* sometime, MR. FAN." The great Chinaman was here not much later. He arrived at Pickfair bearing rich presents of jade. The pay off: He was allotted space in the Fairbanks BEACH HOUSE and, before the culmination of his stay, was informed that he should sort of move out to make way for (of all things) the paper-hangers! Rebound: they kept the jade!

· ● ·

Hollywood's hardy boys and girls are on the up and up. Reflect that the plain MARIE DRESSLER stole "*Anna Christie*" from the GARBO; the unbeautiful map of CHARLES BICKFORD brought him good solid fame in the same film; WALLACE BEERY eclipsed all the pretty boys in "*Big House*" and POLLY MORAN and LOUISE FAZENDA have given up all ideas of vacationing—ever!

Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the water from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn-out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro At Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.

HERE'S PROOF
Read what Fayro Baths have done for others.

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

More than a million Fayro treatments have been sold

FAYRO, Inc. M.P.M. 11-30
825 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50, plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name

Address

City ..... State .....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.

Diamonds
Watches
Cash or Credit
Christmas Gifts
Send for Catalog
2000 Illustrations
How To Order:
$37.50
$1.00 a Wk.
$50
$1.25 a Wk.
$98.50
$2.50 a Wk.
$23.85
$1.00 a Wk.
$147
$3.75 a Wk.
CREDIT TERMS:
1-10th down; balance weekly, semi-monthly or monthly at your convenience. Wear while you pay.
No. 961—Bulova Strap Watch, 15 Jewels, dust proof case, mesh band, $24.75 $2.47 down $2.47 a mo.
No. 962-Bulova Wrist Watch, 15 Jewels, Bracelet and watch set with Gesynthetic sapphires $37.50; $3.75 down; $3.75 a mo.
BULOVA
BUY NOW!
All makes R. R. watches guaranteed to pass inspection and Elgin, Hamilton, Illinois watches on Credit at Cash Prices—wear while you pay.
The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers
LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Estab. 1858
Dept. F615 108 No. State St. Chicago, Ill.
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Your New Skin!
blackheads
freckles
enlarged pores
pimples
surface wrinkles
REMOVE
Ugly Mask
Often in 3 Days
A NEW SKIN—fresh, clear, youthful, lies just beneath the surface of your old outer skin. Remove your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, pimples, large pores, signs of coarseness and age—simply, safely, quickly, with an amazing NEW liquid.
BEAUTY Is Just Underneath!
Simply apply this clear, wonder-working liquid, leave on 3 days, then—presto! off comes your old, faded outer skin. Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.
SPECIAL Introductory Offer
WRITE TODAY
Send only $1.00 for liberal bottle of "Mystic Skin" with full directions—by return mail, in plain wrapper. Take advantage of this big offer—write AT ONCE.
COLEE, (Dept. K-011) 853 Broadway New York, N. Y.

NEW LOW PRICES
GOODRICH-GOODYEAR
Firestone - U.S.
AND OTHER TIRES
Lowest Prices on Earth!
Thousands of satisfied tire users all over the U.S.A. Our 15 years of business speaks for itself. This big responsible company will supply you with reconstructed standard make tires at lowest prices in history—Guaranteed to give 12 months' service
Don't Delay—Order Today
CORD Tires
Size Tires Tubes
30x3 $2.20 $1.00
30x3½ 2.25 1.00
31x4 2.95 1.15
32x4 2.95 1.15
33x4 2.95 1.15
34x4 3.50 1.15
32x4½ 3.20 1.45
33x4½ 3.20 1.45
34x4½ 3.45 1.45
30x6 3.60 1.75
33x6 3.60 1.75
35x5 4.45 1.75
BALLOON Tires
Size Tires Tubes
29x4.40 $2.30 $1.10
29x4.50 2.40 1.15
30x4.50 2.45 1.20
30x4.95 2.90 1.35
28x5.25 2.95 1.35
30x5.25 2.95 1.35
31x5.25 3.10 1.35
30x5.77 3.20 1.40
32x6.00 3.20 1.40
31x6.00 3.20 1.45
32x6.20 3.50 1.65
All Other Sizes
12 MONTHS SERVICE GUARANTEED
Send only $1.00 deposit with each tire ordered. We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 percent if cash in full accompanies order. Tires failing to give 12 months service will be replaced at half price.
DEALERS WANTED
YORK TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 151
3855 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Advice To Young Amazons

(*Continued from page 71*)

important duty. And Dix said, "Guess!"—which was absolutely no help at all. I guessed and guessed, but apparently missed the right answer, and he interrupted me with: "What difference does it make? I have no intentions of marrying; that is, unless someone discovers my telephone number. But I don't mind the girls, providing they are companionable and normally intelligent. I agree with Walter Pidgeon that excessive knowledge in a woman is apt to prove dangerous." Dix is a he-man and has no objections to you girls repeating the fact. "If any actor tells you he hates to be idolized by women," Dix snorted, "tell him for me that he's full of hooie!"

In this connection, I might suggest that while dancing with Dix, you could do worse than to peek up at him from round doting eyes, from limpid pools overflowing with worship. Be aggressive if you must, but don't go to the extreme of breaking into his house and screaming out your love. One girl tried this and received a nice big load of ice. And don't by any means emulate a saint. You may drink, flirt, smoke or play chess, just so you're decent enough not to give him a necktie for Christmas.

On the other hand, Charles Farrell abhors the flirtatious babe; as do John Boles, Ramon Novarro and William Janney, all of whom adhere to the mid-Victorian code that a wife's greatest privilege is to indicate a preference for her husband.

Be Bored, Be Stylish

A GOOD angle to use in your attack on Walter Pidgeon's heart would be to play the society girl, a wee bit bored. He likes society girls, because they are ofttimes gay and, at worst, somewhat diverting. You might let him know that you harbor a mother-instinct and want children—in moderation, of course, for anything can be overdone. And, by the way, if you can make him believe that you're the girl who sent him a picture of herself clipped from *Spur*, with the caption: "A Pigeon Fancier," Walter's as good as yours. But remember this girl was a blonde!

Blondes also disturb Robert Montgomery, William Janney, John Gilbert and Arthur Lake. Nick Stuart wisely voices a desire for brunettes, while James Hall clamors loudly for red-heads.

When Buddy Rogers was interrogated as to his preference for Blondes, Brunettes, Brindles or Red-heads, he came back, quick as a flash, with "Yes!" Buddy's no dunce. A few months ago, he inadvertently voiced his approval of blondes, whereupon most of the country's brunettes rose in wrath. Hence it was a frantic boy who hurled out messages to the effect that he loved 'em all. But the fact is that he leans toward the society girls. And if you would make an impression with Buddy, cut down on your smoking and drinking; and if you must flirt, do it when he's at the studio. Acquire that ballroom glide in your walk; catch the swanky inflection to "Really?" and insist that you abhor the name "Buddy." Wear long, feminine and yet modest gowns; be demure like Mary Brian, and cultivate some June Collyer dimples. In the event you happen to be at the Cocoanut Grove with him and the lights are low and the music soft, it would do no harm to lean over and whisper: "Charles, I think a woman's place is in the home, I do!"

Prepare for a Home Life

AS a matter of fact, this business about the women's place being in the home, surrounded by children, as it were, is strongly supported by such desirable prospects as Ramon Novarro, William Haines, John Boles, Robert Montgomery and Billy Bakewell.

Nick Stuart tells the world that his wife's paramount duty is "to make Stuart happy." Richard Dix insists that a wife's duty is to become her husband's best friend—but, on the other hand, Walter Pidgeon proclaims that any man that confides in a woman is either weak or insane. And after considerable giggling, Arthur Lake admitted that a wife's one duty was "Hmmmm!"—whatever *that* might be.

It seems that Arthur would rather play games with a girl than sit in the moonlight. Nevertheless, he suggests that the babes bring along plenty of lipstick when he takes them to a dance. "Sometimes I smear," was his rather startling admission. And although he expects his wife to play up to his moods, he's willing to go half-way. If his wife felt the urge for tennis and he felt the urge for golf, he'd be happy to take his wife out to the golf course. What could be fairer than that? As to Christmas presents, he prefers golf clubs or tennis racquets—but from what I hear of his tennis game, I'm inclined to believe that a couple of brassies would prove less embarrassing.

"Police dogs and gold wrist-watches have found favor with me," Buddy Rogers announces. While Charles Farrell states that he also likes "inexpensive presents." Most of them, including Walter Pidgeon, like gifts that show a little thought on the part of the donor. And nothing remotely resembling wearing apparel.

Galluses Are Out

"TELL them to send me anything they like," William Haines mumbled. "But warn them about sending me suspenders. I received six pairs last Christmas and I think it rather an insult!" Well, yes and no. At any rate, William Janney prefers checks, and it's all right with him if they're good. Some of the boys even enjoy reading books. "High-class biographies," as one of them told me. Nick Stuart goes in for stories of American youth. There's a lead! Why not ransack your kid brother's library and send Stuart a copy of "Tom Swift and His Diamond Mine"? Or, if your brother's under eight, you might mail the *Rover Boys* series.

Undoubtedly, gifts have their little effect; but it seems to me that it would be more to the point for you girls to concentrate on acquiring, outwardly at least, the traits most likely to attract the particular star you desire. Naturally enough, this procedure may have its drawbacks. Bill Haines, as a neat example, is intrigued by a woman with a sense of humor. In other words, she must laugh at Bill's wisecracks. Fifty per cent of the time his jokes are amusing enough, but as a whole-time job this business of unlimited mirth might prove rather exhausting.

Then we have James Hall insisting that "infidelity is the one irresistible quality in a woman—demure, but unfaithful." While William Janney argues for the pleasing personality. Richard Dix is intrigued by considerable tolerance. Billy Bakewell, as well as Arthur Lake, wants his girl shy, like a fox. (And the blood of the hunter surged to the fore!) But what of Ramon Novarro? All that Ramon expects to find in one woman is sweetness, faithfulness, strength of character, adaptability, intelligence, affection, desire for motherhood, sympathy, light-heartedness, understanding and a home-loving disposition; and she must be prepared to give all for him. It might be simpler to wreck Charlie Bickford's home and make a life study of whaling.

Dress Up Your Mind

"I LIKE women," Gary Cooper admits, "who have attractive minds, rather than bodies. Of course, I have no objection to their *having* bodies; but I mean their minds, if you know what I—But, anyway, I wouldn't marry a woman until I knew her for a pretty long time." Incidentally, if you should be successful in lampooning Gary, don't be surprised if he peers at you wiggling his nose. One wiggle means: "I love you!" Two wiggles: "I love you, *dear*." And it's none of your business what three wiggles mean. But if Lupe Velez gets a load of Gary and you nose-wiggling each other, you'll find a dirk in your bosom just as sure as you're free, white and twenty-one; and I'm assuming, of course, that you are.

All in all, I'd say that the average Amazon, operating in Hollywood, is bound to run into some pretty discouraging experiences—experiences fraught with danger. But if you simply can't see the light, let me give you a few last-minute suggestions:

Don't forget to play the mad-cap with the homing instinct. Be persistent, but give the impression of reticence.

Don't forget to emulate the hero-worshiper, and remember that Bill Haines derives nothing but pain from a pair of suspenders.

No matter how you interpret the word, be, by all means, "companionable."

Naturally, you should surround yourself with an aura of intelligence, but take care that you don't overdo it.

And . . . and . . . and unless you actually believe that you possess the sweetness and exquisite beauty of Maureen O'Sullivan, the wit of Ilka Chase, the lure of Lila Lee, the reticence of Janet Gaynor and the ruthlessness of Clara Bow, *don't* come to Hollywood at all. Stay home and marry the banker's son.

Now You're Talking

(*Continued from page 98*)

Lay Off Lupe and Her Garee

Why doesn't MOTION PICTURE have more news and pictures of Joan Crawford? Put more of Joan and leave some out about Lupe Velez and her Garee. I'm disgusted hearing about Garee this and Garee that. Why doesn't she marry him and get it over with and then we can wait patiently for two or three months for the divorce.

Marie Burr, Woodhaven, L. I.

Wants More Fakes Exposed By Us

Say that magazine of yours certainly has the goods. I saw "Ingagi" and it looked okey to me. Later on I read your exposé and realized the saps we movie fans are getting to be. It's enough to make a gal comb out that dollar finger wave she got on Saturday night. Go ahead, MOTION PICTURE, find some more fakes and tell us about them.

Eleanor R. London, Philadelphia, Pa.

Telling Connie What To Do With That $25,000.

Constance Bennett tells the world "Every woman should marry at least one millionaire." She might have changed that a bit to read: "Every woman should marry at least one English teacher." I recently saw her picture "Rich People" and it seems to me of that $25,000 per year she spends on personal adornment, she might set aside an appropriation for her English which was deplorable in that picture. I recall one line in particular when she said "I'll berl yer in erl." What she meant to say was "I'll boil you in oil." Another player in that same picture said something about a certain party being her "cherce" when she meant "choice." What is to happen to our English when such celebrities as Miss Bennett put over that sort of line?

Ruth Greenwald, Atlantic City, N. J.

Outdoor Life on the South Grounds of the Ambassador, Los Angeles

No Hotel in the World offers Such Varied Attractions as the

AMBASSADOR

LOS ANGELES

"The Great Hotel that Seems Like Home"

CONTINUOUS program of outdoor and indoor diversion. 27-acre park, playgrounds, open air plunges, tennis courts, 18-hole miniature golf course, archery and fencing, flowered pergola walks, cactus gardens, ping pong tables, all-talking motion picture theatre, world-famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing parties, riding, hunting, and all sports. Beautifully redecorated lobby. 35 smart shops.

Ambassador convention auditorium seats 7000. Guests have privilege of championship 18-hole Rancho Golf Club.

Most Attractive Summer and Fall Rates

OUTSIDE ROOMS with BATH as low as $5 per day

Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM

THE AMBASSADOR, NEW YORK
THE AMBASSADOR, PALM BEACH
THE AMBASSADOR, ATLANTIC CITY
THE AMBASSADOR, LOS ANGELES

42

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.

We Teach Beauty Culture

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 161-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

MOLES and WARTS

REMOVED PERMANENTLY

MILLER MFG. CO.
2439 South Street Lincoln, Nebr.

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
510 Western and Santa Monica Bldg.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE *your* NOSE

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

78,000 men and women have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage of the nose gently while you sleep or work. Your age doesn't matter. Results are lasting. Doctors praise it. Small cost. Money-back guarantee.

BEFORE AFTER

Send for FREE BOOKLET *"The Nose and Its Shape"*

ANITA INSTITUTE, 1132 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Clear, Bright eyes in no time

A few applications of harmless *Murine* will make your eyes much clearer and brighter than before. It reduces bloodshot veins and dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull and lifeless. *Murine* positively contains no belladonna or any other injurious ingredient. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

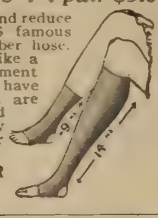
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

BIRD LOVERS Free

50-Page Bird Book in Colors
"Canaries for Pleasure and Profit"
Gives professional advice on breeding, training, feeding and care of canaries. Sent free with liberal samples of West's Quality Bird Foods, (sold at good stores everywhere), on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin to cover mailing. Keep your birds in song. ***Send dealer's name and receive Free an absolute necessity—West's Cage Disinfectant.***
Magnesia Products Co., 1506 Hubbard St., Milwaukee, Wis.

HAVE SHAPELY LIMBS . . *pair* $5.75
OR SLENDER ANKLES . . *pair* $5.00

Relieve swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous medicated flesh colored gum rubber hose. Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world. Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.



Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

1700.00 TO 3000.00 A YEAR For LIFE

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

Steady Work
Short Hours

Men-Women, 18 to 50.

Mail Coupon today sure.

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept R243, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge (1) 32 page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

When you see "The Big Trail," you will see a picture of pioneer days in the old West—one of the most moving scenes being an Indian attack on the covered wagons

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 86*)

JUST SALLY—Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove had the leads in "The Black Pirate." Gwen Lee was born in Hastings, Nebr., Nov. 12, 1905, five feet seven, weighs 135 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Corinne Griffith, Texas, Nov. 25, 1897, five feet six, weighs 118 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Married to Walter Morosco. Betty Compson, Beaver, Utah, Mar. 18, 1897, five feet four, 112 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

E. H. GIBSON—Well! in these midget golf courses they have at last got the length of the holes down to the size of our average drive. Do you play? Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28, 1899. She is five feet five and a half, weighs 122 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. Educated Alabama high school and Alabama Normal. Not married and has been appearing on the screen about thirteen years. Her latest picture is "Once a Gentleman." Ginger Rogers was born in Independence, Mo., July 16, 1911, five feet five, weighs 110 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "Manhattan Mary," Paramount Studios.

MODEAN—Klieg eyes is a soreness of the eyes resulting from the steady glare of the studio Klieg lights. David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 2, 1908. Attended Glendale High School when his family came to Glendale, Calif. After graduating from school he secured a clerical position in The Bank of America. When his first vacation came, decided he would try to crash the gate of the studios. He played as an extra until he got a call to try for the sympathetic rôle in "High School Hero" and secured the rôle. He is five feet ten, weighs 135 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Not married or engaged. Latest picture "Up the River."

GRETCHEN KING—Cliff Edwards was born in Hannibal, Mo., he is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Hobbies, golf and fishing. When he was fourteen, Mr. Edwards got $4 a week singing for illustrated slides and playing trap drums in the Peoples' Palace in St. Louis, Mo. He worked from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., and sang twenty songs daily. His next job was selling cider and humantones at a carnival in Texas. Later selling humantones in a department store in Cleveland, where he went broke, then took a train to New York where he sold magazine subscriptions. Was a waiter in Chicago and a tenor in a quartette on the road. Finally he sang and ukuleled himself into vaudeville and Ziegfeld's "Follies." Has made a number of Columbia Phonograph records.

NELL—Are the stars superstitious? You bet they are. Nancy Carroll won't enter the studio unless she has the pet makeup case she uses in pictures. Buddy Rogers always carries his trombone, whether scheduled to use it or not. Mary Brian always wears flowers for luck. Jack Oakie has a pocket luck-piece which he carries at all times. Ruth Chatterton always wears a necklace of tiny pearls. Jobyna and Esther Ralston are not related. Jobyna was born in South Pittsburgh, Tenn. She is five feet five, has brown hair and eyes. Miss Ralston is not appearing in pictures at this time.

JUNE D.—Allene Ray and Tim McCoy are appearing in "The Indians Are Coming," Universal Studios. Eddie Nugent was born Feb. 7, 1904. He is six feet one and a half, weighs 150 pounds, has dark brown hair and green eyes. Appearing in "War Nurse." Charles Farrell played the rôle of "The Boy" in "Old Ironsides," no other name was given him on the cast. Rin-Tin-Tin, Walter Miller, June Marlowe and Buzz Barton are playing in "The Lone Defender," Mascot Pictures. Lew Ayres in "East is West" with Lupe Velez. He was born Dec. 29, 1908, is five feet eleven and weighs 155 pounds.

AMY—Buster Keaton was born in Pickway, Kansas, Oct. 4, 1896. He is five feet five, weighs 140 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Keaton had stage experience as a baby with "The Three Keatons," and played in vaudeville knockabout acts with parents for years. He started his screen career in comedies as a comedian in 1917 under Roscoe Arbuckle. His latest picture is "Doughboys," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Yes, he is married to Natalie Talmadge, sister of Norma and Constance.

POLLY MORAN FAN—Polly hails from Chicago, Ill., does not tell her age. She is five feet four, weighs 134 pounds, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Full name Pauline Theresa Moran. She is under contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Productions. Latest picture is "Remote Control" starring William Haines. Raquel Torres in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Lawrence, Grace Moore and Gus Shy in "New Moon." Kay Francis, Charles Bickford, Lewis Stone, in "The Passion Flower."

HELEN CADIS—Zazu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, 1898. She is five feet five, weighs 110 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Tom Gallery and has two children, one of her own, the other is the adopted child of Barbara La Marr's whom she adopted at the time of Miss La Marr's death. Latest production is "War Nurse," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. William Powell in "New Morals." Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown in "The Life of the Party." Yes, Winnie is married.

DOROTHY CLAYTON—Eric von Stro- heim before he discovered Hollywood, was a flypaper salesman, a deputy sheriff, a lifeguard, a riding master, a singer in a German café, and a dishwasher. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, Aug. 10, 1904, of wealthy parents. Sudden financial reverses sent her to New York, to aid in the support of her family. Here, after a disappointing tour of theatrical agencies, she met Louis B. Mayer, who became impressed by her distinctive beauty and induced her to come to Hollywood. She was put under contract with the Mayer organization. The best known of her first pictures was "Channing of the Northwest," starring Eugene O'Brien. Miss Shearer has never appeared on the stage. She is five feet one, weighs 110 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Irving Thalberg since Oct. 6, 1927.

J. S. FISHER—You refer to Armida who played in "The Border Romance." Armida was born in Sonora, Mexico, about eighteen years ago. She is four feet eleven, weighs 90 pounds, has black

Fortnightly Sailings
Less than $10 per day

APPEALING particularly to those who have time for a leisurely trip—with rewards beyond measure. Ideal climate and friendly breezes all the way—ever-changing sights, amazing scenes.

Days of pure delight on balmy seas and in between ten never-to-be-forgotten visits in Colombia, So. Am., 2½ days crammed full of interest at Panama Canal; then Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico. Opportunity to visit via automobile and train through tropical jungles, the centuries-old capitals of Guatemala and El Salvador. Colorful! Historic! Romantic!

Steamers modern and comfortable, built specially for tropical service. All outside cabins with Simmons beds. Outdoor swimming pool. Orchestra. Wonderful meals.

PANAMA MAIL S. S. Co.
10 Hanover Square, N. Y. C.
Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Make His Heart Leap

with the bewitching fragrance of *Mystic Lure*, the new and different perfume. Its delicate, exotic scent seems to whisper of life and love as it weaves its compelling charm about you.

MYSTIC LURE

WRITE TODAY

You must try this lovely fragrance. Send only 50c for large bottle of *Mystic Lure*, or $1 for the extra large size extra strength). Address

ALVERÉ, Dept. K-11, 799 Broadway, New York City.

SHORT STORY WRITING!

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 Springfield, Mass.

MORE MONEY DAILY FOR YOU!

SHIRTS UNDERWEAR TIES

Men and Women—Industry's leader offers you direct-to-wearer agency. Pays big. Happy work. Thousands successful. Sample outfit free. Start at once. Write today.

DEPT. 576-R CARLTON MILLS, INC. 79 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

hair and eyes. Real name Vendrell. Ever since she can remember she has been on the stage—singing and dancing. It was while playing in a Spanish theater in Los Angeles, that Gus Edwards, the famous "picker of winners," saw her and gave her a part in one of his revues. Then Gus was signed by M-G-M to make talkie revues and he brought Armida with him. She appeared first in "The International Revue" and later starred in "La Mexicana," an all-color, singing sketch. She is at this time appearing in vaudeville again.

ESTELLE—Glad you like our magazines and this department. We're always glad to hear from you. William Powell was born in Kansas City, Mo., he is six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Received his stage training at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Spent 10 years on the dramatic stage with such productions as "Within The Law," "Going Up" and "Spanish Love." Entered pictures in 1921. His first rôle being in "Sherlock Holmes," with John Barrymore. He is one of the best-dressed men in the motion picture colony. Before playing a new character on the screen, he traces the entire life history of that character, carefully working out the details with the author. His closest friends in Hollywood are Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess and Captain E. H. Calvert, the District Attorney *Markham* of each of the Van Dine "Murder Case" stories.

SALLIE CLARK—Philippe de Lacey was born near Nancy, France, July 25, 1917. Has dark hair and gray-green eyes. Philippe is still growing so it is difficult to give his height and weight. You may write at 6672 Whitley Terrace, Hollywood, Cal. Reginald Denny, Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril, Sandra Ravel, Cliff Edwards have the leading rôles in "Those Three French Girls," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Haines, Mary Doran, Cliff Edwards, Eddie Nugent and Polly Moran in "Remote Control."

MADELINE—You refer to David Scott who played the rôle of *Ernesto* in "In Gay Madrid." He was born in Whitefish, Montana, Jan. 13, 1912, five feet eleven, weighs 140 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Educated at Montana, Longview, Wash., and Franklin High in Los Angeles, Cal. His first picture was the rôle of the dying soldier in "She Goes To War." Hobbies, tennis and reading. Charles Morton's latest picture is "Check and Double Check," starring Amos 'n' Andy. Maurice Chevalier, "The Playboy of Paris."

OPTIMISTIC—You're right: Al Jolson was born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Richard Barthelmess' name is pronounced Barthel-mess, accent first syllable. Ian Keith: Ee-ahn, rhymes (loosely) with be on. Victor McLaglen: Mick-glock-len, accent middle syllable. Maurice Chevalier is married to Yvonne Vallee, who was formerly his dancing partner at the Casino de Paris, France. Was once the dancing partner of Mistinguette at the famed Folies Bergére. His name is pronounced Sha-val-yay, all syllables evenly accentuated.

FRENCHIE—Did you know that Roberta Robinson won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music? Chester Morris born in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902. He is five feet nine, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and green eyes. Married to Sue Kilborn, they have a son, Brook, who is about a year and a half old. Chester got his first job on the stage through his father, William Morris, of stage fame. His mother, two brothers and a sister have also appeared on the stage. His latest production is "The Bat Whispers," United Artists Studios.

BILLY AND HELEN—Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet eight, weighs 155 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Real name Samaniegos. His latest picture is "Call of the Flesh," which was formerly titled "The Singer of Seville." Dorothy Jordan plays opposite. I would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of pictures he has appeared in. Rudy Vallee sings "The Maine Stein Song," made nationally famous through his radio and stage presentations, in the latest issue of the Max Fleischer Song Cartoons. No new picture has been announced for him.

H. J. SCHREADLEY—Billie Dove is divorced from Irvin Willat. Nancy Carroll has red hair and blue eyes, five feet four, weighs 118 pounds. Loretta Young, five three, weighs 98 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Real name Gretchen. John Boles is married to Marcelite Dobbs. Lillian Roth was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 13, 1911. Dolores Del Rio, Durango, Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905. Was married to Cedric Gibbons, Aug. 7, 1930. Jack Pickford to Mary Mulhern, Aug. 12, 1930. Mitzi Green, born New York City, she is about nine years old. Real name is Keno. Alice White is French and Italian descent.

ROSE—Stuart Erwin was born in Squaw Valley, Calif., he is five feet nine, weighs 165 pounds, has red hair and gray eyes. Appearing in "Her Wedding Night," starring Clara Bow and Ralph Forbes. Bruce Roger, brother of Charles, was born in Olathe, Kansas, July 3, 1910, five feet ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. His first picture hasn't been titled at this writing. Yes, I now have pictures of Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Sally Eilers, Mitzi Green, Ann Harding, Raymond Hackett, Alexander Gray, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, together, in stock.

Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.

Now he DRAW$ the thing$ he want$

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes $65.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Nelson is one of many young people making big money because of Federal training.

Publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living. The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. Over fifty famous artists have contributed to the Federal Course. It's easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way."

Test Your Drawing Talent

How well can you draw? Will you make an artist? These questions are fully answered by our free Vocational Art Test. Send for it today. Get on the "Road to Bigger Things." Fill out the coupon now.

Federal School of Illustrating

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING,
11080 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Vocational Art Test.

Name ..... Age.....

Occupation .....

Address .....

ARTISTIC ENLARGEMENTS

SIZE 16 x 20 INCHES
(or smaller if desired.
FROM ANY PHOTO
snapshot, tintype, etc.
only* 98¢ *each

Send as many pictures as you wish—of Mother, Dad, Baby or Friend, landscape or pet animals. You can have full figure, bust or group or any part of a group. High grade **LIFELIKE** reproductions guaranteed. Regular $5.00 Value.

GIVEN A beautiful **Highly Glazed Hand Painted MINIATURE** reproduced from your photo will also be given with each enlargement ordered.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply mail us photo (any size) and in a week you will receive the beautiful enlargement and miniature. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send one dollar with order and we pay postage. Your original photo will be returned unharmed. Money back if not delighted. Take advantage of this AMAZING OFFER and send photo today—DO IT NOW.

ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 17
5707 W. Lake Street 130 W. 42nd Street
Chicago, Ill. New York City

Check Size Wanted
☐ 16x20 in.
☐ 10x16 in.
☐ 11x14 in.
☐ 8x10 in.

Please send_____enlargements from enclosed photo. I will pay postman 98c plus postage for each enlargement and miniature. (If $1.00 cash for each enlargement is enclosed with this order, we pay postage.)

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

PHOTOS
From Hollywood

MOVIESTAR

AUTOGRAPHED photos made from original poses, on high grade photographic paper. More than 500 to choose from—all your favorite stars. ***Seven 5x7 photos, 50c. Six 8x10 photos, $1.*** Movie star albums, with rich gilt stamped covers; die-cut leaves hold photos without pasteing; loose-leaf, add leaves as your collection grows. ***Moviestar albums, $1.*** Special offer, ***Moviestar album and 35 photos, $3.*** Extra album leaves, ***30 for $1.***

HOLLYWOOD FANFARE CO., Ltd.
6362 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

New Photographs
of
Motion Picture Stars

25 Cents Each
5 for One Dollar
12 for Two Dollars

Postage Prepaid

The Answer Man
Motion Picture Publications, Inc.
1501 Broadway New York City

OLD COINS Large Spring selling catalog of coins for sale free to collectors only. Catalog quoting prices paid for coins, ten cents.

William Hesslein,
101-N Tremont Street Boston, Mass.

The Choice of HOLLYWOOD'S STARS
KATHERINE MacDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC

FLORENCE FOLSOM—Armida played the rôle of the gypsy girl in "General Crack." Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were married on June 14, 1930. Ben's latest picture is "The Hot Heiress." Stanley Smith "Soup To Nuts." Lowell Sherman hails from San Francisco, Calif. He is five feet nine, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and gray eyes. Dixie Lee's real name is Billie Wyatt. Eddie Quillan and Miriam Seegar have the leads in "Lookin' For Trouble," Pathé Studios. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and Leon Errol, "Social Errors," Paramount. Lane Chandler and Betty Lane, "The Border Line," Sono-Art.

DODO—Leatrice Joy and Nils Asther had the leads in "The Blue Danube." Nils is married to Vivian Duncan. Latest picture released was "The Sea Bat." Yes, Ramon Novarro plays the piano. Do you know that Ralph Graves does not only act for the screen but has written scenarios which have been produced, "Flight" and "Vengeance," and has also directed? Johnnie Walker was on the Government Board of Fingerprint Experts? George Bancroft and William "stage" Boyd are appearing in "Typhoon Bill," Paramount Studios. David Rollins "Up the River," Fox Studios.

NORMA ADDISON—Dorothy Sebastian, who plays the leading feminine rôle in "Ladies Must Play," was born in Birmingham, Ala. Dorothy was of an artistic nature and her first connection with the business world was creating beautiful hand-painted parchment shades. She also possesses musical ability and a singing voice. These accomplishments won her a place in George White's "Scandals." Nancy Carroll was born in New York City, Nov. 19, 1906. She is five feet four, weighs 118 pounds, has red hair and blue eyes. Her first picture was "Ladies Must Dress" which was released in Dec. 1927. She has one daughter, Patricia.

CURIOSITY KATE—John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis. Educated at Fishbourne Military Academy, Webb School and North Carolina Engineering College. Latest picture "Ladies Must Play." Alice White has blonde hair. Some women are redheads, some are blondes, and others leave their hair alone. But it isn't every girl who can say she has been all three types, like Alice White. She has been everything from a chestnut brunette to a strawberry blonde. Hails from Paterson, N. J. Five feet two, weighs 100 pounds, latest picture "Sweethearts On Parade."

LUCILLE—Josephine Velez, sister of Lupe, makes her motion picture début in "Her Man," the Pathé production featuring Helen Twelvetrees, Marjorie Rambeau, Phillips Holmes and Ricardo Cortez. Although Josephine is a year and two months older than Lupe, she looks enough like her famous sister to be her twin. There is a scant half-inch difference in their height and a pound and a half difference in their weights. Josephine appeared on the stage in Mexico City before coming to the United States with her sister. Marilyn Miller was born in Evansville, Ind., Sept. 1, 1900. She is five feet three, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Has been married to Frank Carter, who died, and Jack Pickford, from whom she is divorced. Appearing in "Sunny," First National Studios.

RED HEAD—I remember you all right! Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1910. She attended Southwestern University in Memphis. Studied also at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and through a friend was given a tryout for a rôle in "Garrick Gaieties." She won this part which was followed by appearances in "Twinkle, Twinkle," "Funny Face," "Treasure Girl" and Theatre Guild productions. Her first screen rôle was in "Taming of the Shrew," later in "Black Magic," "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh" and "Love in the Rough." Receives her fan mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

BILLY—Sally Eilers was born in New York City, Dec. 11, 1908. She is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs 107 pounds, has auburn hair and brown eyes. Screen experience consists of "Goodbye Kiss," "The Cradle Snatchers," "Slightly Used," "Trial Marriage," "Dry Martini," "Sailor's Holiday," "The Concentratin' Kid," "She Couldn't Say No," "Let Us Be Gay" and "Dough Boys." Married to Hoot Gibson since June 27, 1930. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell will be seen together again in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox Studios. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes in "The Right To Love."

W. WILSON—Charles Rogers played the role of Joe Grant in "My Best Girl." Mary Pickford was Maggie. Lucien Littlefield, Pa. Sunshine Hart, Ma. Avonne Taylor, Millicent and Hobart Bosworth, Mr. Merrill. Clara Bow is playing in "Her Wedding Night," Ralph Forbes, Skeets Gallagher and Charles Ruggles also in the cast. Glenn Tryon was born in Butte, Montana, Sept. 14, 1899. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs 174 pounds, has brown hair and green eyes. Latest picture released "Dames Ahoy." Sally Blane in "The Leather Pushers," Universal Studios.

Are You Playing For Money?

In a lottery,
You have to have luck . . .
At a race-track,
You have to have intuition . . .
In Wall Street.
You have to have money.

But here is a new game—
And a big game—
In which all you need
Is a lead pencil.

And you are all set
To win any amount
From $5.00 to $1,500—
Preferably, $1,500.

You look at some pictures—
They give you interesting ideas—
And ideas, in this game,
Are worth money.

$5,000 worth of it.

And you find yourself
Playing—not working—
For money . . .
For that long vacation . . .
That new car . . .
That new house . . .
That bigger and better bank account . . .

It is, in short,
The opportunity
of a puzzling lifetime.

This goodly fortune
Is waiting for you
On pages 40 and 41
Of the November

MOTION PICTURE

So you're coming to DETROIT!

WIRE and we'll make ticket reservation for you to theaters, concerts and sporting events—we'll have them ready when you arrive. Hotel Fort Shelby offers the dual advantage of a hushed, peaceful environment . . and immediate proximity to the financial, theatrical and shopping centers of downtown Detroit. 900 attractive rooms—Servidor equipped. $3 per day and up. Write for direct motor route.

J. E. FRAWLEY, *Managing Director*
E. J. BRADWELL, *Resident Manager*

HOTEL
FORT SHELBY
Lafayette and First DETROIT

FORM DEVELOPED

By an Easy Simple Method that has stood the test of 26 years' Successful Service. The Direct Method for a Symmetrical Figure—Development where needed. Neck, Chest, Arms, Legs—in fact ANY part of the Body. You need not send me a long letter. Just write "*I enclose 10c. Mail me a Large Box of* PEERLESS WONDER CREAM *Sealed and Prepaid, and tell me how to Develop a Beautiful Rounded Form by your Simple Home Method.*" That is all you need say, and I will return the dime if you wish, but send it NOW.

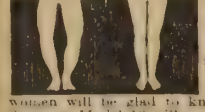
Mme. Williams, Box 134, Buffalo, N. Y.

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-E. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the keynote of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women will be glad to know that my patented Lim-Strainer Model 18 will successfully and safely improve these humiliating conditions in an amazingly short time. Worn at night. Many unsolicited letters of praise. Send a dime today for my copyrighted Anatomical and Physiological booklet and further information.

M. TRILETY ORTHOPAEDIC INSTITUTE
DEPT. L 1679 BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Free From Pimples. What A Relief!

CUTICURA SOAP *and* **CUTICURA OINTMENT**

Healed Them

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 10B, Malden, Mass.

Where Does The Money Go?

(Continued from page 53)

Also Charged to the Film

THE picture is cast, and first tests made. Three hundred dollars is a very low figure now for even an individual sound test. It all has to be charged to the picture. If it doesn't bring the money back, nothing else will.

Actual shooting is, of course very expensive. To begin with, the sound system costs around three thousand dollars a day when turned on, whether used or not. Then there are all the salaries of the director, the players, the camera and sound crews, the "grips," stand-bys, technical director, dialogue expert, wardrobe staff, prop-boys, and what-not. A picture company actually working eats up money as an incinerator eats up excelsior, and two scenes a day cost as much as twenty, in everything but film.

Don't forget the lights and film, either. When the set was built, anywhere from fifty to five hundred lights of different kinds had to be distributed all over it for lighting. These lamps are usually rented from a firm that has made a big fortune in Hollywood. The lamps themselves cost several thousand dollars apiece, and the rental is correspondingly high.

But the studio has to furnish the bulbs. These cost from around eighty-five dollars for a five-thousand-watt to one hundred and eighty-five dollars for one of the largest, and they burn on an average of one hundred hours. That's a dollar an hour for the life of each bulb, not to mention the "juice" and the thousands of dollars' worth of heavy cable to connect them, and the "juicer" who "hits" them or "kills" them (turns them on or off), all of which is a direct expense to the film.

What Price Gelatin?

THEN there is the raw film. This costs the studios from six to twelve cents a foot, depending upon the make and grade used. Color film costs much more than black-and-white, not only in "stock," but also in lighting, developing, and printing.

Every major studio insists upon at least two "O.K." shots of every scene—"takes," as they are called. There may be anywhere up to eight or ten "N.G.'s" before the "O.K.'s" are obtained. Usually, at least two cameras are used on every set; sometimes, as many as six or eight. "Cuts" are taken from each "angle," and a little of everything suitable used. But when the picture is finished, no matter how many cameras were used or how many "takes" were made, the film rarely runs over twelve thousand feet. And that has to bear all the expense of every foot shot—sometimes as much as a half-million feet altogether.

No combination of processes and equipment so delicate and complicated as those used in motion-picture-making ever performs perfectly all that time. If it isn't the sound system that goes wrong, it's the camera. It takes time to fix them. Time is the great devourer of money on the set, for while one department fixes its apparatus, the entire company can do nothing but sit around and wait, which brings up one of the most important items that never appear on the cost-sheet—waste. Every time a director changes his mind, it may cost a thousand dollars! Every time a fly buzzes in a sound scene, it may cost another thousand!

"Hold it!" yells a camera man. "Motor buckled!"

"Hold it!" yells the sound "mixer." Maybe there's a dead connection in the sound cable, maybe the "mike" has gone bad. Maybe a light is hissing somewhere. If the company is on location, maybe an airplane passes overhead or a street-car

MOTION PICTURE ACTING

JEROME STORM, *left Directing* CONSTANCE TALMADGE, *star in* THE GOLDFISH. *Right,* C GARDNER SULLIVAN *Supervisor.*

SCENARIO WRITING

For a limited time only, we offer a complete concentrated course in DRAMATIC ART, including MOTION PICTURE MAKE-UP, SCENARIO WRITING and DIRECTING, prepared by a Famous Staff who are ACTIVELY engaged in the Motion Picture Industry in the "Film Capital of the World,"

HOLLYWOOD

This offer, made possible as a result of months of well directed effort on the part of the Authors, will serve as permanent and decidedly helpful reference guide for either the Professional or Amateur being especially adapted to Talking Pictures.

Our Staff, offering the benefit of their many years of actual achievement in this magnetic industry, consists of:

JEROME STORM, Famous Director, who has been instrumental in the development of numerous screen celebrities. Among the many he has directed are Colleen Moore, John Gilbert, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Adolphe Menjou, Lillian Gish, Wallace Beery, Alice White, Jack Mulhall, Bessie Love, Douglas McLean, Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Jackie Coogan and Charles Ray in his widely loved "Country Boy" characterizations.

J. FRANK GLENDON, Star of the Broadway Stage and Screen, featured Star in over thirty screen versions of the O'Henry Classics and many others which include "Night Life in Hollywood," "Rip Tyde," "Yankee Doodle, Jr.," supporting Clara Kimball Young in "Soul of Raphael" and "Midchannel"; Norma Shearer in "Up Stage" and Marion Davies in "Lights of Old Broadway." He has been featured with many others including Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Claire Windsor, Jane Novak and supported among many Greta Garbo, Marie Prevost, Lionel and John Barrymore.

OLIVER DRAKE, Author and Writer of more than a hundred screen successes including "Rogue of the Rio Grande," "The Squealer," "Red Riders of Canada," "The Desert Rider," "The Drifter," etc., featuring many famous players among whom are Raymond Hatton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Tom Mix, Sharon Lynn, Tom Tyler, Myrna Loy, Bob Steele and Raquel Torres.

These subjects have been particularly prepared to fulfill the demand of those who possess an honest ambition to become an Actor, Actress or writer and to develop within them the ability of expression, making available information which would require much time and actual experience in the Motion Picture Business to learn:—for the Amateur "Home Movie" photographers, to assist them in making more life-like pictures by the correct application of Make-Up, the reflecting of light and the making of interesting scenes in continuity.

This instruction may provide the foundation for your future success. You may earnestly WISH to be an Actor or Writer but ambitions are realized through genuine effort, not wishes. You can no more succeed without study than you could practice Law without preparation. Your questions will receive the personal, helpful attention of our Staff members—not employees. Take advantage of this opportunity and introductory price now.

(For your protection, the officers of the Hollywood Film Academy are Bonded.)

HOLLYWOOD FILM ACADEMY (Dept. 2)
6372 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

I enclose herewith Ten Dollars in full payment for the Instruction checked. I am also to be extended the privilege of your question and answer service.

( ) DRAMATIC ART, including Motion Picture Make-Up.
( ) PHOTOPLAY WRITING and Motion Picture DIRECTING.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only— Stillman's 50¢ Freckle Cream for FULL OZ. JAR — REMOVES FRECKLES — WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
33 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

The LUDY

South Carolina Ave. at the Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY'S NEWEST
Centrally Located Fireproof Hotel
Overlooking the Ocean
220 ROOMS with the last word in hotel equipment
Salt Water Baths — Solarium
Ocean Deck — Bathing from Hotel
European Plan $3 UP — American Plan $6 UP
Fireproof Garage Attached
R. B. Ludy, M. D.

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE
on treatment for
reduction of Corpulency
will be mailed without
charge upon request to
Dept. "K"
Garfield Tea Company
313—41st Street Brooklyn, New York

US GOV'T. JOBS
Pay $35 to $70 weekly. Men, Women, 18-55. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free.
Write Instruction Bureau, 294A St. Louis, Mo.

$2 each for names of new customers who wear an artificial eye. Send names of any you know and earn commission. Nothing to buy or sell.
Denver Optic Co. 783 Quincy Denver, Col.

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mento-Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold, return $1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours.
U.S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. E336 Greenville, Pa.

jangles along a mile away. Maybe a million things go wrong.

The result is the same. Money. Lots of it.

Frequently, the director runs into a "jinx" scene. Perhaps everything is going smoothly, when an actor or an actress misses his cue or forgets her lines. They start over again, and the microphone "blows." By this time, everybody is so rattled that the actor forgets his lines again and the director loses his temper. Then the only thing to do is to go to lunch. The human angle of temperament doesn't show on the cost-sheet, but it's there, all the same!

A modern motion picture studio represents an investment of many millions of dollars in land, buildings and equipment as it stands. Interest has to be paid on that investment, whether its profits go to the individual producer who uses his own money, or to the banks from which he borrows it, or to stockholders in the incorporated companies. The individual picture has to stand its full share of the interest on the total investment.

The wonder nowadays is not that the producer has to juggle his figures to expand their importance, but that he can compress them cleverly enough to shoot a "super-super" at all. The big scenes of an airplane fleet, bombed buildings, destroyed property from "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Hell's Angels" and similar "specials" cost twenty-five thousand dollars upward a day.

An efficiency expert, making a tour of any studio, stands aghast at the "waste" he sees. He cannot imagine how the industry survives at all. And so, if the studio "falls" for him, he adds his own salary to the overhead and starts in to "fix" things.

And that's just about the most expensive calamity that can happen to any picture. Any studio that has tried an efficiency expert will testify to that! So it's one thing they economize on.

Answers to Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**The blonde Vivian Duncan's eye was** darkened at a party and she names Rex Lease as the one who gave it to her when she refused to welcome his advances. All denied by Rex, of course.

2—**Pigmy Golf is the latest evil. Those** who formerly attended the movies now spend their days and evenings (far into the night) on the miniature golf courses.

3—**A theater in Minneapolis gave Clara** Bow second place to little Mitzie Green when "Love Among the Millionaires" played there. Too much unfavorable newspaper notoriety caused it.

4—**The charming and blonde Jean Harlow** wouldn't pose with Maurice unless her mother was included in the picture. She didn't want to give Hollywood something else to talk about.

5—**A birthmark on the head of their baby** seems to be the cause of the rift in the Barrymore-Costello household. Papa John insists on an immediate operation to remove it and Mama Dolores frantically opposes.

6—**Rex Bell, cowboy hero of Westerns,** has been very attentive to Clara Bow and seems to have put Harry in the shade—for the time being at least.

Desist Doctor

I have Changed

Oh, please don't, doctor,
Please don't tell me
I ought to try some more
Of that awful stuff.

It didn't help me a bit.

And really, doctor,
I don't need it.

Why, it has even got so that
I don't even crave
A little prescription,
Now and then.

No longer am I sick,
Or tired, or bored.

My eyes have stopped
Burning and aching.
My head doesn't feel
Like a bale of cotton.
My appetite is good again.

I happened, all by myself,
On what I need.
And it surely is
A sure cure for hokum
And the doldrums.

That's why I have changed.

I tossed all that other stuff
Into the grate—and
Settled down to enjoying
Some he-man doses
Of

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

"It's the Magazine With the Personality"

NO MORE BIG TIRE BILLS!

GOODYEAR · FISK · Firestone · U.S. AND OTHER TIRES

At ¼ Regular Prices

Tires You Know and Prefer AT NEW LOW PRICES!

You can rely upon Chicago's oldest and most reliable rubber company to deliver tire mileage at lowest cost. Actual tests on the worst roads in the country prove that our standard brand, reconstructed tires deliver 60 to 60 per cent more service. A trial order will convince you.

BUY NOW — 12 MONTHS' SERVICE GUARANTEED — SAVE MONEY

BALLOON Tires

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21"	$2.30	$1.10
29x4.50-20"	2.40	1.15
30x4.50-21"	2.45	1.20
28x4.75-19"	2.45	1.20
30x4.95-21"	2.90	1.35
30x5 00-20"	2.95	1.35
28x5 25-18"	2.95	1.35
30x5.25-20"	2.95	1.35
31x5.25-21"	3.20	1.35
30x5.77-20"	3.20	1.40
31x6.00-19"	3.20	1.40
32x6.00-20"	3.20	1.40
33x6.00-21"	3.20	1.45
32x6.20-20"	3.65	1.75

Reg. CORD Tires

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.20	$1.00
30x3½	2.25	1.00
32x3½	2.70	1.15
31x4	2.95	1.15
32x4	2.95	1.15
33x4	2.95	1.15
34x4	3.50	1.15
32x4½	3.20	1.45
33x4½	3.20	1.45
34x4½	3.45	1.45
30x5	3.60	1.75
33x5	3.60	1.75
35x5	4.45	1.75

All Other Sizes

DEALERS WANTED

All Tubes New—Guaranteed First Quality

Send only $1.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5 per cent. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at half price.

MIDLAND TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Dept. 156 1000-10 W. Sixty-Third Street Chicago

REDUCE

With

O B. C. T.

She Used to be Fat!

Any woman can reduce with O. B. C. T.—quickly and painlessly, without harm or inconvenience. No exercise or diet necessary.

Write Today for Two Weeks' Treatment

Prove to yourself that O. B. C. T. is the most wonderful fat reducer ever prescribed. **Send no money.** Pay the postman $1.50 when the package arrives. **We positively guarantee that you will lose weight on the first box, or we'll refund your money.** Two weeks' treatment will convince you! Write today! **Start reducing right away!**

O.B.C.T. Laboratory 4016 Lincoln Avenue Dept. 255, Chicago, Ill

FREE RADIO CATALOG

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES

168 pages of radio bargains. New 1931 Screen Grid, all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful Consoles—also battery operated sets. Write today.

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION

711 W. LAKE ST. DEPT. 262 CHICAGO

How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

No depilatories, waxes, pastes, liquids, electricity—or razor. "Getting Rid of Every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains my inexpensive, simple, harmless, painless way used with success by thousands. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. Address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 West Austin Avenue, Dept. 570, Chicago.

Mole SOLVENT

DISSOLVES and PERMANENTLY Removes any kind, anywhere. Safe, No acid. Easily applied. Price $1. Information free. Vita Co., Dept. B, Room 415 1819 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Learn to **PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS**

We quickly teach you by mail, or at school, in spare time. Big demand. Big future. Interesting work. Oldest, foremost school.

EARN $50 TO $200 WEEKLY

Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made $12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets $25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes "Earned $200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING

162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

7—**When Gloria Swanson was making** "What A Widow" at the Pathé Studio, she saw to it that Constance Bennett was not permitted to work there, and the cause of the feud is the love of the Marquis de la Falais.

8—**The names of Buddy Rogers and** Charlie Ruggles have been changed to Charles Rogers and Charles Ruggles. The "Buddy" and "Charlie" being too juvenile for the sophisticated rôles they are going to play. "Bh" Rogers, brother of Charles, was christened Bruce.

9—**The husband of the female star of** "Hell's Angels" charged that his exmate posed for indecent pictures. She's Jean Harlow.

10—**She said she was mentally ill from** worry brought on by brooding over her child, Lita Warner, whose custody she is trying to regain from her deceased husband's (Sam Warner) family.

11—**Gavin Gordon is the broken-hearted** young man. He deserves a lot of sympathy because La Garbo is not reciprocating his love.

12—**While at a hospital being treated for** a severe case of sunburn, two of her nurses told of her excessive use of dope but after an examination, an inspector of the Narcotic Squad said he found no signs of her being an addict.

13—**Because he's the proud papa of an** eight-pound boy which his wife, Norma Shearer, presented to him on August 24.

14—**Because of her divorce from her first** husband, Jaime Del Rio. However, the ceremony was performed when she explained that she was made a widow by his death.

15—**Lilyan Tashman made that state-**ment when discussing Trial Marriages. She believes there are more couples just "living together" who are more loyal and devoted than many who only stay married because the law has bound them.

16—**The death of Lon Chaney, "the man** of a thousand faces," is being mourned by the movie industry.

17—**Mary Duncan believes love is the** most important thing in life but says she would never make any sacrifices for it.

18—**Dolores Costello Barrymore, Norma** Shearer Thalberg, Olga Baclanova Soussanin, and Eleanor Boardman Vidor (her second child) are the four players who have kept the movie stork busy.

19—**Right in his own home. Yvonne** Vallee is none other than Mrs. Maurice Chevalier.

GLORIFY YOUR BEAUTY

with the Cosmetic Masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein—Foundations, Powders, Rouges and Lipsticks that enhance beauty, protect and preserve it.

Chic make-up begins with an immaculate skin. Cleanse with Pasteurized Face Cream, the soothing, refreshing, molding cream. Excellent for oily skin. 1.00. If the skin is dry and sensitive, use Pasteurized Face Cream Special. 1.00. Both of these Pasteurized Creams act as superb Powder foundations.

Valaze Powder—clinging, wonderfully flattering. 1.00, 1.50

Valaze Rouges—smartest, most enchanting of rouges. 1.00

Valaze Lipsticks—indelible, soothing, ravishing in color. 1.00

Persian Eye Black, the supermascara, does not leave the lashes stiff or brittle. Stays on! 1.00

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener—makes the lashes long, luxuriant. 1.00

Helena Rubinstein's Beauty Creations are obtainable at the better shops, or order direct from

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th St. New York

FREE COMPLETE TEST PACKAGE Prove to yourself what 3,000,000 women know

GRAY HAIR GONE

Why hesitate? Mary T. Goldman's way is entirely SAFE. Just comb clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Youthful color comes. Nothing to rub or wash off.

We don't ask you to buy. We only ask that you convince yourself. Snip off a lock of hair. Test results first this safe way. You have nothing to lose. You take no risk. We send FREE a complete test package. Mail the coupon.

Please Use Coupon for FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN

3412 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

COLDS

can be checked quickly with this tonic laxative

Years of use by millions of people have proved that a comfortable laxative combined with quinine is the most efficient cold remedy and preventive. Both quinine tonic and laxative features are correctly combined in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Insist on them for quick cold relief.

Headaches accompanying colds are relieved by these tablets, 30c at all druggists.

GROVE'S *Laxative*
Bromo Quinine
TABLETS *For 41 Years-the Safe, Dependable Cold Remedy*

Send One Dollar

and we will forward
the next
SIX ISSUES of
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
and 24 New Pictures Free

Read Special Offer on page 99

Send Your Order Today

MAKE $20 PER 100

Stamping Names on Keychecks. Spare or full time. Good for $5 or more per day. Send 25¢ for sample and Instructions. R. KEYTAG CO., Cohoes, N.Y.

BOYS & GIRLS **EARN XMAS MONEY**

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. No Work—Just Fun.

ST. NICHOLAS SEAL CO., Dept. 136MP, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Health, happiness, prosperity, love, courtship, marriage, home, family, etc. Complete astrological forecast, 25 large pages. Send 75¢ and birthdate or sent C.O.D. (plus postage). Money back if not more than pleased. THURSTON, D-20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

WE START YOU FREE!

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Make 100% profit selling our CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS. Simply show our supreme $1 box 24-card assortment and sale is made. Before you sell any other cards let us prove we have fastest selling line in America. Write for samples. GAIR MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 198 1916 Sunnyside, Chicago

Tabloid Reviews

(Continued from page 80)

On Your Back—Irene Rich in an interesting character sketch of a clever woman who elevates herself from the slums to Fifth Avenue (Fox).

Paradise Island—Our old friend, the story about how romantic Hawaii can be (Tiffany).

Queen High—Charles Ruggles and Frank Morgan as partners in a garter works, with the cards deciding which shall be the other's butler. Good comedy, with Ruggles singing a surprise song, "I Love the Ladies in My Own Peculiar Way."

Raffles—Ronald Colman as the handsome, light-fingered lad, daring enough to be exciting, polished enough to be amusing (U. A.).

Rain or Shine—Comic Joe Cook, of stage fame, in an entertaining circus which goes through an ordeal of fire and water (Col.).

Recaptured Love—An adult version of how a wife (Belle Bennett) can win her husband (John Halliday) back from a temptress (Dorothy Burgess)—(W. B.).

The Record Run—The still-good old story of the train race, with the spirit of railroading caught accurately by Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur (RKO).

Romance—Greta Garbo as an intensely interesting Italian operatic idol of 1856, who really loves but once, and, that once, loses (M-G-M).

Scarlet Pages—Elsie Ferguson creates suspense as the woman lawyer who defends Marian Nixon in a murder trial (F. N.).

The Sea God—As a hard-boiled sea captain, hot after a fight and stray pearls, Richard Arlen has an exciting time in the South Seas, with Fay Wray to defend against cannibals and bad men (Par.).

Shadow of the Law—The fair name of William Powell is besmirched by his being railroaded to prison, but after a deal of trouble the slate is wiped clean again (Par.).

She's My Weakness—Love among the adolescents, with Sue Carol and Arthur Lake distractingly immature (RKO).

Shooting Straight—A gang leader changes identities with a reformer in a railroad wreck, and Richard Dix has some fun—and a swell fight (RKO).

The Silent Enemy—A powerful silent portrayal of life as it is in the Far North. The actors are Ojibway Indians (Par).

The Singer of Seville—Ramon Novarro, in his best talkie, learns that the price of greatness in singing is a broken heart (M-G-M).

Sins of the Children—Louis Mann as a modern Job. Mother-love stories having been overdone, this is a father-love story (M-G-M).

Song O' My Heart—John McCormack (Fox).

Sweethearts and Wives—A mix-up about some disappearing diamonds and vanishing wives, with Billie Dove, Leila Hyams, Clive Brook and Sidney Blackmer all enjoying themselves (F. N.).

Sweet Mama—Alice White foils the bad boys in a moviesque gangland (F. N.).

Swing High—Helen Twelvetrees on the up and up as a trapeze artist in a colorful circus story (Pathé).

Three Faces East—The best spy story of the silents has even more suspense in the talkies, thanks to Eric von Stroheim, Constance Bennett and Anthony Bushell (W. B.).

Top Speed—A typical stage musical comedy, with Jack Whiting and Bernice Claire supplying most of the music, and Joe E. Brown and Laura Lee the comedy (F. N.).

The Unholy Three—The late lamented Lon Chaney in his first and last talkie as the ventriloquist who is up to interesting evil with a giant and a midget (M-G-M).

Viennese Nights—Old Vienna made glamourous again, with Technicolor, excellent music, and good singing by Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Pidgeon (W. B.).

Vitaphone Varieties—A help to any program. The best of talkie shorts, with a variety of stars and subjects (W. B.).

The Way of All Men—A dramatic study of the reactions of several men and one woman, facing death by drowning. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the best man, and Dorothy Revier the girl (F. N.).

Way Out West—As a slick tent-show artist, William Haines hooks some cowboys for their wages. They get their revenge, and Polly Moran and Cliff Edwards get the picture (M-G-M).

The White Hell of Pitz Palu—A thrilling German-made silent of three people marooned on an Alpine glacier. Spectacular, unfaked photography (Univ.).

Whoopee—Eddie Cantor as everything from a hopeless invalid to an Indian brave in the wild, wild West and a very funny comedy, with settings and girls by Ziegfeld (U. A.).

Wild Company—The younger generation (Frank Albertson) can do no wrong—without the older generation (H. B. Warner) being to blame. An interesting sermon (Fox).

With Byrd at the South Pole—The adventures of Rear Admiral Byrd and Company, magnificently photographed. Don't stay away because of the education involved (Par.).

Another myth exploded: all by herself, with the help of a sunken garden, Betty Compson proves that, after all, a star in private life prefers culivated surroundings.

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Before all this came up I had invited ten close friends to a buffet dinner at my apartment that night. It was too late to call them cancelling the engagement—and so I tried to pull myself together to get through it.

"From the moment of their arrival, that evening was agony to me. I tried to laugh and be gay and pretend everything was all right. I think the only person present who knew what I was really going through was my maid. Every now and then I caught her looking at me in such an odd way.

The Climax

"THE climax of the evening came when one of the women guests accidentally stumbled over some toys—some woolly little animals, and some baby games I had put away when I had thought my baby was to join me. I'm sure no one meant to be unkind—but remarks were made. Some one said: 'Are you really expecting to ever see that kid again? Why don't you just try to forget?' I repeat, it wasn't unkindly said. I think they meant it as an attempt to be cheerful, to 'kid' me out of my doldrums. But if I had been stabbed I couldn't have been more deeply wounded. I wondered what kind of a mother they thought I was that I could forget my own child?

"Somehow or other I managed to get through most of the evening. Once when I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, I sneaked down the back stairs and sat there crying to myself. My maid followed me out, but I told her to go back. I learned later that she went to a good friend of mine, a certain man who was present, and warned him of my condition.

"In a little while he came out and joined me. 'Lina' he said, 'please come back in and take a medicine, or something to buck you up. You're going all to pieces.' I told him I didn't want medicine but that I would like a small drink. I don't drink—you've known me long enough to know that—but I felt I really needed one then.

"I came back in and he got me something—I don't remember just what. Everyone had gone by this time and I told him to run along, too. I said I would be quite all right. I told him not to worry about me. He got his hat and coat and said 'Good-night.' I stood there in the hall after he left—listening to his footsteps as he walked away—and I felt desperately lonely—it seemed that I was all alone in the world, that I wasn't necessary to anybody—not even my own baby and then something snapped inside me. I ran down the hall to my bathroom. I think I was temporarily crazy—I must have been. There were no poisons there, I never keep medicine—but there was a bottle of disinfectant and I grabbed for it—swallowed as much as I could. The rest I remember only so vaguely.

"I faintly heard my maid frantically calling after this friend. I was conscious that they two rushed into the bathroom and I heard him say 'My God!' I knew someway or other that they were trying to get a doctor. I kept screaming 'I'm burning—I'm burning.' The next thing I was conscious of was the shrill blast of an ambulance siren as it came, first, far away, and then closer and louder, 'Oh, my God' I screamed, 'Don't let them take me. Don't let them take me.' I did not know until hours later that they had been unable to locate either my doctor or his and that they had had to call on the Receiving Hospital for aid.

The Aftermath

"I DON'T know what they did to me at the Receiving Hospital. The usual thing in such cases, I guess. I know I was

Fortune Favors the Mind that Is Prepared

Here's How!

You can prove you are smart

You can improve each shining hour

You can increase your bank balance—and have a good time while you are doing it!

You can get the Motion Picture Title Game Reference Book

This is a sample page from the Reference Book—showing how titles and names are listed alphabetically.

WITHOUT EXPENSE

While it is not a requirement that you own a Reference Book in order to participate in the division of $5,000.00 in Cash, "Fortune Favors the Mind that Is Prepared," you will find the Reference Book a valuable aid in recalling to your mind the titles of productions and the names of feature players. To have a copy of the Reference Book is to prepare your mind and permit you to play the Motion Picture Title Game with confidence that the title you select is one which may be used. Motion Picture Magazine makes it easy for you to secure a copy of the Reference Book without expense.

—JUST USE THIS COUPON—

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE MPN
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is $1.00 please ☐ extend ☐ enter my subscription for Motion Picture Magazine for Six (6) months (the regular price) and send me without expense, a copy of the Motion Picture Title Game Official Reference Book.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Get This Album FREE!

This Large Black Seal-Leatherette Album—100 pages, loose-leaf, size 8½ by 10½ inches, weight two pounds, is specially made to hold the 5½ by 8-inch pictures that so many of our readers are collecting.

All you have to do is send us a one year subscription to Motion Picture Magazine—at our rate of $2.00 for twelve big issues—and we send you this Big Album Free! Subscribe to-day for some friend, or extend your present subscription. Money back if you are not delighted.

Please use this order blank

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. 11M-P-M
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the big Album—FREE!

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....State.....

Start with.....issue.

Extend my present subscription ☐

Canada, add $1.00 Foreign, add $2.00

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY)

Once in a while a fellow gets a break in Hollywood by being chosen from the mob for a big assignment. The breaks surely came John Wayne's way. Unknown a few weeks ago he got the job of playing the leading rôle in "The Big Trail," a talkie of covered wagon days

violently sick when I regained consciousness. There were newspaper reporters swarming about—there were doctors, and detectives, and Pev and his father. For a moment, when I came to, I wished I had died. All I could think of was the sensational publicity—the talk that would go around. I could hear the world calling me a fool and less kind terms.

"To this minute I don't know why I did it. I must have been crazy for a moment, I guess. That's the only answer. My health has not been good for several years. I have been threatened with Tuberculosis. I had had a nervous collapse. I had been out of the hospital from undergoing a serious operation, only two weeks. Something went wrong in me all of a sudden. I was mentally and physically ill.

"Well, the sensational publicity I had dreaded broke. In great glaring headlines. And I have paid for that moment of insanity in more ways than one. For one thing I have found out who my real friends are. Not many among the motion picture people, believe me. Not a single thought from many people I believed to be my friends. But there is one girl who was marvelous. And that girl is Alice White. God bless her for the kindness she has shown me. She is one person who isn't afraid to like whom she chooses.

"I am afraid this affair has made a breach between my mother and myself that will never be healed. She is terribly angry with me. She does not want me to come to her home. I hear that she has tried to have an insanity complaint sworn out against me.

"I am not insane. I was mentally ill for one dreadful little moment—but I think I have paid for that lapse more deeply than anyone will ever know. I am putting it all out of my mind—I want to forget—if the world will be kind enough to let me."

Letters To The Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

municate with those players and ask for one of their photographs, the main thing being to unearth their addresses. I am the recipient of one of my own letters, written to Albert Gran, and it has been to five different addresses in California! Where are you, Albert Gran? Also you, Donald Crisp? You, Nella Walker, Edmund Burns and Allen Kearns?

And I would also like to know why extras and featured players, in some cases, make you wait for almost a year, despite several letters on your part, and even then do not send the picture you sent your quarter for; whereas, most of the stars will send their photo in at least three months, most of the time it is only one or one and a half months,—why? Thelma Todd. I am still waiting for your photo after one year's wait, about ten letters and two quarters! And, Robert Ames, Victor McLaglen, Lily Damita and Harold Lloyd, I have written you several letters and have waited for almost eight months for a sign of one of your pictures! Is that playing fair with your public? *Mrs. Samuel Nichols*

A College Student Protests

PITALUMA, CAL.—I wish some director would produce a picture about college life as it really is. The frivolous pictures they are producing are just a round of "frat" dances and football games. As a college student, I protest. Our parents see these pictures and think that is how we spend our time and their money. Nothing is ever shown of the nights we sit up studying for examinations.

Sororities and fraternities are depicted as places to have good times. Their ideals and high standards are not mentioned. College life on the screen is one Rah Rah after another and filled with heroes who win the football games at the last minute for their alma mater.

All students in these ridiculous pictures are noticeably good looking. The girls are fashion plates and the masculine element of Grecian profile. How unlike a real college where you see rich and poor, the attractive and the ungainly.

Football games are not miraculously won because some silly little co-ed makes up with her hero and spurs him on to walk off with a touchdown. College life is real. It is a world of its own. *Alice E. Titchiner*

Remember When the Heroine Was Always Blonde, the Hero Always Manly?

DENVER, COLO.—The other night my husband inveigled me into seeing "Lone Star Ranger." I really mean inveigled. How I've always fought clear of western pictures. Remember how they used to gallop and gallop over burning mesa for ever so many miles of film only to shoot everybody up and then when the smoke of battle had cleared, the picture always ended with a mushy close-up of the blonde heroine draped all over the manly bosom of the hero?

That's all passé now; westerns are getting shorter and full of real pep. We go, we see, we hear, we come home satisfied. The conversation gives the drama a feel of realness. Being able to speak has done away with so much lengthy, tiresome pantomime, and technicolor really gives one an idea of the glorious west. *Gladys Ashour*

Test This Amazing Money Making Invention FREE

Men, here's the most remarkable money maker of the age! A little automatic machine that makes old-style can openers obsolete! Now just a twist of the wrist makes the dollars hum for you! So mail the coupon today for liberal FREE TEST OFFER!

UP TO $6 and $8 IN AN Hour Just Offering This $1,000,000 Can Opening Machine

NO MORE awkward stabbing and hacking with old-style can openers! No more danger of blood poisoning from gashed and lacerated fingers! For now a remarkable new invention banishes every old style can opener to the scrap heap. Now a simple twist of the wrist opens any can in a couple of seconds. No wonder salesmen have sold to every house in the block and made up to $6 and $8 in an hour!

WORKS LIKE A CHARM

This queer little device cuts the entire top completely out, clean as a whistle! The machine takes hold of the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives it back without any sharp edges to snag your fingers. You just put the can in the machine—turn the handle—and almost instantly the job is done!

Opens Any Can In A Jiffy

You just slip the can in the holder and turn the handle Nothing complicated, nothing to get out of order. Opens any can, square, round or oval, in a few seconds. And, men, IT'S TRIPLE PATENTED, so there is no competition.

SELLS ITSELF IN SECONDS

Everyone knows how women detest the dangerous old style can opener. Imagine, then, how they welcome this startling new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful kitchen task. Men, honestly, all you do is hand your demonstrator to your prospect and let her try it. She sells herself in seconds and you pocket a nice, fat profit! That's why salesmen have made up to $75 and $150 in a week.

Act Quick for Free Test Offer

I don't care whether you're an "old-timer" or just breaking in—some of the quickest, easiest money of your life is waiting for you now, right here! All I ask is a chance to prove it at my risk. Territories are closing fast. Just mail me the coupon and I'll shoot you the most sensational dollar making plan you ever heard of. Mail it today! Right now!

OH BOY!

HOW THE DOLLARS ROLL IN

$208 IN 24 HOURS

"Speedo products do everything that is claimed for them. I went to a small railroad town and sold 24 Speedo products in about 3 hours. In another instance I sold 30 Speedos on one street in 1½ hours. In 24 hours of selling I have made exactly $208."
John Neighbors, O.

1,000 SALES IN 90 DAYS

[illegible] less than 5 hours. Anyone [illegible] with Speedo; my earnings are [illegible]
R. W. Giraffe Ind.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., 4500 Mary Ave., Dept. P-2064, St. Louis, Mo.

Revolutionary New Sharpener

Works like magic. Puts a razor edge on any knife or tool in a few seconds. Anyone can use it. Sharpens scissors too. The coupon brings full details.

CENTRAL STATES MANUFACTURING CO.,
Dept. P-2064, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Rush me your Free Test Offer.
Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....
( ) Check here if interested only in one for your own home.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 11445 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.**

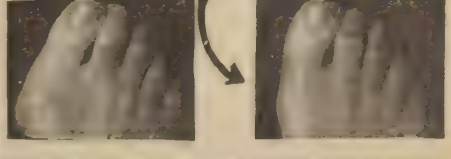
How To Obtain

A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance

My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Won't wear or slip. Over 100,000 sold. Send for free book to
M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 194 Binghamton, N.Y.

BUNIONS *Dissolved*-FREE TEST



Pain stops almost **instantly!** THEN PERMANENT RELIEF. Amazing **Fairyfoot** gradually dissolves painful, ugly bunions. Quickly enables you to wear smaller shoes. No messy salves. No undignified appliances. This marvelous discovery entirely different! Used successfully on 500,000 feet. Write today for trial treatment absolutely **free.** (Nothing to pay—no C.O.D.—no obligation.)

FAIRYFOOT PRODUCTS CO.
1223 S. Wabash Ave. Dept. 48 Chicago, Illinois

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO. CHICAGO

twice the beauty

from face powder if you use

princess pat

the famous almond base makes it different.

Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest.* The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

A Difference With a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained?*

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin.* All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* "twice the beauty" from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason.

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

SPECIAL

Get this Week-End Set — This very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for the COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

Princess Pat., 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. 101-B. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....

. . . now watch us *tackle* a Milky Way

Just think how one would taste! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then, outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful, pure milk chocolate. What a rare combination of goodness, and how satisfying, when you crave good candy. Oh boy . . . imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE, CHICAGO

Motion Picture

S-M

JANUARY '31

25 CENTS

$5000.00 *Cash Prizes*

IN DEFENSE OF CLARA BOW

THE DEADLY SIN OF BEING NORMAL

THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
Overnight
...a SUCCESS!
Orange Life Savers...cooling...refreshing...brimming with delightful, juicy flavor...like the fruit itself. Their excellence and quality have made them a sales sensation...the overwhelming choice of millions...overnight.
ORANGE LIFE SAVERS
On Everybody's Tongue
Lemon Life Savers...tangy...thirst-quenching...piquant to the taste...rare...golden-clear...these delectable drops ...in the famous Life Saver shape...fairly melt the instant they touch the tongue.
LEMON LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE
THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION
Lime Life Savers...clear as emerald...the flavor actually flows from these delicious fruit rings.
...Buy Lime, Lemon, Orange...and the increasingly popular Grape Life Savers.
LIME LIFE SAVERS

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

New laws for love... the sky swarming with 'planes... a giant rocket shot to Mars... El Brendel a riotous stowaway... LooLoo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the rocketeers. JUST IMAGINE Broadway in

1980

New York gone futuristic... a towering tangle of pinnacles, viaducts, bridges... and what fashions in dress... JUST IMAGINE an amazing spectacular musical production with story and song by those masters of marvelous entertainment,

De SYLVA, BROWN AND HENDERSON

and an extraordinary cast, including

EL BRENDEL

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN — JOHN GARRICK
MARJORIE WHITE — FRANK ALBERTSON

Dances staged by Seymour Felix
Directed by DAVID BUTLER

FOX

"MOROCCO"

with

GARY COOPER ° MARLENE DIETRICH ° ADOLPHE MENJOU

Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticate, man of the world. A flaming cafe beauty, Marlene Dietrich...mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara. "Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

Directed by

JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Adapted by Jules Furthman. From the play "Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny.

In "Morocco" Paramount presents the continental star, Marlene Dietrich, whose ravishing beauty and exotic personality will electrify all who come under her spell. A not-to-be-missed Paramount Picture, "best show in town."

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

Motion Picture

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., *Publisher*

JANUARY
1931

Twentieth Year
Volume XL, No. 6

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

The Hot Spot . . . . . *Dorothy Calhoun* 8
"Love Cults" Made Good Stories, But They Also Made Some Trouble

In Defence of Clara Bow . . . . . *Gladys Hall* 28
At Twenty-Five, She Is Too Unhappy to Care Any Longer

The World's Best Friend . . . . . *Jane Kutten* 31
Marie Dressler Pals with Prince and Pauper—and Cashes In on Neither

An All-Around Trouper . . . . . *Nancy Pryor* 33
Walter Huston Has Been Everything from Porter to the Great Lincoln

The Seven Deadly Sins of Hollywood . . . . . *Denise Prater* 34
V—The Sin of Being Normal

$5,000.00 in Gold Offered In Motion Picture Title Game! 40

Hot Mama . . . . . *Joan Dickey* 42
The First of a Series of Short, Short Stories Based on Facts Already Published in Motion Picture

Marriages in the Movies . . . . . *Dorothy Manners* 44
Kenneth Hawks Taught Mary Astor the Necessity of Marriage

They Deny It . . . . . *Nancy Pryor* 48
Their Reputations Are Founded More on Fiction Than Fact

Not Another Garbo . . . . . *Dorothy Manners* 50
Marlene Dietrich Has a Fascination All Her Own

Stars for Sale . . . . . *Helen Louise Walker* 52
High-Pressure Salesmen Put Them Over

What Women Want to Know . . . . . *Faith Service* 55
They Ask Ramon Novarro to Show Them the Way Back to Romance

Love Experts . . . . . *Elisabeth Goldbeck* 58
Intelligent Women Are Not Sirens, Reasons Ina Claire

The Secrets of Their Hands . . . . . *Helen Burns* 64
Do Their Hearts Rule Their Heads, or Vice Versa? The Love Lines Tell

The Exile Comes Back . . . . . *Elisabeth Goldbeck* 66
Adolphe Menjou Is Glad to Be Back from France, Speaking Our Language

The Things Men Do . . . . . *Helen Louise Walker* 70
Their Little Neglects Are Their Biggest Mistakes, Irene Delroy Claims

The Things Women Do . . . . . *Helen Louise Walker* 71
As Detectives, They Are Great Romance Killers, Says David Manners

How to Make a Motion Picture . . . . . *Carol Standish* 73
That Is the One Thing Everybody Knows

Where Did You Get That Face? . . . . . *Hale Horton* 77
Louis Wolheim, Often Asked, at Last Clears up the Mystery

"The Best for Baby" . . . . . *Allen Erwin* 78
Ona Munson's Life Fulfils Her Mother's Motto

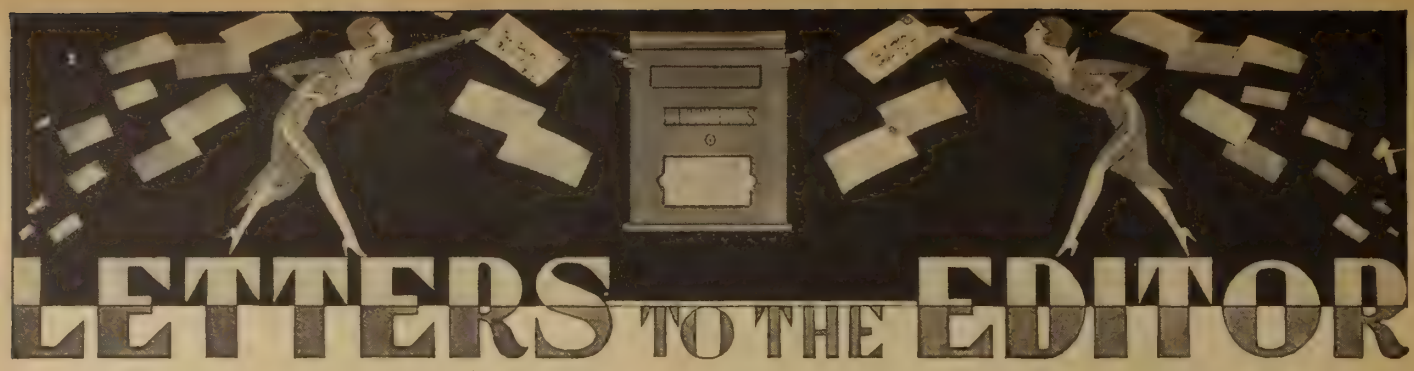
Cover Design of Lois Moran Painted By MARLAND STONE

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 6
IN THE STARRY KINGDOM . . . . . *Marion Martone* 12
THE GOSSIP TEST . . . . . *Marion Martone* 14
THE HOLLYWOOD CIRCUS . . . . . *Robert Fender* 16
MAKIN' TALKIE 36
THE PICTURE PARADE 59
TABLOID REVIEWS 80
THE ANSWER MAN 86
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! 88

COLIN J. CRUICKSHANK, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

MOTION PICTURE *is published monthly at 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter August 31st, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; Printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices: Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1930 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 25c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $2.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries $3.00. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane. London, E. C. 4. Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres, Murray C. Bernays, Sec'y.*



$20.00 Letter

Concerning the Newsreels

ASTORIA, L. I.—Letters about this picture and that picture; letters about the silents and letters about the talkies; letters for and against every movie subject, but not one letter have I read published in this department that has had one word of comment, pro or con, on the Newsreel subject.

The Newsreels may have seemed unimportant in the days of silent pictures, but since the talkies, they have become an excellent news and educational medium—always up to date with the important current events. The daily happenings of interest cannot always be clearly described in newspaper stories, but they are more forcibly brought to us by the Newsreels.

Through the Newsreels, since the talkies came in, we have had the opportunity to see and hear many famous personalities, leaders of foreign nations and others prominent in the eyes of the world. These people have become real to us now that we hear them as well as see them on the screen, giving us an entirely different version of their characters which we were cheated out of in the silent days. This all leads us to a better understanding of our foreign brothers. We hear these men talk our language as best they can and we come to know them better, and learn their methods and customs.

Let's give the Newsreels a toast!

C. Edwards.

$10.00 Letter

Uplifting Influence of Movies

AZUSA, CAL.—I think that America's moving-picture actors deserve hearty congratulations for their earnest struggle and final triumph over the talkies. It was hard for them in the beginning, when the difficult problem of voice recording appeared, but I think every one of them has attained remarkable success. Though I find it impossible to be thrilled by the ardor of some movie hero's kisses, I know what good talking pictures have brought to the world, not only in America, but mostly in foreign countries.

I have lived in the tropics all my life, and it is wonderful, the inspiration they give, the uplifting influence they cause in semi-savage minds. The talkies seem to broadcast over the whole gulf of humanity, three words—Success! Civilization! Achievement!—and these words become recorded in the minds of thousands of uncultured primitive people, inspiring them to further success, and a desire to acquire learning.

I do not mind saying that these queer lectures, written by radicals to the effect that moving-pictures prove injurious to pagan minds, were delivered in a daze. These pictures should be taken to uncultured races to stimulate their knowledge through pictorial education.

Marie Weid.

$5.00 Letter

A Plea for Sane Films

PITTSBURGH, PA.—There are primarily two causes which help to mold and guide public opinion and thought in this country, and have an incalculable effect on public mentality generally. One is the newspaper and the other the film.

The former is usually a means for disseminating news of crime, graft, divorce and underworld life, bolstered up with news and sports items, and generally constitutes deplorable reading.

The latter echoes the high intelligence of the newspaper and shows what the newspaper describes. What it amounts to is this, that in the course of a generation or so the combined money making efforts of film and newspaper magnates will reduce the American mind to that of a cesspool, unless a change in policy is adopted, or strong counter attractions intervene.

As we are more concerned in this letter with the film, I would plead, therefore, for a more thoughtful attitude by film producers to the mentality of the public, that instead of insulting it with crude primeval emotion and servant girl stuff, they aim a little higher and give us a larger percentage of sane, healthy films which show us life in a truer perspective.

I. L. James.

Prizes for Best Letters

Each month MOTION PICTURE awards cash prizes of Twenty Dollars, Ten Dollars, Five Dollars and several One Dollar prizes for letters published on this page. If more than one letter is considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer.

So, if you've been entertaining any ideas about the movies and the stars, confine yourself to about 200 words or less, and let us know what's on your mind. No letters will be returned. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address: Laurence Reid, Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

$1.00 Letters

Censorship

COLUMBUS, O.—Again the people have asserted their power!

When popular demand caused the Ohio State Board of Censors to allow "The Big House", the picture of prison life, to be shown within the confines of this state, a precedent was established. This is a fine example of what organization and co-operation among the theater-goers can do.

Where formerly, the people who bought the tickets were virtually at the mercy of various state censor boards as to what they saw and heard in the theaters, they now have established a check on them.

Heretofore, the public has raised little protest because it was generally kept in ignorance of what pictures or parts of pictures had been censored. However, when it was hinted that the vehicle was to be put down because it might bring back the memories of the Ohio State Penitentiary disaster and possibly have an effect at the polls, the people of the state clamored against such action.

When the public resents censorship for possible political reasons and wants to be looked on as having more intelligence and being broader-minded than a censor board credits it with, it shows the growing prestige of the talking pictures.

George Petuska.

Quaint Costumes and Slang Don't Mix

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—We have always heard how great a part atmosphere plays in a picture. Or was that in the days of the silent films? It almost seems so. Take, for instance, "The Floradora Girl." The old-fashioned settings, the quaint old costumes, the odd coiffures, bicycles built for two—everything possible was done to create the exact atmosphere of the "gay nineties" and then the whole effect is rudely torn down by the talk of the players. Imagine anyone back in those quaint days using modern slang such as "Go lay an egg!"

"Swing High" is another example. The story takes place in 1875 with scenes and costumes to match, but the dialogue is strictly twentieth century. Now why can't producers suit the dialogue to the picture? If it's a quaint play, why spoil it for the public by not using the quaint speech suitable to that type of play? If they ever film "Miles Standish," I suppose *Priscilla's* "Why don't you speak for yourself, *John?*" will be changed to "Aw, give yourself a break, big boy!"

Martha L. Doehler.

(*Continued on page 120*)

SHORT SHORT FEATURES

that are

BIG ENTERTAINMENT

Did you ever stop to consider how often the shortest picture on a film program has given you the biggest entertainment? All these pictures are "*short* short subjects"—only about ten minutes long—but they bring you comedy, novelty, drama, beauty, thrills. They are as snappy as an O. Henry story—little gems of amusement that will make any show more sparkling and more entertaining.

MACK SENNETT BREVITIES

Mack Sennett fun at its best. Mack Sennett Natural Color. Novelty settings for uproarious laughs. Here is something really new and better.

"THE BLUFFER"
"TAKE YOUR MEDICINE"
with Andy Clyde

PAUL TERRY-TOONS

Captivating in rhythm and contagious in humor. There is always a big laugh for you in these cartoon antics.

LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE

Popular for years with their merry mixture of sense and nonsense. Now, synchronized with sound, these novelties are funnier and more entertaining than ever.

WILLIAM J. BURNS DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

The world's greatest detective tells his most thrilling experiences. If you love a good crime mystery you'll thrill to these gripping stories.

Educational Pictures

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., *E. W. HAMMONS, President* *Executive Offices:* 1501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Hot Spot

Of The Month

"Love Cults" Made Good Stories, But They Also Made Some Trouble

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

IN MARCH, 1929, the "Trader Horn" company sailed from New York to make a picture in the mysterious heart of darkest Africa. It was said afterward that the leading lady, Edwina Booth, was "the only woman member of the troupe." However, Mrs. Harry Carey, as well as a script girl and a ladies' maid, accompanied the party, which in addition consisted of about thirty men.

Among them was a darkly romantic young man, just beginning to be noticed in pictures, Renault Duncan, of Scotch birth. But because Spanish types were the rage at the moment in pictures, and because young Duncan, from much living in France and traveling in strange bypaths of the world, had a slight accent, he had switched his name to the more dashing one of "Duncan Renaldo." Though Renaldo was to play opposite Edwina Booth, they had never seen each other until the day the ship sailed.

Ball *Bull*

Above, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo, principals of "Trader Horn," who were reported initiated into African "love cults." Below, Anthony Schuck, Edwina's husband, and Mrs. Duncan Renaldo and son, who now claim broken hearts

P. & A.

They were both practically unknown to screen fans, unknown even to their own studio publicity department, who did not guess till almost a year later that they had practically torn Edwina from the arms of a brand-new bridegroom, Anthony G. Schuck, when—less than a week before the company set out for Africa—they signed up the lovely blonde extra girl as leading woman to take the rôle that Mary Nolan mysteriously lost.

What Few Knew Then

FEW knew—or cared—that Renaldo, too, had left a family behind him in Hollywood, a wife and small two-year-old son, giving them as much as he could spare of his scanty savings to live on while he was gone. The young actor had previously been separated from his wife, but when she wrote him from New York (he had begun to make a small success in films with "The Bridge of San Luis Rey") that she and the baby were ill and needed a warmer climate, he promptly sent for them to rejoin him in Hollywood. For the sake of his son, he hoped to be able to patch up their differences and bring up the boy in a happy home.

The location trip in Africa was supposed to take four months. It was eight months, however, before the company straggled back to Hollywood. Eight months in the jungle in which the players saw no white faces except their own. Eight months in which a husband and a wife, left behind in Hollywood, read the colorful tales of weird doings in African moonlight and strange ceremonies around savage campfires, gleefully given out to the newspapers by the studio—and wondered.

"Love cults?" smiled Duncan Renaldo on his return. "That sounds very wicked, doesn't it? So you've heard gossip that Edwina and I joined in these love-cult ceremonies? To anyone who knows the Uganda region of Africa that is rank nonsense! No woman is allowed to share in a native ceremony.

Natural Curiosity

"BUT it is true that we and others in the company watched some of their dances. I have always been interested in strange peoples and places. I have wandered along the Amazon, and through the interior of Siam. I speak many savage dialects. In Africa there were no movies or operas to attend—so what was more natural than that some of us should make friends with the natives and attend their pow-wows and tribal dances? I even learned to speak to them in their own tongue and am one of the few white men who was made a blood-brother of the natives by mingling my own blood with that of a sacrificed animal. But I was gathering material for a book I am writing, not making African whoopee."

Edwina Booth had never been away from home in her life, before this trip. She returned with a new knowledge of the world, to find that the young husband she had married shortly before leaving Hollywood (both of them were under legal age at the time) seemed like a stranger. Moreover, she was desperately ill from her tropical experience, so ill that the studio was forced almost to kidnap her from her family and friends and put her

(*Continued on page 107*)

WARNER BROS. *presents*

VIENNESE NIGHTS

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!

Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth! Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty. Old times, rich with remembrance... mirrored again in the new life of today. Beauty that never dies; love that lives on forever, each growing more beautiful as the long years pass.

"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. It was written especially for the Vitaphone and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

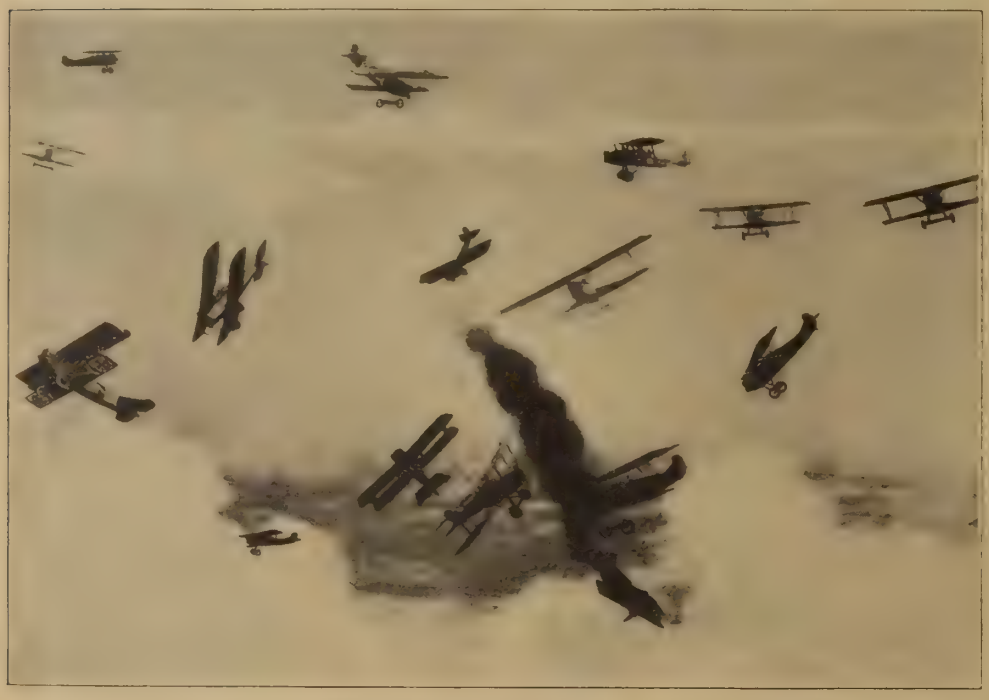
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE *Picture*

HELL'S

"The Greatest Spectacle in the

"Four Million Dollars Worth of Thrills!"—*Seattle Times*



One of Many Thrilling Air-Shots in "Hell's Angels"

New York World:

"The $4,000,000 which Howard Hughes saw fit to spend on the making of 'Hell's Angels' has produced a perfectly stunning show. The aerial scenes have a scope and completeness and pictorial beauty that are irresistible. It is difficult to imagine that the sequence depicting the aerial battle among some fifty German and English planes can ever be surpassed. It is well to see 'Hell's Angels' and to let it take you up in the air. The picture that it brings you of winged death above the clouds will remain."

Boston Globe: "'Hell's Angels' is an achievement never before attained in the recording of airplane warfare. Smashingly effective as to its aviation scenes and humanly appealing as to its theme."

Los Angeles Times: "Howard Hughes has evolved a surpassing thriller of aerial warfare and he has shown amazing courage at every point of his undertaking. Altogether there is nothing wanting of impressiveness in this picture. It is something to see for what it offers to both eye and ear."

ANGELS

History of the Screen!"—*Boston Post*

"Surpasses Anything Else That Has Been Done!"—*N.Y. Evening Post*

"The Most Extraordinary Output Ever to Emerge from the Motion Picture Studios!"—*Los Angeles Express*

Seattle Star: "A production which can never be duplicated. Stands alone as the greatest of air pictures."

Variety: "A wallop of a picture—easily topping all aviation pictures made."

Hollywood News:
"A vital saga of the world war. 'Hell's Angels' is all that Howard Hughes promised it would be—an epic of air films."

Screen Play Secrets:
"Better than any of the air pictures yet produced. Dramatic, thrilling and thoroughly enjoyable."

Actual Scene in the Great Zeppelin Sequence of "Hell's Angels"

in the United States celebrates this year its Jubilee. Fifty years ago one man and seven lassies landed at the Battery, New York City, the pioneer band of a new evangel. Since that day the organization has steadily advanced to the high place it now occupies in the esteem of the nation. Religion in action is the basis of all its endeavor. No barriers of race, creed or color are recognized.

Every year the Army marks the festive season by giving Christmas dinners to the deserving poor and toys to underprivileged children, in addition to the year-round care of all who seek its aid, temporal or spiritual.

You are invited to share in this beneficent work by easing the financial burden.

Will YOU Help?

Mail your contribution to

COMMANDER
EVANGELINE BOOTH
National Headquarters
120 West Fourteenth Street
New York City

Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district

By MARION MARTONE

Alvarado, Don—playing in *Beau Ideal*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Amos 'n' Andy—last release *Check and Double Check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Stampede*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—last release *Old English*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Arthur, Jean—playing in *On the Spot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *The Queen's Husband*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—recently completed *East Is West*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Unfit to Print*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—last release *Moby Dick*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—last release *Adios*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *This Modern World*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—recently completed *Min and Bill*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—recently completed *Sin Takes a Holiday*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Smilin' Thru*—United Artists Studios—1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—recently completed *The Passion Flower*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Blackmer, Sidney—recently completed *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Blane, Sally—playing in *Once a Sinner*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Boardman, Eleanor—playing in *The Great Meadow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Resurrection*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bow, Clara—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Boyd, Bill—recently completed *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Boyd, William—recently completed *Derelict*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, Evelyn—last release *The Silver Horde*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Brook, Clive—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, John Mack—playing in *The Great Meadow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Carol, Sue—playing in *Kept Husbands*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Stolen Heaven*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chaplin, Charles—recently completed *City Lights*—Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The Right to Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—last release *Playboy of Paris*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Churchill, Marguerite—playing in *The Spider*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Claire, Ina—recently completed *The Royal Family*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Strictly Business*—Paramount Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Collier, Jr., William—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Collyer, June—playing in *Charley's Aunt*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colman, Ronald—recently completed *Devil to Pay*—Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Compson, Betty—playing in *Children of the Streets*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Coogan, Jackie—recently completed *Tom Sawyer*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Gary—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Corcoran, George—playing in *Wyoming Wonder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Illicit*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Tol'able David*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *Land Rush*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Damita, Lily—recently completed *Fighting Caravans*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Daniels, Bebe—playing in *Reaching for the Moon*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Davies, Marion—playing in *Bachelor Father*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Delroy, Irene—recently completed *Man of the Sky*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Denny, Reginald—playing in *Kiki*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Dishonored*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dorsay, Fifi—playing in *Charlie Chan Carries on*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—recently completed *Min and Bill*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunn, Irene—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Erwin, Stuart—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas—playing in *Reaching for the Moon*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Little Caesar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Forbes, Ralph—playing in *Bachelor Father*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *Unfit to Print*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—recently completed *Way for a Sailor*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Graves, Ralph—playing in *Dirigible*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hackett, Raymond—recently completed *The Sea Wolf*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 116*)

VOICE!

NOW you can have the VOICE you want!

100% Improvement Guaranteed!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem—send for free Voice Book. Discloses startling voice facts that may save *you* hundreds of dollars. Tells all about marvelous *new* SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increases Range. Improves quality. Banish huskiness—hoarseness. 100 per cent improvement *guaranteed*—or money back. Mail coupon *at once* for free book—the greatest voice book ever written—sent FREE with no obligation!

No matter how hopeless your case may seem — send at once for FREE Voice Book. Mail Coupon Now!

Perfect Voice Institute
Dept. 12-61 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Mail Coupon for Free Voice Book

Perfect Voice Institute, Dept. 12-61
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture" I have checked subject in which I am most interested.

☐ *Weak Voice* ☐ *Singing* ☐ *Stammering* ☐ *Speaking*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE GOSSIP TEST

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions

DO YOU?

By MARION MARTONE

1—How did John Wayne, who was working as a "prop" boy, become a movie star?

• ● •

2—Who has taken Clara Bow's place in Harry Richman's affections?

• ● •

3—Who is the movie star who has gotten himself in for a lot of criticism due to statements he made to his home-town folks on his recent European trip?

• ● •

4—Which one of the fair-haired movie stars was a cheer leader in her school days?

• ● •

5—Can you name three movie players who have become fathers lately?

• ● •

6—A beautiful New York blonde who made the headlines when her notorious sweetheart was murdered has gone to Hollywood to appear in talking pictures. Who is she?

• ● •

7—Was Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, left destitute by the sudden death of her husband?

• ● •

8—Name the popular beautiful movie star who has never curled or bobbed her lovely blonde hair.

• ● •

9—What was the charge brought by Gloria Swanson against the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye in her divorce suit?

• ● •

10—Who was the girl Douglas MacLean's wife was referring to when she stated she was freeing her husband so he could marry another girl?

Underwood & Underwood

They're not That Way now: in 1927 Gloria Swanson and her husband, Marquis Henri de la F de la C, parted with kisses. Now they are parting, with lawyers

11—Why was Jack Oakie asked to talk and tell all he knew or face arrest recently?

• ● •

12—How do the reports on Dolores Del Rio's life of luxury before she entered the movies compare with the real facts?

• ● •

13—Which movie couple recently married remained in that state for less than three months and why has the trial been delayed?

• ● •

14—Why is it that the story about Clara Bow's gambling escapade and rubber checks sounds like a fish story now?

• ● •

15—Who does Marian Marsh resemble and why is she being groomed for stardom?

• ● •

16—Who is the movie actress who has a part in Constance Bennett's new picture, "Sin Takes a Holiday," and goes under the name of Kendall Lee?

• ● •

17—Who are the people guilty of the tussle which took place at the charity ball sponsored by Mary Pickford at the Embassy recently?

• ● •

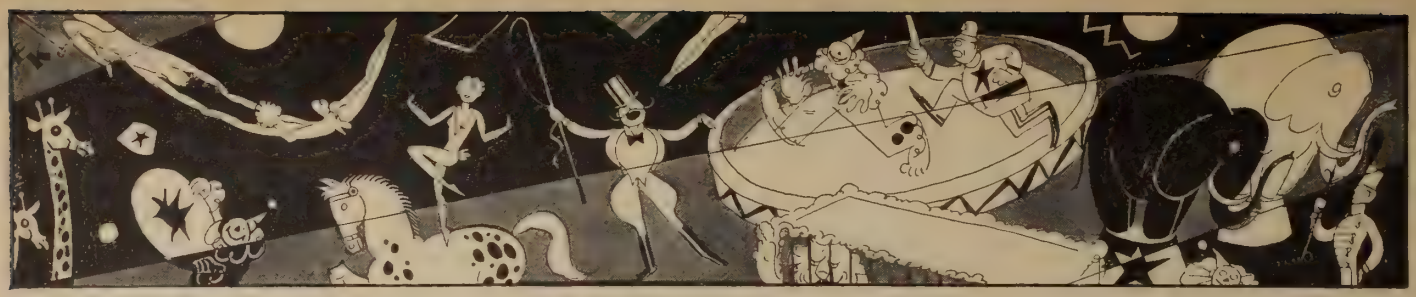
18—Who is the prominent movie actor who previously wouldn't even attend a Hollywood party but is cutting up and surprising everybody of late?

• ● •

19—What kind of business has William Haines gone into as a side line?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 114)

MOTHERS CRY
DOROTHY PETERSON
HELEN CHANDLER
DAVID MANNERS
EINAR BLACKMER
KNAPP
ARTIE, architect, builder, pride of the family, yet he left her in the end.
JENNY, timid, home-loving, married to a man old enough to be her father.
BEATTY, beautiful, clever, with her own distorted ideas about love and marriage.
DANNY, blacksheep of the family, gangster, killer of his own sister.
Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—
"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"
A mother dreams about her children. She plans . . . but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother . . . or perhaps—even your own!
Just Released Pictures
VITAPHONE Picture
"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE Picture



The Hollywood Circus

A Continuous Performance — By ROBERT FENDER

OUR vote for the most original HOLLYWOOD party of the month goes to a little melee where target practice with real bullets was the principal motif.

The papers have it that each guest was supplied with a pistol with which to blaze away at a target on the kitchen door. All went well until host DAVID KENDALL stepped to the target to examine his latest efforts. Then it was that the same DAVID KENDALL realized what a target has to put up with. It must have been the bad light or at least *something* must have been bad, else why would a guest mistake DAVID KENDALL for the bull's-eye?

KENDALL received the bullet in his thigh and, deserted by his guests, might have perished were it not for LLOYD HAMILTON who happened to be passing at the time.

And you'll still find people who say slapstick movies aren't a bit like life.

• ● •

Most talkie stars seem to be suffering from inflammation of the vowels.

A **HOLLYWOOD** bus driver tells me this is heart-break town. Some day, in fact, he intends to write a book about it. His job affords him a ringside seat to that bloody little game called "Breaking Into the Movies." He sees 'em come and go and he can tell, he says, exactly how the battle is going by the look in their eyes.

At first they are full of hope and things. Fresh from the train, they alight with their bags and dreams to inquire in which direction lies Hollywood Boulevard. Then follows the search for the different studios and work. He directs them and tells them, once there, how to wangle past the studio watchmen.

And later, near the end of the game, he knows how to look the other way when it's time for them to pay their fares. He's even been known to dig down in his pocket to help some disillusioned kids buy tickets toward home. He says he would enjoy it if it weren't so sad.

I asked him how he happened to know so much about it. He grinned. "I came here with the idea of knocking 'em over in the movies myself. But I figured I'd rather drive a bus. You eat a lot more regular."

• ● •

Two old timers of Hollywood fade out within a month of each other. The passing of LON CHANEY and MILTON SILLS has real significance. Hollywood itself seems to be dying. Gone or going are the old standby names and faces. Tomorrow there may be another real Hollywood. Today there is only flux. The movies may have killed Broadway. But Broadway has completely obliterated what was once Hollywood.

• ● •

I've seen **HELL'S ANGELS** for the second time and I still don't know where they put that $4,000,000. There was certainly no need to spend money for heating the sets. Not with JEAN HARLOW around, there wasn't.

And speaking of thrilling air-shots, be sure and look for the tête-á-tête between JEAN and BEN LYON. You'll do nose-dives inside.

• ● •

It is about this time in the Hollywood calendar that studio workers start wondering why they never finished that course in piano tuning. Because Hollywood is in the throes of the Great White Silence. Every film-mill in the joint is either shut down or is struggling with the tag ends of their final pictures for the season.

What, in the meantime, do you imagine will happen to that great army of directors, assistants, art advisers, technicians, free-lance "artistes" *et* several? Frankly, the Boulevard's never looked more hungry.

• ● •

Sometimes I wake up at night and just shudder.

Last night was one of those nights. It was when I remembered something I had heard a few days ago. This:

"AMOS and ANDY," related a perfectly charming lady of the press, "have had some unbelievable experiences since starting **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK.**" (I gripped my salad fork.) "You probably won't believe this," continued my astounding luncheon hostess, "but it's the gospel truth. Yesterday they went to Henry's for lunch. It just happened they had been too busy to remove their black-face make-up and what do you think? The head waiter wouldn't give them a table. Thought they were colored people!"

"And my dear! You should have seen the expression on the head waiter's face when they said, 'I'se AMOS' and 'I'se ANDY.'"

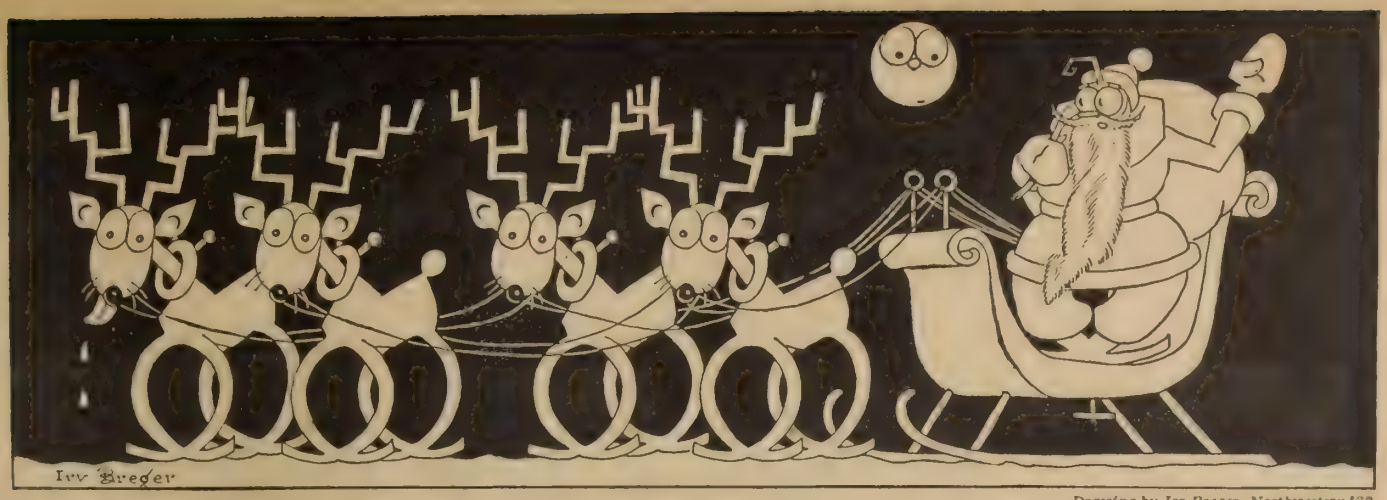
I believe I was supposed to have laughed in utter amazement at that point. But I'm awfully afraid I just snarled.

And this was only the fiftieth time I had heard this one.

(*Continued on page 117*)

P & A

Hollywood's latest millionaires: these Osage Indians, all owners of oil wells, came from Oklahoma to lend 1889 color to "Cimarron." This scene finds them on the sawdust trail, getting old-time religion



Drawing by Irv Breger, Northwestern '32

Give this fellow a year round job

Repeat Your Good Wishes Every Month of the Year

with each gay, sparkling issue of COLLEGE HUMOR. It is a gift that is not constantly duplicated.

Brilliant humor, delightful fiction, authentic articles on outstanding colleges, sports, books, fashions and topics of the hour.

You enjoy COLLEGE HUMOR—so will your friends!

Cancel a half dozen names from your Christmas shopping list by simply using these coupons.

$3 for one yearly subscription; $5 for two; $10 for four; $14 for six.

Don't wait until the last minute Christmas rush, but send in your orders now.

College Humor • MAGAZINE

An attractive Christmas card in three colors, designed by Gaar Williams, will announce your happy choice of gifts just before Christmas.

The magazine will arrive a day or two later as a second reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Send CollegeHumor *and the Christmas Card to*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Send CollegeHumor *and the Christmas Card to*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Canadian postage $.50; foreign $1.00.

Enclosed is $3 for one; $10 for four
$5 for two; $14 for six
(Use your own stationery for additional orders)

Sender's Name.....

Address.....

Mail to COLLEGE HUMOR, 1050 N. La Salle St., Chicago.

English and American Beauties

entrust their flower-like skin to this same sure care ....

Lady Buchanan-Jardine

Lady Violet Astor

Lady Louis Mountbatten

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II

Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt JR.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel JR.

WHAT is your taste in beauty? Do you prefer the pink and white and gold of English blondes . . . their eyes of larkspur blue and skin like rose leaves?

Or are you loyal to the dazzling galaxy of charms our own America offers . . . blonde, brunette and Titian beauties, gay, grave or demure . . . with exquisite skin that is delicate as apple blossoms, creamy as magnolia bloom, lily-pale or warmly tinted as a tea-rose?

Famous American and English beauties agree in this: they all use Pond's . . . because these four delightful preparations assure the perfect cleansing and protection that are essential to preserve their flower-like skin . . . keep it always radiantly fresh, fine, smooth and clear.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. declares: "One can keep one's skin lovely with just those Two marvelous Creams, the fine Tissues and the invigorating Tonic." Lady Violet Astor says: "Pond's makes our skin look younger and younger each year—a wonderful service!"

Pond's Method is so delightfully quick that lovely young Lady Buchanan-Jardine says: "It is at once easy, satisfactory, complete."

Piquant, laughing Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps of Pond's Method, followed every day, will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and clear."

"Pond's is wonderful!" charming Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., sums up the universal enthusiasm. Lady Mountbatten also is devoted to Pond's Method . . . you, too, should follow the one, two, three, four famous steps!

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Peach color and white.)

Third—pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish—use it wherever you powder, face, neck, shoulders, arms, back. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. N

113 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, Pond's Extract Company

Bull

The more mask-like the face, the deeper the mystery . . . Why should Greta Garbo be a picture of despair? Has she not just had an "Inspiration"? And is she not next to be intriguing as that other mystery woman—Mata Hari, the spy?

Russell Ball

Just to prove that she is not thinking too much of her reputation as Hollywood's best-dressed picture-stealer, Lilyan Tashman has her picture taken in the dark. Even in this, as in "The Cat Creeps" and "Lilli," she wears an enlightened look

Russell Ball

At home as Clara Bow's husband in "Her Wedding Night," he is, at home, Ruth Chatterton's husband. From this, you might think that Ralph Forbes is never singular. But who else could have played his rôle in "The Devil's Battalion"?

Russell Ball

A study in sophisticated calmness, Constance Bennett does not mind storms. Some say she is a great actress, others dispute it. Some cite "Common Clay," others "Three Faces East." Both factions will next see her in "Sin Takes a Holiday"

Two famous years in Hollywood, and still young and unaffected. It would seem that Ruth Chatterton is making history. Further evidence: in "The Right to Love" she plays a young girl and—often in the same scenes—the girl's dramatic mother

Russell Ball

He looks a trifle hard—as if he did not have pipe dreams. John Holland got this way from going around the world and being broke in every port. A success in "Eyes of the World," he now is looking for more such imaginary trouble

Russell Ball

Give Estelle Taylor an outfit of black—and an opportunity—and she will show you how a siren can talk and still be a siren. By the merest of margins, she was prevented from stealing "Liliom." And her eyes are not weak in "Cimarron"

Dyar

Framed in the great open spaces—but Richard Arlen can afford to be happy. He is not invariably a cowhand. In "Only Saps Work," Paramount let him loose in a comedy, and after "Stampede" another surprise rôle may be corralled

THE PROGRESSIVE SCREEN MAGAZINE

Motion Picture

THE OLDEST—THE NEWEST—THE BEST

January, 1931

LAURENCE REID
Editor-In-Chief

DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR.
General Manager

Talking Pictures—

MARIE DRESSLER is to have a rival. And, as sometimes happens, the rival will be an old friend—May Robson, by name. In the old days, infrequent playgoers sometimes did not know the difference between them, for both had vivid faces, and were explosive. If Miss Robson still is able to give some competition to Miss Dressler, she deserves a large, loud hand.

• • •

ONE of the big upsets of the year, outside of football, is the way Amos 'n' Andy are scoring in this movie game. The "dope" was that radio addicts, who had imagined what they looked like, would be disappointed by seeing two entirely different black boys. But "Check and Double Check" proves, among other things, that the movies *can* compete with the radio. Believe it or not.

• • •

AMOS 'N' ANDY, incidentally, are the first radio personalities to crash through on the screen. Producers, all in a fever, now have their scouts not only in competitors' studios, but in broadcasting studios. The first thing we know, they will discover Seth Parker and the Lonesome Cowboy and the Pickard Family. They might even discover Rudy Vallee again.

• • •

SPEAKING of comedians, Hollywood comedies are greatly improving. Besides "Check and Double Check," the screen has lately been showing good humor in "Monte Carlo," "Whoopee," "The Playboy of Paris," "Up the River," "The Rap," "Half Shot at Sunrise," "Rain or Shine," "Animal Crackers," "Feet First," "What a Widow." An unusual procession for any season—and one that far outshines Broadway.

• • •

ALSO, Chaplin's "City Lights" is almost upon us. Besides boasting the Chaplin pantomime, it will have sound effects, but no talking. According to the prophets, this is the type of picture we shall be seeing twenty years from now—pantomime plus sound. Action and conversation do not go hand in hand, they have observed (as who hasn't—many a time and oft?). But there are, and no doubt will continue to be, exceptions to every rule.

• • •

ONE current exception is "The Big Trail." This is our idea of a picture that merits ballyhoo a-plenty. Here is something that only Hollywood could do as well as it has been done. Outdoor drama, of panoramic proportions, it has action and vitality. It fulfils the destiny of films.

• • •

ANOTHER noble experiment has failed. Gloria Swanson is divorcing her titled husband. This is the third time that the glamourous one has broken her wedlock for her career. And this time the career is decidedly worth the trouble.

• • •

IT may interest you to know that the acting hit of the present Broadway drama season has been made by Paul ("Seven Faces") Muni. Which only goes to prove that the Hollywood life does not necessarily spoil an actor for a return to the stage.

• • •

A STORY is going the rounds that Hollywood fan mail is now being looked into by psychologists, on the grounds that insanity should be found there. Some fans have apparently been writing to the wrong people.

• • •

SOMETHING that will surprise you is Mack Sennett's new proof of good showmanship. He is coming out with a series of short comedies—he calls them "brevities"—that are in full color. They convince you that, after all, clever slapstick can be true to life. They are a solace for eyes sore from dull shorts.

In DEFENSE of

By Gladys Hall

Richee

Potentially, the greatest dramatic actress the screen has ever had, Clara Bow may never give us what she has to give. For now she doesn't care

CLARA BOW has never been happy. Never in her entire life. This is her defence. For the right to a share of human happiness is indefensible. It is the inalienable right of every human creature. With it, life should be a gallant adventure, the bitter taken with the sweet. Without it, courage withers, faith fades and hope dies. And there is nothing left. Not even the desire to go on. . . .

Clara has lost the desire to go on. She has reached the fork in the road that might lead to—who knows? Suicide. Disappearance. The concomitants of young despair.

Clara doesn't care any more. About anything. And the saddest commentary that can be made on any human being is that he or she no longer cares. . . . When the fight is found not worth the fighting, the face of living death appears.

Illusion after illusion has been peeled from the face of the world, Clara's world. The revealed truth is mocking and malicious. Clara stands to-day completely disillusioned. Laughing with laughter more terrible than tears.

People say, "Why does she talk as she does? Incautiously, stupidly, dangerously?" *Because she doesn't care.*

People say, "Why does she get involved as she does? Make the horrid mistakes, do the tawdry things?" *Because she doesn't care.*

Past All Caring

CLARA to-day doesn't *really* care about anything. Neither work, nor friendship, nor money nor love—nor life.

At twenty-five, never to have been happy. At twenty-five, not to care any more. Just think that over. Think *hard.*

Work has failed and disappointed her. She has the potent germs of dramatic greatness in her—and has to be the "It" girl.

Friendship—where is it? She spends evening after evening with her secretary, her cook and her chauffeur. Because there *are* no friends.

Love——? *Ha, ha, ha, ha!* (An awful sound to answer to that sweet name.)

Incautious, troublous, flaming Clara. Clara, who has sown the seeds of desire in the hearts of men and the seeds of envy in the hearts of women. Clara, who knows to-day that desire is a damning thing and that no woman need envy her.

She is young. She is beautiful. She is famous. She could be wealthy. And she has the saddest eyes in the world. She is dully, hauntingly unhappy, with the unhappiness that doesn't even care that it is unhappy.

What is in store for Clara? What can she see ahead?

Everything? Nothing? Songs have been written about Clara. Suicides have been ascribed to her. Mature manhood and green young youth have offered her their hearts. And when she offered her heart, she found that one man wanted

Clara Bow

At Twenty-Five She Is Too Unhappy To Care Any Longer

money—and got it. That the other man wanted publicity—and got it.

Fortunate, Frustrate . . .

LUDWIG BERGER, Walter Huston, Emil Jannings, Frank Tuttle—one after another of these authorities have said that Clara could be, and *is*, potentially, the greatest dramatic actress the screen has ever had. Her power is instinctive and purely natural. A great fount of emotion and drama and fire that has never been tapped. She acts without knowing why, or how. Ruth Chatterton, Garbo, Swanson act mechanically, with the fine directive intelligences telling their hearts and hands what to do and how to do it. Clara acts, or could, because it is in her very blood. Because she is untutored and unrepressed and wild. Because it is the pulse of her tumultuous nature. She may never give us what she has to give. You see, now she doesn't *care*. . . .

People who know a little of this say of her, "But can't something happen to her? Can't she snap out of it? Fall in love with the right man?" And those who know even better say of her, sadly, "It may be too late."

Clara Bow should never have come to Hollywood.

Life never should have played her the scurvy trick of transplanting her to so hothouse, so alien a soil. A prodigal shower of glittering baubles, the baubles of wealth, publicity, attention, sex-emphasis, have rained down over Clara. She doesn't know what to do with them. They have tarnished her.

The Long Nightmare

THE childhood of Clara was sordid and miserable. And fear-ridden. No happiness there. Her people were poor. Forlornly poor. Her mother was mentally ill and died insane. Her father did what he could, but what he could was inadequate and misdirected. She spent, in her childhood, nightmare days and nightmare nights. The awful nightmare of never knowing what her mother might not do, to herself, to any one of them. The nightmare of not knowing what anything was about. Clara never has known what anything is about.

She played—if she played at all—on the swarming streets. She had none of the happy things childhood has. She never played with dolls. She never had any friends. She lived her days and nights with a cold and ghastly fear at her heart.

Nobody ever told her what it was all about.

Not so much as the shadow of a cultural influence ever touched her. No one tried to show her that there is sweetness and sanctity and sacrifice and nobility in the world. Literature and music and gentle talk and kindly things were closed books to her. She was poor and uneducated and untrained and wretched. A lost little girl, in a bewildering world not of her own making. No one ever told her what love might be. For all she knew, it was a plum you snatched at greedily wherever you might chance to find it. You devoured it or it devoured you, and might God help the loser.

And, suddenly MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE "discovered" her. She won the beauty contest of the year. Just as suddenly as she emerged, she was shot from that drab and dreary existence into the spotlight at the center of the glittering film world.

The Bright Doors Closed

AN unknown, poor little Brooklyn girl, who had never expected anything, became the incredible queen of a million hearts. Her name was on everybody's tongue. Her pictures papered the walls of the world. "Abracadabra" was said over her, and lo, she found herself in Hollywood with houses such as she had never dreamed of, cars, jewels, servants, satellites, sycophants, parasites, money, attention, sex, glamour. How was she to detect the false from the true, the brass from the gold?

She wasn't happy then. It was just another kind of un-

She Has To Be The *IT* Girl

Dyar

happiness. She was still frightened. Still bewildered. She grew finally, into some dim sense of what she wanted to do, what she wanted to be. At first, she tried. With very pitiful weapons. And doors were closed in her face.

She tried to fight for stories, for characters, for something other than this glucose, gaudy thing she was doing and had become. The Powers-That-Be shrugged indifferent shoulders. They were out to make money, not the character of a stray prize-winner from Brooklyn. She was, by a throw of the dice, the "It" girl—and Box-Office. The "It" girl and Box-Office she would remain—or—the alternative frightened her even more. She was confused, financially. She had got into a mess of some sort, income tax and things. To refuse to comply meant no new contract; to sign a new contract meant to go on as she had been going—*down*. There was one alternative she *could* take—*not to care*. She doesn't care.

Love Was Only a Story

SHE met men. Men made love to her. She learned that they wanted to *get* and never wanted to give. Now and then, she believed one of them. She believed a certain young doctor. She probably thought that he was unhappy with his wife, ready to separate, honestly in love with her. He must have told her some such nasty fiction

Or perhaps she just believed that you snatched the apple from any cart that was handy—why not? Or perhaps—and very probably—she didn't think at all. Her heart, and not her head, dictates the moves and counter moves of Clara's life. She had had no drilling in the old moralities. Amoral, and not immoral, may truthfully describe her. Whatever it may have been, she found that she was the victim of a definitely laid plot, laid by the doctor *and* his wife to get just what they did get. *Why should* she care? *Why should she?*

She began to care for another man—the man her name has been so frequently linked with. She learned that he wanted one thing only—*publicity*—and had been clever enough (and cruel enough) to get it. He was out to enhance his selling value, not to build up the fading faith of a stray prize-winner from Brooklyn.

And so it has gone—happiness, a cup too often dashed from her lips. A cup that has become a chimera in which she no longer believes. Why should she?

SHORT, SHORT STORY

Clara to-day doesn't really care about anything. Neither work, nor friendship, nor money, nor love—nor life.

She has the potent germs of dramatic greatness in her—and has to be the "It" girl.

Friendship—where is it? She spends evening after evening with her secretary, her cook and her chauffeur. Because there are no friends.

Love—? She found that one man wanted money—and got it. That the other man wanted publicity—and got it.

She should never have come to Hollywood.

She has had all of the things that do not matter, and not one of the things that do.

This is her defense.

She Knows the Way

SHE hasn't the *ability* to pull herself up and out. She hasn't had the background, the influences, the training, the instilled desire, either of heredity or of environment, to make of herself the person she might want to be. With her instinctive intelligence, which is an emotional intelligence, she knows this She knows that the way ahead is sloping downward *She doesn't care.* She knows that no "nice man" would be very likely to marry her—now. "Nice men" are squeamish about newspaper stories and reputations all messed up and untidy. She may know that she should have stayed in Brooklyn, and, perhaps, married some young electrician or plumber and had to struggle and bear children and work through to such sanities and the substantialities as befitted her station in life.

She has had all of the things that do not matter and not one of the things that do.

She has never been happy in all her life.

This is her defense.

And may a miracle befall her!

The World's Best Friend

By JANE KUTTEN

Hurrell

Marie Dressler Pals With Prince And Pauper--And Cashes In On Neither

MARIE DRESSLER is sixty-four years old. She doesn't try to look forty-four. She weighs two hundred pounds and never counts a calorie. She is as plain as an old size-eight shoe.

She has smallish green eyes and nondescript brown hair.

She has hands and ankles that never were and never could be glorified by Mr. Ziegfeld.

She has the love of the wide earth in her heart.

She was born the Ugly Duckling of hard-working parents in the little town of Cobourg, in Canada. She has one sister who is married and lives in London.

She began her career with nothing whatever to go on. Neither looks nor heritage, nor training. She joined a roving light-opera troupe when she was fourteen years of age. And she learned about grease-paint from them.

She has never studied dancing, singing, elocution, dramatics or voice culture. What she knows, she knows first-hand—from Life.

Her first part was in "The Mikado" and since that time she has been everything from chorus girl to star, and many *vice versas*.

Her greatest triumph was in "Tillie's Nightmare," which she later made into the motion picture, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Mabel Normand and Charlie Chaplin.

To Market Did She Go

SHE came to Hollywood because she felt she had "something to sell." She didn't know what it was. Neither did the producers. Marie said nothing and sat tight. She didn't go about making cracks about the astigmatism of Hollywood. She *knew* she had something to sell if the right market would offer. It did.

To-day her stock is higher than Greta Garbo's. Her name goes up in electrics above the Swedish siren's. The public proclaims, "She stole the picture from Garbo." An all but religious miracle.

She is homespun and past middle age and homely. But she is real.

Marie may not be the World's Sweetheart. But she *is* the World's Best Friend. And the world knows it. Sweethearts may come and go, while true friendship goes on forever.

She is the Darling of Europe. She is the Darling of the U.S.A. She is the Darling of the Metro lot.

In a town where the common comment is, "She's great stuff, *but* . . .," they say of Marie, "She's great stuff!" There is no But.

Earls and electricians, princes and props, stars and serfs alike hail her with an added light in their eyes, an added warmth in their hearts.

She will never accept publicity in the name of friendship. She doesn't debase rare coin.

She Knew Her Place

WHEN she was in Paris not so very long ago, her good friends, Myron Herrick and General Pershing, asked her to go with them to the grave of the Unknown Soldier beneath the Arc de Triomphe. It meant photographers and the Press.

(*Continued on page 92*)

If there is a long, long trail, there must be a long, long trail-finder—so Gary Cooper has still another chance to ride high. Besides scouting rumors that he is about to get hitched, he is scouting parched plains and stormy Sierras for wagon-trains having all manner of trouble in living up to the title of "Fighting Caravans"

An All-Around *Trouper*

By Nancy Pryor

Fraker

WALTER HUSTON is of an actor-brand that is fast dying out in Hollywood. In a profession of individualists, he is a "trouper." Through a season of such personality-marked triumphs as Chevalier's and Tibbett's, Huston is lost in the very versatility of his own art.

He has no screen personality. Only Chaney was so completely obscured by his characterizations. "*His art defeats its own purpose,*" wrote one reviewer. "*In 'Abraham Lincoln,' Huston will not be remembered as an actor giving a superb performance. He is Lincoln.*" Just as he was the reporter in "Gentlemen of the Press"; the bandit in "The Bad Man." And no doubt when "The Criminal Code" is released, Huston will be merely the Warden.

"In my years of stage and screen work," he remarked dryly, "I believe I have played everything but a gentleman."

Even away from the camera he is not a definite, positive personality. There are no mannerisms to set him apart as an actor. He dresses well, but not uniquely. The accents of "dramatic art" and other hang-overs from elocution are conspicuously absent from his speech. His conversation is friendly and gossipy in a manner not unlike a man "checking" in a poker game, or swapping yarns on the Pullman through Kansas. He is not pervaded with the big-shot personality of such actors as, say, Lewis Stone, or even Wallace Beery. But neither is he humble or colorless. He has achieved the very difficult feat of being an actor and a human being at the same time.

An Actor's Only Real Interest

BECAUSE he is no "galloping sheik with a love life," or even a "juvenile with a romantic tenor," he admits quite frankly that his scope of interview conversation is more or less limited to his work.

"I can't understand how anything but an actor's work could be of interest to the public," he remarked, squinting down through the window of his hilltop home into the valley that is Hollywood. "For instance, if a man lived next door to me, and he was a good bricklayer, and all of a sudden I knew I was going to have to read something about him. I'd want to know how he got to be a bricklayer. I wouldn't give two whoops about how late he stayed out at night, or whether he preferred blondes to brunettes."

He thumbed the leaves of a thick paper-bound bundle that was the script for "The Criminal Code." He had been studying the lines before I arrived. He would return to them the minute I was on my way. He tapped the blue bundle.

"This is the only real interest of any actor," he said. "Getting good lines to speak, human rôles to live. There is no other thrill like it. Once this funny business of walking the floor, memorizing lines, smearing greasepaint over your face, waiting for the curtain to go up, or the camera to start turning, gets in your blood, most other things become trivial and unimportant.

"In my day, I've been many places and seen many things. I haven't always been an actor. I've lived on ranches and farms. I've held white-collar jobs in big cities. I've stood in mud up to my knees and watched oil gushers come in. But through the whole category of thrills there is none like the feel of this thin typewritten paper under your fingers, which means that for one play, or one picture, you are embarking on the adventure of another human being."

The Ease of Not Being Himself

HE speaks of characters he has portrayed after the fashion of interesting and admirable people he has known. Of Zona Gale's *Mr. Pitt*, incidentally his first featured rôle on Broadway, where he had landed after several years of vaudeville, he says:

"There was a funny little guy. Meek. Scared of his own

(*Continued on page 97*)

Walter Huston Has Been Everything From a Porter To The Great *Lincoln*

THE SEVEN DEADLY

-V-

The Sin Of Being Normal

By DENISE PRATER

Russell Ball

Hesser

THERE is an Eighth Commandment in Hollywood. It is called, in the Kinema Koran, "Thou Shalt Not Commit Normalcy." Take the Ten Commandments of the Christian Bible and do with them what you will.

Take the eminent Mr. Hoyle and do nothing whatever "according-to."

All will be forgiven you. You can be just as—er—picturesque as possible, and folks will be proud to know you. In fact, they wouldn't dare *not* to know you.

Steal your next-door neighbor's wife and he'll have you in for dinner the next time he has a roast.

Covet thy neighbor's property and he'll make you a present of it with his compliments.

Be sued for alienation of affections by petulantly unreasonable wives, make a good appearance in the divorce courts, attempt suicide, be suspected of murder, take a few shots in the arm, fiddle while Home burns, dress like an odalisque, spend money like the ladies of the Louis', do what you *want*, for Heaven's sake, but do NOT, if you value your social position, be normal.

We simply won't put up with it. And besides, the penalty thereof is Disbelief.

Seeing Is Not Believing

TAKE any man . . . Ronald Colman, say . . . and let it be known that he prefers his own company or the company of his men friends to that of any lady deserving of the foul epithet or otherwise . . . and do people believe he is that quaint, out-moded thing . . . a cultivated, conservative gentleman? They *do not*. They cock eyebrows, make clucking sounds with their mouths, and say, "My *dear* . . .!"

Ronald once pathetically asked me if it might not be that he was "just an idealist?" I hadn't the heart, at the moment. But no, Ronald, you might *not*.

Sins of Hollywood

Or a man like Conrad Nagel, with nary a vice to his spotless name. The old meanie, the old baddie! A man who has preserved his identity intact. A man who loves his wife, his child, his home and his church. A man who keeps his face and hands clean, wears white kid gloves and owns a pew. What of him? My dears, how little you know your Hollywood! One little peccadillo would redeem Conrad from sin. *No* little peccadillo at all and there is the faint sound of razzberries in the air, murmurs of whited sepulchres, the terrible tag of prunes and prisms, peerers and priers who go about opening the Nagel wardrobes, trusting to find therein some horrid skeleton with the grinning skull of normalcy.

Because Ann Harding happens to have a grotesque preference for her own hearthstone, her own husband, her own child, is she considered a peach of a girl and is it let go at that? No, my little ones, not entirely. People again cock their cockable eyebrows, go cluck-cluck with their cluckable mouths and say, "Oh, of course, she's a greeeat actress, but *isn't* she just, well, just a little high-brow, don't you think?"

Vicious Virtues

DON'T I tell you, it's a sin to be normal in Hollywood? We simply won't forgive you for it, there's no use in whining.

Normalcy is a horrible, soapy-smelling, sunshine-filtered, Monday morning VICE.

Can there be any vice so noxious as one that masquerades as virtue?

If you have children, thus obeying the stodgy, non-decadent laws of an outworn biology—HIDE 'EM! We have already given you that timely word to the wise in a previous paper.

If you are in love with your husband or your wife—and especially, God save you, if it is your first and only husband or wife—if you have no strange Frustrations, no Need to be Free, no extraconjugal yearnings, you are labeled as Something that had better be Gone Into by Mister Freud.

If you have simple domestic tastes and baking-day-in-Pumpkin-Center habits—well, there again Mr. Freud had better fetch his yardstick and measure your libido or whatever it is called. Because obviously whatever it is called is not functioning.

Be reasonable about this, PLEASE.

Consider all sides of the question.

Draw your conclusions with an unbiased mind.

Mary Pickford (top left) and Ann Harding (upper right) actually seem to prefer their husbands. Lois Wilson (right) has always been law-abiding. But Gloria Swanson (left) gives Hollywood things to talk about

Among the Faithful

CONCEIVE, if you will, where Greta Garbo might be today if she had revealed herself to Hollywood as a wholesome Swedish lassie with a talent for baking gritty bread. It's 'orrible to contemplate. Obviously, she would NOT be deified upon a pedestal made of the passions of englamoured men and women. For respect normalcy as ye will, ye heretics, ye cannot get into a state of trance about it. If Garbo had baked bread and become chatty with her neighbors—well, the one bright point is that it would probably have done Garbo no real or lasting harm. For you couldn't expect folks to believe anything like that. After all, sin is sin.

(*Continued on page 104*)

Makin' Talkie

Rafts of frontiersmen: when the heavily freighted wagon-trains of 1863 came to streams they could not ford, logs attached to the wagons floated them across—according to "Fighting Caravans," Gary Cooper's third successive Big Break

GOOD cleaning fun: At the New York opening of "Once in a Lifetime," a number of Hollywoodites were no end surprised to discover that they were laughing at themselves. This satire on Hollywood had people rolling in the aisles with mirth. In fact, everyone enjoyed it but the Wall Street bankers who, for some reason or other, can't see the joke in movie moguls squandering their money. As a direct result of this satire, Wall Street has started another house-cleaning campaign in the studios.

Zukor and Jesse Lasky attended "Once in a Lifetime," and Zukor especially laughed uproariously all through it. "Heh! heh!" he chuckled, "they are showing up Sam Goldwyn!"

• • •

HIS sense of direction: Bela Lugosi, having vamped with "Dracula" for three years on the stage, naturally feels a proprietary interest in its screen appearance. But Tod Browning, the director, has his own ideas. "Mr. Lugosi," said he the other day, "we have a prop department, a scenario department, a costume department, a wardrobe mistress—

Fryer

No, this is not a Chicago usher—but actor Jack Whiting, giving a uniform performance in "Men of the Sky," an aviation spectacle based on a musical-air story

and I am directing the picture. If we need your advice, we shall be glad to ask for it. In the meantime, all we expect from you is some acting, Mr. Lugosi."

• • •

BEDTIME story: Bela insists that the play "Dracula" is haunted. On its opening night on Broadway, he relates, the bed, delivered for the most important scene, was a modern Grand Rapids affair, instead of the medieval piece that had been ordered. The glaring incongruity threatened to spoil the scene, but it was too late to have another bed made. The cast dispersed for dinner. When they returned an hour before the curtain was to rise, *there stood the bed* intended for the play—old, stately, mysterious! "And no one," adds Bela, "ever knew how it got there or what happened to the other bed!"

• • •

THEY also observe who only stand and wait: *It was the waiter at the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt, commenting to the tourist lady on the movie patrons of the place. "Most of 'em comes here," he admitted. "And lemme tell you,*

C. S. Bull

"Goodness gracious, but what's that weed?" asks Anita Page, acting as if she had never seen mistletoe before. It's a rare girl nowadays who can act so innocent

Don English

They wished Clara Bow an ice Christmas, and put her in an igloo. And how did she come out? Wearing a smile. Even though she does not know what is in the bag

lady, some of them movie stars can't hardly be told from white folks, honest!"

• • •

THE purpose of the Chase: Ilka "Vogue" Chase recently returned to Hollywood after making "Best People" for Paramount at their Astoria, Long Island, studios. "It would be just my luck to have the picture flop," she remarked, with a weary sigh, "after I've been struggling for three months to make enough money to keep body and soul apart!"

• • •

NO favors asked: The first thing Harold Lloyd did on the adoption of his new daughter was to call the servants of his great estate together and address them. "Both Peggy and Gloria are my little girls, now," he said, "and I want you to treat them exactly alike. You are not to make any difference between them, or to favor one more than the other. Remember they are *sisters* now."

• • •

HIS heir will not be apparent: *Robert Montgomery, publicized as one of the screen's bachelors, admits he is not only married, but a prospective papa. "However," says he, setting his jaw, "that's our business. If the public discovers when and where the baby is born or what sex it is, it will have to hire detectives!"*

• • •

REJECTED and dejected: When June Clyde became Mrs. Director Freeland the other day, a desperate letter arrived from a smitten fan. "I loved you," he wrote, "I adored you. I was going to go through college and get a job and marry you. Now you have married someone else. *I've lost all faith in women.*"

Every time a screen engagement actually develops into marriage, the guilty party receives letters like this. Some lose more than faith. For bets run into money.

PERSONS of notes: May Robson wrote to Marie Dressler:

Dear Marie:

I'm leaving for Europe on the *Leviathan.* Eddie's coming along but I'm leaving Ann behind. I don't know why I'm going over, but anyway you know how I dearly love steamer letters, so be sure and have one on the boat.

Affectionately,
May.

So Marie Dressler wrote to May Robson:

My Dear May:

I don't know why you're going to Europe either, furthermore I don't know who Eddie is but for God's sake be careful, because the world has its eyes on old dames like us!

Lovingly,
Marie.

• • •

CHRISTMAS presence of mind: *The studio was trying to get Sue Carol to pose for a Christmas layout for some magazine. The costume was a small piece of fur, shaped like c pearl necklace. "Nick would have a fit," Sue protested. "I wouldn't dare pose in that! But if you'd let him be in the picture, I don't think he'd mind. . . ."*

• • •

HIS line is busy: If anyone calls you on the 'phone, insisting that he is "Mr. Spivet of the *Tacoma Times*," and says that he wants to speak to you about a man who disappeared and that the business is too gruesome to relate to a lady, don't be alarmed—for it's just John Barrymore. Sometimes he wants to know if it's really true that Joe Cawthorne got lost in the woods and that his wife won't speak to him any more, or if it's just a demmed rumor. Once in a while, John is "Mr. Updike from Umpaw, Alaska."

Ronald Colman also has a 'phone trick. Asking a guest to pick out a card, he calls up a "friend," asks him to name the card, The "friend's name each time gives him the clue.

Fryer

The lid is off to Irene Delroy, proving again that she is one of Broadway's little gifts to Hollywood. She is about to be presented in "Divorce Among Friends"

Don English

Chosen to be William Powell's leading lady in "New Morals," after her work in "Morocco," Juliette Compton is now trying to hide a belief in Santa Claus

NO more strong talkie: Lupe Velez is trying to reform. No more temperamental explosions on the set! She has compiled a list of forbidden phrases—swear words and other picturesque expressions—that she is not to use hereafter. But, after all, without these, will she still be Lupe? The other day John Boles ducked her in the old well on the set. Everyone held his breath, waiting Lupe's explosion, but instead of speaking, Lupe withdrew behind a piece of scenery and *wept*. Do the fans want a reformed and weeping Lupe? It remains to be seen!

• • •

SEEING is now believing: *Eph Asher and Carl Laemmle, Universal potentates, were looking over some rushes of "Resurrection." Both of them were exultant over the way this picture was turning out. They were simply lavish with their praise, when Asher suddenly grabbed Laemmle's arm and shouted: "Great Jehoshaphat! Even John Boles can act!"*

• • •

POOR Dolores: And now it's Dolores Del Rio who is very ill. Dolores, in spite of the tales of luxury told of her when she first came to Hollywood, has not had an easy life. The much-publicized photograph of her palace in Mexico City evidently was the government Post Office or the Chamber of Commerce Building, for in reality Dolores and her Jaime were very poor until she made her hit as a movie personality.

• • •

HIS loss, her gain: Her new husband, Cedric Gibbons, was severely wounded in the World War. Aileen Pringle tells this story of him. "Cedric was complaining of headache," she relates in the crisp Pringle manner, "and I said to him, "You're going to have your teeth X-rayed." I dragged him to a dentist and he found a number of back ones needed to be pulled. I had to push Cedric into the chair to get him to take the gas. When he came out of it, he looked at me, standing beside him. 'Did you stay and watch?' he mumbled. 'You're worse than Eric von Stroheim—'"

• • •

NO food for publicity: *Universal sent out "invitations" to studio stars and executives for a luncheon being tendered to the French Fliers. "It will be $1.50 a plate," the "invitation" ran, "and in order to save embarrassment at this testimonial luncheon, the guests will please sign the checks and pay them to-morrow."*

Carl Laemmle, Junior, sent three messages to Lupe Velez, requesting her presence at the luncheon. Each one received a negative reply. Finally he sent an assistant begging her to appear. "I'm tired," she pointed out, "and besides I don' know the French Fliers."

"But, Miss Velez," the fellow protested, "you're our biggest star! You must be there!"

"I don't like beeg luncheons. . . ."

"But Miss Velez . . ."

"Anyhow, I got a luncheon engagement. I work for Meester Laemmle. I eat with whom I plees."

And she did, too.

• • •

THE freedom of the Press: The newspaper woman had been talking to Edmund Goulding, who was enthusiastic about Doug Fairbanks. "He's going to be the biggest star in talking pictures!" raved Eddie. At this moment Doug strolled up and heard Eddie's praise. "You have a great responsibility, Mr. Fairbanks," smiled the newspaper woman. "Yes," admitted Doug seriously, "I suppose so—" he went on, taking it big for some moments, while the newspaper woman listened with an ironic smile. "Well," she remarked coolly, at last, "you've got the best pulmotor in the business to direct you, Mr. Fairbanks."

Here, There And Everywhere

A blossomed young comedienne: not so long ago, Thelma Todd was one of the reasons for two-reel comedies. Now she is smiling as if she meant it in feature-length pictures like "The Hot Heiress" and feature-length chiffon like this

(She waved to Goulding.) "He's brought many other dead bodies to life before this!" And she turned away, leaving Doug with a somewhat sickly smile.

• • •

PRAIRIE fashion: The millionaire Indian extras in "Cimarron" are seen at all the exclusive dancing places. One Indian woman was dancing at Oleson's the other night in an expensive Paris evening gown. When she returned to her table, she drew around her shoulders—not an ermine wrap or a Paquin cloak, but a Navaho blanket!

• • •

THE smart set: *"We went to some of the smallest Hollywood parties," the returning tourist was explaining, "and we met lots of celebrities. Why, we were introduced to the girl who plays Greta Garbo's legs!"*

• • •

OPPORTUNITY knocked twice: Ann Harding relates how she was fired from the cast of "Tarnish" in New York, five days before the opening, because she couldn't do the part well enough. A theatrical friend offered to coach her in it. "But what's the use?" wailed Ann. "I'm *fired*." "You've got to do that part well for your *own sake* or you're through as an actress," said the friend. He coached her mercilessly day and night — and the day before the opening they sent for Ann and gave her back the part that was to make her fame on Broadway!

Fryer

A successful young killer in the stage play, "The Last Mile," Edward Woods is now making a "killing" in Hollywood. As the son, he is the reason for "Mother's Cry"

• • •

THEY'LL never go over the top: Says Charles Judels, Warner Brothers' character actor. "These bantam autos will never go over in Hollywood. Any actor who could afford one wouldn't be able to get his head into one!"

• • •

AN ice opportunity: In "Illicit," there is a kitchen scene with an electric refrigerator. For several days the sound experts were puzzled by a faint buzzing noise they couldn't locate—till it was noticed a constant stream of people from all over the studio were visiting this kitchen set and coming away wiping their mouths. Then it was found someone had con-

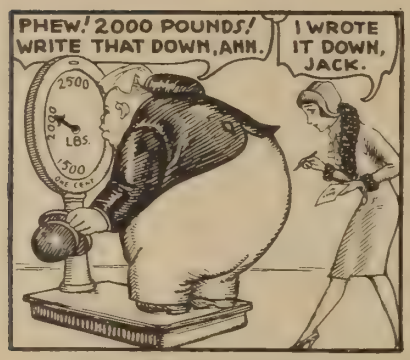
(Continued on page 93)

With Those Who Talk And Play

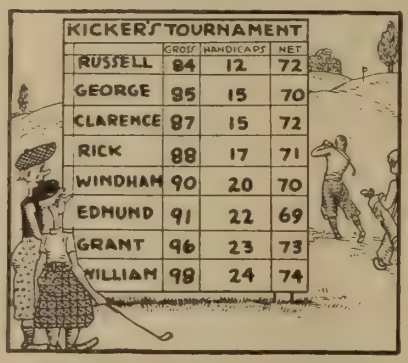
MOTION PICTURE

YOU PLAY - - - WE PAY

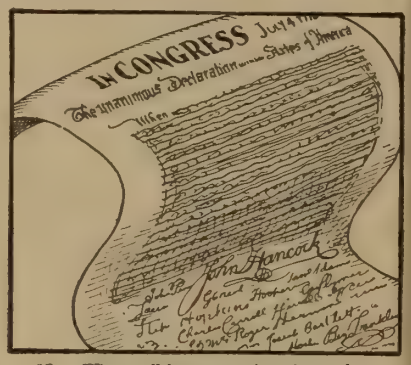
YOU HAVE UNTIL FEBRUARY 28, 1931,



31. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



36. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



37. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

32. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

33. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

34. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

35. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

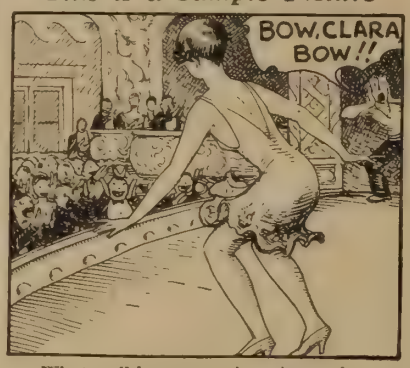
$1,500.00 First Prize

HOW many times in the past have you wished you had a pile of money? How nice it would be to take that dreamed of trip abroad, or to visit the places you have longed to see, or to get that shiny new sedan, or buy that bungalow nestling so cozily on the shore of the lake, or to do the thousand and one things you could do with $1,500.00 in cold cash? Well, the opportunity is right before you.

How often you have been envious of some one who has won a large sum of money in a contest in which you didn't take part. Don't envy anybody—play the Motion Picture Title Game yourself and let someone envy you. You are just as smart as your friends—Show them!

This Game is intriguing, we admit, but it is intended to interest and amuse—not baffle you. You will find that playing the Game is stimulating to your imagination and will help to develop your powers of observation, discernment and decision. One or two pictures may stop you for a moment but if you apply yourself methodically and study the Official Reference Book, you will find a title that fits the picture perfectly. That means you will have earned another $30.00 if your complete set of suggestions proves to be the best submitted.

This is a Sample Picture



What well-known motion picture feature player does this picture represent?

The sample picture above shows a picture of a stage, with the audience applauding, the actress standing as if made of stone. From the wings the prompter calls "Bow, Clara, bow!" In selecting a title for this picture, it is obvious that it represents "Clara Bow," the well-known and popular beauty of the silver screen.

This shows how answers may be selected. The important point to be remembered, however, is that all parts of the picture should be studied to determine the title which best fits the picture as a whole.

Get Into the Game

In this issue we publish pictures 31 to 40, the fourth instalment of ten pictures in the Motion Picture Title Game. If you are playing the game, you no doubt have already decided upon fitting titles for the first thirty pictures and are eager to tackle the ten which make up this month's set.

If you haven't started, you still have plenty of time to "get into the game." It is free to all—there are no requirements, all you need is inclination to play and desire to win.

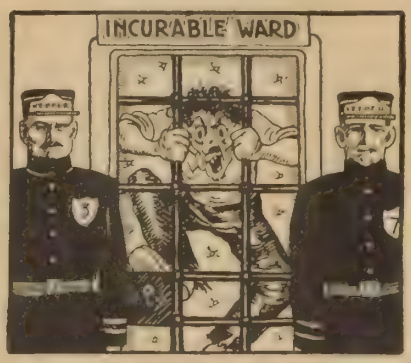
TITLE GAME

$5,000 In Cash Prizes

To Send In Your Suggestions

38. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

39. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?



40. What well-known motion picture feature player or production does this picture represent?

Spend Your Time Profitably

Select only one title a day. If it proves to be the "Best" Title, it will pay you at the rate of $30.00 a day if you win the major award of $1,500.00—$20.00 a day if you win the second award and $10.00 a day if you win the third award, and so on—worth trying for, isn't it? Can you spend your spare time any more profitably?

Look at the pictures on this page; if they don't suggest a title at the first glance—it doesn't mean a thing. So, don't pass up this Game because you think it hard to fit titles to the pictures.

"It's Easy" Sez He

"$1,500.00 for selecting titles to those pictures? Bring 'em on," cried a visitor. "I'll fit the fittenist titles that can be found in the Reference Book. No trick at all. Why they are easy. That guy Jack, tipping the scales at 2,000 pounds, just one ton—everybody knows who he is—and that Kickers' Tournament score board is a give away—look at the scores—nothin' to it; and take a squint at that cute kid working on those poor little lambs—Nothing like the way the 'lambs' were shorn by the Wall Street 'philanthropists' during the past year."

Nothing To Lose—All To Gain

You play—we pay. You send in the titles—we send out the checks. Nothing to lose—all to gain.

370 readers of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are going to be paid $5,000.00 in various amounts and we don't care who gets the money—with one reservation—NO EMPLOYEE OR MEMBER OF A FAMILY OF AN EMPLOYEE MAY PARTICIPATE OR WIN ANY OF THE MONEY—Now will you play?

First Thirty Pictures Free

If you missed the first thirty pictures, we will be happy to send them to you, including all the rules. A postcard request will bring them to you.

The Reference Book Will Refresh Your Memory

The Official Reference Book contains 2387 titles of motion picture feature productions and players. By referring to the Reference Book, participants will know immediately if certain names may be used. If they do not appear in the Reference Book, they will not be considered.

Participants are not required to purchase a Reference Book, as copies are on file for free inspection at the office of Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or at any Public Library (a copy will be sent without charge on receipt of a request from the Librarian of any Public Library).

No doubt you will find it much more convenient to have a copy of your own so that you may refer to it as titles suggest themselves to you. If so, use the coupon below.

SCHEDULE *of* AWARDS

FIRST CASH AWARD
$1,500.00

SECOND CASH AWARD
$1,000.00

THIRD CASH AWARD
$500.00

Fourth Cash Award	$250.00
Fifth Cash Award	125.00
Sixth Cash Award	100.00
Seventh Cash Award	75.00
Eighth to Twelfth Cash Award $50.00 each	250.00
Thirteenth to Twentieth Cash Award—$25.00 each	200.00
Twenty-first to Seventieth Cash Award—$10.00 each	500.00
Seventy-first to One Hundred and Twentieth Cash Award—$5.00 each	250.00
One Hundred and Twenty-first to Three Hundred and Seventieth Cash Award—$1.00 each	250.00
	$5,000.00

Editor, MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

MP-J

Enclosed herewith is 25 cents —Coin. Stamps. Send me postpaid a copy of the *Motion Picture Title Game Reference Book*. Please send me all the pictures previously published, the complete rules, and all information. Keep me posted as I have decided to play the MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME.

Name. . . . . .

Address. . . . . .

City . . . . . State. . .

HOT MAMA

By JOAN DICKEY

Illustrations By Shellhase

"Di'n' I tell you all you needed was a party to cheer you up?" the blonde shrieked across the clamor

IT WAS, according to Hollywood lights, a very successful party. Which means that, though it was barely midnight, several of the guests, including an assistant director and a pretty glad-hand girl from the Superba Studio, had passed out completely, and most of the others were in the state technically known as "happy." The gold-mottled, jazz-plastered walls of the one-room apartment in the Chateau Versailles tossed back the screams of laughter and blare of the radio, and the noise was another sign of the success of her party.

Elsa sat on the Spanish davenport, laughing appropriately at the anecdote the pallid juvenile was pouring into her ear without hearing a turgid word. To think that two hours ago she had been staring down at a slip of yellow paper and wishing that she were dead! In this atmosphere of cigarette smoke, French perfumes, gin and jazz, heartbreak seemed fantastic, like a Puritan make-up at a De Mille orgy. She had almost forgotten what it was all about. If she drank the cocktail—her first of the evening—she might forget completely. . . .

The raw taste of bootleg alcohol made her gasp—she had never learned to drink becomingly as a Hollywood actress is supposed to do. The small town in her, successfully concealed by coiffeur and modiste, betrayed her there. And now her tears of two hours ago seemed enormously distant, infinitely comic.

"Didn't I tell you what you needed was a party, dearie?" whooped the blonde in the strawberry lace dress. Elsa recognized her as her Best Friend. "'—and so,' the casting director told her, 'if you're nice to papa, you've passed your first screen test—'" The juvenile was snickering—he was her Best Friend, too! They were all her Best Friends! The lights swirled together in a bright pattern, the noise caught her up. This was the life—this—was—the—life—

She found herself sitting on the wrought-iron balcony stairs that didn't lead anywhere, but were *so* picturesque. Someone's arm was around her—she didn't know exactly whose, and it didn't seem to matter. Nothing mattered. She had forgotten what had made her so unhappy this afternoon. Her black bob was wilder, her lips painted redder, her laughter louder than any in the room.

"Di'n' I tell you all you needed was a party to cheer you up?" the blonde shrieked across the clamor. "You'd have died at the way Elsa was registering grief all over the place! Lissen, everybody! I bet she's got a skeleton in her closet—let's look and see!"

Giggling, swaying, she was fumbling with a door-knob. It gave way, and something small and white bounced out into the room with a tiny plaintive squeak. The blonde jazz baby (her last picture had been "Painted Kisses") gave a squawk of laughter as she picked it up and waved it before their glazed eyes. "Oh, lookit! A woolly dog—and it barks when you squeeze it! Woof—woof—woof! Look out for my doggie, everybody—"

She was cavorting about the room, waving the toy dog in flushed, sodden faces. Behind her, shrieks arose at other discoveries on the closet shelves—a tin train, building blocks, a limp doll. The dying party woke to hilarious life. Women in evening gowns humped on the floor, piling the blocks with hot unsteady hands. The juvenile was running about, dragging the train behind him, shouting in shrill imitation of a child, "Choo choo! Det off the twack! Choo choo's tumming!"

Elsa got to her feet, staring at the drunken imitation of childish play. Jaded imaginations captured by the novelty of the situation, they pulled the toys away from one another, shouting with laughter.

What was it the telegram had said? "HAVE DECIDED BEST NOT ALLOW BABY TO VISIT YOU. REMEMBER YOU HAVE SURRENDERED ALL RIGHTS."

She hadn't wanted a baby. She was so young when she married the middle-aged executive, and it had meant the interruption of her screen career just when it seemed the most important thing in the world. Then, after his sudden death, she had been bewildered. When they put the guardianship papers in front of her, she had signed them because they told her to sign them. . . .

She hadn't had much experience being a mother. Even this afternoon, when the telegram came, she had not felt what she felt now, watching the toys she had bought for her baby's visit being used as playthings for drunken men and women.

Then she heard her voice stammering crazily: "Get out! Get out of here, you—*you Hollywood bums*—"

She didn't know that she *was* screaming till she saw their faces, suddenly shocked into sobriety. Then she heard her voice stammering crazily: "Get out! Get out of here, you—*you Hollywood bums*—"

They were gone, leaving cigarette ashes, spilled pools of liquor, disorder. The garish apartment seemed full of jangling echoes. Elsa picked up the woolly white dog, streaked with the scarlet of lipstick, smeared with rouge, and a tear splashed on the small head. Then her eyes discovered her dishevelled reflection in the mirror door opposite. Unconsciously, she fell into the right mother pose, pressing the toy dramatically to her breast.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SHORT, SHORT STORIES BASED ON FACTS ALREADY PUBLISHED IN MOTION PICTURE

Kenneth Alexander

A dream of fair woman, according to the commonly cold critics of London and New York, Evelyn Laye looks to the camera like a lady who may rest, herself, in regal splendor, but is intent on disturbing the rest of the world. In "Lilli," she is even becoming tired

Marriages In

As Told By

Mary Astor

To

Dorothy Manners

Kenneth Hawks

Mary Astor says:

The highest compliment I can pay Kenneth is that I want to marry again . . .

Ken taught me how wonderful marriage can be—and I am lost without it.

Before I married... I existed comfortably enough—I suppose I thought I enjoyed myself, but I realized nothing of the realness of life. I merely vegetated.

In my first grief, I shattered all dreams of home and children and friends. For two ill, nervous months I wiped everything Ken had built up in me out of my life.

But he was a wiser and truer teacher than that. Having known him, I knew I could never go back and lose all the things he had brought into my life.

I am no good at the life of a bachelor-girl—or widow. I cannot be happy alone. Happy marriage is the only thing in the world that will ever be important to me.

THIS is not a sob story. Only on that one condition would Mary Astor consent to talk on this subject. "I have too much respect for the memory of Kenneth's own sportsmanship," she said. "He was, above all things, a good loser. I should not like to be less than that, for his sake."

Twelve months have passed since the film disaster that was a tragedy to all Hollywood—the air crash of Kenneth Hawks and his camera assistants while filming scenes for a picture. A catastrophe to Hollywood—but no one will ever know what those first few months following did to Mary Astor. She speaks only briefly about it.

It is known that she was seriously, even dangerously, ill.

For two months, not even her close friends could visit her in the darkened apartment just off Hollywood Boulevard, where she lay prostrate under the care of a nurse and doctor. Those who know her best say that for a moment Mary "let go" and gave way to a grief that bordered on a complete mental and physical collapse.

Then, almost before Hollywood realized she had recovered, she came back to the screen in "Holiday," a lovelier, more beautiful Mary than ever before. The girl who had rated heretofore merely as a beauty had acquired depth and poise, and a different character that gave a new note to her camera work.

But, more important, something had happened to Mary herself. Something vital in her beauty and personality. The former calm loveliness of a rather lackadaisical personality has developed into a fascinating appeal. At twenty-three Mary Astor was merely one of Hollywood's many pretty girls. At twenty-four she is an interesting and effective woman. Her new interest, her new vitality and even her calm gaiety is a tribute to Mary's memory of a "good loser."

We sought no out-of-the-way tea-room for this talk. True, she wore black, but smart black—a flaring hat turned sharply

The MOVIES •

Mary Astor

Chidnoff

Kenneth Hawks Taught Mary Astor The Necessity Of Marriage

back from her rust-colored hair, a coat that wrapped tightly about her slender figure. I thought her skin was unnaturally pale, and no cosmetic stick had outlined that sharp brush of a shadow beneath her eyes, discernible even in the flattering light of the Hi-Hat Café.

But this is not a sob story.

The Only Real Happiness

SHE said: "The highest compliment I can pay Kenneth is that I want to marry again. . .

"Ken taught me how wonderful marriage can be—and I am lost without it. There is no life like the living together of two people who share their minds and their hearts in love.

"Ken instilled in me a desire for companionship and home and children that his going has not erased. He used to tell me, 'It is the only happy life for a woman, Mary,' and he proved how wonderful it could really be. He taught me how warm life could be with companionship and how empty it could be without it.

"Before I married, nothing had any real meaning to me. I had a home with my mother and father, and while I love them devotedly, nevertheless the house we occupied was just a place where I slept, changed my clothes, received my telephone messages and ate most of my meals.

"My father was unusually strict about the company and hours I kept. I entertained very seldom —usually nothing more exciting than entertaining a girls' club to which I belonged. I had few real friends—I didn't know how to keep those I acquired. I existed comfortably enough—I suppose I thought I enjoyed myself, but I realized nothing of the realness of life. I merely vegetated.

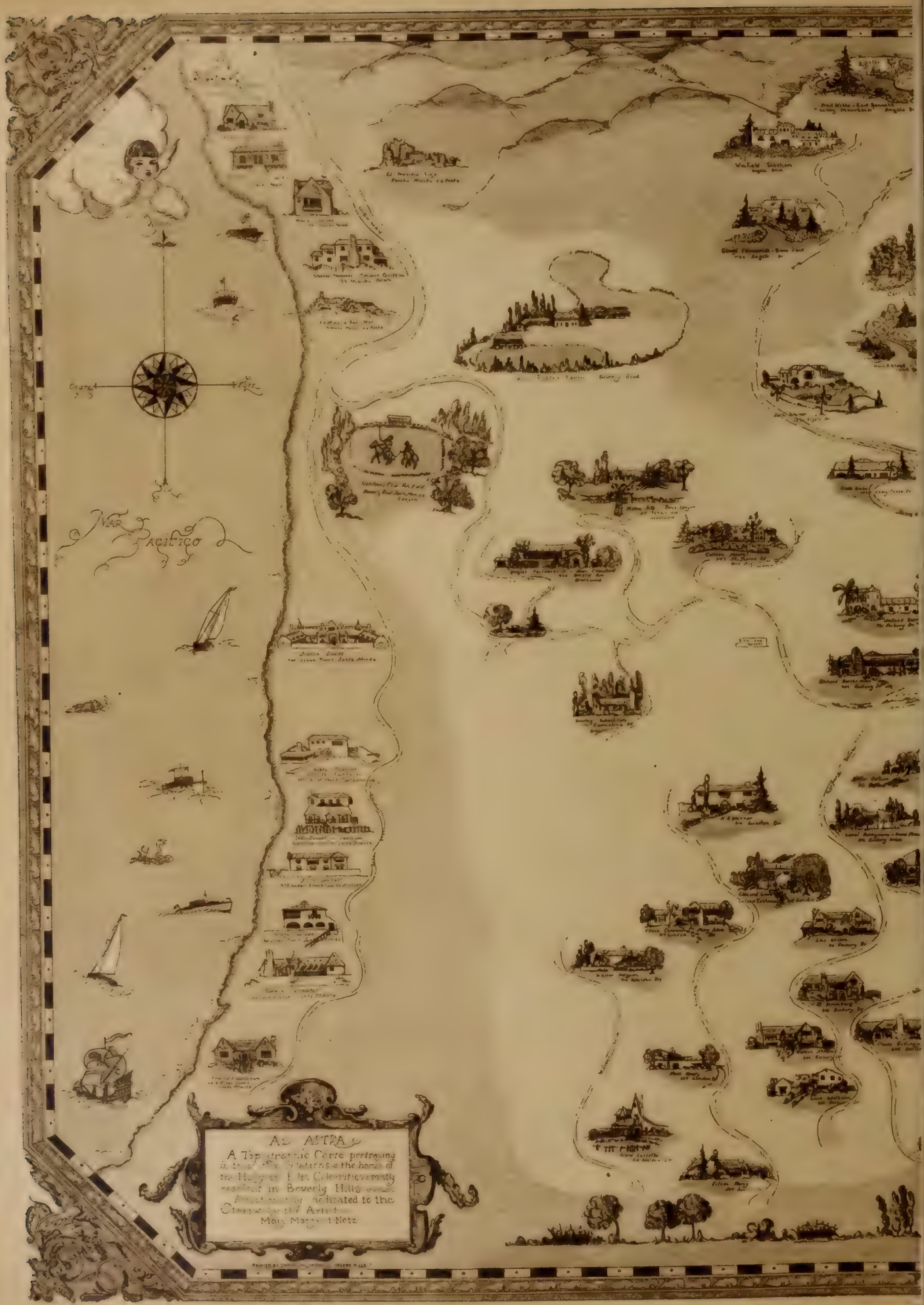
"People, to me, were either 'nice' or not 'nice.' If they were properly married and wore the right clothes and did the right thing at the right time to do it—then they were 'nice.' Those who did not fall under this very general heading were not 'nice.' I selected conservative friends for myself, just as I selected serviceable materials and quiet colors in my clothes. Even the books I read were in good polite taste. I think I could have developed into the most uninteresting person in the world if Ken had not rescued me in marriage.

Life Took on a Meaning

"IN direct contrast, Ken was a man of the world. He was a gentleman and a sportsman. His life was colorful with interesting events and places and people. I don't think there was a man, woman, or child in Hollywood who was not completely captivated by Ken's charm. And the secret of the whole thing is that he *knew* people. He understood them. It made no difference to him what they were, or what they would be, or the mode in which they conducted their life—if they were real people, he loved them. He held his friends for years.

"As soon as we returned from our honeymoon, Ken gave me

(*Continued on page 98*)


MAR PACIFICO
AD ASTRA
A Topographic Carte portraying
the homes of
Mary Margaret Netz

BEVERLY HILLS

By
Nancy Pryor

THEY

Their Reputations Are F
Fiction T

THE next easiest thing to starting a forest fire is getting a legend circulated in Hollywood. Just a couple of careless words tossed into print, or over a Beverly Hills fence, and the bonfire is ignited. Who cares whether or not it is true? Any good story goes, and if it's good *enough*, it clings as a label and t r a d e m a r k forever 'n'ever, Amen.

Take Cecil de Mille. He isn't a director of motion pictures in the realm of popular gossip and reference. He's "the bathtub King."

More words have been printed that Garbo "tank she go home" than any other story circulated about the lonely Swede.

Who is Constance Bennett but the girl who is quoted as saying she spends two hundred and fifty thousand dollars yearly on clothes?

Actors like Walter Huston can proclaim Clara Bow the greatest actress on the screen to their hearts' content—but she's only the "It" girl to Hollywood small talk.

What do you know about the private life of Ronald Colman? He's a recluse, of course—just a hide-away boy of the Hollywood hills.

How many times have you read that the greatest ambition of Ramon Novarro's life is to be a religious hermit?

Alice White is just the little girl who loves to get herself engaged to lots of men for a little while. Or so they tell us.

Good stories, these. Colorful, snappy stuff that sounds as though it should be true, so why not believe it? And the joke is that everyone does except the principals themselves, who are still doing a little private wondering as to how the stories ever got started.

A Strangely American Custom

MARLENE DIETRICH told us that in Europe fame is based on one thing: the relative ability of the artist in his particular field. But in America—she was amazed! One became famous because of the color of the hair, the number of divorces, the various gentlemen one knew, and the amount of small gossip that could be circulated, true or untrue. The home-grown players are more tolerant. They have learned to accept the stories with a shrug, though if you take the trouble to ask them, they are glad to deny it—all of it—any part of it, for the quaint reason that nine rumors out of ten aren't true!

Cecil de Mille is not exactly upset about his reputation as Bathtub Monarch. It makes for sensational box-office pull. But in view of all the historical,

DENY IT

Founded More On Than Fact

religious and preachment pictures he has made he is not quite clear as to how the bathtub element happened to predominate above all else.

"In my years of motion picture production," he says, "I have made fifty-eight pictures. In that group have been such widely divergent themes as 'The Squaw Man,' 'Joan of Arc,' released with Geraldine Farrar as 'Joan, The Woman,' 'Fools' Paradise,' 'The Ten Commandments,' 'Why Change Your Wife?' series, 'The King Of Kings,' 'The Godless Girl,' 'Dynamite' and 'Madame Satan.' Now, if they said I had a slightly Biblical turn of mind, I could understand the tag. The Good Book has been the inspiration of more than one of my picture plots. But in the fifty-eight pictures I have directed in Hollywood, *only six out of that number have had bathtub scenes.*

"I daresay there are a great many directors who can claim greater dramatic-plumbing honor than that. I believe the bathtub legend in regard to myself started about nine or ten years ago with the 'Why Change Your Wife?' and 'Don't Change Your Husband' pictures I made with Gloria Swanson. Gloria's shower scenes created quite a stir of interest and you know how it is when a story gets started in Hollywood." He smiled. "There's no stopping it."

Victims of Reporters

CONSTANCE BENNETT, on the other hand, is not so docilely reconciled to stories being circulated about her. Particularly, the story to the effect that she spends a quarter of a million yearly on clothes. Constance, the suave Bennett, feels that it is very annoying to be doing one's best toward an artistic career on the screen, and to find her fan mail and press notices abounding only with references to her extravagance.

"If the story were true," she remarked in broad drawing-room annoyance, "it would be bad enough, but trying to deny something so ridiculously false is aggravating, to say the least. The truth of that story is simply this:

"I was crossing the lobby of my hotel in New York when a young woman who introduced herself as a reporter stopped me and asked how

(Continued on page 93)

NOT Another GARBO

Marlene Dietrich Has A Fascination All Her Own

Richee

By Dorothy Manners

MARLENE DIETRICH was upset. Her placid German brow was worried into little furrows of puzzlement under the smart black velvet hat she wore. When she frowns, she does not look cross. She looks like a bewildered child. Now and then her chin sank low into two silver-fox furs thrown modishly about her shoulders.

It was these Garbo rumors that so perturbed her. These thoroughly unfounded reports that she is "another Garbo" both in screen appeal and in the careless, I-don't-care attitude of the famous Swede in her private life.

As no two women were ever less alike, I can't say Marlene is groundlessly upset.

Garbo is mental, withdrawn, a celibate.

Dietrich is of the earth, embracing, maternal. Where Garbo is puzzling in her cold fascination, this unusual-looking twenty-four-year-old girl from Germany is understandably beautiful. It is her expression, rather than her features, which creates this illusion of great loveliness, and depth to her beauty. They say that her screen presence is pervaded with fascination and mystery. It must be a camera personality. Dietrich, face to face, is warm with friendliness.

A faint guttural burr of her native tongue clings to certain words of her conversation, though she speaks English amazingly well. Of all the subjects close to her heart, she would rather talk of her child, a four-year-old daughter, far away in Germany with her father and Marlene's mother. There is something of the German *frau* in Marlene's pining for her absent child. She recites anecdote after anecdote of the child's sweetness, her smartness, the clever things she says and does. Every word is an embrace for the far-away Maria. Too far away except in memories.

In a Bewildering Place

IN the meantime, there is Hollywood—this strange, rather bewildering Hollywood that would make her into an imitator of the great Garbo, before her own personality is definitely established upon the screen.

"I worry that Miss Garbo read some of these things they say of how I am another Garbo," she said after we had been officially closeted in a little room in the publicity department. She shrugged slightly. "She must think, 'That woman is trying to be like me.'

"But this is not so! I could never be like Garbo. There is nobody like Garbo. She is the great idol of the screen all over the world. In Germany, my country, they worship her. You should see the brilliant first nights that are turned out for Garbo. When I am first in Hollywood, I am amazed that her pictures open without formality like any other star's. That is not the way in Germany. Each new picture of hers receives its tribute.

"With me, I am new to the screen. I have no such tradition as hers. Such greatness as hers is earned—and not made. I have made just two noteworthy pictures, 'The Blue Angel,' in Germany, and 'Morocco' here. Two silent pictures I did, but they were not so good. I was working on the stage in Berlin when Mr. von Sternberg selected me for his 'Blue Angel.' I feel I am just starting on the road at which Miss Garbo is the peak. I feel very foolish when newspaper people compare us. I hope she should know this—and believe I had nothing to do with it.

"Where one is not known, stories that are false crop up so easily, no? People say things which are not true because something must be said for publicity.

"When Mr. von Sternberg told Paramount he had found an actress in Germany whom he would like to bring back to this

(*Continued on page 100*)

Russell Ball

On'y yestiddy, the lad wuz tol' to be on guard, er he'd be a daid ringer fer hill-billy Rich' Barthelmus. So Rich' Cromwell ain' mountaineerly asleep. Not by a long shot. He mought be young 'n' new to these yere parts, but he kin bear watchin'ez *Tol'able David*

STARS

By Helen Louise Walker

Illustrated By Eldon Kelley

"Only the day before yesterday, she was a discouraged little chorus girl, returning to Hollywood from points East with the intention of going back to sell rubber aprons"

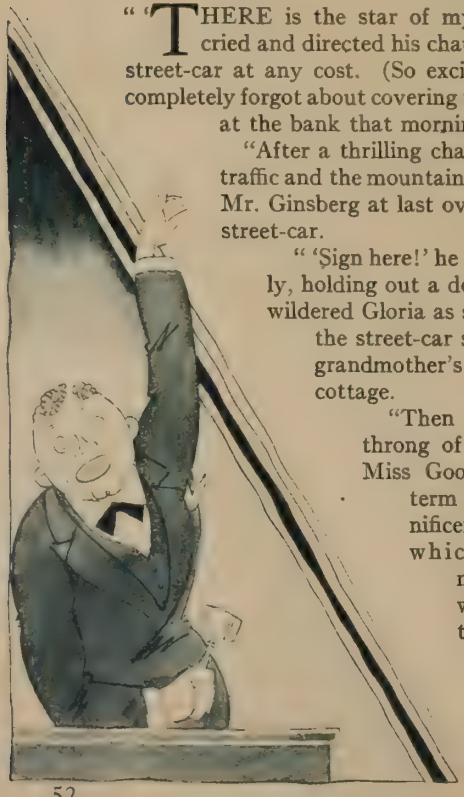
MIDNIGHT. All over Hollywood and Los Angeles, the modest door-bells of the Press are ringing. Special-delivery letters. Across the faces of the envelopes, in letters two inches high, are the words, "NEWS! RUSH!"

The scribe, called from his bridge game or his typewriter or his bed, opens the portentous missive and reads a breathless communication to the effect that "Rudolph P. Ginsberg, production manager for Magnificent Pictures, Inc., announces that a hitherto unknown beauty will play the lead in Magnificent's forthcoming all-color, all-glorious, all-superb, super-musical-comedy production, 'Glittering Girls.'

"Gloria Good is the fortunate young woman's name. Only the day before yesterday, she was a discouraged little chorus girl, returning to Hollywood from points East with the intention of going back to selling rubber aprons—which was her original vocation.

"Mr. Ginsberg, driving in his limousine to the bank to deposit his super-salary check, espied the petite Miss Good, clambering aboard a street-car. Although he had only a glimpse of her back, nevertheless it was a right windy day and you can't fool Mr. Ginsberg.

The Prince and the Pauper



"'THERE is the star of my next picture!' he cried and directed his chauffeur to follow that street-car at any cost. (So excited was he that he completely forgot about covering that super-overdraft at the bank that morning.

"After a thrilling chase through crowded traffic and the mountains of San Bernardino, Mr. Ginsberg at last overtook the speeding street-car.

"'Sign here!' he commanded, hoarsely, holding out a dotted line to the bewildered Gloria as she clambered down the street-car steps in front of her grandmother's little rose-covered cottage.

"Then and there, amid a throng of curious spectators, Miss Good signed the long-term contract with Magnificent Pictures, Inc., which automatically makes her one of the world's foremost actresses.

"Miss Good is four feet tall, weighs 65 pounds, has golden hair, blue eyes and the cutest dimple on her left shoulder that you ever saw. Mr. Ginsberg says she is photographically perfect."

The scribe, having perused this outburst, yawns. "*Good* old Cinderella story!" he mutters, toddling back to his bridge game, his typewriter or his bed.

A Girl He'll Hear About

THE story may be true. Stars have been made in—well, in *almost* that fashion. On the other hand, Gloria may be Rudolph P. Ginsberg's dear old auntie, who has been playing

for SALE

High-Pressure Salesmen Put Them Over

This business of selling a star to the public is an arduous one. They take the raw material, they shape it, develop it, polish it—then sell it at the greatest possible gain

extra rôles in pictures for eighteen years and who has just found out something about her nephew, Rudy, which persuaded him that she could sing, dance and act.

But the scribe knows that, from now on, he is going to hear a lot about Gloria. That special-delivery communication was a mere opening gun in the battle which will be waged by Magnificent Pictures, Inc., to sell a star.

This business of selling a star to the public is an arduous one. Stars are the commodities in which producers deal. They take the raw material (human—but none-the-less raw), they shape it, develop it, polish it—and then sell it to the public at the greatest possible gain.

A star is obviously worth nothing at the box-office until the public knows something about him. It requires just as high-powered salesmanship to introduce a new star upon the market as it does a new brand of soap or toothpaste or canned soup.

Personal Appearances

THEY don't always start in with a midnight special-delivery letter. Sometimes they give a luncheon or a tea for the Press to display their new property. This is usually done for someone who is already known to the public in some other capacity—an opera singer, a foreign actor, a stage actor, or a Florenz Ziegfeld.

Ordinarily, at these affairs, there is a great deal of food and—er—liquid refreshment, and the unfortunate candidate for celebrity is all dressed up and striving to be gracious and cordial and interesting to people he has never seen before and certainly does not care to see again.

The poor little starlet is introduced to reporters, who are led up to him singly or in groups, and tries to remember what he was told about them—which ones are Important, and which ones suffer from chronic hurt feelings (these things often go together). He burbles as brightly as he can under such depressing circumstances, "I am *so* happy to be in your beautiful California!"

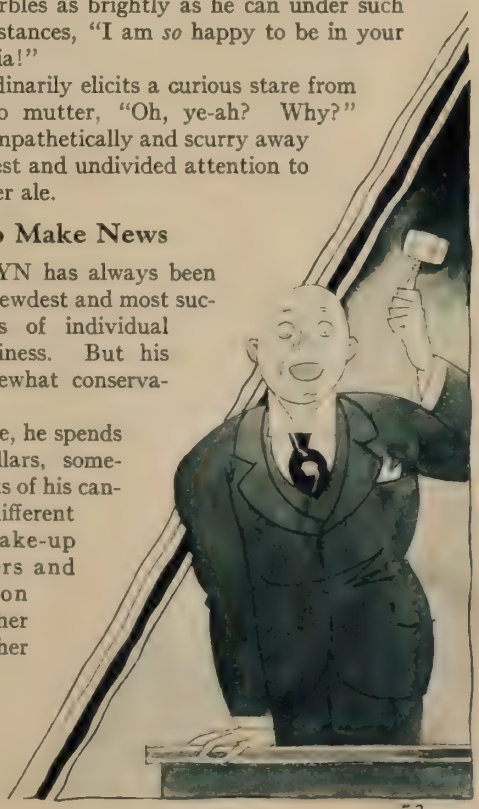
This remark ordinarily elicits a curious stare from the reporters who mutter, "Oh, ye-ah? Why?" Then they nod sympathetically and scurry away to give their earnest and undivided attention to the food and ginger ale.

It Pays to Make News

SAM GOLDWYN has always been one of the shrewdest and most successful developers of individual stars in the business. But his methods are somewhat conservative.

In the first place, he spends thousands of dollars, sometimes, making tests of his candidate, trying different hair-dressers, make-up artists, costumers and photographers on her. He studies her good points and her weak ones. Then he puts her into a picture.

(*Continued on page 95*)



Russell Ball

Her gown may be reminiscent of the Dark Ages, bût her lines have a modern twist. (The fur, for instance, is very doggy.) And now that she has stood up for well-dressed slapstick in "What A Widow," Gloria Swanson is inclining a musical ear to those insistent demands that she make a concert tour

What Women Want to KNOW

They Ask Ramon Novarro To Show Them The Way Back To Romance

As told by Ramon Novarro

To Faith Service

Hurrell

All that women write to me—all that they want to know—comes in the end to the same thing: a striving to find not what they have lost, but what they have thrown away.

They write, craving the romance they have exchanged for reality, only to find reality a cold, an insufficient thing.

They find that virile deeds in the arena cannot take the place of tender adorations on the pedestal.

The women who write me do not write about sex. They never write about marriage or divorce or money or careers. They write of their need of something to idealize.

They think more of a nebulous *Galahad* than a concrete man of flesh and blood.

"THE women of America are starved for Romance. And they have brought it on themselves.

"Women have insisted upon being 'equal' to men. And somewhere, as a result, the law of compensation has shown a sad deficiency.

"Women have demanded the right to share a man's world, his work, his play, his way of thinking and talking.

"Women have preferred comradeship to chivalry. And now . . .

"Women have torn away, with their own hands, their own mystery. They have, also with their own hands, divested themselves of glamour, of illusion.

"Women have slain the bright, the fragile body of Romance. And they weep at the grave.

"My letters tell me this. In one way or another, the same chord is struck.

"All that women write to me—all they want to know—expressed one way or another, comes to the same thing: a striving to find not what they have lost, but what they have thrown away.

"They write, craving the romance they have exchanged for reality, only to find reality a cold, an insufficient thing. Hard. Humdrum.

"Women weep for what they have themselves destroyed. And they do not seem to know that they have done it. They only feel that a sweet enchantment has gone out of their days. They find that virile deeds in the arena cannot take the place of tender adorations on the pedestal.

The Fragile, Fading Flower

"IN my country—when I was there—if my sweetheart gave me one tender glance on her way to church of a Sunday, I was in heaven. That was enough for me to live on, to dream on for a whole week. I expected nothing more. But here, to-day, it is luncheon and dinner and afternoon tea. It is 'What are you doing to-night? A'right, let's get together!' On the beaches—oh, the death to mystery those beaches are!—in the theater, at work.

(*Continued on page 102*)

Knee-High Hopes

They Believe In Santa Clothe

English

Christmas Eve, and the problem is: what hose shall they turn on Santa? Mary Brian (top) and Frances Dee (left) are engaged in sheer wonder, while Jean Arthur (above) wonders if Santa likes the Scotch. For to-morrow, boys and girls, their stockings must be prettily filled

Dyar

for Christmas

And Take *Long* Chances

Santa, after all, is a man—so Rosita Moreno (top) will display some fancy work. And Mitzi Green likewise thinks Santa can see, even if he is old, and is about to hang socks (above)—until the fat family cook gives her two big opportunities (right)

Portraits by Dyar

LOVE Experts

Intelligent Women Are Not Sirens, Reasons Ina Claire

As told by Ina Claire To Elisabeth Goldbeck

Ina Claire Believes

Women who are expert in the art of attracting men have to make it a life work.

There is no such thing as a siren with a sense of humor.

Intelligence is a fatal drawback to a woman who wants men to love her.

A woman, to be a siren, should be either a pagan or a mid-Victorian. Men either want to possess you, or to protect you.

I don't think modern women are very attractive—or very happy with what they've made of their lives. They're too intelligent . . .

Love isn't much fun, anyway. It's not worth while.

Russell Ball

"I'M THE last person in the world to be deferred to as a expert on love. I couldn't possibly talk about what woman should do to win a man, because I always d everything wrong. I've made all the mistakes a woma can make in dealing with men. At least, I don't thin there are any I've overlooked—but if there are, I make them later.

"The rumor has floated around that I know great deal about handling men. Jack thought s before he married me. It's ridiculous. I'm ex tremely stupid and inexperienced with them, really I don't know a thing about sex. The few exper ences I've had, have been with men who were ver devoted to me and didn't require any handling—that i except Jack." (He probably made up for the others.

"I believe it's chiefly an accident. If man is fond enough of you, whatever yo do seems to be the clever thing. If h isn't—anything you may do will fai There has to be an initial sex attractio before anything else can work. *Hold o to that.* When once you've let it go, yo can never get it back.

"I think every woman who has a repu tation for handling men cleverly is simp an indifferent woman. There is no weapo like indifference, and any woman who desirable and yet doesn't seem to care sure to fascinate men.

"I have never cared very much please men. I've been too detached, to self-sufficient. My work has been my lif and I haven't needed men very muc And besides, I was always a litt afraid of them.

Expertness a Life Work

WOMEN who are expert the art of attracting m have to make it a life work. It mu be more important to them than an thing else. It isn't important enou to me to bother with. You wouldn't e actly call me sexless, I suppose. But n brain is stronger than my emotions.

"However, I can tell you what *not* do with men.

"For instance, I tell them the trut

Continued on page 94

The Picture Parade

The Big Trail

BIG PICTURE HAS SWEEP AND ACTION! "The Big Trail" from the expansive hand of Raoul Walsh is awfully, *awfully* epic. There are gigantic panoramas and flocks and *flocks* of covered wagons and desert wastes and mighty forests and mightier storms. Hardships are monstrous. Villainy is Jack-Desmondish. Love is adventurous and pure and exalted.

All of which should matter but somehow doesn't. Against a background so stupendous and unremitting and powerful as to be wearisome and a real bore is set a thin and insufficient story of people who never come alive and matter hardly at all.

Marguerite Churchill, Ian Keith, John Wray doubtless do what they can but are overset by the grandeur and expanse of nature.

Tully Marshall alone appears to be a person and a convincing one. Tyrone Power is simply incredible and with a voice no ear-drum can hear and live. New, young Mr. Wayne is suggestive of Gary Cooper. He has considerable, if potential, appeal.

The whole is in Grandeur Film and the sum total is exhaustion and a weary admiration for a vast undertaking and for American topography.

Morocco

DIETRICH MAKES COLORFUL DEBUT: It is unfortunate that comparison between Marlene Dietrich, newly imported German star, and Greta Garbo is inevitable. Because even with direction that seems deliberately to imitate the familiar Garbo mannerisms, gestures and intonations, Miss Dietrich shows a distinct personality of her own, and a strange, fascinating beauty which is not flattered by the comparison.

In this story of the Moroccan adventures of a *déclassée* vaudeville actress and a hardened heart-breaker of the Foreign Legion, she captures the imagination with her strangeness. Even at the end when we leave her walking barefoot over the sands with the other camp followers, she is a passionate and somehow elegant figure.

With all of the star's apparent subtlety, the picture is compounded of old familiar movie elements of unrequited love and revenge, with Menjou as an elegant Continental and Gary Cooper, still in uniform, as the lover of many ladies! The scene where he quells the jeering mob at the vaudeville theater is the most spontaneous of the picture.

But "Morocco" is only important as being the cinema firmament in which a new and radiant star rises. It will be interesting to see how she develops in her next picture.

Scotland Yard

WELL-DIRECTED MELODRAMA: The talents of director William K. Howard are mainly responsible for the elevation of this theatrical mediocrity to the ranks of vastly entertaining photodrama. Howard has glossed over obvious crudities with a certain whimsical touch that planes down the rough places to make smooth, appealing adventure-romance.

In this he is aided by the star of the production, Edmund Lowe, who plays his first dual rôle. And also by the presence of the alluring Joan Bennett as the picture's heroine. The plot features the results of plastic surgery practised upon a notorious thief who emerges from the war with a record for bravery and features once possessed by the handsome good-for-nothing, *Sir John Lasher*.

Not only does the attractive bandit assume the baronet's place as a bank director, but also his position as Joan's husband. And there are a lot of thrilling complications before the happy ending is promised.

Edmund Lowe was never seen to better advantage than as the re-made crook. Miss Bennett is capable and decorative in her rôle, and Donald Crisp makes the part of an assistant villain stand out. But first honors go to the director, William K. Howard, whose guiding hand is plainly visible.

Here They Are - - Advance and Authentic

Derelict

THRILLS FROM THE ELEMENTS: Take along your sou'wester and sit in on a ferocious storm at sea. You've never seen such rough weather on the Paramount studio tank! And who, do you suppose, brings the good ship through it all to a safe harbor on Stage Eight? None other than that two-fisted scourge of the seas, George Bancroft! He is right in his own element.

Bancroft plays the part in his usual heavy, slow-spoken manner and is helped along no little bit by the cockney comic, Donald Stuart, his cabin boy. William Boyd (the less well-known and far superior one) all but trots off with the picture as Scourge of the Seas No. 2.

You can take our word for it that in Boyd the screen has one of its most convincing and finished actors. Either he's served his time as mate on a freighter or studied the rôle for days and days. His version of a hard-bitten sea-dog has quite an edge on that of Bancroft. Jessie Royce Landis does well opposite George.

Tom Sawyer

DON'T MISS IT—SURE FIRE: All Hail Paramount for doing a good job of a hard job! *Tom Sawyer* lives again! Thanks to Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Lucien Littlefield, Tully Marshall and Junior Durkin for a few. But thanks mostly to John Cromwell, its director, for "Tom Sawyer" is a director's picture.

How unbelievably nice it is to witness a clean (yes, clean!) wholesome, natural picture once more. How the audience reacted to the faithful portrayal of Mark Twain's golden tale. How good and sweet and simple this movie is. And how welcome!

It's one of the wonders of the movie world that a director is able to do so marvellously well with two such widely different films as "For the Defense" and this one. Cromwell's work shows an adaptability and deep understanding that few other directors possess. Be sure to look also for little Jackie Searl as *Sydney, Tom's* brother and Clara Blandick as *Aunt Polly.* They do wonderfully well. Recommended with great pleasure.

Sunny

YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME HERE: Presenting Marilyn (*Sunny*) Miller and her dancing. And dancing, incidentally, such as probably you've never before seen on the screen. No doubling or blurred long shots were necessary this time. Theodore Kosloff conceived the dances and Marilyn danced them. You will thrill to the result.

Another important something in "Sunny" is the clowning of Joe Donahue. Joe is an agreeably funny lad. There is a big kid quality about him that will set well with you. His monkeyshines with Inez Courtney are Grade A monkeyshines.

Others of the cast who do better than average are O. P. Heggie as Marilyn's dad, Barbara Bedford, Clyde Cook (they didn't give us enough of him) and Judith Vasselli. Nothing much in the way of a performance was contributed by Lawrence Grey, *Sunny's* boy-friend. Go to see "Sunny" with the idea of witnessing the usual time-tested hodge-podge that goes to make up a musical comedy (with Marilyn as added attraction) and you'll count it an evening well spent.

The Steel Highway

GOOD STUFF IN THIS ONE: Underneath this old-fashioned title from which no trained movie fan would hope for anything except the familiar railroad drammer of the Superintendent's pretty daughter and the wild ride to save the Limited is hidden one of the surprises of the cinematic year. Not the least part of the surprise is the work of Grant Withers who, as the burly, boisterous fireman who is shocked into sobriety when he discovers that he has fallen in love with his pal's wife, does the best—the *first* real acting of his career.

Against a dramatic background of hissing steam, turning wheels, glistening rails and clamoring engine bells he and Regis Toomey and Mary Astor work out a little human tragedy so compelling and true that the spectator feels as if he had been caught eavesdropping on his next door neighbor.

If there is a false note in the sincerity of the picture it is the Big Thrill, inserted to give the onlooker his money's worth, where the blinded husband rides to death on the flood-washed bridge. It's a great picture disguised as an unimportant one.

Reviews Of The Newest Pictures

Adios

NOT UP TO EXPECTATIONS: So slow-paced it almost stands still, "Adios" is disappointing in several respects. It lacks any real spectacle or startling beauty in its old California locale. Furthermore, the theme has been done to better advantage in other recent pictures.

Richard Barthelmess plays a young Spanish Don in the days of California's admission to the Union. Suffering injustices at the hands of the Americans, he retaliates by becoming an outlaw. Riding through the land at the head of his bandits, he rights wrongs in the manner of *Robin Hood*. His activities are finally halted when his sister falls in love with a "Gringo" and Barthelmess seeks exile in Mexico.

Little has been accomplished in lifting this tale out of the slough of mediocrity. Barthelmess has few acting opportunities and Mary Astor and Marian Nixon are merely conventional heroines. Arthur Stone is alone allowed to distinguish himself. Comedy, which might have speeded things up a bit, is unfortunately at a minimum.

The Passion Flower

PLAYERS MAKE IT GOOD: Charlie Bickford must have been in Kathleen Norris' mind when she wrote the novel from which this picture was made. He is the typical he-man red-haired hero, fists and all, just as Kay Johnson was undoubtedly written by Mrs. Norris as one of her sweet-souled, pure-hearted heroines.

The plot follows the book from the heiress elopement with the brawny chauffeur to a California orange grove along paths worn by Cecil B. de Mille. Nothing is unexpected. From the moment we glimpse Kay Francis' cryptic smile and lacquered hair it is a foregone conclusion that she is going to lure the simple hero away from home and to an orgy in Paris, but it is a conclusion just as foregone that the kiddies (if not the climate) will bring him safely home to the final fade-out.

For those who like the old familiar things best this is an ideal picture. And for the rest (who certainly like Bickford and Francis) it is a glimpse of their favorites under the best cinematic circumstance.

The Princess And The Plumber

FAIR ENOUGH—FARRELL RATES BETTER: Playing the plumber to Maureen O'Sullivan's princess, Charles Farrell finds himself in another rôle which will do him no good with his fans. The whole affair might be called moderately pleasant. That is, if you are not too particular.

Implausibilities are numerous and even for a mythical kingdom romance the plot is at best far-fetched. The princess innocently becomes compromised by a rich American. Her father demands marriage but mistakes the man. Farrell is drafted, the ceremony performed and a happy ending achieved.

Comedians abound in the cast and it is mainly due to their efforts that "The Princess and the Plumber" is even passable entertainment. Bert Roach does the wealthy American tourist who finds himself involved with the girl. He wrings every possible laugh from his opportunities. Joseph Cawthorn is particularly amusing and Maurine O'Sullivan escapes cloying sweetness in her assignment. It is Charlie Farrell who will bear the adverse criticism for the picture's short comings.

Along Came Youth

MILD BUT PLEASING: It's all up to you. If you like Charles (Buddy) Rogers, this one is upsee-daisy. You'll find Buddy attired as: (1) Gentleman in Evening Dress, (2) Cook, (3) Exponent of what the well-dressed man-about-town will wear and (4) Steeplechase Rider. (Never has Charles appeared more becomingly than as Steeplechase Rider. A perfect vision in jodphur riding breeches and white rolled-neck sweater. Nor in winning the race does he manage to displace a single lock of that hair.)

As a matter of fact, "Along Came Youth" is just another of those pictures which manage to throw some lovely lady (this time Frances Dee) into Buddy's arms in time for the fade-out. With this difference: It has Stuart Erwin. And as usual, Stew clicks the film smack on the chin and drags it home with him. They'll have either to give him a show of his own pretty soon or have an out-and-out kleptomaniac on their hands. Stew's stolen enough pictures to put him in the Big House of Popularity for keeps.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies

Illicit

ADULT TALKIE HAS APPEAL: Lacking nothing in popular appeal, "Illicit" approaches a problem in marital relations and propounds an interesting theory. According to the girl played by Barbara Stanwyck, marriage is a hindrance in the course of true love. She, therefore, prefers her "illicit" affair with James Rennie but, when scandal threatens, finally agrees to marry him. Two years of marriage and Rennie seeks romance elsewhere, whereupon the wife returns to her old apartment. Living apart brings back the glamour and with it her husband. Jealousy nearly splits them again.

The theme has been handled intelligently and with laudable good taste. Furthermore, an exceptionally fine cast has been assembled, headed by Barbara Stanwyck, remembered for her excellent work in "Ladies of Leisure," James Rennie, Natalie Moorhead as the other woman, Ricardo Cortez as the other man, and Charles Butterworth as a comedy drunk.

As is common in problem pictures, things get a bit talkie at times but the dialogue is in the main interesting.

Remote Control

A HOT NUMBER ALL THE WAY: Close in on this one. You'll like it. A spanking good William Haines picture with plenty of ad libbing in Haines's best manner. Here you have the famous stage play well presented and acted by a good sound cast. Mary Doran plays opposite Haines. There's quite a lot in Mary Doran's favor. Personality, I think is the word. Her support is no little help to Haines in getting his cracks up and off.

"Remote Control," if you must know, has to do with a master heist-guy (heist-guy, when grandma asks is, among other things, a stick-up man) who directs his mob to their various jobs via coded radio announcements. It is at Haines's radio station that the master gangster, posing as a doctor of psychology, delivers his announcements. All manner of excitement results when the gangsters move in on a society function and off with the money and our Bill as prisoner.

Too, there's plenty of good comedy here by Polly Moran, Benny Rubin and others.

Lady Virtue

MUSICAL IS OKAY: As musical comedy books go, this feature rises above average. Serving to introduce Evelyn Laye to film patrons it could, however, have been better.

Definite effort is made to weave the musical interludes into the plot structure. The story deals with the adulation of a poor, but pure damsel for a stage beauty of uncertain morals. The Continental police take action to have the star deported. The admiring lass is substituted and in exile meets a Count who, assuming the lady's reputation true, indulges in a frivolous affair. But he discovers the girl is, as the title suggests, a "Lady Virtue." The arrival of the real actress ends the threatened complications.

Evelyn Laye bids well to take a leading place among the screen's most charming prima donnas. She acquits herself with authority in her début. John Boles as the **Count** gives one of his best performances and their songs together are beautifully recorded. Leon Errol playing a broad comedy rôle is likewise noteworthy.

Check And Double Check

CHECK UP A WOW: It's just as well that "Check and Double Check" is a good picture because you (and you) are going to see it anyway, bad reviews to the contrary. This is just a go-ahead signal.

Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) and *Andy* (Charles J. Correll) have managed to transport their magic business of the radio to the screen with nary a hitch. Everything is there; the Open Air Taxi (and **what** a taxi) the Kingfish, lodge night at the Mystic Knights of the Sea, "I'se regusted" and "propolition." Dey's all presen'!

It would be just as well if you took little cat-naps during the time *Amos* and *Andy* aren't on the screen. What you would miss in the way of story and support would be approximately nothing. Edward Martindel, Irene Rich and Ralf Harolde do nicely enough but the young-love-dealings between Sue Carol and Charles Morton are not so hot. An occasional work-out in the gym is recommended for Morton's waist-line. Otherwise O.K.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews

She Got What She Wanted

RATHER MUDDLED BUT ENTERTAINING: Lee Tracy's show and why not? He's really funny. This time Lee is cast as an unreliable suitor to the hand of Betty Compson. Betty is married to Gaston Glass, struggling author. All through the picture she is on a still hunt for a bigger and better husband. She is attracted to Lee and his ability on the saxophone (he takes lessons by correspondence) and would elope with him except that Lee eternally forgets to show up at the station.

Determined to find a man with a soul, Betty takes a flyer with Alan Hale only to return finally to Gaston, who by this time has sold a book and made good (and incidentally learned to play the saxophone to keep Betty amused and off the streets nights) for that well-known happy ending.

Rather muddled stuff but entertaining if you're good at riddles. A nice strain of satire throughout the film will keep you from taking it too seriously. You've seen a lot worse: it will pass the evening.

Feet First

LLOYD SWINGS HIGH IN RICH COMEDY: Fully aware of the progress of such new comics as Wheeler and Woolsey and the Marx Brothers, Harold Lloyd obviously has spent considerable time, effort and money on his latest production. And the result shows that his spendings were anything but in vain. "Feet First" is a double-jointed wow; and from the moment Lloyd swings into his goings-on as a shoe clerk with aspirations toward better things, the audience remains in that delightful state known as convulsed.

Following the girl in the case, charmingly played by Barbara Kent, Harold becomes the most amusing stowaway in the history of ocean travel. No small part of the tremendous success of this superlative clown is due to his wise habit of surrounding himself with an excellent organization.

His staff of comedy constructionists (ritz for gag men) is unequalled in the business of making fun. And the result in this case is another of those pictures which have made the name of Harold Lloyd what it is in the entertainment world.

Father's Son

ACTING TRIUMPHS ALL AROUND: A personal triumph for Leon Janney. You'll like the lad in this one even if you haven't liked him before. It seems almost incredible that the unvarnished business which makes up everyday home life could be turned into an entertaining movie but "Father's Son" stands as evidence that the trick can be turned.

There are no mob scenes or theme songs in this show. There is, in fact, little except superb acting all round. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich and young Janney contribute work full of great sympathy and understanding. John Halliday does well in a minor rôle.

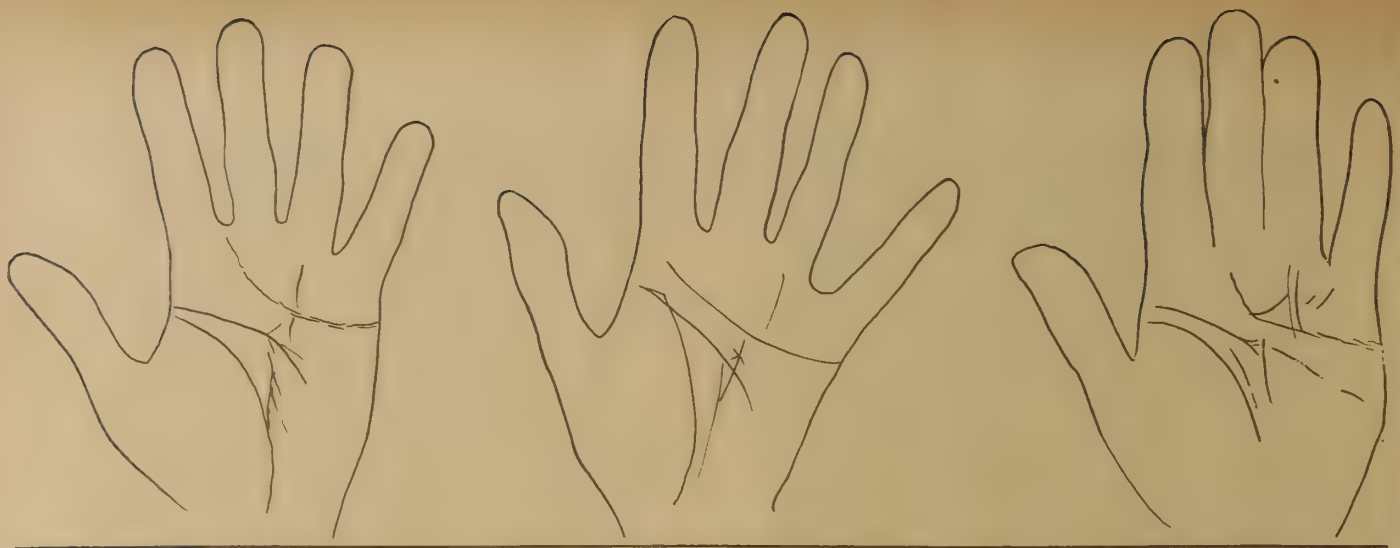
It comes as a surprise to me that Leon, who, up until now, has been the least bit theatric and sticky-sweet in the manner of other child prodigies, could come through with such a good performance as an average kid. Let it go down in the big book, however, that in this one he sweeps the boards. You're an old meanie indeed if he does not "tug at your heartstrings."

Barber John's Boy

HUMAN TOUCHES PUT IT OVER: The human emotions behind this picture are much bigger than the plot. If the director had focused on the adolescent self-consciousness of the boy who feels everyone is watching him because his father has been in prison (even though it's for one of those perfectly proper, commendable crimes), it would have given Grant Mitchell, as the convict father and Phillip Holmes as the son suffering from his father's shame more opportunity. They display fine characterizations in flashes between the workings out of an elaborate story of stolen bank securities and false clues.

The Southern setting with its accompanying accent intrudes unnecessarily. However, it is a nice, clean and rather touching picture which holds the interest to the last foot of film. The village types are not caricatured as is customary, and the lines are casual and human.

Mitchell, in particular, does some fine work that makes one wonder why he is not seen more often on the screen.



The SECRETS

By HELEN BURNS

WOULD you like to be able to settle that question as to why your favorite movie star is your favorite? Is it sex appeal or dramatic ability that makes you place a certain actor above others in your affections?

Here are the diagrams of the palms of seven prominent screen players. By studying them, you can learn wherein lies their power to stir your emotions. And if you compare the lines with those in your own hand, you will come to understand just why the flaunting flapper or the burly he-man particularly appeals to you.

The hand of Ruth Chatterton is that of an extraordinarily clever, ambitious and calculating woman. The wide space separating the life line (the long line beginning above the thumb and circling it to its base) and the head line (the line beginning just above the life line and running across the hand) shows that she can accomplish anything she desires. The long head line and the high pad under the first finger indicate that she desires a great deal.

The heart line—the line running across the hand directly above the head line—indicates an affectionate and understanding nature, but the head line is so much stronger than the heart line that the heart will never be allowed to control the actions.

- - - Her Head and His Heart

THE fate line—the line running up the center of the palm to the base of the third finger—is far different from that found on the hand of most screen celebrities. The majority of these fate lines start low on the hand, under the fourth finger—proof that success is dependent on public favor. But this hand will take intelligent and decisive steps to bend public favor to its will. The long little finger will

The hand of Maureen O'Sullivan (left) bears a striking resemblance to that of Clara Bow. That of Ramon Novarro (center) reveals little call of the flesh. While that of Ruth Chatterton (right) shows that her head always rules her heart

Do Their Hearts Rule Their Heads,

of THEIR HANDS

easily twist people about it, and the slight crook at the first joint will make them like it.

This is the hand of an actress who interprets life through the medium of the head, rather than through a blind appeal to the heart. If she is your favorite, look to the lines in your own palm for the cause. You are not a blind enthusiast or a sex addict. You are interested in people as they are, not as you would like them to be; in life as it is lived, not as it is blindly felt.

The hand of Charles Rogers (featured on page 106) is that of a young and romantic idealist. The long forked heart line, more prominent than the head line, assures you that this actor is an adept at pulling the heart-strings. His appeal is not a blatant sex one; it is the appeal of youthful enthusiasm.

Wherever you find the heart line running across the hand and ending well down under the first finger, you will find a youth who reads into most beautiful women the qualities he would like them to have. He will never bore the woman he loves by analyzing her. If the owner of this hand is a particular pet of yours, look again to your own hand for the reason. You are something of a romanticist yourself, and you believe in the headlong enthusiasm of youth.

Not Unlike Clara Bow

THE hand of Maureen O'Sullivan is that of a newcomer to the screen, and, strangely enough, the outline and lines of this hand are almost identical with those in the hand of Clara Bow. This hand has the exaggerated heart line, curving up to the base of the third finger—proof of the fatal allure that has wrecked cities, shattered thrones and made men desert their homes. It indicates the ultimate in sex appeal. The heart line itself is made up of a series of small lines. No man will be capable of holding the love of this little lady for any length of time.

The head line, short and downward-curving, shows an imaginative and reckless nature, and the space dividing the head and heart line at the beginning increases this recklessness. The fate line starts suddenly from the life line, showing that fame came suddenly and unexpectedly to this girl. The many branches running into and forming the fate line show that the public, particularly the male portion, will be responsible for the furthering of her career. This actress has an appeal that is

(*Continued on page 106*)

The heart line, longer than the head line, in the hand of George Bancroft (left) makes him a prey to his emotions. The hand of John Wayne (center) reveals an adventurer. That of William Powell (right) proves him a sophisticated lover

Or *Vice Versa?* The Love Lines Tell

The Exile Comes Back

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Hurrell

THERE are two questions that dog the days and haunt the nights of anyone who comes from Hollywood.

The first is, "Are Mary and Doug really getting a divorce?"

The second is, "What is Adolphe Menjou like?"

In spite of his long absence abroad, in spite of the coming of Maurice Chevalier, in spite of the talkies, the American public still wants its Menjou.

Adolphe is as far from being what he seems on the screen, as Chevalier is. It was just an accident that he became the amused man-of-the-world. It all started with "A Woman of Paris." Menjou has been on the screen for fifteen years. Before the Chaplin picture he did all sorts of parts, and nobody ever thought of casting him as a sophisticate. And no wonder.

Menjou is earnest, straightforward, and practical. He has an enthusiasm that would never be owned up to by a man of the world. He is utterly without the finesse that the scenarists endow him with.

His eyebrow lies dormant between pictures. His humor is not the cynical kind. He has none of the famous mannerisms, and in fact, hardly any manners. He has a Continental reluctance to rise from his chair when once seated. His favorite gesture, like Queen Marie's, is to point with the thumb. He has a lot of ideas and theories and convictions about things, all very earnest and practical and without the flavor of dilettanteism that you might expect.

He chews gum a good deal, walks with a purposeful swing, and usually has his little black Scotty in tow. He has a habitually worried look, a brilliant smile. A pleasant, tremendously likable, approachable man is Menjou, a man who likes to go fishing as much as to the tailor, and takes an affectionate interest in his wife's smallest concerns.

An Expensive Exile

IT was a very chastened Adolphe who came back from Europe after making a huge success in the French picture, *"Mon Gosse de Père."* He keeps reiterating, "I was absolutely wrong!" when anyone mentions the behavior that caused his exit from America a few years ago. You remember he refused to re-sign with Paramount when they declined ("very justifiably," he now thinks) to continue paying him a fabulous salary. It was Menjou who was said to have a "laughing room" to which he retired every week on receiving his pay cheque, and had a good laugh at the company's expense. They must have heard him one week.

"My little jaunt to Europe cost me a lot of money, and taught me a great deal," he admitted cheerfully.

It also got him in for a lot of unlooked-for trouble. He made a picture in French, whereupon American producers grasped the idea that he was something of a linguist as well as a fine actor. Immediately he was in demand for foreign versions—logically enough, since Menjou always had an even greater popularity in the Latin countries than in America. He made several French versions for Paramount before signing his new contract with Metro, and he will make all the foreign versions of his own English pictures, the first of which is "New Moon," starring that operatic linguist, Lawrence Tibbett.

So now he has to be a linguist in earnest. It's a great inconvenience in many ways. He keeps having to leave places to go for a language lesson. At lunch he wanted cold meats, but he ordered *fritto picato* because it gave him a chance to exercise his Italian: it's finé to make your appetite serve your intellect.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Adolphe Menjou Is Glad To Be Back From France, Speaking Our Language

Christmas-*Card* Tricks

Is there any use for beautiful Christmas sentiments? "Yes," is the answer of Lucille (Mrs. Jimmy and mother of Russell) Gleason, Yuletidying up an old chest at the top. Above, her Christmas-card table, and right, the screen's good wishes. These tricks are performed by pasting the cards securely on the objects in view, and covering with transparent antique shellac. (P. S. The idea is not patented)

Exclusive Portraits by Russell Ball

Dramatizing

What A College Girl

Shown By

Simplicity should be the keynote of the college girl's evening gown. Above, Sally Blane demonstrates a gown in excellent taste, made of white chiffon and below she shows one which is considered bad taste for a college girl or sub-deb. The black chiffon gown is lovely in every detail, but entirely too sophisticated for *la jeune fille*

Sally (right) says lingerie should be dainty and elegant; the college girl may use hand embroidery and lace on crepe, but not chiffon or black lace

Lounging pajamas take the place of elaborate negligées in the wardrobe of the college girl, being comfortable and attractive. Above, Miss Blane is wearing a silk crepe suit of two shades of orchid with mules to match, and right, Sally displays a negligée which is impractical, of lace and trimmed with marabou. The train and flowing sleeves are not suitable

The Styles

Should Know - - About Dress

Sally Blane

Lingerie made of accordion plaited chiffon with black lace is for the ultra-sophisticated older woman, not for school girls or sub-debs

For tennis, the collegiate should select sweaters and skirts. The yellow sweater and brown wool crepe plaited skirt Miss Blane wears (left) and the all white low tennis shoes are correct, but the flowered chiffon (above) is certainly not the costume to wear for sports. The fitted hipline and long skirt are handicaps and the black and white shoes are unattractive

Sally (above) shows the appropriate traveling outfit for the collegian. The tweed suit has a jersey sweater worn over a plaited skirt with striped border. A smart felt hat and sports oxfords are worn with the suit. Incorrect for traveling is the black silk dress with lace yoke, ornate handbag, satin slippers and jewelry worn by Miss Blane (below)

The Things Men Do

Their Little Neglects Are Their Biggest Mistakes Irene Delroy Claims

As Told By Irene Delroy

To

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Ball

LIKE all women, I suppose I notice the small things that men do or neglect to do and judge them by those. If men are thoughtful about small matters, we are likely to imagine that they will be the same about larger ones. Perhaps it doesn't always work out like that. Perhaps we are unfair. But it is the way I feel and I think most women agree with me.

Tiny things matter so much to us! If men would only realize . . .

If a man steps ahead of me, entering a restaurant, or if he precedes me down the aisle of a theater—it is like a deliberate slight, a definite slap in the face.

If he fails to take my arm when mounting stairs—or to drop it immediately when we have reached the top; if he fails to open a car door for me, I am nettled and uncomfortable.

If he orders first in a restaurant, without consulting my wishes—I am affronted.

Yet men—*nice* men, too—will be thoughtless about such small matters as these. And it spoils things for me as much as if they had done something serious.

A man will take me out to dine, will plan for my pleasure and spend his money to give me an agreeable evening—and it will be lost because he persistently lets the smoke from his cigarette or cigar drift into my face. I can speak about it, of course. But he should *notice*. He should *think* about those things!

Compliments That Count

IT annoys me if a man neglects—or forgets—to send me flowers when I am to wear an evening dress. I like to wear very severe evening frocks and they need flowers.

Men in California, I observe, are prone to neglect this. Perhaps it is because flowers are so plentiful and so inexpensive out here. They do not seem such luxuries as they do in the East and the compliment is not so great.

The other evening my masseuse, seeing me pin on a shoulder bouquet of orchids, remarked, "You must be going out with a gentleman from New York!" It was true. I was. But I don't see why a thing like that should be geographical. It is a small gesture. But it adds so much to any woman's pleasure!

One thing that annoys me frightfully is a man's disinclination to put on evening clothes, himself! We all know men who detest to dress. I can't imagine why. Is it such a frightful chore?

It makes things seem so much more festive, so much gayer, if we wear formal clothes in the evening. It's a part of the setting for pleasure. You get into the frame of mind for fun and enjoyment when you put on evening wear.

If a man does not wear a tux, then the girl must wear semi-formal clothes—and a hat. Who wants to dance with a hat on her head? If we look our prettiest and our escorts look their best (and nearly all men look better in evening clothes than in business suits), then we have a fair start for a pleasant time. Men who grumble about dressing seem lazy and selfish to me.

She Trusts the Fault-Finder

I DO not like flattery. Most men imagine that all women want a flood of elaborate compliments. Perhaps some women do. But I do not. Rather, I prefer to have men frank with me—even more than frank. I am pleased if they will advise me, if they will tell me the things in me of which they disapprove.

I love to hear about my faults! Maybe I am just a bit of a masochist. But anyone can tell a woman that she is looking very charming this evening. That doesn't mean anything! A man is taking a deep and personal interest in you when he considers your faults and shortcomings and discusses them with you.

(*Continued on page 108*)

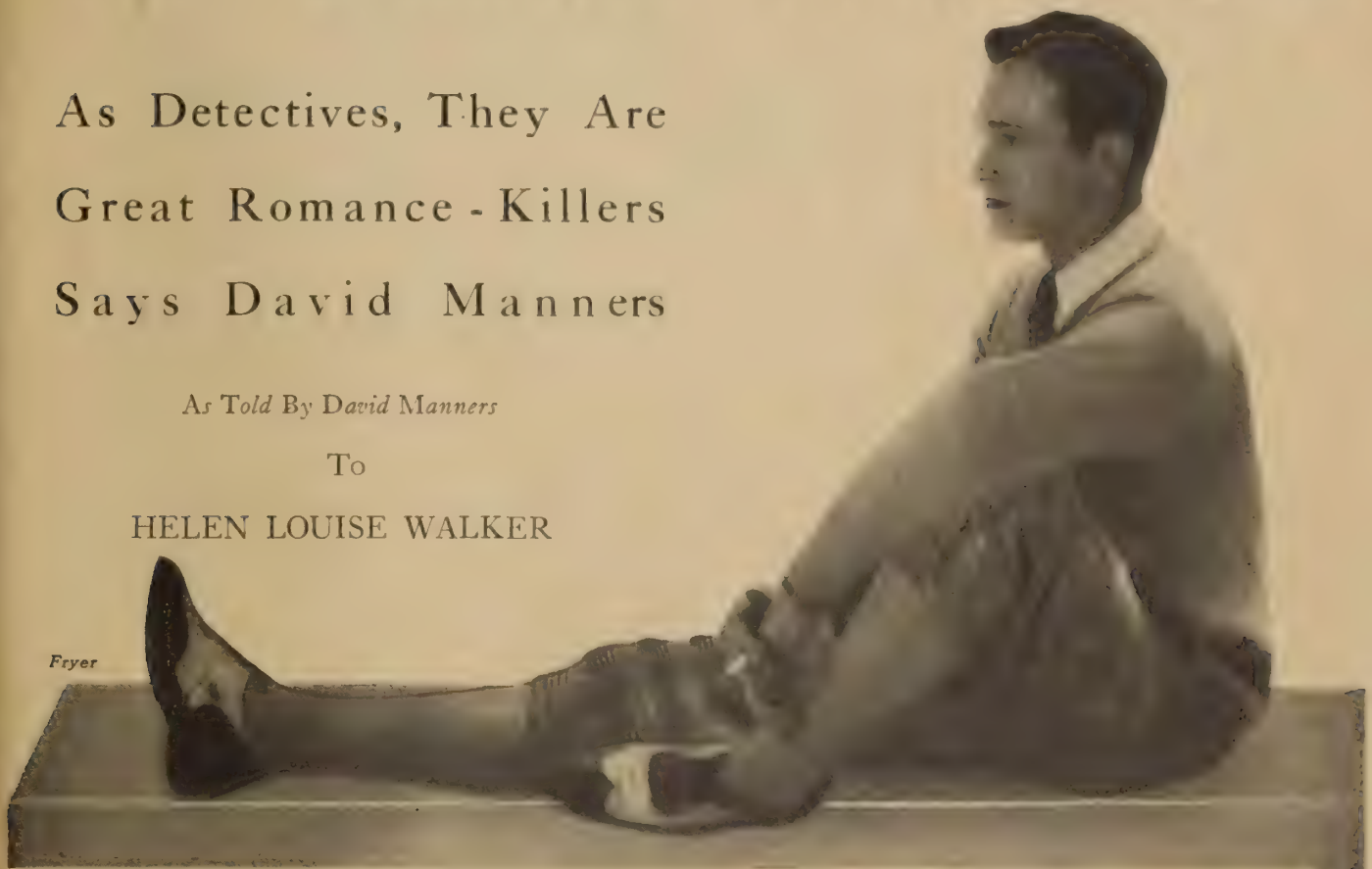
The Things Women Do

As Detectives, They Are Great Romance-Killers Says David Manners

As Told By David Manners

To

HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Fryer

SPEAKING truthfully, I shall have to admit that very few things that women do really annoy me. My tastes in femininity are pretty catholic. Traits in women that irritate most men are attractive to me. I am not at all critical.

I find exotic women amusing. Chatterboxes interesting. Spitfires exciting. Sophisticated women are provocative. Naïve women are appealing. I like most women.

Perhaps the most trying trait in any woman—the thing that spoils more happiness between the sexes than anything else—is an attitude of extreme possessiveness.

In the first place, such an attitude, carried to a point of exaggeration, obviously arises out of vanity, jealousy and distrust. Three unpleasant attributes that a man does not like to discover in the woman he loves!

The woman who demands an accounting of the hours a man spends away from her, and who "checks up" on his story to see if he has lied, is destroying something very fragile and lovely in their relationship—trust.

She isn't being very practical or clever, either! He feels much guiltier if he lies to her when she trusts and believes in him, than he does if she catches him and reproaches him!

In the second place, that attitude does something which is almost certainly fatal to romance. It makes a man feel caught—bound—imprisoned, somehow. He chafes at his bonds. He wants to get away from her when, presumably, what she wants is to make him wish to stay at her side!

Deplorable Detectives

IT happened to me one time—with a girl of whom I was really very fond—with whom, in fact, I was falling in love. We had been out together in the evening and after I had taken her home, I had a sudden impulse to drive down and look at the ocean.

It was warm and not very late and I drifted to the beach and sat there a while, watching the surf. It was probably an hour or two after I left her before I went home.

The next day she called me and made the most frightful row! It seemed that she had called me at home after I left her and had not found me there. Whereupon she suspected me of all sorts of things—none of which would have been any of her business, really, even if they had been true.

She demanded an accounting of those two hours—and when I gave it to her, she did not believe it. She thought that I had gone to another party, had called on some other girl—the most terrific rot.

It spoiled everything. It was ridiculous and childish and unpleasant. It showed her to me in the most disappointing light.

I have seen wives do things like that to husbands. It is enough to make a man fear marriage. You know the sort of wife who hangs on her husband—expects him to keep her entertained, to pay her constant attention, who does not recognize his need for a brief vacation from her from time to time.

The Mistakes Wives Make

IF he says he wants to go to the fights or out for a card game "with the boys," she pouts and says, "What am *I* to do with myself while you are gone?" She assumes the rôle of an injured, neglected wife—which, instead of making him sorry for her, merely arouses his resentment.

How much more clever she would be if she urged him to go and were cheerful about it! "Certainly, dear! Go and have a good time. I'll get some of *my* friends and we'll go to a theater or have a card game of our own!"

(*Continued on page 109*)

Freulich

To the person who reads "Dracula," sleep is a physical impossibility. That is, until he convinces himself that such things are even more impossible. But Bela Lugosi was supernaturally plausible as the human vulture on the stage, and now it looks as if he is going to keep movie-goers awake. Frances Dade is his latest dread victim

How To Make
A Motion Picture

That Is The One Thing *Everybody* Knows

By

CAROL

STANDISH

Raymond Griffith (top), once prominent, thought he knew how. Now he is playing "bits." Harold Lloyd (above), who produces, does not claim to know all about it. But he employs those who do

"NOW, what they ought to do is this——" One shudders to think how often that remark is made in Hollywood. For that matter, how often it is made in any place. Because there is just one thing that everybody in the whole world appears to be certain that he knows. And that is *How to Make a Motion Picture.*

It is sobering and depressing to think that *everywhere*, at any given instant, millions of people are chanting, with pathetic and firm conviction, "Now, what they ought to do is this——" The "they," of course, refers to the people who are making pictures, with middling and spasmodic success.

I don't know exactly why this should be. People who have had no experience in the candy business are seldom heard to say, "Now, they ought to dip chocolates in *this* manner——" Nor do you often hear anyone remark, "Pine boards should be sawed like this——" Most folk seem content to let the candy manufacturers and the board-sawers muddle along as best they can without any outside advice.

But pictures—ye gods! Bank presidents, shoe-shiners, Italian fruit-vendors, club women (especially club women!), Chinamen, Rosicrucians, bartenders—pardon me! I meant purveyors of soft drinks—cow-punchers, school boys, cabinet members, cooks, college presidents, snake-charmers—*all* of them know how a motion picture should be made and none of them is content with the methods now employed.

"Now, what they ought to do is this——"

They're Not So Sure

ODDLY enough, the people who have been making pictures for years and years—the men who have amassed fortunes doing it—seldom lay claim to such definite knowledge about how it is done. They approach the business respectfully, almost timidly, fearing a little bit to experiment too radically (after all, it *is* their money, you know!), admitting that the whole thing is nothing more or less than a gigantic gamble. They are pathetically willing to take suggestions—any advice at all—from anyone—and to pay him, moreover, a staggering salary for telling them how their business should be handled!

All you have to do, really, to get a job in pictures is to come here and shout at the top of your lungs, "Hey! Let ME show you how to make a motion picture!"

Almost inevitably someone *will* let you show him. What happens after that is something else.

Broadway knows. Broadway knows all about it. Broadway is in the process of showing us right now—and it's proving pretty expensive in a good many cases.

They sneer at us, do these Broadwayites. They say, "The trouble with motion pictures is that they have been made by people who do not know which fork to use at dinner." They make rude references to "pants manufacturers" and "button makers" and "fur salesmen." They complain because pictures are treated as commercial products instead of works of art. They proclaim, with scorn, that pictures are made according to "formulas." They poke fun at producers and relate, with glee, errors in grammar or misinformation about literature of which their employers have been guilty. And then they settle down to show us how to make a motion picture.

They're Sure Until···

THEIR beautiful self-confidence reminds one of the man who, when asked if he could play a violin, replied, "I've never tried—but I'm sure I can!"

Howard Hughes knew how to make a motion picture. Just spend enough money on it and it's bound to be good! That, apparently, was his theory. Well—there's "Hell's Angels." Four million dollars' worth of it. Have a look at that and see what you think of Howard's method.

Charles Ray once thought that he knew how to make a motion picture. He tried it—and went bankrupt.

Nazimova thought she knew. So did Natacha Rambova. And Harry Langdon. And Raymond Griffith. They thought they could write the stories, invent the gags, direct, supervise and act in their own pictures. None of them is producing now. They are all sadder and wiser—and poorer.

Harold Lloyd, who makes his own productions, lays no claim to knowing all about it. He employs the best writers, gag men,

directors and technicians he can find. He hires people who have had *experience*. And he takes their advice—in their departments—consistently. Harold, I might point out, is still producing pictures and looks as if he might go on doing it for years and years.

Give Them Credit

LAUGH at the makers of motion pictures, if you must. Sneer at their table manners, their ancestry, their religion and their lack of education. Hold them up to scorn because they do not make of their studios altruistic and heavily endowed Little Theaters. (And if there is anything in this funny world more depressing than a Little Theater—I'll thank you not to bring it to my attention!) But do give the boys credit.

The ones who are producing now have survived plenty of storms and upsets. Their "formulas" have been proved by time—and box-office returns. They have learned their little rules through years of fumbling and trying. And they are always willing to gamble a million or so on an experiment.

The artists and *intelligentsia* who come here to demonstrate how stupid we are always have nice, iron-clad salary contracts before they tackle the job.

Lucille Webster Gleason is a seasoned trouper. She is also a playwright of no mean attainments. She has had a deal of experience, producing upon the stage and directing in motion pictures. She recently signed a producing contract with Columbia.

But, so far, she has declined to do any producing on her own responsibility.

"I have so much to *learn!*" she protests. "Why, I've only been in the picture business a few years! I'm just beginning."

Page Sidney Howard—who told me, for an hour, the first week he was in Hollywood—exactly what was wrong with the industry and what ought to be done about it.

Stories Aren't Everything

THERE is a legend, which people quote at you triumphantly, proving how little effort need be expended on a picture. The story says that Laurence Stallings declared, when he first came here, that he could write the synopsis of a motion picture in twenty minutes. He was challenged to try it. He wrote one—not in twenty minutes, but in about an hour. From that synopsis was made a picture called "The Big Parade."

But I might ask you to recall that no less a director than King Vidor directed that picture. And that Jack Gilbert acted in it. Also that numbers of experienced people worked on the story, the script, the cutting and the photography of that production.

There is more to a picture than a synopsis . . . though Stallings definitely deserved all the credit he received. It was a swell story. He did not ask to be allowed to supervise or direct the picture. He was content to have written it. And I've never heard of him calling producers "clods" or "ignoramuses."

Nazimova (top), once one of the most famous stars, tried to make her own pictures—and disappeared. Charles Ray (above) lost his fortune and fame in making "The Courtship of Miles Standish"

Dorothy Parker probably jeered more loudly—and more wittily—than almost anyone else at pictures. But she did not stay in Hollywood to complete her three months' contract to write dialogue.

Censors know what is wrong with motion pictures. I have never heard of one discovering anything that was right about them. The wrong-est thing, according to these guardians of public thought and morals, with pictures, as with life, is a thing called "Sex."

They know what to do about it, too. They have managed to forbid the use of the word "love" in titles. Because, you understand, there is something just frightfully obscene about the word "love." And they have forbidden us to admit, upon the screen, that there are babies in the world less than a year old. Babies are very indecent objects—and the younger generation is likely to be corrupted by a glimpse of them.

So that is all nicely settled in a big, constructive way. And the wicked producers are prevented from wrecking the nation's morals.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the whole business is the naïve and trusting manner in which picture companies will pay huge sums to writers who have made names for themselves in other lines of endeavor.

Too, too often the products of these high-salaried gentlemen must be turned over to seventy-five-dollar-a-week scenario writers, who struggle manfully to bring some sort of order out of the expensive chaos left upon dismayed producers' hands. The scenario writers may not be famous—but they have had *experience* in making motion pictures.

The Bright College Boys

NO one ever commends us for anything we have accomplished. At least, I never heard of anyone doing it. This Magazine asked for the opinions of college students all over the country upon the subject of motion pictures. For one year we received, each month, beautifully written, nicely spelled compositions from the young intellectuals of our universities—without exception telling us what was *wrong* with pictures, and what the writers would do, if only given a chance, to revolutionize the entire industry.

"Now, what they ought to do is this ——" It was unanimous.

Like Eric von Stroheim. He knows how to make motion pictures. He has known for years. And he is pretty bitter about the people who decline to let him spend all their money showing them.

He says, with charming modesty, "Does it never occur to anyone that perhaps *I* am the one who is right and sane and who has his feet on solid ground—and that all the rest of the industry is wrong?"

It is a common query.

Von Stroheim *does* know how to direct—beautifully and tellingly, as perhaps no one else in pictures can do it. But

(*Continued on page 99*)

Chic and Double Chic

That's what they nearly called the *Amos 'n' Andy* hit, all because Sue Carol was in it. For when this girl makes a picture, she's there, twice over. At the left, for instance, her business was pressing—but when the camera clicked, she had clicked before it (above). All of which proves that she is fast arriving

Portraits by Russell Ball

Not exactly designed to lend polish to a table, Dorothy Mackaill's lounging pajamas nevertheless seem to be doing just that little thing. Cleaning up, no doubt, from their association with Dorothy. She has just signed a new contract that makes them seem inexpensive

Where Did You Get That Face?

Louis Wolheim Often Asked, At Last Clears Up The Mystery

And Let

HALE HORTON

Live

To Tell The

Tale

Various explanations—before this one—have been offered as to how Louis Wolheim acquired his present valuable face. For no one ever supposed he was born that way. And besides, there was the picture below, taken when he was twelve

EVER since Adam said to Eve: "Can't we—be friends?" the world has been filled with any number of peculiar phizzes. For example: the phizz that only a mother could love, the phizz that launched a thousand ships, and the phizz on the barroom floor; but you may take it from me that not one of them holds a Klieg to Louis Wolheim's phizz, which, while unique in structure, boasts of the added distinction of earning for its owner one hundred thousand dollars a year.

And from the day his smile first caused women to faint and strong men to gopher for shelter, speculation has been rife as to its origin. No one seems to understand why some divine manifestation singled out Mr. Wolheim for this silver flood; or how he happened to acquire so appalling a fortune. Even a child knows that to be born with a face like that is nothing short of a biological impossibility.

There are those who insist that his father threw him out of his crib, or he was dropped from a skyscraper or stepped on by a truck horse. A publicity statement read that Louis Wolheim "joined the football team at Cornell University and after his face had been punched and pulverized for about four seasons his entire physiognomy changed." And this all sounds reasonable enough, providing Cornell ever played the Quantico Marines, or tangled with the San Francisco earthquake. But the catch is that, while Mr. Wolheim attended Cornell and graduated with honors, he didn't go for football in a big way, having had enough of it as a kid. And besides, his face was a questionable object when he entered college. Furthermore, he claims that he was not a prize-fighter and that his wife more often than not refused to use his face as a target for flatirons. It so happens that Mrs. Wolheim is a charming woman who married her husband in spite of his face—and that is true love indeed.

Our Own Little Conclusion

DUE to the fact that we discovered a picture of Mr. Wolheim at the age of twelve, wherein his face appeared quite normal, it gradually dawned on us that the "accident" must have occurred after the age of twelve and before he entered college. (Are we bright or are we just a dream?) Armed with this knowledge and the dreadful necessity of checking up on the picture by asking Mr. Wolheim, point-blank, if he had been born with that face of his or if it was simply the result of a ghastly accident, I trotted timidly over to RKO. And now if you will pay attention, MOTION PICTURE'S Phizz Expert will lift that seventh veil.

I finally located my victim on a set where he was directing and acting in "Sheep's Clothing." And I was relieved to note that before I could explain my mission he was walking me out a door and chatting volubly about the art of directing. "I'm crazy about it!" he enthused. "But it's too ——— hard acting and directing at once. I'm a wreck at night. A man's no good unless he catches eight hours of sleep, and I don't average four. Wake up in the

(*Continued on page 110*)

"The Best *for* Baby"

Ona Munson's Life Fulfils Her Mother's Motto

By ALLEN ERWIN

Fryer

WHEN she dilates a pair of baby-blue eyes and stares at one in the best *Lorelei Lee* tradition, her whole manner seems to say, "It's only Ona."

But, of course, one knows better. That isn't-life-just-too-lovely attitude works admirably on the screen, but it still needs a bit more rehearsing before it will be effective on short notice. And more rehearsing is doubtless what it will get. Ona Munson doesn't believe in letting a good thing elude her for want of emphasis.

She was born Ona Wolcott. She didn't particularly like either the given or Christian names, but when she left Portland, Oregon, with Mamma and the ambition to become a musical comedy star, she changed Wolcott to Munson. She sees red if anyone calls her "Onie."

It's been only a few months since she left Broadway to shift for itself and came out to the Gold Coast to reap the sound harvest. But she was finding her way around in Hollywood in practically no time at all. And going places to see things and be seen.

Charming manners and the ability to know when to talk and when to listen made her a favorite in New York among the society of actors, writers, musicians, and others inclined to the arts.

A Social Rarity

SHE was invited everywhere because hostesses found her one of those extremely rare beings, the perfect guest. She was always properly impressed if she found a famous person opposite herself at dinner. She encouraged and listened intently while a noted musician aired his views on literature. She surveyed a famous painter with awed interest as he explained the decadence of the stage.

She talked only when her informant had run out of breath and never monopolized a conversation. Most important of all, perhaps, she, to all outward appearances at least, accepted celebrities at their own valuation.

Her social reputation preceded her to Hollywood and it was, of course, inevitable that Cinema Society should clasp her to its bosom. Socially speaking, an *entrée* in dear old Gnu Yawk is practically an *open sesame* in the film colony. Then, too, Hollywood loves one of its own who dresses smartly, talks smartly, and can be entertaining at parties without discussing pictures.

When she cares to, Ona Munson can fill all these qualifications, so she passes the social test with a perfect mark.

She thinks most Hollywood clothes, especially the studio wardrobes, are all wrong. She set a precedent on a lot accustomed to the exacting costume requirements of Billie Dove, Dorothy Mackaill, Marilyn Miller, Irene Bordoni, and other notoriously hard-to-please stars, by refusing to wear several of the gowns designed for "The Hot Heiress" until they had been remodeled some four or five times.

Satisfied Half-Way

SHE stands for hours in the fitting-room and utters no sound except an occasional grunt. When the clothes are finished, she frequently finds them too form-fitting and too ornate, faults she thinks typical of the Hollywood mode. She insists that somewhere between being decked out like a Christmas tree and

(*Continued on page 105*)

German beauty experts advise olive and palm oils

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Carsten—and others equally renowned—join vast group of more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over in urging daily use of Palmolive.

Carsten says: *"I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap at least twice a day, massaging its wonderful lather gently into the skin for a couple of minutes."*

LEO CARSTEN, *whose Berlin beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam is quite the smartest salon in Middle Europe.*

Beauty belongs not to one race, nor to one country. And is it not remarkable that the lovely women of almost every civilized nation find this one method of skin care best?

TEJERO *of Barcelona helps the olive-skinned Spanish beauties to keep complexions lovely by advising Palmolive Soap.*

HOARE *of London, coiffeur to women of the world's diplomatic circles during the naval conference.*

TODAY, despite differences in type, lovely women all over the world are acquiring "that schoolgirl complexion." The fresh colorful English skin; the lustrous pallor of the Parisienne; the rich, olive-tinted Spanish and Italian complexion . . . each one retains its characteristic beauty through a simple formula recommended by more than 20,000 beauty specialists.

In 16 countries, 1691 cities

"Wash the face with a pure soap—a vegetable oil soap—and water," they'll say, "but not any soap will do. It must be Palmolive!"

If you should question this statement, you'd learn some interesting facts about the cosmetic value of olive and palm oils. Those are the vegetable oils of which Palmolive is made, you know. They cleanse without irritation. They are mild, gentle, easy on the texture of the skin. Specialists have made many tests with Palmolive and they are universally enthusiastic.

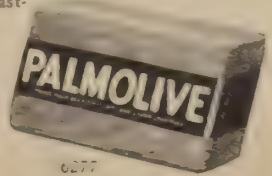
An easy method, too

You massage Palmolive lather into the face and throat until the impurities are freed from the pores. Then you rinse it off with warm water; after that with cold. And—if you like—an ice massage as an astringent. That's what you are advised to do morning and evening by more than 20,000 of the world's best known beauty specialists. They, don't forget, are professionals. Their recommendation deserves your attention. Buy a cake of Palmolive and try the facial treatment tonight. You'll find it the easiest way to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 30 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c



TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Abraham Lincoln—D. W. Griffith's greatest picture, with **Lincoln** so real that you forget he is really Walter Huston (U. A.).

Africa Speaks—A jungle travelogue in sound. Sometimes gruesome, sometimes thrilling, always interesting (Col.).

All Quiet on the Western Front—War as sentimentalists do not like to see it, and as realists do. A great achievement in drama and honesty (Univ.).

Animal Crackers—The nonsensical Marx Brothers make you laugh (Par.).

Anybody's Woman—Ruth Chatterton as a slightly soiled blonde who marries wealthy Clive Brook without his knowing it. Interesting complications (Par.).

The Bad Man—Walter Huston with a Mexican accent. An ingenious lovable-bandit story, with a novel ending (F. N.).

Big Boy—Al Jolson in blackface, but minus the sobs. A race track story made tolerable by Al's welcome display of humor (W. B.).

The Big House—Life and death in an overcrowded prison. Strong film fare, not to be missed by the realists (M-G-M).

Billy, The Kid—The movies idealize the notorious young killer of the plains. John Mack Brown is the heroic villain (M-G-M).

The Bluffer—Mack Sennett proves in a new way that short comedies can be true to life—for the good humor here displayed is in color (Educ.).

The Boudoir Diplomat—Betty Compson, Mary Duncan and Ian Keith in a comedy of foreign (love) affairs that has its moments (Univ.).

Bright Lights—Dorothy Mackaill goes from an African dive to Broadway, dancing most of the way. Seen in color, she is doubly easy to watch (F. N.).

Call of the Flesh—Ramon Novarro excellent in the old story about the singer who broke his heart to become famous (M-G-M).

Captain Thunder—Victor Varconi as a winning outlaw who wins everything but the girl (Fay Wray). Harmless entertainment (W. B.).

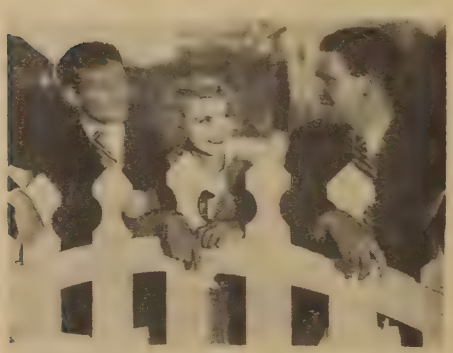
College Lovers—Campus crushes against a background of football—and not so silly as usual. Marian Nixon is the lucky girl, and Jack Whiting the lucky boy (F. N.).

Common Clay—Constance Bennett proves that she can act. Through her efforts, a heavy story about society's injustices is made intensely moving (Fox).

The Costello Case—Tom Moore, seen all too seldom, is here seen as a cop who solves a reasonably mysterious murder mystery (Sono-Art).

Danger Lights—Most of the thrills of railroading, dramatized effectively by Louis Wolheim and Robert Armstrong (RKO).

The Dawn Patrol—A dramatic story of war aviation, with an obligato of pathos, and Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at their best (F. N.).



Spencer Tracy, Althea Henly and Warren Hymer in "Up the River"—a comedy of prison life that develops into a laugh riot

The opening scene of "The Bluffer," Mack Sennett's first all-color brevity. The humor and the color are both refreshing

A Devil With Women—Victor McLaglen pursues them, loses them. But this time the dialogue is dull (Fox).

Divorced Sweethearts—A comedy that sums up brightly in two reels what most marriage comedies reveal painfully in six. Feature producers please emulate (Educ.).

Dixiana—Another colorful, tuneful operetta blessed with Bebe Daniels—now a singer and dancer in pre-War Dixie (RKO).

The Doorway to Hell—A poor title for a good underworld picture, packing some real punches. Credit most of them to Lew Ayres as a quiet, deadly gang chieftain (W. B.).

Dough Boys—Buster Keaton makes a mistake and joins the army. He sees—and you see—some ridiculous action (M-G-M).

Du Barry, Woman of Passion—Norma Talmadge retains all her former fire as the courtesan who ruled the king of France (U. A.).

East is West—Lupe Velez, strangely enough, a lovely Oriental, beloved by white boy Lew Ayres. You may guess the ending, but if you like romance, here it is aplenty (Univ.).

Escape—A man escapes from prison, and is hunted as mercilessly as a fox is hunted. An English-made film with a good story, slow in the telling (RKO).

Eyes of the World—Harold Bell Wright's unreal story of the effects of hypocrisy made plausible by a fine cast, topped by newcomer Una Merkel (U. A.).

Follow Thru—Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll, having little to do, follow comics Jack Haley and Zelma O'Neal through a musical comedy of golf that is slightly above par (Par.).

For the Love of Lil—Elliot Nugent and Sally Starr in a pleasant, sometimes genuinely amusing, comedy of young married life (Col.).

The Girl of the Golden West—Ann Harding as a girl who knows how to rule a rough mining camp. Despite the presence of Ann, an orthodox Western (F. N.).

Going Wild—An aviation comedy boasting that open-mouthed wonder, Joe E. Brown. And it's fortunate he is in it (F. N.).

Good News—A musicomical college education, with Bessie Love and Cliff Edwards in attendance, but Gus Shy, from the stage, gets the **magna cum laude** (M-G-M).

The Gorilla—A mystery "thriller" that comes perilously close to being a comedy, with Joe Frisco and Harry Gribbon the dumb detectives. Do you like trap doors, clutching hands, and wild shrieks? (F. N.).

Grumpy—Talented Cyril Maude is once more the amusing old amateur detective in his inconsequential, but famous stage hit (Par.).

Half-Shot at Sunrise—Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler are funny without an effort in the talkies' best war comedy to date (RKO).

Heads Up—An allegedly comic musical in which Charles Rogers is a naval cadet who captures rum-runners (Par.).

Hell's Angels—In story, just another war picture—but in presentation, a great aviation spectacle. Ben Lyon, James Hall and Jean Harlow have the spotlight (Caddo-U. A.).

Her Man—Based on that old barroom ballad, "Frankie and Johnnie," believe it or not. Potent entertainment, with Helen Twelvetrees, Ricardo Cortez and Phillips Holmes (Pathé).

Her Wedding Night—A bedroom farce built along familiar lines, but giving Clara Bow a new lease on cinema life. Charles Ruggles and Skeets Gallagher ably assist her (Par.).

The Hot Heiress—A bored society girl falls in love with a riveter, tries to make him over, happily fails. Hardly up to the abilities of Ben Lyon and Ona Munson (F. N.).

Journey's End—A penetrating study of a small group of sensitive men facing death. The greatest of war plays becomes a great movie (Tiffany).

Kismet—Otis Skinner as the happy beggar who goes from rags to riches, and back again, all in a day. Fine acting in a slow pageant of Eastern bazaars and minarets (F. N.).

A Lady Surrenders—Conrad Nagel, thinking himself divorced from Rose Hobart, marries Genevieve Tobin. One of the ladies, after much censor-baiting dialogue, finally surrenders (Univ.).

The Lady Who Dared—Her husband, Sidney Blackmer, neglecting her, Billie Dove dares to get involved with Conway Tearle. A routine story, barely saved by the Dove allure (F. N.).

The Last of the Duanes—Against a background of unusual scenery, George O'Brien is the usual movie outlaw whom the usual girl captive reforms (Fox).

Lawful Larceny—Bebe Daniels, without singing, steals back her husband, and Lowell Sherman steals another picture (RKO).

Leathernecking—A gang of marines on the loose in Hawaii and points South. Stretch your imagination and have a laugh with Ken Murray, Ned Sparks, Benny Rubin, Louise Fazenda and Lilyan Tashman (RKO).

Let's Go Native—A theatrical troupe is shipwrecked in the South Seas. Jack Oakie and Kay Francis provide some amusing slapstick (Par.).

The Life of the Party—Masquerading as wealthy widows, Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy are lively comediennes—and there is only one song, no dancing (W. B.).

Liliom—A selfish weakling, who is unreasonably loved, dies, pleads for another chance, comes back after ten years. A strange love fantasy—slow, but fascinating—in which Charles Farrell, but not Rose Hobart, is miscast (Fox).

Little Accident—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., develops amusing complications as an unexpectant father (Univ.).

(Continued on page 118)

Ruth Roland returns to the screen in "Reno"—a divorce story that is more conventional melodrama than a Reno exposé

"Women...like movies need a theme-song"

says LOIS WILSON

"Theme songs . . . how they stay with you! Steal into your very heart . . . haunt your thoughts for days . . . for years, forever, maybe! Some girls . . . wise girls . . . have theme-songs, too. A wisp of fragrance . . . that's always with them. Slipping subtly into the senses of everyone who knows them! *My* theme-song?...I knew you'd ask! It's Seventeen . . . a fragrance just like its name . . . naive, yet awfully wise . . . languorous, yet staccato too! I wear it always—for the mood it brings me—a mood so young—well . . . not *more* than Seventeen!"

Eight Toiletries bear the scent of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . keynote of the Seventeen ensemble. *The Face Powder* . . . shades and texture as well as scent are flatteringly youthful. *Compact*. . . a stunning thing, black as onyx; for either loose or cake powder. *Dusting Powder* . . . a soft, lovely powder with the most refreshing fragrance imaginable. *Sachet* . . . to impart an alluring hint of Seventeen in clothing and lingerie. *Toilet Water* . . . a subtle expression of the Seventeen scent. *Talcum* . . . delicate and soothing, and in a graceful glass jar. *Brillantines* . . . solid and liquid, in charming containers, both bearing the merest whiff of Seventeen.

Seventeen

6290

Don English

After a personal appearance tour to convince doubting Thomas, Richard and Henry Fan that he really does not suffer from his perennial spring fever, Charles Rogers is all ready to spring for the camera again—trying to look backward the while. He will look forward, however, in "Along Came Youth"

Colds and Coughs spoil "Talkie" Films

. . so Stars End Colds Quickly Pleasant Way Doctors Advise

MARION NIXON
Starring in "The Singin' Fool", "College Lover", "Courage", "General Crack".

THE quickest way to get rid of a cold is no longer mere guesswork in Hollywood! For colds not only make stars feel miserable, but there's still another risk. Expensive sound films may be spoiled by hoarseness or an untimely cough or sneeze.

At the first sign of a cold, leading stars are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral. It has been certified by leading doctors as the best of different remedies tested. Such stars as Robert Montgomery, Betty Compson, Marion Nixon, June Collyer, Glenn Tryon, Alec Francis, Robert Armstrong, Roland Drew, Alice White, James Gleason and scores of others have found how pleasant Pectoral is to take—how quickly it ends a miserable cold.

ROBT. MONTGOMERY
starring in
"The Big House",
"Our Blushing Brides",
"The Divorcee",
"Love in the Rough",
"War Nurses".

Robert Montgomery Among Many Stars Who Use This Pleasant Way to End Colds

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, for example, had a severe cold which made him feel too miserable to work. Hoarseness impaired his voice. Then he started taking a spoonful of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes so that his cold would be relieved in time to resume work at the studio next day.

"The quick relief from Ayer's Pectoral was certainly remarkable", said Mr. Montgomery. "Almost immediately my cold began to disappear. By night, I was a great deal better and the next morning I awoke with the welcome freedom from congestion. In just a day or so Ayer's Pectoral licked the cold completely and I was able to resume work without needless loss of time."

BETTY COMPSON
starring in
"Case of Sergeant Grischa",
"Czar of Broadway",
"His Woman",
"The Spoilers".

Marion Nixon Avoids Spoiling Sound Film by Ending Her Cold Almost Overnight

MARION NIXON is still another who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds are ended by a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral.

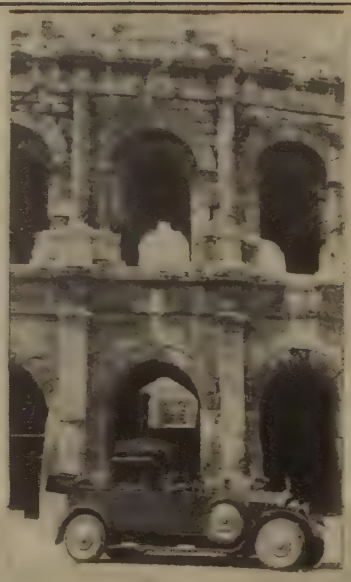
"My director was frantic", says Miss Nixon, "when I arrived at the studio with a terrible cold, which had started in my head and spread down into my chest. I was simply too hoarse to work. It was very clear that unless I could end the cold quickly there would either be expensive delay or the risk of coughing or sneezing while the photoplay was being recorded.

"Within a few minutes after I was given a pleasant spoonful of Ayer's Pectoral, I was relieved by its comforting, healing warmth. That night, I was able to enjoy refreshing sleep, which had been impossible the night before. The next morning I felt a great deal better and by afternoon my voice cleared up so that I could continue making the picture. In just a day or so, all the disagreeable symptoms of my cold had disappeared entirely."

GLENN TRYON
starring in
"King of Jazz",
"It Can Be Done",
"Broadway",
"The Song Plugger",
"Barnum Was Right",
"Skinner Steps Out",
"Dames Ahoy!"

JUNE COLLYER
starring in
"Mlle Modiste",
"Three Sisters",
"The Love Doctor",
"Toast of the Legion",
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs",
"A Man From Wyoming",
"Charlie's Aunt".

Ayer's Pectoral was certified by a group of hospital physicians as the best of different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds. It it pleasant to take and gives the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety, even when given to children. Pectoral is now featured by all leading druggists.



Years ago, William Powell said he wanted to see the world. He has not yet found the time. But at least he has now seen the moat and the castle of La Caze in old Lagredor (above)

At the right, he sees Gibraltar. The white section is not an insurance sign, but a huge concrete watershed built into the rock to catch rain water —which becomes drinking water

Above, high up at Carcassone, on the finest medieval fortifications in the world. In the Fifth, Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, unfilmed heroes found sanctuary here

At top, center, he sees one thing that the Romans did for France—the Colosseum at Nimes, a greater achievement than a New York skyscraper. It stands without benefit of rivets

Left, he visits the place where Roquefort cheese is made—namely, Roquefort. Above, left, he visits the tomb of Leonardo Da Vinci at Amoise. Above, right, on the battlements of magnificent old Carcassone. Right, he delves under the arches of the Colosseum at Nimes

WILLIAM POWELL GIVES VENT ■ ■ ■ TO HIS PARAMOUNT DESIRE

CHOOSE YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way

Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer*-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U.S.A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. [illegible]-C

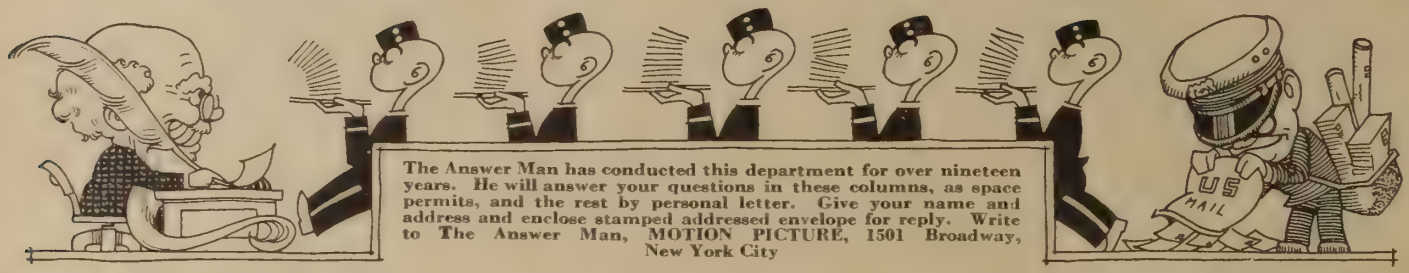
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....

THE ANSWER MAN



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over nineteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

ELIZABETH S.—Leatrice Joy's latest picture is "The Love Trader," Tiffany Studios. Clara Bow and Norman Foster have the leads in "No Limit." Walter Huston was born in Toronto, Canada. He left home at the age of eighteen to join a traveling road show. In New York City, he obtained a place in the cast of "In Convict Stripes," a melodrama by Hal Reid, father of the late Wallace Reid. Later he abandoned the stage to direct work in the city water and electrical plants in Nevada and Missouri, winning a city engineer's license in St. Louis, then managed the Union Electric Light and Power Company's Charles Street plant; returned to the stage in 1909, appearing in vaudeville and later the dramatic stage. His last three stage productions before entering films were "Congo," "The Barker" and "Elmer the Great." He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture "Honor of the Family," First National Studios.

SYLVIA—You refer to Lawrence Gray who played opposite Olive Borden in "Pajamas." Lewis Ayres was born Dec. 29, 1908, and is married to Alice Caddy. His latest production is "Going Wild," First National Studios. Gavin Gordon is not, as publicized at times, an Englishman, he was born and reared in the village of Chicora, Miss. When he was nineteen he went to Mobile, Alabama, to work. For a year and a half Gavin, with New York stage experience, had been making futile attempts to crash the talkies. Then he won his rôle, his first real opportunity. Just after production began on "Romance," he was in an auto wreck—enter thus the broken collarbone. It so happened that he was not needed in the early sequences and he had a few days to rest, but not enough to have the bone set and healed. He returned to the studio, enduring throughout production the pain of a broken collarbone.

C. L.—Getting mighty cold up your way right now! You bet I'd like to be there. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906, and is appearing in "Inspiration." Mary Pickford has been married twice, first husband was Owen Moore. Has been married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., since Mar. 28, 1920. Ralph Forbes is the husband of Ruth Chatterton. Greta Garbo and Alice White have blonde hair and blue eyes. Clive Brook is married to Mildred Evelyn, but she isn't appearing on the screen. Warner Oland's next picture will be "Dishonored," Paramount Studios. George Sidney, Charlie Murray, Eddie Kane and Renee Marvelle in "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa."

BETTY—Dorothy Christy played the rôle of *Lady Ducksworth* in "So This is London." Miss Christy is new to the screen but not the stage. She is a former society girl from Reading, Pa. As a member of the Junior League, she cultivated a taste for theatricals and a flare for a combination high society and English accent—thus she won the rôle, likewise because of her beauty, statuesque figure, ability to wear handsome gowns as if she were used to them—which she was—and the net result, a mighty fine portrayal. Will Rogers can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. His latest picture being "A Connecticut Yankee." Billie Dove and Betty Compson are not married, now.

ELSIE—Norma Shearer played the rôle of Mary Dugan, Lewis Stone was Edward West, H. B. Warner, the District Attorney, Raymond Hackett, the brother, Lilyan Tashman, Dagmar and Mary Doran, Ferne Arthur in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Norma was born in Montreal, Canada, Aug. 10, 1904. Married to Irving Thalberg, since Oct. 6, 1927, her son Irving, Jr., was born on Aug. 24, 1930. Clara Bow, Arthur Lake and Alice White are still single. Raymond Hackett is married to Myra Hampton, they have a son Raymond, Jr. Bebe Daniels to Ben Lyon. Nancy Carroll, Jack Kirkland. Rudy Vallee was born July 28, 1901, and has only been married once. Drop in again real soon.

GREGORY—Gary Cooper is English descent. Sally Blane was born in Salida, Colo., July 11, 1909. The other players you mentioned are Americans. Mary Brian's real name is Louise Dantzler. The first fire engine ever brought to California is being used in "Fighting Caravans," starring Gary Cooper. The engine was brought across the plains in 1852. Dorothy Lee is appearing in "Hook, Line and Sinker," Radio Pictures Studios.

GAVIN GORDON FANS—Gavin was born in Chicora, Miss., Apr. 7, 1901. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, dark hair and gray eyes. Educated in Mississippi public schools. His first picture was "His First Command," starring William Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian, and was released in Dec. 1929. Hobby is golf. Latest production "The Great Meadow," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Dorothy Jordan, William Bakewell and Marjorie Rambeau have the leads in "Min and Bill," this was formerly titled "Dark Star." Grace Moore, Reginald Denny in "A Lady's Morals."

M. E. G.—Glad you dropped in again. Always glad to hear from you. John Boles' most recent pictures are "Queen of Scandal" and "Resurrection." Ramon Novarro is directing and appearing in the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh." Alexander Gray was born in Wrightsville, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902. George Duryea in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., in 1904. He is six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is married to Grace Stafford. He has appeared in many New York stage productions. Played the lead for several seasons in Australia and New Zealand as *Abie* in "Abie's Irish Rose." Latest picture being "Tol'able David," Columbia Studios.

DORIS—Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin were the chaps you refer to who appeared in "Marianne," starring Marion Davies. David Rollins latest picture is "The Seas Beneath." Frank Albertson, "Just Imagine." William Bakewell, "Min and Bill." Stan Laurel is very much alive, wait until you see him in "The Rap," co-starring with Oliver Hardy. Marlene Dietrich sings snatches of song in both French and English in "Morocco," in which she is featured with Gary Cooper.

JANE AND BABS—Dorothy Mackaill was born on Mar. 4, 1905. Olive Borden, July 14, 1907. Sally Blane, July 11, 1909. Leila Hyams, May 1, 1905. Barry Norton, June 16, 1905. Robert Parrish, the "kid brother" of more than twenty Hollywood stars, will portray the fraternal rôle once more in Ruth Chatterton's starring picture "The Right To Love." As Miss Chatterton's mischievous brother, young Parrish completes his seventy-sixth screen rôle since his arrival in Hollywood five years ago.

CLUB FANS—Here are some new fan clubs for you. Letter Writer's Club, 1588 Queen St., E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Ivan Lebedeff Fan Club, Betty Goazinski, 5534 South Hermitage Ave., Chicago, Ill. Gary Cooper Fan Club, Ruth A. Peiry, 175 W. 36th Place, Los Angeles, Cal. Robert Montgomery Club, David Torrence, Jr., 939 E. 54th Pl., Chicago, Ill. Joan Crawford-John Boles Clubs, Miss L. Gustin, 789 West End Ave., N. Y. C. The Talkie Club, 483 Willis Ave., New York City, N. Y.

SALLY—Bebe Daniels played the feminine lead in "Senorita." Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and light green eyes, is of Scotch and Welsh descent and her real name is Williams. Roland Drew and Warner Baxter played opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Ramona." Charles Farrell and Dolores Del Rio in "The Red Dance." Rolf Harolde appeared in "Framed." Ruth Clifford opposite John Gilbert in "Truxton King," which was released in Feb. 1923.

JEAN—Al Jolson was born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Real name Asa Yoelson, which is pronounced Johl-son. He was brought to America while a baby, his father decided for him to become a cantor in the Jewish synagogue, which Asa did not care to do so he ran away from home to join a circus as a ballyhoo man. He later changed to a café entertainer, and then formed a vaudeville act with his brother and another man and went on the road. In 1905 upon the advice of an old colored man, he blackened his face and became the greatest black-face comedian and "mammy" singer. Then joined Dockstader's minstrels and was with them for two years. His first picture was "The Jazz Singer," which was followed by "The Singing Fool," "Say it With Songs," "Mammy" and "Big Boy." Married to Ruby Keeler, the dancer.

STELLA—Helene Millard played the rôle of *Mary* in "The Divorcee." Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, about twenty-four years ago. Norma Shearer's son was born on Aug. 24, 1930. Robert Montgomery's daughter, Oct. 14, 1930. Lucille Ricksen died Mar. 13, 1925, from pernicious anemia. The picture you refer to that Dolores Costello and Alice Joyce appeared in was "Mannequin," this was released in Jan. 1926. Marion Davies played the rôle of *Phoebe Throssel* in "Quality Street."

I. C. Y. D. K. I.—Sounds like a broadcasting station. Walter Byron was born in Leicester, England, June 11, 1902. His family have been actors for over two hundred years in continuous succession from his great great grandfather. His father is George Butler, mother Dulcie Lawrence. Both his mother and father were originally from Ireland. Walter made his first stage appearance at the age of four in "East Lynne." He was educated at the Bellevue Grammar School, Bradden. When the war broke out, although only fourteen, he was very tall and passed for eighteen. He was accepted as a private of artillery, was in the second battle of Ypres, Loos, the Somme and Cambrai. He came out after the Armistice a sergeant major with two wound stripes and a citation. Played on the stage after the close of the war. Appeared in English and French films before coming to the United States. Upon his arrival he was signed to appear opposite Vilma Banky in "The Awakening." His latest production being "The Lion and the Lamb," Columbia Studios.

ANNIE LAURIE—Mary Brian and Richard Arlen have appeared in the following pictures, together: "The Enchanted Hill", "Behind the Front," "Under the Tonto Rim," "The Man I Love," "The Virginian," "Burning Up," "Light of Western Stars" and "Only Saps Work." Greta Grandstedt played the rôle of *Eva La Rue* in "Close Harmony." Claire Windsor was born Apr. 14, 1897. The chap who danced with Nancy Carroll in "Paramount On Parade" was not given credit on the cast. William Le Maire, Regis Toomey and George Chandler were Richard Arlen's pals in "Light of Western Stars."

BUBBLES—Your favorite, Fredric March was born in Racine Wis., Jan. 23, 1899. Educated at the Racine High School and the University of Wisconsin. At the University he won his letter as varsity football manager and was also a member of the track team. Graduating from the University in 1920, March went to New York City to a position with the National City Bank, procured by a scholarship. Banking did not have the appeal for him that the stage possessed, however, so in November, 1920, he accepted an offer to join the Belasco Theater stock company in New York City to play a part in "Debonair," produced by David Belasco. His work won him an opportunity with the New York Theatre Guild, where he made a brilliant record. After his arrival in Los Angeles, to play in "The Royal Family" he was offered a part in "The Dummy," starring Ruth Chatterton. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown hair, brown eyes.

(Continued on page 113)

$5000.00

IN CASH PRIZES

SCHEDULE *of* AWARDS

FIRST AWARD
$1,500.00

SECOND AWARD
$1,000.00

THIRD AWARD
$500.00

FOURTH AWARD
$250.00

FIFTH AWARD
$125.00

SIXTH AWARD
$100.00

SEVENTH AWARD
$75.00

EIGHTH AWARD
$50.00

NINTH AWARD
$50.00

TENTH AWARD
$50.00

ELEVENTH AWARD
$50.00

TWELFTH AWARD
$50.00

and 358 other cash awards

Total $5000.00

Offered by

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

for the best answers in the great

"MOTION PICTURE TITLE GAME"

that is now running in current issues

This game will appeal to all, young and old, who are interested in Motion Pictures, Feature Players and Productions. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. Costs you nothing.

Here is a wonderful game that will test your discernment, develop your powers of observation and pay you money for the time you spend playing it. It began in the October issue of *Motion Picture Magazine* and will appear regularly in the December, January and February issues.

Just write to us for particulars and we will gladly send you full details and also a reprint of the first section of this most interesting game—absolutely free. Copies of *Motion Picture Magazine* are on sale at all newsstands.

Get Started Now!

Subscribe to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

USE THIS SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Editor Motion Picture Title Games, 1 M. P.
Motion Picture Magazine,
1501 Broadway,
New York City.

For the enclosed $1.00 please send me the next six issues of Motion Picture Magazine and full particulars about the Motion Picture Title Game.

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

State .....

Canada, add 25 cents for postage—Foreign, 50 cents

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Drug Store Cowboys

After seeing the motion picture, "Montana Moon," I believe in drug store cowboys. I believe that's all there are left now. Cowboys are transformed into ukulele toting buckaroos with slick greasy hair. Not one of the cowboys in that picture would whip their weight in wildcats.

One of the highlights in the picture was the expectoration scene, when one of the hobby-horse punchers spat a mouthful, that got a laugh from the audience, and one of the outdoor scenes was so stagy, that when the hero and heroine got up from the ground there wasn't even dust, let alone a tarantula or scorpion, on their clothing.

Farewell, real cowboys. Soda sippers and spat sporters are taking your places.

Harry Joseph, San Francisco, Cal.

The Worm Has Turned

The motion picture public has been faithful and patient, but the worm does turn—and how! While producers insist upon feeding the public drinking scenes, and intoxicated persons enacting scenes repugnant to many, the good old public will continue to spend money and receive clean enjoyment at the miniature golf courses. One thing is certain, the gullible public is not as movie-mad as it was—and there are reasons. *M. H. Stevenson, Hollywood, Cal.*

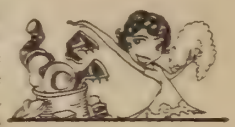
No Comparison

Usually I am a very peaceful person, but when E. A. G. of Vincennes, Indiana, put Gary Cooper on the pan and classified him with Tibbett, Bickford and Novarro, it made my blood boil. Both Gary and Ramon would be like fish out of water if they tried swapping rôles. Try picturing what a laugh Ramon Novarro would be as a cow-puncher and wouldn't Gary Cooper be a perfect panic as a sheik with that big backward boy smile?

J. H. C., Jackson, Mich.

Flapper Through, Not Clara

I don't know what all this about Clara Bow being through with the movies is all about. She may be through as a flapper, that type is losing favor fast, but it is not Clara who is through. It is "The Flapper." Clara is one of the finest in American pictures and has wonderful dramatic possibilities. Remember her in "Ladies of the Mob"?



I hope the producers will recognize what this star can do if properly managed. Give her a good story and a good director and watch Clara prove she is much more than just an "It" girl.

C. M., Santiago de Cuba.

Vivian's Shiner

Will Vivian Duncan please shut up about her black eye? Who cares who gave it to her, why they gave it to her, or when? I hear it was Rex Lease. Congratulations, Rex.

Maddie, Woodham, L. I., N. Y.

Marie No Queen

I, too, wish to say that I thought the acting of Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie" was vulgar and repulsive and in "One Romantic Night" she looked and acted more like a cook masquerading in borrowed clothes than a Queen. The Garbos, Gaynors, Gishes, and Shearers can hold their own against a comedy character actress at any and all times. The place for Marie Dressler is in slapstick comedy with Polly Moran.

Grace V. Hughey, Elmira, N. Y.

Queen Marie Reigns Supreme

A great credit to the talkies is that they have done away with the supposition that to be a popular actor or actress one must have youth, legs, sex appeal (I mean the sexy kind) and a profile. Queen Dressler reigns and is loved by her subjects. Beauty with naturalness is an asset.

Elizabeth Kultala, Berkeley, Cal.

Listen Here, Bob

According to your opinion Marie Dressler stole "Anna Christie" from the Great Garbo (Motion Picture Magazine Page 111). Well, let me tell you, Mr. Robert Fender, there's no actress who is capable of doing such a thing.

There are many good actresses but there is only one great actress and that one is Wonderful Greta Garbo.

H. Heib, Seattle, Wash.

Wants Helen Lynched

Of all the most idiotic things I have ever heard it's this crazy "Poo-poo-pah-doop." And if there is anyone I would like to see lynched, it's Helen Kane.

Wherever she gets her popularity is beyond me. Why, if any girl pulled that stuff around a real man, it would be all he could do to keep from choking her. Someone better tell her to start acting her age.

M. B. M., Whiting, Ind.

Mamas Not So Hot

At least one of these overworked scenes comes up at nearly every movie I go to. I wish they could be faded out of the picture, for they have become disagreeable. That long intense kiss after a hesitating moment, the pressure of noses which seems great enough to change their shapes.

Does a young man in real life tolerate the embrace of a slatternly, shapeless mother such as the hero in the play has to endure? Why can't she be as neatly dressed and refined as he!

Isabel Kelley, Santa Clara, Cal.

Let's Mind Our Own

Will the fans ever get through howling about the stars' morals! If Mary Silversheet has been kept by a dozen different men and John Screenwell is a drunkard and a dope-fiend, is that anybody's business but Mary's and John's? Everybody has a right to their own life, including the screen star and just as long as they continue to furnish me with an evening's entertainment, that's all I ask and all any fan should ask.

Dolly, Baldwin, N. Y.

Does This Settle the Matter?

Rudy Vallee can sing, but he can't act. Absolutely and Positively. *R. Wieczorek, Tulsa, Okla.*

Lew Has Buddy Beat

After seeing "Common Clay" and "All Quiet on the Western Front," I can honestly say that Lew Ayres has Charles (Buddy) Rogers beat, beat to a pulp when it comes to acting. Come on, you Lew Ayres fans, how about letting the world know what you think of this young chap, who is giving us such wonderful performances? Come, let's give this newcomer a hand. I can hardly wait for his new picture "East Is West" to be released.

Josephine Mitchell, Detroit, Mich.

All Sweet and Pure

Having just finished reading your always interesting magazine, I'm feeling somewhat chatty. Between you and me and three million others aren't some of the articles a bit gooey? I mean all the film players are so pure—it's a shame to take the money. And could you find a film actress who wasn't brought up in a convent? And if ever the following is omitted from an interview with one of them, I shall know the mortgage is closing on the old homestead. "Oh no, I never had the faintest intention of going in the films—my people would have been horrified, but we suffered severe financial reverses etc., etc.—!!!" Razzberries! Why not admit the one thought and aim was "getting in the movies"?

Can you give me a job as an interviewer, Mr. Editor? I'd revel in it. Imagine calling on Totty Fagpaper who sits biting her nails and then tell an anxiously awaiting and palpitating public of her beautiful hands, like pale flowers. Whoopee!!! Or being admitted into the august presence of Harold Howzit, about whose gleaming teeth sonnets had been written, before he'd put his top set in. Oh, I want to be an interviewer.

And does Helen Louise Walker write with her tongue in her cheek? Go on, you tell me.

Dorothy Feinhobs, London, Eng.

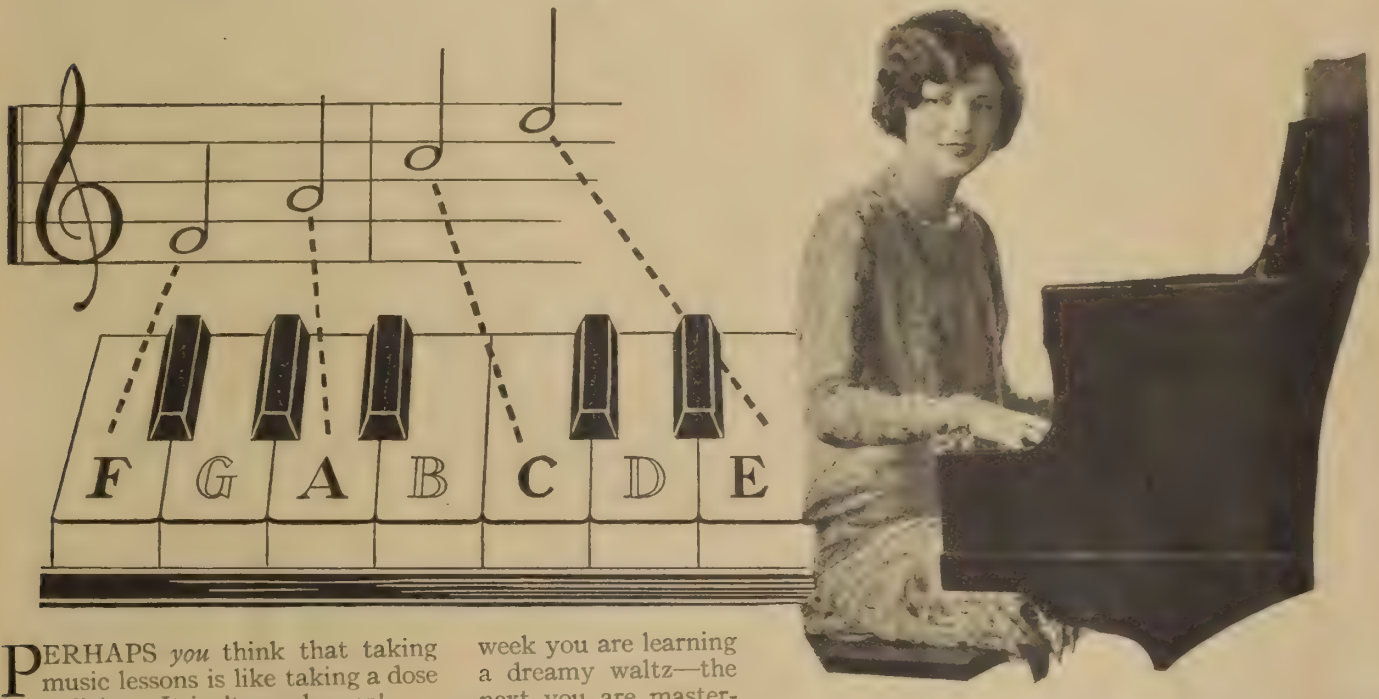
We'll Remain True to Golf

When the producers begin to see their way clear to give us talking pictures that come up to the old silents, then and only then will we stop playing golf.

G. H., Elmira, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 122*)

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS *you* think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times *now!*

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

Just imagine . . . a method that has made the reading and playing of music so downright simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Do you wonder that this remarkable way of learning music has already been vouched for by over 600,000 people in all parts of the world.

Easy As Can Be!

The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You study with a smile. One week you are learning a dreamy waltz—the next you are mastering a stirring march. As the lessons continue they prove easier and easier. For instead of just scales you are always learning to play by *actual notes* the classic favorites and the latest syncopation that formerly you only *listened* to.

And you're never in hot water. First, you are *told* how a thing is done. Then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

New Friends—Better Times

If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Juniors' Piano Course

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
601 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you Instr.?.....

Name .....

Address.....

City ..... State .....

Hurrell

The villain makes his escape, with a laugh, ha! ha! . . . Having stolen another picture, Wallace Beery is off to his mountain retreat—an hour and ninety miles away. . . . The plane he is taking is his own—and one of the finest on the Coast. . . . The pilot's license in his pocket is likewise his own

BIG SPECIAL OFFER

Six issues of Motion Picture Magazine and this gift set of twenty-four new pictures Set No. 4.

We have prepared another set of twenty-four sepia finish pictures of your favorites. For a limited time we offer them as a gift to you, with the next six big issues of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—for One Dollar. All new poses, of popular stars, size 5½ by 8 inches, suitable for framing. This is a big value special offer. These pictures are just fine for your collection, or your den. Tell your friends about this offer. Just send a dollar bill with the coupon, and mail today. Subscribe for your friends and we will send them each a set of pictures. Do it now. Set No. 4.

Here are the subjects, all new poses (set No. 4)

Dorothy Sebastian	Lupe Velez	Lina Basquette
Loretta Young	Barry Norton	William Collier, Jr.
Lawrence Gray	Gilbert Roland	Anita Page
Clive Brook	Alice White	Charles Delaney
Nancy Carroll	Louise Brooks	Victor McLaglen
Jacqueline Logan	Sue Carol	Ben Lyon
Evelyn Brent	Fay Wray	Joseph Striker
Lane Chandler	Neil Hamilton	Nils Asther

Send Your Order Now

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
Paramount Bldg., New York.

1 M. P.
Offer No. 4

For the enclosed $1.00 please send me the set of twenty-four new pictures of motion picture stars and the next six issues of Motion Picture Magazine.

Name .....

Street Address .....

Post Office .....

State .....

Start with ..... issue.

Canada—twenty-five cents extra
Foreign—fifty cents extra

Send Your Order Now!

FAT
Is Going Fast

Why Not Yours?

No need to tell you fat is going fast. Think back ten years ago. Most folks above 40 were over-fat. Now slender figures are everywhere the vogue.

It is clear that some new factor is fighting obesity. Not starvation, not over-exercise, not harmful drugs. It is something which doctors everywhere employ. Science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a weakened gland, and they are feeding that gland to correct the condition.

Ask your doctor. He will tell you how and why this great new factor acts.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new idea. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. They are for those who don't wish to pay a physician.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others and the fame has spread. Now it holds top place in a field once dominated by harmful treatments and by frauds. In every circle there are people who can tell you what they do.

Marmola is not secret. A book in each box tells the formula and explains results. Price $1.00. Go try it if you need it. It is the right way to fight fat.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographers in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 2331 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills, and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 354 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

The World's Best Friend

(*Continued from page 31*)

It was an official occasion. There would be pictures and stories all over the world. What is known as "a big break."

Marie stayed at home. "I couldn't cash in on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. I didn't belong there. Only his mother did. . . ."

During Marie's last little jaunt to Europe, she visited France and Germany and England. She was entertained by the American Ambassador to Germany. She was entertained by Fritz Kreisler in Berlin. She was entertained by her intimate friends, Lady Colebrooke and Lord Curzon's daughter. She attended a luncheon in London where "the little Prince," as she calls the Prince of Wales, was toastmaster. One does not talk about one's friendship with the Prince of Wales.

Prince Henry Leopold, nephew of the former Kaiser and also of the Queen of Sweden, came to Hollywood. Marie knew that he was there, must have known that he would want to see her. But—a visiting Prince in Hollywood is in a state of siege. And besides, there are so many pretty girls, places to go, things to do.

The Friend He Missed

A DAY or so before he left, he was asked if he had enjoyed his stay, if he had seen everyone he wanted to see. "There was one person," he said, "I wanted to see most of all, and haven't—Marie Dressler. I can't understand why she hasn't let me hear from her." An envoy speeded this message to Marie—and two good friends got together.

Marie suggested that the Prince might like to meet Garbo. Garbo refused. Thus Garbo.

Marie considers her friend, Mussolini, the greatest living man. She was disappointed when she missed seeing him on her last trip over.

There is no one of importance, it would seem, that Marie does not know and know well. She speaks of the late President Harding as "a dear, sweet soul. Weak, dear, couldn't say 'No'—but a good kind soul all the same."

There is a little anecdote she tells of Warren Harding's green salad days. He was having a little session with his father. The elder Harding was pacing the library floor, berating the penitent Warren. He finally exploded, "There is *one* thing I *can* thank God for—that you are not a girl. If you were, I'd spend the rest of my life getting you out of the—er—difficulty."

Marie governs her life, her work, her travels, everything she does, everywhere she goes, by the stars. By her horoscope. She never takes a trip, signs a contract, accepts a part or does anything of any importance whatsoever without first consulting the heavens. She believes in the horoscope implicitly and without reservation. She knows nothing about the scientific aspects. As far as results go, she is positive.

Three Reasons for Living

MARIE believes that there are three and only three important things in life. And the first of these is *Laughter*. The second is *Music*. The third is *Religion*. Any religion at all. She believes in adjusting the crutch to the cripple. She can turn New Thoughtist, Seventh Day Adventist, Buddhist, Christian Scientist or Aimee Semple MacPhersonist to meet the need of a friend who happens to need one of these sustaining beliefs.

Marie bears her defeats, her troubles, alone. She has only one strong contempt and that is for those weaklings who burden the world with their puerile, personal woes. Those ineffectual leaners who constantly cry, "Wolf, wolf!"

She says, "When things are going badly for me, no one ever hears of me. They never know where I am nor what I am doing. I stay by myself. I hide out. I see no one. I write to no one. I won't talk or be talked to. I believe with Ella Wheeler Wilcox that '*this sad old earth must borrow its mirth, it has troubles enough of its own.*' Heavens, dear, I have no philosophy, don't know what the word means, but if I did have one of 'em, that would be it."

Like a Miracle to Her

ONCE, and only once, did Marie let down the barrier of her relentless courage. She was returning from one of her yearly jaunts to Europe. And she told the ship news reporters that she was just "a tired old woman whom nobody wants."

Today she laughs with tears in her eyes. "To think," she says, "that this should have happened to *me*. To *me*, at *my* age! It's like a miracle."

It probably is. Fighting for popularity, for electric lights, for stardom in an arena with the Garbos and the Crawfords, with youth and color and sex appeal and April romanticism, it *is* a miracle when an elderly lady of no cutaneous pretensions wins the heart of the world over all contenders. Perhaps the world needs the capacious, the understanding heart of a woman who loves it.

The last time she came back from Europe, the ship news men asked her when she was planning to return to the stage. Her answer was "Never." She does not have that traditional itch to hear applause.

Marie has been pals with those in the high places and those in the very low. And she says that the people in the high places are, for the most part, the stupid people. The dull. The boring. They can only talk about themselves and who wants to hear anybody talk about himself? It depends, of course, on the kind of high place occupied. If there has been background and tradition, that is one thing. Those who have skyrocketed overnight are another.

The Dangers of Success

"CURIOUS," says Marie, "curious, how success can make you in one way and destroy you in another. Make you professionally, so that all the world looks up to you, admiring. Destroy you personally, so that those who are nearest detest you.

"This is not true only of those in the theatrical profession, either. Ego-maniacs break out in every line of work or art. Ever notice a street-car conductor recently promoted to brass buttons? Ever get how he gives you a peremptory shove in the ribs and bellows, 'Step lively, there, will ya?' The brass buttons are too much for him."

Marie was married. For years. And years ago, she had a little baby. It died. She should have had a half-dozen, she says. She should have been a mother. Once she had regrets. Not any more. Things have worked out for her as they were written in the stars. And it is good.

She spends all her spare time—how little!—cooking and sewing and keeping house. All her interests are feminine interests. Woman's interests.

She says, "If people *will* be asstresses . . .!"

Here is a gallant, a trenchant, a salty soul. With the love of the earth and all the peoples of the earth in her capacious heart. That love is reciprocated. The measure, both ways, is pressed down and running over.

Marie Dressler is the World's Best Friend. The World knows it.

Makin' Talkie

(*Continued from page 39*)

nected the iceless refrigerator and it was simply filled with—the works.

• • •

A BEARDED social lion: *When Ernest Torrence's son was married recently to Miss Liliora Green, it was a most exclusive and impressive ceremony. Though they do say that the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burton Green, who are rather the leaders in Beverly Hills Society, were a trifle discomfited when the groom's father appeared, fresh from the set, wearing a most villainous six days' growth of beard!*

• • •

A COINED word: "And who was that gentleman?" someone inquired of Marjorie Rambeau as H. H. Van Loan, the writer, passed. "Oh, *that*," beamed Marjorie, "is my finance." We have thought this over earnestly and we are still wondering if Marjorie hasn't hit on an excellent word—

• • •

NOT poor, but proud: A manufacturer of women's ready-made house dresses wanted Marie Dressler to pose in several styles, featured at three dollars and ninety-five cents. The studio was horrified. "Surely," the press-agents urged, "you wouldn't appear in a cheap line of dresses like that!" Said Marie, grimly, "Listen, boys, my audience has never been the folks who sit in boxes. My fans sit in the front rows of the top balconies. They're the women who wear three-ninety-five house dresses, and not the ones who wear Paris creations. They like me, and I like them. I'll pose in his house dresses and be proud to!" And pose she did.

• • •

STARVATION struck: *Evelyn (pronounced Eve-lyn) Laye eats no luncheon on the days when she has to sing in the afternoon. A friend, dropping in on an actor in her company at noon found him hungry, but resigned. "Oh, no," he explained, "when Miss Laye doesn't eat luncheon, no one in the cast eats luncheon either." Undoubtedly the sight of Sam Goldwyn or John Boles consuming pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut would be too much of a strain on the star.*

They Deny It

(*Continued from page 49*)

much I spent for my clothes. I remember I was in a hurry and I said, 'Oh, quite a good deal,' or something equally indefinite. I supposed she figured that a quarter of a million could be considered 'quite a good deal' and so that foolish story was printed. I only wish that all the people who are sending me letters about the statement would address them to her. They express my sentiments, exactly!"

Of course, Garbo doesn't say anything about that "I tank I go home" story. Garbo doesn't say *anything* about anything. But out at the M-G-M studio they will tell you that Greta has never once used that phrase so often attributed to her.

The legend began several years ago when Garbo was having contract trouble with the studio. Instead of getting in heated arguments with her lawyers and studio officials, she merely stated her terms, left them to be considered with the advice that she could be reached at home after they had reached a decision. "Ha!" chortled the gossips, "Garbo wouldn't even talk to them. She said, 'I tank I go home' and left them in the lurch." And that's how that started.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Complete Assortment, Eaton's Highland Linen. Correspondence cards and note paper in three sizes, in all 120 sheets. Charming for a man to give to a woman, $5.

Eaton's Highland Vellum, green and silver box. 48 sheets and silver-lined envelopes. A feminine, appealing gift, $2.50.

Eaton's Deckle Vellum in white. Envelopes lined in silver and pastels. A gorgeous silver cabinet. Any woman would love it. $3.50.

Eaton's Corro. Checkerboard weave in buff with lining in capucine. The package carries out the interesting motif of envelope lining, $1.

Eaton's Sport Vellum. The gay decorative box makes this delightful package a thrilling gift for a young girl, $2.50.

This says it, my dear... To him... To her...

FOR EVERY NAME on your list you want a gift that will fittingly express your sentiment. And yet, you'd like one that could be selected quickly, wouldn't you? Choose writing paper, then. It is so delightfully appropriate at Christmas time that you'll easily find gifts for a dozen persons. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its new velvet-finish surface, is made in so many shades that you can find a suitable gift for almost every one. Eaton's Highland Linen likewise offers you a wide and pleasing possibility of choice. And it is always true that, if the men you know are struggling with their choice of gifts, they'll thank you forever for suggesting this way out. Wherever good stationery is sold, you can buy these writing papers. 50 cents to $7.50 per box. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

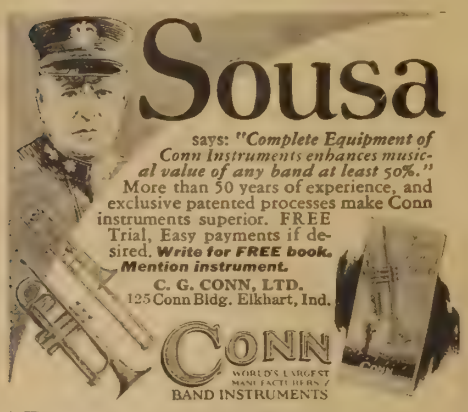
RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub ***once an hour for five hours*** . . . what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a ***"counter-irritant"*** because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.



Sousa

says: ***"Complete Equipment of Conn Instruments enhances musical value of any band at least 50%."*** More than 50 years of experience, and exclusive patented processes make Conn instruments superior. FREE Trial, Easy payments if desired. ***Write for FREE book. Mention instrument.***

C. G. CONN, LTD.
125 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS
BAND INSTRUMENTS

GRAY HAIR PENCIL FREE Get It Now!

Instantly changes gray hair to NATURAL COLOR. ONLY method known **to Keep Gray Away** from roots, temples, parting. Limited number FREE to quickly introduce. Just send name and address now for FREE offer. No obligation.
Juel Denn, 1434 N. Wells St. Dept. A602 **Chicago**

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage *now* of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake Street Dept. A681, Chicago, Ill.

Love Experts

(*Continued from page 58*)

Now, you know that's just being a fool. No man wants to hear the truth about himself. I don't want to, myself.

"But I can't flatter a man. It's inconceivable to me that he could believe all that nonsense—it seems so crude, so obvious. And in the second place, I'd despise him if he did. But there's no doubt that flattery is the most telling way to endear yourself to people—any people, but especially to men. And a little observation convinces you that they will believe any amount of it, no matter how thickly it is put on, or how absurd it seems to an intelligent person.

"Another mistake is my sense of humor. You have to take yourself very seriously to please men. But I ridicule them, and I ridicule myself, which is even more disastrous. Prestige is very important—to impress them with your importance, your position and background. And never, never to laugh at yourself.

"I want to go on record as saying that there is no such thing as a siren with a sense of humor. The two things simply do not go together. A siren must take herself in deadly earnest. I couldn't do it. It's ridiculous. I'd rather have my sense of humor.

A Mind Is a Handicap

"INTELLIGENCE is a fatal drawback to a woman who wants men to love her. A man once said to me, 'I resent your intelligence. When I say something stupid, I don't like being made to wince by your answer. You shouldn't notice it, or else you should say something that makes it seem less stupid than it was.'

"A woman, to be a siren, should be either a pagan or a mid-Victorian. Either one is all right. Men either want to possess you, or to protect you. If you can be the babyish, tender, helpless type, that's fine. If you can't, you should cultivate all the allurements known to woman, be completely the siren. But never just a pal.

"Another thing—a woman shouldn't try to be a good sport. That's not part of her act with a man. Men should be good sports with men, and women with women. But there's no use trying to be that way with men, because they are never that way with you. I know it from my own experience, and I've seen it happen to so many women—they do the sporting thing, and the man never even knows it.

"What men really want more than anything is their comfort. The woman who can give that to them is the woman they want. The English are very wise about that—and French women, too. They go about it from different angles, but the result is the same. Men love you to be dependent—to lean on them, to be helpless. Yet at the same time to do everything for their comfort. The thing is to seem to be a slave. That's what these women do—they pretend to be slaves. But they really aren't—they really have their tongues in their cheeks. Because, of course, if you are really a slave, you're simply lost.

A Wife Is Unenviable

"A WIFE is at a tremendous disadvantage because she really cares about the man. She's the one who, because of her love, tells him the truth, tries to advise him, to prevent him from putting his head in the noose and jumping off cliffs. And he only dislikes her for it, and turns to some woman who doesn't care enough to criticize him. I suppose if you could manage to care nothing about him or what happened to him, and just concentrate on pleasing him and making him love you, it would be all right.

"I never had much courage about men. I'm very sentimental underneath a protective hardness. Whenever anything is the matter, I always try to argue it out, affectionately and reasonably. Every time I've done that, it's been a failure. To dare to go in the other direction at a time like that—to know when to be fire and when to be ice. I suppose there's a great deal in the old gag of indifference—but subtle indifference, a sort of withdrawal of the spirit, an elusiveness, never letting the man quite know you.

"At the beginning of her career, Peggy Joyce said that. She said she managed men by being very sweet for a few days, and then for a few days not being so sweet. Or being hard to see—or out altogether. So the man was never quite sure.

"But you have to have an instinct for that sort of thing. You have to be able to sense just when is the moment for indifference, and when is the moment for sweetness. Otherwise it fails utterly. I never know when those moments are.

"I've had to fight so all my life—for success, for position, for fair treatment, for everything—that I have too much mettle for a woman. It seems hard, but I find that it's just a tin covering, and that underneath I'm almost soggy with sentimentality and softness. I find that it's the very sweet women, the feminine, gentle, yielding creatures, who are really hard underneath. They have a relentless quality, they plan everything, and every smile they give means something.

"The Only Feminine Women Left"

"I THINK the most feminine women in the world now—almost the only ones—are the screen actresses. There is very little grace left among women. But they have had to acquire it. They have developed the art of femininity—if it is an art, or the use of femininity if it isn't—until it has become natural to them. They have a slow grace, an ease of movement, a delicacy and a languor that is almost lost among the present day women.

"I don't think modern women are very attractive—or very happy with what they've made of their lives. They're neither one thing nor the other. Their new freedom has robbed them of everything. They can't be clinging and soft and dependent any longer. There's nothing quite so pathetic and ridiculous and dull now as an old-fashioned girl. They have to be modern, whether they want to or not. But they're not quite willing to go to the other extreme. They still want to be considered 'nice.' So they try to be good pals. They're too intelligent, that's what's the matter with them.

"They no longer have any standing with men. Does a man ever carry a package for you? Does a man ever open a door for you? Women resent that—they want gallantry from men, but they're not very gallant with men.

"It has weakened men, too. They need to be told that they are big and strong and protective. What's to be done about it? Some entirely new technique will have to be evolved so that modern men and women can get on with each other.

"In the meantime, I can't quite manage what men require of a woman. I try, but I can't keep it up. There's a limit, after all. . . . To stifle your intelligence, to pretend to be helpless when you are self-sufficient, to pretend to admire when you are contemptuous, to be solemn when you want to laugh, to act all the time, morning, noon, and night . . . I can't do it. Love isn't much fun, anyway. It's not worth while."

Stars For Sale

(*Continued from page 53*)

Either through excellent showmanship or singular good fortune—or a combination of both—Sam has managed to have front-page stories on his players break in the papers at the psychological moment a great many times.

A gentleman challenged Rudolph Valentino to a duel in Paris, for love of Vilma Banky—just before Vilma's first picture was released. The story went all over the world. Not so bad for the picture!

Prince George of England, who was visiting Southern California, played hooky from his ship and a dinner party or two to frolic with Lily Damita—just before *her* first picture for Sam Goldwyn was ready for release. And *that* story hit the front pages of nearly every newspaper in existence. By the time her second opus was ready, Ferdinand, son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, had arrived in Hollywood to yearn at Lily's feet, amid popping flashlights and scurrying reporters, while the artful Lily apologized for him, saying, "He haf a weak heart, poor fellow!"

All of which was just dandy for Sam.

Mr. Goldwyn says that most studios kill their stars faster than is necessary—with forced publicity. He never uses high-powered salesmanship on his players, unless it ties up with some particular picture. He says, moreover, that it is rank waste to put them into too many pictures, following each other closely.

"There is no more popular or more valuable player in pictures to-day than Ronald Colman," he proclaims. "And yet—I am paying him a salary to take a vacation in Europe. I shall give the public no more than two pictures of him a year—two *good* pictures—so that they shall not tire of him. I am *saving* Colman! That way I shall make money out of him for a long time to come."

The larger studios keep a stock of "raw material" on hand—twenty or thirty young players who are in the process of "being developed." They play extra rôles in pictures for months, while the initial exploitation is proceeding.

These are the girls and boys who make "personal appearances" at small theaters in outlying districts, who smile sweetly at the "grand openings" of filling stations, real estate sub-divisions, tea rooms and beauty shoppes.

The girls are used for hundreds of publicity pictures—mostly what is locally called "leg art." You know—those coy maidens, clad in mere wisps of Spanish shawls or scraps of lace, who peer at you from behind Chinese screens or loll upon divans. A girl has to be pretty well known before she can have a picture published in which she wears any clothes! Anita Page, Nancy Carroll, Loretta Young, and Lillian Roth were all "sold" by these methods.

With the influx of new people, due to talking pictures, the selling of stars has taken on the aspect of a "wholesale," rather than a "retail," business. They are peddled in bunches and the studios cannot spend the time and money it requires to build up individual personalities, as they did in the old days.

Many executives feel that the day of the "personality star" is done, anyhow, and emphasis is placed upon selling pictures rather than people.

One studio is replacing its high-salaried great personalities with less expensive, less-known—and possibly more versatile—people. In silent pictures the star carried the picture. In talking—and especially in musical—pictures, the production must carry the player.

Anyhow, it's a great business—selling stars. What are we offered for a nice, ripe, ready-to-use young actress? Going—going—

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated—on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

You apply when you go out

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. *An utterly new kind of lipstick.*

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—*yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.*

Then, too, it is a true, Natural color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is Not the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is Entirely New.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW **Kissproof** INDELIBLE *Lipstick*

(Left) *Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.*
(Right) *Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.*
Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

TO OUR READERS

You may secure an Art print of the "Map of Beverly Hills," that appears on pages 46 and 47 of this issue, by writing to the Hollywood Movie Map Company, 124 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles. The price is One Dollar.

New Loveliness
INSTANTLY
with these 3 preparations
HERE is new, alluring beauty for you. Enjoy it *now*—gain it *instantly* with these easy-to-use Maybelline preparations.
Maybelline Eye Shadow will intensify the color and impart greater expression to your eyes. Use Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Incased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity—75c.
Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will instantly make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, and your eyes larger and more brilliant. Solid or waterproof liquid form, Black or Brown—75c.
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil —the new, clean, indestructible type, will form and line your brows perfectly in just an instant. Black or Brown, 35c.
Ask for genuine Maybelline preparations by name, and your satisfaction is assured —Obtainable at all toilet goods counters.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO
Maybelline
Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes
EYELASH DARKENER – EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL

Back from his European vacation, Maurice is waiting with his typical Chevalier gestures, pursed lips and outstretched hands, for the script of his new picture

They Deny It

(*Continued from page 93*)

The "Recluse" and the "Flirt"

RONALD COLMAN is totally at loss to understand how his reputation as a recluse gained ground. "It is true," he admitted, "that I don't attend every Hollywood party or every première. I'm not invited to all of them, which is one good reason why I don't. But I certainly attend all the parties given by my friends, and enjoy them immensely. On the average I attend three or four social functions a week —and, when I am not working, perhaps oftener than that. Strangely enough, that doesn't sound so much like the life of a hermit to me—but perhaps to be a real social success in Hollywood you must be out every night. I suppose that is the trouble. Or it may be that I do so little entertaining myself. The reason I do not give large parties is because I feel that successful entertaining is a woman's province. Conducting a bachelor establishment, as I do, I do not feel I have the talents of a wholesale host. But as a guest," he smiled, "I'm not nearly so bad as my reputation makes me out."

Alice White blames her reputation for fickleness solely on her appearance. "It couldn't be anything I have done," she insists. "In all the time I have been in the movies I have gone with only two men steadily. Surely *two* beaux shouldn't have started all those engagement rumors about me. I went with Dick Grace for a year and a half. Cy and I have been engaged for two years. If you ask me, I think that's being pretty constant—but, of course, no one has asked *me*. I am merely the person vitally concerned.

"I suppose," she mused, running her hands through her long bob, "I do look like the type of girl who is a flirt. The flapper type gets blamed for everything, and the tough part is that no denials are in order. I'm really wasting a lot of good breath telling you that I have been engaged only twice. No one will believe it. They don't want to believe it. I often think that Hollywood gets its own idea of what you *ought* to be in mind, and if you don't happen to fit that pattern, they'll make you up into it, anyway. Several people have advised me to stick to the fickle-flapper type of publicity whether it is true or not. 'That's what people expect of you,' they tell me. There may be something in it. But, anyway, the truth of it is that I have been engaged only twice and so help me, I can't be any more fickle than that!"

No Longer the Best Legend

I'VE saved the Ramon Novarro-priesthood legend until the last because that was a surprise even to me. Above all the other Hollywood fables, I had accepted this one as a fact. I had read it not less than three times in gently philosophical stories about Ramon, and I had heard it repeated not more than three hundred. It seemed more than plausible in view of Ramon's spiritual appearance, and his devotion to his religion. You could have knocked me over with a feather to hear from his own lips that the idea of becoming a priest has never occurred to him—until he read it about himself in one of those stories I've mentioned.

"It is a noble ambition," he explained. "I am sorry it is not true of me. I am a very devout Catholic, yes, but the idea of studying for the priesthood had never occurred to me. I read once that at the completion of my contract I would journey to a monastery in Spain and devote myself to a life of religion. That is very beautiful, but it is not true.

"When my days of stardom before the camera are over, I want to be a director of motion pictures. That is my real ambition right at present and I see no reason why this should not be carried out. In view of my spiritual reputation, that may sound like a very material wish—but I have come to learn that what we really want—and what we are supposed to want according to the stories circulated about us—are two very different things."

Isn't it the truth?

An All-Around Trouper

(*Continued from page 33*)

shadow. Always trying to be nice to people and always getting a kick in the pants for it. Afraid to call his soul his own."

As he talked, he had assumed the outward characteristics of *Mr. Pitt*. By some illusion or other he seemed fully two inches shorter, stoop-shouldered, little flints of fear darting timidly from his eyes. For fifteen or twenty minutes he acquainted me with other characters he had known in "Desire Under the Elms," "Congo," "The Barker" and others of his stage rôles. He feels that in "Abraham Lincoln" he got a chance at the richest characterization known to the world of drama.

"Incidentally, playing the great *Abe* was the easiest rôle I have ever tackled. I don't know how it worked out that way. I had not expected it to be so easy. I think the answer lies in the fact that the character of *Abe* is so definite, so rich and colorfully dramatic that merely to assume the make-up of that great man creates his mood in the actor."

In spite of the fact that he feels his private life could hold no interest to the public, fans will be fans, and by gently sneaking up on him and taking him unawares, a few interesting facts of his comings and goings were uncovered.

He Turns into a Fan

HIS closest friends in the film colony are Richard and Jobyna Arlen, Kay Francis, Jules Furthman and several newspaper boys with whom he goes fishing. In partnership with Dick and Jobyna he owns a small yacht where he spends most of his week-ends away from the studio. Several times a week he dines quietly at the home of one or the other of this little group—or they with him in his Spanish home in the crook of the hill road. It is a comfortable, mannish abode presided over by a colored boy in a white jacket who "doubles in brass" for everything.

For the acting talents of his friend, young Dick, he has the greatest admiration—though he feels the boy has not had the best breaks in the world in the rôles assigned him. "That's where the luck element comes in," he explained. "No matter how much talent a man has, he also has to have his share of luck, as well. Good parts are one-half acting ability and the other half being lucky enough to get them."

Though he seldom has either the time or the inclination to attend local theaters or picture shows and is therefore not fully acquainted with all the newer personalities, he still believes that Clara Bow is the one instinctive artist of the screen, among the women. "She's never had a chance," he insists, "not a real chance to show what she can do. They have been so busy making a box-office star out of her, trading on her personality, that they have overlooked the artist she is. It is all instinctive, too. She was born knowing more about acting than most of us ever acquire. Some day, when Clara Bow is not handicapped by her youth and her flaming personality, I believe she will develop into one of our finest actresses."

And that's high praise, Clara, from an actor who is an actor of everything but drawing-room gentlemen who balance tea cups on the knee.

● "Truth is stranger
Than fiction"?
Not when fiction
Is based on fact.
As in our new series
Of short, short stories. ●

Start Tonight and Reduce Weight!

Start Reducing tonight at home and feel better tomorrow morning than you have for months

(Every statement certified from actual experience)

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

THOUSANDS of smart women have found this easy way to take off excess weight once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro contains many of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely, and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought To You

A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now enjoy these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately excess weight will have been removed in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost weight. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further. No need to deny yourself wholesome meals. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro At Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it. The booklet also contains dietetic lists and information compiled by eminent specialists.

More than a million Fayro treatments have been sold.

FAYRO, Inc. M.P.M. 1-31
825 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full-sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50, plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name .....

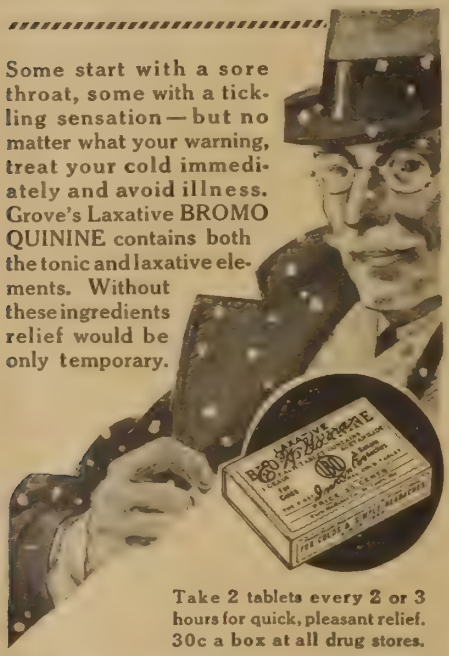
Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

COLDS

WILL ALWAYS WARN YOU



Some start with a sore throat, some with a tickling sensation—but no matter what your warning, treat your cold immediately and avoid illness. Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE contains both the tonic and laxative elements. Without these ingredients relief would be only temporary.

Take 2 tablets every 2 or 3 hours for quick, pleasant relief. 30c a box at all drug stores.

Grove's *Laxative*
·BROMO·
QUININE
Tablets

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures

Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
510 Meyer Bldg., Western and Sierra Vista
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

How Rashes Do Itch!
Bathe freely with
CUTICURA SOAP
Anoint with
CUTICURA OINTMENT
Relief and Healing Follow
Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 9B, Malden, Mass.

YOU CAN SAVE 1/2
On Your CLEANING BILLS

Dorn-Cloney, the largest direct cleaning establishment in the country, offers amazing money saving advantages. Garments delivered back to you scintillating in refreshed, renewed glory—unconditional guarantee of satisfaction.

Enjoy the extra smartness of thrift...take advantage of quality cleaning that saves you more than one-half on cleaning bills.

Send for free booklet "The extra Sharpness of Thrift" price list

DORN-CLONEY CLEANING & DYEING COMPANY
Dept. 20 Sedalia, Missouri

Taken for a ride on a bicycle not built for two by Jackie Coogan was loads of fun for Mitzi Green when they were working on "Tom Sawyer"

Marriages In The Movies

(Continued from page 45)

a home, a lovely place in the Hollywood hills. For the first time, I began to realize the real meaning of that word. It is the foundation place of our roots in life. In a real home, there is laughter and color and conversation and warmth.

"At first I did not quite fit into this newness. I did not understand some of his friends. I don't think they understood me at first. Ken used to tell me, 'You've got to meet people half-way, if you want them to like you. Just reach out your hand if you expect to find a friend. Don't worry about the clothes people wear or the way they speak—just know them for what they really are.'

"In a little while, people who knew me before my marriage very tactfully began to say I was 'developing.' It seemed to be improving me. The truth is, that I was just 'coming to.' I began to realize that life had a pattern and a reason. But, more important, I learned that the greatest adventure it held for a woman is a happy marriage.

"I suppose there is danger in being too happy. That is the only answer I have been able to find for that 'Why?' of Kenneth's being taken away from me.

Rebuilding Shattered Dreams

"AT first I was rebellious. Something in me stormed in protest. I kept telling myself it was without reason. It was too unnecessarily cruel and sad. Just as life was beginning to open for me with real meaning—it was snatched away. I believed there was nothing more of happiness left for me. In my first grief, I shattered all dreams of home and children and friends. No other man would mean to me what Ken did. I told myself I would never marry again. For two ill, nervous months I wiped everything Ken had built up in me out of my life.

"Life seemed an empty shell.

"But he was a wiser and truer teacher than that. Having known him, I knew I could never go back and lose all the things he had brought into my life. I stopped fighting against it. The memory of marriage he left is a tribute to the finest and best in it.

"I believe that I was meant to be married. I am no good at the life of a bachelor-girl—or widow. I cannot be happy alone. Just recently there was a family reunion at the Hawks home. Athole and Howard were there. Bill and Bessie Love and Mrs. Hawks, of course. It was like all the family get-togethers we had ever spent—except that Ken wasn't there. I realized then, more than ever, how miserable I am alone. I listened to Athole and Howard talking about their baby, and Bill and Bessie enthusing over the furnishings of their new home. I told myself, 'This is what I want. Happy marriage is the only thing in the world that will ever be important to me.'

"I can't go back to the meaninglessness of things of those years before my marriage. Ken made of me an individual with my own problems of happiness to solve. I am not unhappy in my life now. I live alone. I manage my own financial affairs. My work is keeping me temporarily interested and occupied. There is a great deal for me to think about and do. But I know that I am just marking time, until sometime in the future when all those things Ken instilled in me come true—a home, children while I am still young, and another opportunity at happiness."

Hollywood's Best Mysteries Are Coming

The Exile Comes Back

(*Continued from page 66*)

He Can Understand His Father

"ITALIAN is one of my best languages. I learned it when I was stationed in Italy for a long time during the War, so I can master that fairly easily. Also I was brought up to speak French. My father was a real linguist, you know. He spoke eight languages. So it comes easy to me—my tongue adapts itself naturally to the foreign sounds. But Spanish and German still give me a little trouble."

In spite of the repeated exposures of the fact that Menjou was born in Pennsylvania, the superstition persists among his fans that he is a real Frenchman. But he has no great enthusiasm for his traditional native land.

"I was not at all happy in Europe, although the picture was a great success. Making pictures in France is impossible. They don't know anything about it. They haven't the equipment. The whole thing is second-rate. Do you know that there are absolutely no pretty girls in Europe? None! We searched everywhere for a pretty leading woman for '*Mon Gosse 'de Pere*' and there wasn't a single one to be found. We finally had to get an American.

"California has all the requirements for picture-making. Weather, and modern contrivances, and pretty girls galore."

A Disciple of Chaplin

BUT in spite of weather and sound engineers, Menjou believes that talkies will not last. Menjou, let me explain, is a disciple of Charlie Chaplin. His first great success was in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," and his later successes were all done with men who had formerly worked with Chaplin. There's reason for his faith, because Menjou, as he reminded me, starred in six pictures that were among the best money-makers of their time.

"I say this without egotism, because I haven't any," he said, "but I'm very proud of my record in pictures.

"I think Chaplin is still the greatest man in the industry. When his new picture is released, it will put talkies on a different footing. Producers and public will both realize how inferior they are. And a year from now I firmly believe that twenty-five per cent. of the pictures will be silent."

Can it be for this that Mr. Menjou is struggling with his Spanish, ordering Italian dishes, and giving up fishing trips? I personally believe talkies will endure, if only because the thrifty American people will see to it that their sound-proof stages, their language lessons, and their throat gargling shall not have been in vain.

It doesn't matter much either way—Menjou is back in any case. That shrug, that eyebrow, and that smile will survive anything.

How To Make A Motion Picture

(*Continued from page 74*)

there are little things about financing—about cutting and culling and selecting and staying within the boundaries of his art—which appear to escape him.

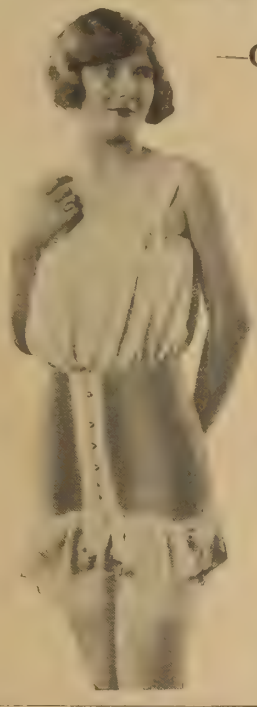
No one is ever content to add his particular bit to the whole. They always want to reform the industry. Make it over. Beginning at the beginning. Deleting the people who have progressed, inch by inch, to the not entirely negligible state of present achievement.

"Now, what they ought to do is this ——"

Oh, well——

What do *you* think of motion pictures?

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips



—Often Two to Four Inches in TEN DAYS

HERE'S a wonderful new ventilated girdle that makes you look slimmer instantly and actually reduces your bulky hips and waist—often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days.

Perfolastic is a cool, comfortable, light-weight girdle made of finest quality, pure, live, fresh plantation rubber—a product of the famous Goodrich Rubber Company. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs, so that your figure takes on—instantly—straight, slender, youthful lines. And with every breath you draw—every step you take—its constant, gentle massage-like pressure breaks down the fat cells—which are 85% water—and moulds away unwanted flesh just as a skilled masseuse would.

If you want to regain a slender figure—to wear the smart new styles *effectively—find out more about this marvelous Perfolastic Girdle.* FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET gives full details and particulars of our 5-day trial offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risks. Send for it today. No cost or obligation. Simply mail coupon below to

Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 161, 41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Send for 5-Day Trial Offer

PERFOLASTIC, Inc., Dept. 161
41 East 42nd Street, N. Y. City

Without obligation, please send me FREE Booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle—also particulars of your 5-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State..

Sign of Progress . . . .

BETTERMENT. That is the watchword of American progress. As a nation we are not content to stand still. We want better foods, we want newer and better ways of doing things, labor-saving devices, short-cuts. We want more comforts and luxuries for our homes. We want better automobiles at lower costs. We want better houses, better stores, better means of transportation. We want to dress better and to play and enjoy ourselves more.

Progress is reflected by the advertising found in the magazines. It is through advertising that we first learn of the newest in merchandise, the newest methods, the newest of everything. Advertising is the sign of progress and often the source of it.

Read the advertisements in this magazine. Study them. Profit by them. They will help you secure what you need and want for less money than you often expect to pay. Keep up with the advertising and advertising will help you keep abreast of the times. For advertising supplies new ideas, new methods, and new inspirations to a work-a-day world. Advertising is not only the sign of progress—advertising is progress.

Be progressive . . . keep in touch with the advertisements in this magazine . . . it will be well worth your while

FREE MOVIE STAR TELLS BEAUTY SECRET with 7 Day Beauty Treatment

QUICK WAY TO LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson looks younger today than she did 10 years ago, thanks to Sem-Pray. She says: "It holds youth thru the years."

100-Year-Old secret of rare Eastern beautifiers is now yours. Amazing new Sem-Pray Compressed Creme is different, far superior. Erases little age-lines, wrinkles; reduces large pores; firms up sagging muscles; cleanses, softens, whitens, tones skin to surpassing loveliness. Sem-Pray does the work of several different creams. Takes shine from oily skin, makes dry skin normal. Gives you new beauty, younger skin, OVERNIGHT. Pimples, blackheads, blemishes go.

3 Minutes a Day Takes 10 Years Away

Dainty, rose-pink, almond-scented cake in new oval container with push-up bottom. Used easily as lipstick. Fingers never need touch. Fits handbag. Many beauty treatments during day. Guaranteed pure soap, will not grow hair. Also perfect foundation for rouge and powder. Prevents caking and spottiness. Sem-Pray is the only youth and beauty aid you need. Saves time and money. All stores 10c—or send for full 7-day beauty treatment. Will include rouge and powder FREE.

Try Astonishing New Method. FREE Gift

Send at once for convincing test sample Sem-Pray Compressed Creme. Charming package includes Sem-Pray Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge FREE. Clip, mail coupon below now. Easy quick way to beauty and new youthful looks awaits you.

FREE—Rouge and Powder Sent FREE with Creme

Mme. La Nore, Sem-Pray Salons, Suite 105-R Grand Rapids, Mich.
Send generous 7-day trial package of SEM-PRAY Compressed Creme. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. Include introductory package Sem-Pray Face Powder and Rouge FREE.

Name .....

Address .....

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair

Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands—extra live flesh-colored Para rubber, support and shape ankle and calf while reducing them. Perfect fitting. Can be worn under hose or worn at night, reduce and shape while you sleep. You can note improvement in shape of ankle at once. Relieve swelling and varicose veins. In ordering send ankle and calf measure, and check or money order (no cash) or pay postman. Write for booklet.

My reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability.

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York City

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-371 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
114 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

She may be on a high horse, but no one need ask Patsy O'Leary to come off, as she is rightfully riding high as leading lady in Mack Sennett (Educational) Comedies

Not Another Garbo

(*Continued from page 50*)

country, he told them the truth about me. He told them I was married to a director in a German studio, that I was the mother of a baby, that I am a woman in years. They say, 'Fine! Bring this Miss Dietrich back for American pictures, but she must be seventeen, no baby, no husband, and very mysterious.' That was because they did not know me.

"When I first arrived in New York, I talked with Mr. Zukor about this strange business of being somebody I am not. I say I cannot be this person because it is not true. If I have to live a lie to be successful in this country, I do not want to stay here. Mr. Zukor was most kind. He said I could be what I am—Marlene Dietrich. He told me I do not have to lie about anything.

"This makes me very happy for a little while. Naturally, I am lonesome in Hollywood at first. I miss my family *so* much. I do not know many people. For three months, while I am waiting for Gary Cooper to be ready for the picture, I sit at home listening to my radio, reading books, or maybe going to a little picture show. But at least I am not living a pretense.

"And then somebody comes along and says I am trying to be another Garbo!"

She looked at me in that curiously intent way of hers, as though there were something I could do immediately toward correcting this idea that is making her so unhappy. There are certain times when she is powerful in her beauty. This was one of them. Her eyes were so violet and sincere under her finely arched brows. Her hair is prophet-length, red-gold in color. Her shoulders are broad and courageous.

How the Stories Started

"I HAVE not met Miss Garbo, I have never seen her in person since I have been here. And yet, one day I came to the studio in a walking suit with a little felt hat pulled down over my face. I posed for a few publicity pictures in this costume. The next day I read in the paper that I am 'pulling' a Garbo by wearing this suit and the sport hat. I am so surprised. I think every woman has such a costume as this in her wardrobe. I do not wear it all of the time, no. I like nice clothes. I like very much to dress—furs, velvets, such things as this."

She indicated the very smart black velvet ensemble she was wearing. It was most chic. It most decidedly did not look like Garbo. Only the night previous, I had seen Marlene with Josef von Sternberg at the opening of Katherine Cornell's "Dishonored Lady." Her pale blue evening gown was elaborate and formal. Crystal earrings dangled below her red-blonde bob. Many curious and admiring eyes were turned on her.

"But just once, because I wear this sport costume, I am 'pulling a Garbo.'"

Marlene sighed and shrugged quickly in that characteristic gesture of hers.

"Little things mean so much here. Maybe I do a thing but once, maybe I take a drive in my car, the first in two or three weeks, and I read that I am a fresh-air fiend, always motoring. That one time was just the occasion someone saw me—but what difference is that? It does not seem to matter in the least that I stay home much more than I go out—if I am seen out several

If you don't know Noel Francis, you have no one but yourself to blame, but if you know her and want to know Noel better, see "Up the River" and "Lightnin'"

times with Mr. von Sternberg, then right away I am engaged to him."

No longer was Marlene serious. This was *too* ridiculous. She reached for a cigarette.

Not Another Triangle

"HOW can I be engaged to Mr. von Sternberg when I am *married?*" She held her head in graphic dismay. "This I cannot understand. He is my director. I am his star. He is kind to me because I am lonely here and know no one. Mr. von Sternberg and my husband are very good friends. My husband most deeply appreciates what Mr. von Sternberg has done for me by giving this opportunity to become successful in American pictures. He is a director of motion pictures himself. When we were first married, he used to try to use me in all his pictures, but that was in the days of silent pictures and I was not so very good in silent pictures. I would say to him, 'Get somebody else for your pictures. Someone who is very good for the camera and who will make your picture a success. Don't try to push me into your work because I am your wife.' He understands that this opportunity Mr. von Sternberg gives me is one I could not get in Germany. He is grateful—as I am.

"This studio has been very kind to me. Just recently I was signed on a new contract and they were so thoughtful. They told me I would be permitted time off between every two pictures to return to my home and my people. They told me they wanted me to be happy in my work here—not miserable, not wishing I were somewhere else. Under this arrangement I will be most happy. I like to work here. When I am not working, I shall be in Germany with my family.

"I hear that Miss Garbo is not happy in this country. That I do not understand. She is too intelligent a woman to stay where she is not happy. She could be a great star in any country in the world. She is as great in Europe as she is here. If she is so miserable, I wonder that she does not arrange her contract so she might live where she would be happy—in her own country, perhaps?

"No amount of money or fame could keep me where I was not happy. Money could never mean so much to me—as my peace of mind and heart. Life is too short to live and be miserable anywhere, no?"

Outdoor Life on the South Grounds of the Ambassador, Los Angeles

No Hotel in the World offers Such Varied Attractions as the

AMBASSADOR

LOS ANGELES

"The Great Hotel that Seems Like Home"

CONTINUOUS program of outdoor and indoor diversion. 27-acre park, playgrounds, open air plunges, tennis courts, 18-hole miniature golf course, archery and fencing, flowered pergola walks, cactus gardens, ping pong tables, all-talking motion picture theatre, world-famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing parties, riding, hunting, and all sports. Beautifully redecorated lobby. 35 smart shops.

Ambassador convention auditorium seats 7000. Guests have privilege of championship 18-hole Rancho Golf Club.

Most Attractive Rates

OUTSIDE ROOMS with BATH as low as $5 per day

Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information

Ben. L. Frank, Manager

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM

THE AMBASSADOR, NEW YORK
THE AMBASSADOR, PALM BEACH
THE AMBASSADOR, ATLANTIC CITY
THE AMBASSADOR, LOS ANGELES

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Subscribers will help themselves and us if they will observe these general requirements in connection with their subscriptions.

Name and Address

Always give full name and address whether sending subscription or writing about subscription. Write name and address plainly, preferably print them.

We sometimes receive letters without any name and sometimes without address or with incomplete address.

Likewise we occasionally receive remittances without name or address or maybe with one and not the other. This kind of omission prevents us from giving service to the subscriber until we receive complaint and puts us in a bad light with the subscriber, who of course, is convinced that he or she is badly treated.

Changes of Address

It is always necessary for us to know the full name and address that were given when subscription was sent initially as well as any subsequent change or changes preceding final change. Without the former addresses we are not able to locate the name on our mailing list, hence delay will be avoided if this rule is observed.

Many subscribers move away without notifying us of changes of address and then after a lapse of time will complain of failure to receive an issue or two.

We should have notice of change of address one month ahead of the issue to be sent to the new address so as to have change made in time for mailing of magazine.

It is always better to notify us direct, of change of address, than to simply give the Post Office a forwarding address.

Complaints

Don't complain too soon if your copy doesn't arrive promptly. Allow a few days for delay in transit. Considering the millions and tons of magazines that the Post Office handles each month, it does a wonderful job. A little delay is to be expected occasionally, so please wait for a few days after publication date (which is the 28th of each month) before sending complaint, to allow for possible delay in the mails.

Premiums

The premiums we offer are given only to subscribers who send their subscriptions direct to us. Therefore subscribers who take the magazine through agents are not entitled to the premiums we advertise in the magazine or elsewhere.

"I Know Your Secret!"

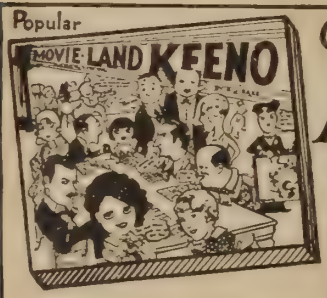
"THE reason you have so much pep—such good color—that sparkle in your eyes—animation and attractiveness—is all because you took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a vegetable tonic and builder that makes for redder blood."

A woman to be attractive must have coursing thru her arteries rich, red blood. Many women and men, too, have thin, pale blood; they're weak, tire easily, discourage quickly. Such folks need

Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y. Answer question blank wrapped around medicine and receive free medical advice.

Popular



The New GAME $1.25

8 KEENO CARDS—16 STARS ON EACH.
8 LARGE MOVIE STAR PHOTOS—7x8¾ in.
48 MOVIE STAR PLAYING CARDS.
Played like Lotto or Keno.
Buy from your local dealers. If not in stock, order direct from us. We pay postage.

Wilder Manufacturing Company
723 N. Main St. St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

AN EASY WAY TO SHAPE your NOSE

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep. Lasting results. Gold Medal Winner. 78,000 users. Write for *FREE BOOKLET.*

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, A-32, Anita Bldg., Newark, N.J.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
209 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Easier than climbing these few steps of her new Beverly Hills home was Ann Harding's climb to the top of the list of popular stars. No wonder her husband, Harry Bannister, is so proud of his little blonde woman

What Women Want To Know

(*Continued from page 55*)

at play, any time of the day or night: what is there left to hope for, what to dream about?

"I find it very sad. Sad for men as well as for women. For women, in robbing themselves of adoration have robbed men of the priceless right to adore.

"In my country, if a man holds a girl's hand—like this—she would slap him in his face. But here, to-day, a hug—like this—a comradely clap on the shoulder—man to man.

"It is all right—if there are compensations. If the women themselves are content. But they are not. They are hungry for the Romance they have put into working clothes.

"The women who write me do not write about sex, as such. They never write about marriage or divorce or money or careers. Nothing either so modern on the one hand or so tangible on the other. They write of their need of something to idealize. They think more of a nebulous *Galahad* than a concrete man of flesh and blood. They are groping for something they have lost—not knowing how."

In Their Own Words

THESE are the things women write to Ramon Novarro:

"You seem to be like a Prince in a fairy tale. You are the embodiment of *Sir Galahad.*"

"Can you imagine what it would mean to me to have you step down from your pedestal?"

"You are planting beauty in the garden of the world—in the hearts of boys and girls."

"Please do not shatter my illusions."

"Oh, those hands—the talent that lies in those hands! The dreams they weave for me . . ."

"You have influenced my life and my friendships. You have created for me a higher standard."

"You are an example of perfect manhood. I didn't know . . ."

"I want to become a Catholic."

"This is not the love of a man I feel . . . not in the usual way . . ."

So women write to Ramon Novarro.

Women write to him of *Galahad,* of pedestals, of gardens, of beauty, of illusions, of their hunger for illusion, of dreams, of higher standards, of music, of religion, of love that is not of this world, this world of trite To-day.

They are hungry and thirsty for that tenuous, tremulous Something not to be expressed in the workaday world of marriage and children and debts and divorce and problems and—claps on the back.

Women who have discovered—too late—that they cannot live by bread alone. Nor by the toiling for bread, side by side with man.

They are starving for that lost Romance that can subsist for a week on a glance from the Beloved's eyes, that can feed on a dream—and live.

Self-Revelations

SCHOOL-TEACHERS in barren rural communities write to Ramon. About his princely head and spiritual beauty they hang the pitiful passionate garments of the beauty they have never known. They write that they are not "in love" with him. Of course, they are. In love with him as cloistered women are in love with the god

whose shadow passes by them on the grass.

Women write to him about his soul. The life of his soul. And they disclaim, all too vehemently, any personal interest in "your princely mien, your handsome face."

Women write to him, describing real love as they have dreamed it and never found it. They hope, in piteous, self-denying terms, that he will find this real love someday, somewhere. In their complete denial of Self or of self-seeking, there is such passion as is found only in prison cells.

Women pray for Ramon. They pray that he will find contentment, Peace, Plenty. His Heart's Desire. They write of their prayers for him. And hope that their prayers will be answered.

Lonely women write to Ramon. Lonely women the world over. They crave something, someone to idealize. They plead with him never to step down from the pedestal on which they have placed him. They tell him how bitter their world would be if he should ever show them feet of clay.

What a commentary! What a commentary on the lives of the women of to-day! How tragically Life, Man, the Things That Are must have failed them that they must bow their knees to a shadow and raise hands of adoration to an insubstantial being whom they may never know!

Married women never write to him.

Women never write him their problems of marriage or divorce.

Lonely women isolate their dreams and offer them up to him.

Crippled women write to him. They write about music. They tell him how he has inspired them, how he has accomplished what they hope to accomplish, the only thing left to them.

Women who are working, alone, write to him. They tell him what it means to them, to know how he works. In the studio, at his music, at drama, in his home.

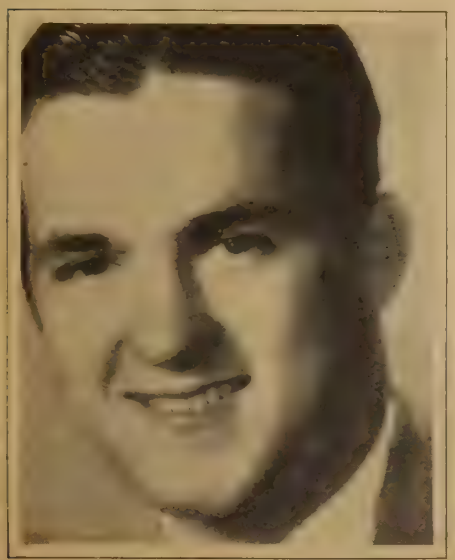
Women write, begging him not to enter a monastery. They plead with him to give the world his presence, as well as his prayers.

Women send him gifts. Carven crucifixes. Delicate rosaries. Gifts from China and from Japan, from Iowa and from India. Images of beaten brass. Figurines of polished wood and ivory.

French and Spanish women write to him. Their need is the need of their sisters the world over. Women still write to him about "Ben Hur." It is, to-day, his outstanding rôle.

It is a greater thing to be a *Galahad* than a Garibaldi. It is a greater thing to be a god than a man. It is far finer to give the world a dream that will live than a deed that will perish . .

Of such do women write Ramon Novarro.



Do you see any resemblance between the chap pictured above and Charles Rogers? Well, he's Buddy's brother, Bruce.

A Check For $1,500.00 Is Waiting For You

THE Motion Picture Title Game is amusing, pleasing, inspiring, intriguing and stimulating. It is play—not work. A game in which you match your wits with the world.

But intelligence, not knowledge, is the determining factor. An intimate knowledge of the names of feature players or the titles of well-known motion picture productions will not give one player any advantage over another player who may have a comparatively limited knowledge of plays and players. With the Official Reference Book before you your opportunity of winning the Major Award is as good as any one's.

All you need to do is to study the pictures. Then, compare the titles which the pictures suggest with the titles as listed in the Reference Book, taking in all the elements in the picture—not just a part.

You may submit as many sets of titles as you wish—but each set must have at least one title for each picture—no less than 50 titles, no more than 300 (6 suggestions for each picture) to a set.

The Picture and Answer Book

Because we have received many requests from readers who are "Playing the Game," we have prepared a convenient Picture and Answer Book. This Book contains all the pictures (a total of 50) and six numbered spaces opposite each picture on which participants may write six different title suggestions for each picture, if they so desire.

In addition this convenient Answer Book contains many hints and helps—answers to questions—suggestions and explanations. It is not a requirement that you use this Picture and Answer Book, but you will find it a most convenient way to submit your title suggestions.

You don't have to buy it—use the coupon below and get a copy without expense. Use the Coupon Today!

See pages 40 and 41 of this issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

. . .

$5,000.00 in cash is offered for the best titles to fifty pictures.

. . .

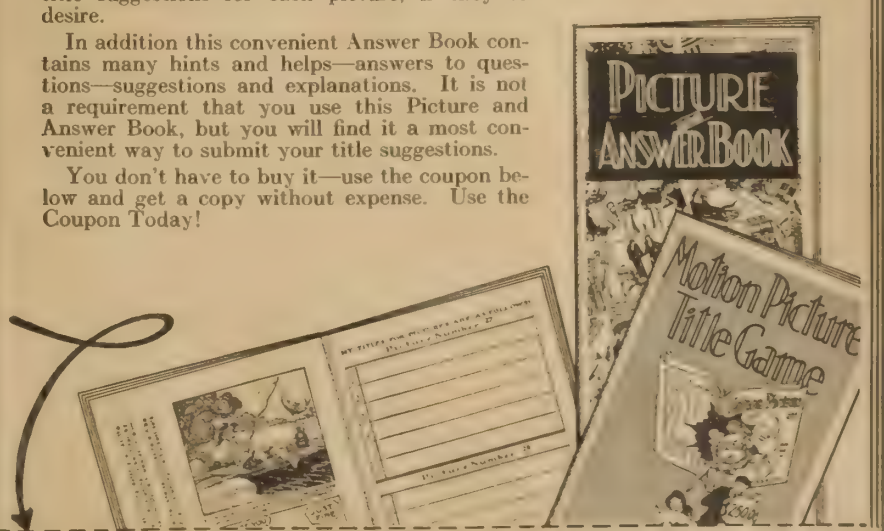
Anyone can play—we will pay $1,500.00 for the best set of titles, $1,000.00 for the second best, $500.00 for the third best, $250.00 for the fourth, $125.00 for the fifth and so on—370 cash awards in all.

. . .

The Official Reference Book has all the titles. The Picture and Answer Book has all the pictures. With this combination all you need is the inclination to play and the determination to win.

. . .

You send in the titles—we send out the checks—you play—we pay!



Motion Picture Magazine MP1
Paramount Building,
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is $2.00, please enter my subscription for Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the Official Reference Book and the Picture and Answer Book. I intend to play the Motion Picture Title Game.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Make Money in PHOTOGRAPHY

MOTION Picture and photographic field offers unlimited opportunities. Previous experience unnecessary. We train you. Motion picture camera or projector, "still" camera or photo-finishing outfit FREE of extra charge.

Opportunities for Movie Cameramen

Learn motion picture photography! Be your own boss or train for an interesting, worthwhile position. Instruction in sound photography included free of extra charge.

Be a Motion Picture Projectionist

Good pay, steady employment and fascinating work await you. Qualify right at home, in your spare time. We train you in every phase of "sound" projection free of extra cost.

Good Pay Awaits Trained "Still" Photographers

"Still" photographers and photofinishers in demand. Splendid positions open or you can go into business for yourself with very little capital. Free Book gives full details about the particular phase of photography in which you are most interested. Mail coupon for your copy today—NOW!

New York Institute of Photography,
10 West 33rd Street, Dept. W-750,
New York City

Please send me without obligation your FREE book, and full details about

( ) Motion Picture Photography ( ) Projection
( ) "Still" Photography ( ) Photo-Finishing

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____

TYPEWRITER
NOW ½ PRICE

All Standard Makes

Lowest Prices and easiest terms on World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc. Save over ½ Mfr's. original price. Your choice sent on 10 days' Trial. EASIEST TERMS EVER OFFERED—PAY ONLY 12c A DAY. All standard size—late models. Fully Guaranteed.

Sent on 10 Day Trial

Also Portables at reduced prices.

Send No Money—Big Free Catalog fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors tells of our refinishing methods making each machine like new. Also tells of our direct-to-you savings and easy-payment plan. Lowest Prices now offered. Send for Free Catalog at once, also 10 day trial offer. No obligation.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
231 W. Monroe St. Department M-1 Chicago

New Photographs
of
Motion Picture Stars
25 Cents Each
5 for One Dollar
12 for Two Dollars
Postage Prepaid
The Answer Man
Motion Pictures Publication, Inc.
1501 Broadway New York City

MAKE $20 PER 100

Stamping Names on Keychecks. Spare or full time. Good for $5 or more per day. Send 25¢ for sample and Instructions. R. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

Good and
Good for You.

No, this is not Lupe's solo flight, but the Velez girl becoming air-minded on one of the huge camera cranes on the Universal lot

The Seven Deadly Sins Of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 35*)

Or Clara. Clara Bow. If Clara should settle down with one of her itinerant Richmans or Bells and have a few *kinder* and stop being sued and cease from gambling and gambolling—well, we'll stand pretty nearly anything from Clara. We *have*. But let her up and go normal on us and the game is up!

Lon Chaney never gained his enormous vogue because he was a kind father, a devoted husband and a handy man about the house with hammer and nails and leaking faucets. No, indeedy! He gained and kept his sensational spotlight because he hid these particular sins of his from the world. He appeared to his public only in the weird and *ab*normal characters he played.

Most of our best beloveds have not been exactly what our grandmothers would have called conventional.

The glorious Gloria (Swanson) would have made elegant chit-chat for the town gossip, but she would hardly have been called upon if little Ikey had the tummyache or to participate in a sewing bee.

Lois Wilson and May McAvoy have always had just about all they could do to live down the horrid sins they sin. Of being decent, law-abiding American girls who believe in the Constitution, the sanctity of the home and the tradition of the chasties.

He Could Not Sin

TAKE Valentino. Love him as you will, you could hardly attach the label normal to that glamorous lover. As a matter of fact, Rudy wanted to commit the sin of normalcy. He would have loved the peace of his own fireside, the patter of little feet. The peasant blood from which he sprang was too long denied and he lived to deplore the face that so belied it. But Rudy knew enough not to break—in public—the Eighth Commandment of Hollywood.

Mary Pickford has most successfully and most consistently broken the Eighth Commandment of Hollywood and has most uniquely got away with it. But even with Mary, patience is wearing thin. Let Doug so much as take a flying trip to Europe and those who respect the Eighth Commandment are upon them. There are wars and rumors of War. Eyebrows and mouths go cock and cluck. Voices whisper, "My dear, I always *said* . . . !"

John Barrymore said, upon the birth of his daughter, "I am the happiest man in the world." Does Hollywood talk about *him* any more? And Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston call each other "mama" and "papa." Who talks about *them?* Haven't they broken the commandment of commandments?

There occurs no satisfactory explanation. The fact remains that fat little babies and durable marriages and tended hearthstones and all the homely virtues are looked at askance in Hollywood. We can hardly *believe* them. There simply must be something *wrong* with fat little babies and durable marriages and quiet-living gentlemen and girls who go in for the old-fashioned virtues.

Thou Shalt Not Commit Normalcy! If you must, go ahead. Nobody will believe you, anyway.

Cecil B. De Mille (the bird fancier) is caught feeding one of his eared Manchurian pheasants. These birds, found near the snow line in Manchuria, can run faster than they can fly

"The Best For Baby"

(*Continued from page 78*)

looking like somebody's widow there's a happy medium. And she insists still further that the wardrobe department can either find that medium or make the clothes over. They usually make the clothes over.

Crying spells are her only temperamental indulgence.

During a portrait-sitting, when she was executing movie-starrish poses in which the Munson molars were given full play, she suddenly and for no apparent reason burst into tears. The photographer said nothing, but waited until she had had a satisfactory little cry. After she had finished, her best photographs to date were made.

The same procedure occurs not infrequently on the set. However, no one minds, because she always does better work after her tears have been spent.

She says that picture work tires her immeasurably. If, during the progress of a picture, one asks how she feels, her reply is invariably that she fully expects to drop of exhaustion any minute now.

She Picks Her Pals

WHEN she chooses, she makes acquaintances easily and naturally. Unless one is something of a personage, she likelier than not doesn't choose.

She knows that to have the good will of the technicians who work on her pictures is decidedly to her advantage, so she loses no opportunity to prove to them that she is a good fellow. From head cameraman to prop boy, technicians who have worked with Ona have only kind things to say of her.

Interviewers find her a very difficult subject. Questions that ordinarily would merit at least a ten-word answer she dismisses with an all-inclusive "yes" or "no." Mostly "no."

Although she talks well enough, she seems loath to part with any information. One can talk to her for hours and learn nothing. It wouldn't be surprising to hear her burst out chanting, "I know a secret, I know a secret." But try to find out what that secret is!

The most satisfactory method of interviewing her would be to give her a true-and-false test. One could write down a number of things he surmises about Ona and she could record a positive or negative sign opposite each. Such a proceeding would probably delight her and save her interviewer much aimless probing.

Her most ardent admirers must admit that her blue eyes, piquant nose and nondescript hair are certainly no more than pretty in a nice matter-of-fact way, but she behaves as though she were really beautiful. Corinne Griffith in her heyday was never more orchidaceous.

Those awfully clever people who can, or at least fancy they can, read character (to their own satisfaction at least) by simply scanning a face, are apt to be a bit puzzled with Ona Munson as a subject. Sometimes she looks as though she knew practically everything worth knowing; a sophisticate rather bored with the contemporary picture. Again she appears so utterly helpless that she actually inspires a protective interest. And the ability to inspire protective interest in Hollywood is as good as money in the bank.

Her Moods Are Beyond Her

NOT that she's a complex person. She isn't. It's simply that she's a many-mooded young person who hasn't yet mastered any of her moods, each one of which is promptly registered on her face.

She's twenty-two years old, but wears clothes that make her appear older. Her figure barely avoids being plumpish. She doesn't diet, but relies on dancing to remove surplus avoirdupois and keep her in fit physical condition. She has the typically over-developed calves of the habitual toe-dancer.

Unlike many of her compatriots, who list the piano as one of their accomplishments so long as they can stumble through "The Black Hawk Waltz," she is an exceptionally fine pianist.

She loves to gamble, and introduced a game played with five dice that she calls "Elimination Dice." She thinks golf the silliest of sports.

An assortment of congenial people is absolutely essential to her happiness.

Her mother, Mrs. Sallie Wolcott, has been with her continuously since she began her theatrical career in vaudeville at the age of fourteen.

DORIS DAWSON
POPULAR STAR

What Has She Done?

What has this clever girl done to make her hair so lovely? How does she keep those exquisite soft tones—those tiny dancing lights in her hair?

Her secret is Golden Glint Shampoo. You'd never think a single shampooing could make one's hair so beautiful, so radiant—and do it so easily! You'll be delighted with the soft loveliness—the "tiny tint"—it imparts. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 631 Rainier Ave., Dept. A
Seattle, Wash. * * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffleﬁnger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.

Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 61-C Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

Name.....

St. Address.....

City.....State.....

Do You Want to Be a Radio Artist?

Do you sing, play a musical instrument, or recite? Has anyone ever told you that you have a voice with a personality? Let your talents bring you success as a Radio Artist. Command Big Pay and a large audience. Our book "Radio Entertaining" tells all about the OPPORTUNITIES for those who have TALENT and how to DEVELOP and CASH IN on it—price only $1.00, postpaid. Those ordering "Radio Entertaining" and who desire to apply for an audition in your city or in a neighboring city, may list themselves with this Bureau and we will advise your nearest Broadcasting Stations. No charge for this service. A "Listing Questionnaire" for you to fill out and return, will be mailed with your copy of "Radio Entertaining." Send $1.00 today to the **National Radio Bureau,** Dept. R, Post Office Box 332, San Francisco, California.

FRENCH LOVE DROPS

"Le Secret de Paris"—an irresistible perfume, a tempting, tantalizing fragrance troubling the heart with dreams of love—the very quintessence of Love itself! A crystal vial sent you sealed in plain wrapper for only 98c cash, stamps or M.O.—or pay postman $1.30 on delivery.

FRENCH ROY CORPORATION
15 Park Row, Dept. P-12 New York.

The Secrets Of Their Hands

(*Continued from page 65*)

universal, and, whether you like her or not, she has that vital quality which makes up in undeniable charm what she may lack in subtlety.

A burly he-man's palm is that of George Bancroft. The short fingers and broad palm are those of the doer, rather than the thinker. The blunt, thick thumb indicates an unusual streak of stubbornness. The fate line, starting high up on the hand, is proof that success came fairly late in life; while the deep line running up to the base of the third finger tells you that that success will be lasting.

The heart line, longer and clearer than the head line, makes him a prey to his emotions and susceptible to flattery. He appeals to you because of the intensity of his emotions. The life line is cut deep into the palm and it is accompanied by an inner strengthening line. The head line is not, and never will be, the controlling factor in such a hand. It is the force of overwhelming emotions that carry conviction to the audience.

The hand of Charles Rogers displays a more prominent heart line than head line. And which assures us that Buddy is adept at pulling the heart strings

A subtle, sensitive and highly strung nature is shown by the palm of William Powell. This man is the sophisticated lover, capable of playing intelligently upon a woman's emotions. The long sloping head line indicates that he is a reader and a thinker, more interested in the artistic than the practical. The long crooked little finger is, as always, the mark of the diplomat. The long slender thumb is as potent a proof of the intelligent mind as the long head line, and this hand, like Ruth Chatterton's, indicates a talent that will give a finished performance regardless of the type of rôle it assumes.

He will always be something of an enigma, even to his closest friends. The narrow space separating the heart and head line in the middle of the palm shows that his thoughts will seldom be shared with those about him. His actions are the result of a calculated and far-sighted study, and he is perfectly at ease with, and satisfied with himself.

The hand of John Wayne is that of another newcomer, a youth taken from obscurity and thrown suddenly into the limelight. Like the fate line of Maureen O'Sullivan's hand, this one starts abruptly from the life line, showing a sudden rise to prominence. It is a well-balanced hand, with head and heart lines of almost equal length. The sloping head line on the broad palm indicates that the man is an adventurer, but he is the type who will search out the world with his body rather than his mind. The lack of lines low on the hand under the fourth finger also indicates that he will take his adventure where he finds it, rather than go searching for it in the far corners of the world. This is the type of hand that every mother, were she well-versed in palmistry, would be well-satisfied for her son to have. It is both steady and dependable, masculine and interesting.

The hand of Ramon Novarro is an artistic hand, sensitive, imaginative and idealistic. It has an extremely long heart line, running almost across the hand; but its low placement and termination at a point below the first finger show that such a man will make up to a woman in sympathy and understanding what he lacks in enthusiasm. He will go searching through the world for a woman who measures up to the dream picture of his ideal, and he will very rarely find her.

The head line, starting as it does inside the life line, marks the reticent nature. A man of this type will never wear his emotions on his sleeve; in fact, he will carry them so far within himself that they are sometimes lost even to himself. The star on the fate line tells of an unusual flare of success at about middle life.

This actor is one who plays on the dream world of his audience. His performances are delightful, and because they lack a certain compelling quality, the audience is left free to read into the interpretations of character a great deal of what they would like to find there. Women will find the owner of this hand charming, but he is not the type they would leave home and mother to follow to the end of the world.

Now take these diagrams, compare the shape and lines with those found in your own palm, and you will find the explanation for many of your enthusiastic preferences for certain movie stars.

There are many lines in each of these hands that space will not permit us to deal with, but the basic reasons for each player's appeal are so plainly written that, with a few hints, even the amateur will be able to analyze his particular likes and dislikes.

If you search until the end of time, you will not find two identical hands. But you will discover certain characteristics indelibly written in many palms that account for the sympathy those people are capable of inciting in you.

Not "The Sheik," but Warner Baxter as a member of the French Foreign Legion in "Renegades"

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 8*)

into a quiet seaside house under the care of doctors and nurses where for months she waged a gallant fight against fever and nervous breakdown.

The Welcomes They Received

THERE was no question of her joining her boy-husband. By mutual consent, it is said, they obtained an annulment of the marriage. And even then it was not made public.

Duncan Renaldo returned from Africa to find his home in Hollywood deserted. When he finally located his wife and boy, it was to discover that the old domestic difficulties that had caused their first separation still lay between them. Believing that a broken home was better for his son to grow up in than a quarrelsome one, he obtained a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility, without opposition from his wife, and settled as much alimony upon her as he could afford. He retired to a ranch cabin on the edge of the desert to write a book about his experiences in Africa, and to paint in savage primal colors the charcoal sketches he had made of jungle scenes.

Work on the picturization of "Trader Horn" was almost at a standstill, awaiting the recovery of Edwina. Gloria Swanson wanted Renaldo for her leading man. Henry King sent for him to make "Eyes of the World." But the studio held him, hoping at any moment to complete the ill-fated picture.

Then, suddenly, about a year and a half after the company had sailed for Africa, and more than ten months after it had returned, the newspapers blossomed out in headlines to the effect that Mrs. Renault Duncan had sued Edwina Booth for fifty thousand dollars, charging her with having broken up her home. Even in Hollywood fifty thousand dollars' worth of love is a whole lot of love, and Africa . . . and love cults . . . and midnight jungle moons. . . . It all made news. Papers all over the country copied the story.

Interesting—If True

HOLLYWOOD remembered that since Edwina Booth's recovery the dark young leading man of "Trader Horn" had been seen escorting the blonde leading lady of the picture to several first nights. It sniffed the air hopefully for romance. The rumor went around that Renaldo and Ed-

(*Continued on page 111*)

Twenty Happy New Years!

Do you remember when
Movies cost only a nickel—
And were a menace
To the penny arcades?

And do you remember who
Was first to tell the world
What was happening,
And was going to happen,
In the movies?

Then you know
Your movie history.

But if you had the misfortune
To be born a few years too late,
Perhaps you'll guess

That even in those early days
It was possible to get
The truth, the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth
About "the cinema" . . .

And it was possible to get
Exclusive photographs
(True, the pictures
Weren't as good as nowadays,
But nevertheless
You could get them) . . .

And it was possible to pick up
New facts, new revelations, and
New ideas—without having
To take a dose of hokum
Or slush along with them . . .

In the original screen magazine,
Now entering its twenty-first
Original year—

MOTION PICTURE

The Oldest---The Newest---The Best

HAIR IS YOUTH

Keep Yours

The very first application of Mary Greene's private, salon remedy, SIX-IN-ONE convinces you that Dandruff and Falling Hair can be eliminated. After a few treatments DANDRUFF DISAPPEARS—your scalp becomes clear and healthy—your Hair is stimulated to grow, it becomes strong, luxuriant and beautiful.

Send **$1.00** Today for 3 months' supply

Six-in-One is sold with a positive guarantee of satisfaction—send for large tube today, only $1.00 postage prepaid.

ORIGINATED AND SOLD ONLY BY

Mary Greene

Dept. B. 1 East 53rd St., New York

STOP DANDRUFF

CONSTIPATED?

Take NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable.
At druggists—only 25c.

FREE Write for sample of NR and beautifully colored 1931 calendar

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 16-M ST. LOUIS, MO.

Feel like a million, take

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

of your favorite MOVIE STAR WITH EVERY $5.00 ORDER.

Large Size Photographs

3 for $ .50 — 7 for $ 1.00
15 for 2.00 — 23 for 3.00
40 for 5.00 — 85 for 10.00

Clara Bow — Chas. Rogers

55 Different Poses of Rudolph Valentino

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE

Drawer V-1, Dept. M — Hollywood, Calif., U. S. A.

Dealers Wanted

BOW-LEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES

Improved by use of the Morris Invisible Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both. Send Ten Cents Coin or Stamps for Actual Photograph, sent in plain wrapper.

ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE
Ward 166—1032 Loew's State Bldg.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 15 — Springfield, Mass.

KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Affairs of love, marriage, home, business, suitable occupation, etc. etc. Complete astrological forecast—25 large pages. Send 75c and birthdate, or sent C. O. D. (plus postage). Also three questions answered as indicated by the Zodiac. **Money back if not more than pleased.**

THURSTON, 9-L, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS!

$1260 to $3400 Year

Mail Carriers — Postoffice Clerks — General Clerks

Men Women 18 to 50

Mail Coupon today sure

COUPON

Franklin Institute, Dept. T241, Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge (1) 32-page book with list of Government Jobs obtainable. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name .....

Address .....

The Things Men Do

(*Continued from page 70*)

It shows that he cares about you and is interested in your welfare. It is a much greater tribute than an idle, easy compliment.

Besides, I *like* to discuss my faults!

I dislike phlegmatic, insensitive men. I would rather a man be difficult, have tantrums, display temperament—and temper—than be dull.

I am interested in a man who reacts emotionally to circumstances and personalities. I am interested in a man who has *ideas* about things and will tell them to me—even if I disagree with him violently. But deliver me from a man who either does not react to such things or who tries to hide the fact! He is deadly!

The Malicious Male

NOTHING, I believe, irritates me so much as the man who thinks a woman should not have a job, should not enter politics, should not have a career. The man who denies a woman the right to express herself. He is a clod. And stupid, besides.

Even in this modern day, there are men who feel that women are usurping masculine privileges when they write or act or go into business or run for office. It seems incredible to me that anyone should hold such views now. But one meets them—even in this business.

I don't know what they expect women to do. There is not very much for them "in the home" any more. Women have proved that they can run homes and businesses simultaneously with great success.

Those men usually claim that they put women on pedestals. Well—a pedestal is a most uninteresting perch. No woman with any sense wants to occupy one.

What a man really means when he says he likes to put a woman on a pedestal is that he doesn't want her to count for anything at all. He is willing for her to be ornamental, amusing, perhaps—and stupid. He doesn't want her to compete with him, to the possible detriment of his vanity. He wants her to exist for his pleasure and that alone.

A Woman's Worst Enemy

HE doesn't want her to be a person. He wants her to be a luxury. Or a servant.

He doesn't want her to think or act for herself. He wants her to be a pleasing echo of him and his opinions. Dependent on him for everything. Which also flatters his ego.

He says he wants to revere her. But he wants to despise her ability and mentality at the same time.

He would allow her no initiative and no freedom, if he had his way. It isn't a pedestal at all, you know, upon which he wishes to place her. It's a little plush prison in which he wishes to confine her!

He wants to decide what sort of individual she shall be—and she will not be an individual at all. She will be a reflection of him—and a poor, drab creature who lives for his enjoyment.

These are usually the men who go about, viewing with alarm the tendencies of modern women to adopt sensible clothing, to wear short hair, to make themselves comfortable. They want us to be "feminine" and "clinging." What they really mean is that they want us to be completely useless and helpless.

They are just plain spoiled.

I don't like spoiled men. And, goodness! how many of them you see here and there! Their mothers begin it, I suppose. Wives and sweethearts complete the job. And there they are—thoroughly selfish and unpleasant beings.

Households revolve around them. Their comfort and convenience must always be considered before that of anyone else. They must be flattered and cajoled and soothed and "managed"—so that their highnesses shall not be ruffled or irritated.

Self-Made Heroes

THESE are the men who prate about being "heads of their households." They actually are petty tyrants! They behave like spoiled youngsters at forty. And call it "being masculine."

I dislike men who are not willing to grant a woman the same privilege of deciding questions of morality that they assume, themselves. Men who insist upon a double standard. Men who condone things in each other which they condemn in a woman. It's absurd. Ridiculous. Unjust.

If a man may decide these matters for himself and retain the respect of his fellows—then a woman should be allowed to do it, too.

I dislike men who lack tact. The burden of keeping things smooth and pleasant is too often pushed off onto women. They are expected to be tactful and adroit—and let the men blunder as they may.

A tactless man is either insensitive or lazy or just naturally selfish. There is no reason why he should not make as much effort to keep relations between people pleasant as a woman should.

I dislike personal vanity in a man. I want him to think of himself enough to be well groomed, always—to have that scrubbed, cold-water-and-outdoor look. But not to be too proud of his appearance—not to "take it too big!"

After all, personal vanity is a woman's prerogative.

Little things. They count so much. If men would only realize that and give it a little thought—how much nicer they would all be! And how much easier they would find it to get along with *us!*

Lois Moran all set for her daily canter

The Things Women Do

(*Continued from page 71*)

That sort of reply nettles him just a little, hurts his vanity, makes him wonder if he is as necessary to her as he had hoped. He loses his zest for the fights or the poker game. He wonders a little about these friends of hers with whom she is so happy. He is secretly a little bit jealous and he will not plan to leave her very often.

While he is away from her, he wonders, uneasily, what she is doing—and whether or not he hasn't made a mistake in separating himself from her for an evening!

You would think women would *know* that! But they do not seem to grasp that side of masculine psychology. Give a man plenty of freedom and he wants his bonds. Apply too much pressure and he chafes at it!

Hope Springs Eternal

EVERY man hopes to be good *friends* with the woman he loves. He hopes for a companionship which will be as satisfactory as his relationship with his best men friends—and which will have the added charm and thrill of the sex relationship.

It isn't enough to be just male and female. We all want something which transcends that. I suppose we want too much. We discount the personal thing. But we go on hoping.

We want to be perfect companions and still keep our freedom and integrity. We hate being fettered. We hate *having* to do things. We like to imagine that we *choose* to behave as we do. That we seek out a woman and spend our time with her because we *want* to do so.

If we feel that we must do it, that we are under some sort of obligation to do it and will be held to account if we fail, then it isn't so much fun. It's a little like going to school!

Of course, I believe that the only love that is really beautiful is unrequited love. That, I suppose, proves that I am immature. I have been told that it proved that. . . .

But—if you love a woman who does not return your feeling, she seems far, far away. You suffer and dream. You give her attributes which she possibly does not possess—and the lack of which might disappoint you if you came too close to her. You are in awe of her. She is wonderful beyond belief. A symbol. A lovely wraith. Out of your dreams you create a perfect being whom you worship from afar.

Mistakes Men Make

YOU can't do this with a person whom you see every day. In the first place, it is unfair. You create an image that is not real and try to force your beloved to live up to it. You keep on pushing her back onto her pedestal—and maybe she doesn't *want* to be there! Perhaps she doesn't enjoy the rôle you have chosen for her.

We all like to be loved—faults included! None of us wants to be reformed or made over.

Men, of course, persist in idealizing women and persist in being disappointed when the women do not measure up to our notions of what they should be. One thing that especially annoys me—and I think annoys most men—is to hear a woman speak maliciously of someone—and particularly when she is two-faced about it. It is a trait so many women have—that of being all sweetness to someone when she meets him and then making fun of him or gossiping about him behind his back. They do it to each other. But they do it to men, too.

It makes them seem dishonest and small. It makes us distrust them and despise them. And we resent their making us feel that way. *How* we hate it!

The Curse of Cuteness

ANOTHER thing that annoys me a good deal is a woman's refusal to grow old gracefully.

Maturity is beautiful and interesting. But maturity, decked out in childish raiment, is grotesque and irritating. Women who try to be cute after the age for cuteness is past would be pathetic if they weren't so aggravating.

Cuteness is a questionable charm, anyhow, I think. Nice in kittens and round, dimpled children. But likely to be something of a strain in a grown-up woman—even a young one. In a woman who is getting on—it's awful.

Southern women seem to go in a good deal for cuteness, it seems to me. Or perhaps I have just happened to meet some who made a business of it.

Women who babble and gurgle and giggle and jump about—women who are coy at forty—ugh!

I don't see why women shouldn't be as honest and straightforward and "regular" as men. I don't see why I shouldn't have women friends who are just as satisfactory as my men friends. I don't see why women should not be companionable and tolerant and fair and why one shouldn't enjoy them a lot.

As a matter of fact, as I said before, I do! They are all those things—most of them. I like most of the ones I know and I hope I shall know a great many more before I die.

Schoenbaum

Although she may be on the spot and being shot by our own cameraman, Russell Ball, between scenes of "Sin Takes A Holiday," Constance Bennett remains composed

BE *an* ARTIST
Earn *a* Fat Income

WHAT would you give to be thoroughly trained in Modern Art on which magazines, newspapers and publishers are spending millions every year? Many Federal Students who already have this training are earning from $2500 to $6000 a year—some even more.

More than fifty famous artists making big incomes themselves have contributed exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course in Illustrating. Through these lessons you may get the benefit of their long experience in Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, and Window Card Illustrating. Careful training through the Federal Course teaches you to turn simple lines into dollars. You learn at home in spare time. Earn while you learn if you wish. Through their professional success hundreds of Federal Students have already proved the value of this home study art instruction.

TEST YOUR TALENT—FREE

Fill out the coupon below and get the Free Book "A Road to Bigger Things." You will also receive our Free Vocational Art Test to measure your ability. When you fill this out and return to us our instructors will go over it and give you a frank opinion as to your ability.

Mail the Coupon NOW

—COUPON—

FEDERAL SCHOOL of ILLUSTRATING

1081 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Test Chart.

Name _____ Occupation _____

Age _____ Address _____

CHRISTMAS

with its joy and good will—why not extend its spirit over the whole year? The fund from the sale of Christmas seals in December will carry help and education against tuberculosis throughout all 1931.

The National, State & Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

Buy Christmas Seals

Fight Tuberculosis

GET RID OF FAT

HERE is good news for fat people. An amazingly simple, safe and sure way has been tried successfully by thousands of women and men who wanted to take off weight. No dieting. No exercising. No interference with daily routine. Hundreds have reported that they lost up to fifteen pounds within a month after using O.B.C.T. Send today for a trial treatment and get

Convincing Proof In Two Weeks!

Prove to yourself that O. B. C. T. is the most wonderful fat reducer ever prescribed. **Send no money.** Pay the postman $1.50 when the package arrives. **We positively guarantee that you will lose weight on the first box, or we'll refund your money.** Two weeks' treatment will convince you! Write today! **Start reducing right away!**

O. B. C. T. LABORATORY
4016 Lincoln Avenue Dept. 264 Chicago, Illinois

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 11447 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.**

MOLES and WARTS

REMOVED PERMANENTLY

Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTI-MOLE." One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts. **Miller Co., 2439 South St., Lincoln, Nebr.**

25¢ Insures Longer Life 3 Pairs Silk Stockings

DOLIN'S RUN PREVENTOR

Guaranteed to prevent ordinary runs from starting **and to stop** runs that have started. Send 25c for sample, enough to insure 3 pairs of stockings during their lifetime.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded
Agents Wanted
HARVEY DOLIN & CO.
P.O. Box 85. Station S. Brooklyn, N. Y.

A brief pause between two days—Leo Tovar, cinematographer, presents this photograph taken at midnight near Ketchikan, proving that night lasts only a few minutes in Alaska and that it never gets very dark there

Where Did You Get That Face?

(*Continued from page 77*)

middle of the night worrying about this ——— ——— picture! And to-day is the first time we actually did any shooting. Now listen: during my first day of directing I turned out twelve minutes of the picture; and it won't run over a hundred and ten minutes completed. That's something of a record. By the way, do you eat fish?"

Eager to change the subject from the rather excitable business of directing, I admitted a fondness for fish, and realizing that a man is often mellowed up by a good meal, I allowed Mr. Wolheim to urge me into the RKO lunchroom for a shot at some filet of sole. "Yes, I'm a lover of good cooking," he continued. "And I'll never forget a meal I had over in London at the Cheshire Cheese. Especially the lamb chops. They had been seared in boiling water before being broiled to a point where they were rather well done. And when I stuck my knife in them, the platter ran with blood. . . ."

What He Might Do

"BUT about this picture you're directing?" I inquired nervously. (Blood and knives, forsooth!) "Do you think it will be a box-office success?"

He said that my guess was as good as his. "It may flop or it may go over; and if it flops, it's nobody's fault but mine, for I have the best obtainable assistance. But I will say this much: I never as long as I live want to direct and act again at the same time. The strain is more than one man can stand. I shall try to confine my work to directing, unless Milly Milestone does another big picture and has a part for me. I'd grab that quick. One or two pictures a year is enough for an actor, anyhow."

And after he had finished his filet of sole, he added that directing was a more dignified pursuit. "And from now on I don't want any interviews unless they, also, are dignified. I don't mind being kidded, but there's two ways of doing it; and I object to the second. Catch on? Just before you arrived, an interviewer had the nerve to ask me if I'd ever been in a brawl! Now I don't give a hang if I never get any publicity, and I absolutely refuse to answer any such ——— fool questions!"

So you see why it was that I decided to postpone for the nonce my question relative to his phizz. It was just faintly possible that he might not construe it as the epitome of dignity. Maybe I could woo him into a mellower mood by playing up to this subject of directing—a mood in which he would divulge his life secrets and perhaps clear up the mystery of his unique nose.

The Moment That Seems a Year

"AND so I told that interviewer," Mr. Wolheim snarled, "that if he ever . . ."

"But speaking," I interrupted politely, "about directing. You like it, eh?"

"Sure I do! And I don't mind telling you that if it hadn't been for Miles Connelly, I probably would never have had a chance. While working on that railroad picture up in Seattle I got to know him pretty well, and I told him that I'd like to direct. He sold the idea to William LeBaron and I got

(*Continued on page 112*)

The Hot Spot

(*Continued from page 107*)

wina were already secretly married. It made a wonderful bit of gossip. The only drawback was that it wasn't true.

Several of the prop boys or cameramen who went on the African location trip were served with summonses as witnesses. But oddly enough none of the principals in the company—the director, Van Dyke, or Mr. and Mrs. Carey—was asked to testify.

The newspapers printed letters sent with African postmarks from Renaldo to his wife, beginning "Dearest Ching" and ending "I kiss you and Baby with all my love." They printed other letters also with African postmarks from Edwina to Schuck, beginning "Darling" and "Dearest" and ending "Good night, Lover Boy." Those letters were supposed to prove, Mrs. Duncan said, "they loved us when they went away. They loved us when they first reached Africa. When they returned they wanted us no more."

This conclusion was a long time coming to the bereaved husband and wife, who had been left behind in Hollywood. In the interval two marriages had been broken, without protest. And Mrs. Duncan's divorce was more than six months old. Its limit for re-opening had expired.

"We will overlook everything if they will come back to us," the bereft husband, Schuck, and the desolated wife, Mrs. Duncan say. The two of them have joined forces in this new suit. It might sound pathetic if one didn't wonder whether the time limit on broken hearts hadn't expired in ten months also.

Friends of Renaldo (who says nothing at all) claim that the fifty-thousand-dollar heart-balm suit was not brought until after long negotiations between the wife's lawyers and Renaldo for an increase in her alimony had ended in definite refusal. Until after the completion of the film was in sight with the prospect that both Renaldo and Edwina would probably make a big hit in the picture—and consequently "big money." Until Edwina had received valuable publicity from the studio, and might be expected to fear the bad publicity of such a lawsuit.

Friends of the blonde Edwina and the dark Duncan point out that to win such a lawsuit, one must have proofs to go on. And they suggest that the only arguments in favor of the love-theft theory are these: (1) Africa is six thousand miles from Hollywood. (2) Edwina is a blonde and very pretty. (3) Almost any girl might conceivably fall in love with Mr. Renaldo.

All of which are good arguments.

A welcome surprise is Esther Ralston's return to the screen, after a long absence, as Antonia the heroine in "The Southerner" which stars Lawrence Tibbett

Get This Album FREE!

This Large Black Seal-Leatherette Album—100 pages, loose-leaf, size 8½ by 10½ inches, weight two pounds, is specially made to hold the 5½ by 8-inch pictures that so many of our readers are collecting.

All you have to do is send us a one year subscription to Motion Picture Magazine—at our rate of $2.00 for twelve big issues—and we send you this Big Album Free! Subscribe to-day for some friend, or extend your present subscription. Money back if you are not delighted.

Please use this order blank

MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. 1 M-P-M
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 enter my subscription to Motion Picture Magazine for one year and send me the big Album—FREE!

Name.....

Street Address.....

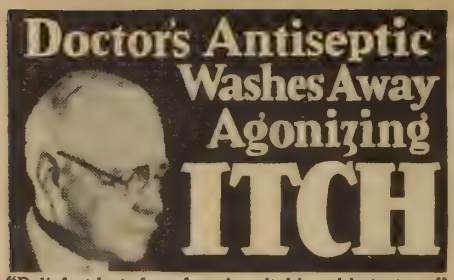
Town.....State.....

Start with.....issue.

Extend my present subscription ☐

Canada, add $1.00 Foreign, add $2.00

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY)



Doctor's Antiseptic Washes Away Agonizing ITCH

"Relief at last, from burning, itching skin torture." Such is the report of former skin sufferers who have used Dr. Dennis' famous prescription, D. D. D. For quick relief from eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, and other skin troubles, apply pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Its healing elements soothe the skin and allay irritation. Stops itching instantly. Clear, greaseless, and stainless. Penetrates the skin, dries up almost immediately. Try D.D.D. today. A 35c bottle will prove the merits of this antiseptic, or your money back. At all drug stores.

D.D.D. THE HEALING SKIN LOTION

The LUDY

South Carolina Ave. at the Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY'S NEWEST
Centrally Located Fireproof Hotel
Overlooking the Ocean
220 ROOMS with the last word in hotel equipment
Salt Water Baths Solarium
Ocean Deck Bathing from Hotel
European Plan $3 UP American Plan $6 UP
Fireproof Garage Attached
R. B. Ludy, M. D.

Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-E. Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Astrology

Will You Be Lucky in 1931?

What do the Stars foretell for 1931? Would you like to know? Our Special 12-page Astrological Reading gives predictions, month by month—with exact days, dates and happenings for 1931 based on your Sign of the Zodiac. Consult it before making any change in home or business affairs, signing papers, love, marriage, seeking employment, raises in salary, speculation, travel, friends, enemies, health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthday with $1.00 for reading.

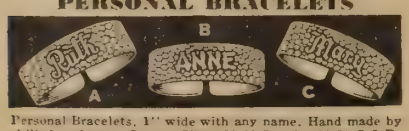
Franklin Pub. Co., 800 N. Clark St., Dept. 2200 Chicago

A BOOKLET BY DR. DENSMORE
on treatment for
reduction of corpulency
will be mailed without
charge upon request to
Dept. "K",
Garfield Tea Company
313—41st Street Brooklyn, New York

STORY IDEAS For Talking Pictures and Magazines wanted for development, revision, copyright and submission to studios and publishers. Established 1917. Location and exceptional facilities make our SERVICE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS. Sales dept. on commission basis. FREE BOOKLET gives full particulars.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
425 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

PERSONAL BRACELETS



Personal Bracelets, 1" wide with any name. Hand made by skilled craftsmen. German Silver $1.00, Sterling $2.50, C.O.D. 15c extra. Special prices for organizations. Write for Catalog.
Kustom Kraftsmen, 1024 Union Ave., Hillside, N. J.

Richee

The MacDonald Clan—They are, from left to right, Elsie, Blossom and Jeanette. Jeanette is following a film career, having just finished "Oh, For A Man!" and she will be "The Merry Widow" in Metro's talkie version while Blossom dances in musical shows

Where Did You Get That Face?

(*Continued from page 110*)

the job. I think the title of this picture is 'Sheep's Clothing,' but I'm not sure. It may be two or three other titles before we're through." And for the first time since luncheon had started, Louis's eyes shone with pure unadulterated joy. "A grand fellow, this Connelly," he cried. "And a first-rate producer, too!"

Quick to press my advantage, I popped the question: "Mr. Wolheim, were you born with that face of yours, or is it simply the result of some fiendish accident?"

No sooner were the words out of my mouth than I tried futilely to snatch them back—for a menacing gleam had entered his eye. The conversation in the lunchroom faded away to silence as though everyone were waiting for the word that would spell my doom. A plate crashed to the floor. Sue Carol at a nearby table burst out laughing. Rotten taste, I reflected, as I tried to rise from my chair but couldn't. Then I noticed that Louis Wolheim was grinning.

How It All Happened

"NAH, I wasn't born with this face. I got it playing football against a bunch of truck-drivers. They were hard babies, all right; but not half as hard as our field, which was a paved street in New York, down near the water-front. I must have been twelve or thirteen at the time.

"With the ball tucked under my arm, I was high-tailin' down the street, all set for a beautiful gain, when a team of horses galloped around the corner. I ducked and slipped and slapped my mug right on the pavement, only to bounce over in time for one of my truck-driver opponents to plant his heel on my nose—and if I wasn't the ——— ——— mess you ever saw! However, it all turned out for the best, for this face of mine has brought me in a pile of money.

"But don't think for a minute," he quickly added, "that I wouldn't have gravitated eventually to the stage, even though my appearance had remained normal! I think we all, when given an even break, finally find our niche in life. Some men take longer than others about it, but most of us get there eventually. Face or no face, the stage and screen is where I belong. Why I can remember the first night I ever went on. Just as I was about to step out on the stage, I said to myself: 'Wolheim, you silly ass, what d'you think you're tryin' to do?' But the moment I had spoken my first line, I knew definitely that at last I had found my life work.

"And I hope that directing is the particular branch of the drama that I fit; for I find it the most interesting. A director may use his brains, but such is bad for an actor, because if an actor tries to be too intelligent and analyze his part, the chances are ten to one that his performance will be stilted and unconvincing. I don't know which is the bigger job, but I do know that directing is the job I want, and, if all goes well, it's the job I'm going to keep. . . . What's that? A pity to waste my face behind a camera, eh? Well, never you mind about wasting my face: maybe we can write in the credit line: 'Directed by Louis Wolheim's face'—Ha! Ha! And if you have no more puissant questions to propound, we'll get out of here. I'm a half-hour late as it is, and a director should set an example to his company. . . . Here! I'll take that check!"

And, briefly, that's just what he did.

Do Your CLASSIC Shopping Early

Modern . . .
Original . . .
Thorough . . .
Illuminating . . .
Outspoken . . .
Newsy . . .

Photographic . . .
Informative . . .
Clear . . .
Terse . . .
Unbiased . . .
Rotogravured . . .
Exclusive . . .

Critical . . .
Lively . . .
Amusing . . .
Sane . . .
Sophisticated . . .
Inimitable . . .
Complete . . .

"It's the Magazine with the Personality"

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 86)

BOBBIE—Edward Martindel was born in Hamilton, Ohio. He is married to a non-professional, haven't her name. He appeared on the stage as an oratorio and concert singer; with musical comedy in Victor Herbert's operas; starred in "The Alaskan," leading man for Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Pauline Frederick. Also played in vaudeville. Entered pictures in 1917. His latest flicker is "Check and Double Check." Robert Montgomery has been married to Elizabeth Allen about two and a half years. Rosita Moreno hails from Spain. Educated in Mexico. Under the tutelage of her mother, a well-known Spanish folk dancer, she mastered Castilian dancing at an early age. Made her professional début at Buenos Aires in 1918. With Harry Delf in this country for the first time in 1925. Appeared in Shubert's "Pleasure Bound." A screen test at the Paramount studios on Long Island brought her a long-term contract. Playing in "Santa Fe Trail," Paramount Studios.

MUD PUDDLE—Thanks a lot for the good wishes. You bet I live in a hall-room and still drink buttermilk. Your favorite, Paul Lukas, was born in Hungary, May 26, 1897. Was educated in Hungary, attending the leading colleges there. He became a director of various scholastic entertainments. Made his début on the stage in 1916, playing at the Comedy Theater, Budapest, in the title rôle of Franz Molnar's "Liliom." Adolph Zukor attended a performance of "Antonia" in the Comedy Theater, and negotiated with him for an appearance in the United States. His rôle in Pola Negri's "Loves of An Actress," followed. Lukas is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 186 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. His favorite recreations are automobile racing and mechanics. Latest picture "Ladies Man," Paramount Studios.

JEAN—Boris Karloff was born in Lon- don, England, Nov. 23, 1887. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Educated at Uppingham and Kings College, London. Has appeared on the stage about ten years. First picture was "The Deadlier Sex," which was released in Mar. 1920. Most recent films released were—"Behind That Curtain," "Two Sisters," "Burning the Wind," "The Unholy Night," "The Sea Bat" and is now playing in "The Criminal Code," Columbia Studios. Real name is Pratt.

MARGE REAS—Better late than never, Sez you? Mitzi and Harry Green are not related. Mitzi's real name is Keno. Joan Bennett is divorced from John Martin Fox and has a daughter Adrienne, about a year and a half old. She is playing in "Scotland Yard." Madge Bellamy seems to have retired from the screen. Marie Prevost's latest picture is "War Nurse." John Boles hails from Greenville, Texas, has a birthday on Oct. 28. Larry Kent Sept. 15, 1900, he is five feet ten, weighs 155 pounds, has light brown hair and green eyes. Appearing in "The Seas Beneath," Fox Studios. Alice White is still single.

NONA—Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City, July 29, 1895, he is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Sydney Chaplin, Cape Town, South Africa, he is five feet seven and a half inches tall, 165 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes. Tom Tyler, Dorothy Gulliver, Joe Bonomo and William Desmond have the leading rôles in the ten chapter all-talking Western serial, "The Phantom of the West," in production at the Mascot Pictures Studios. Nick Stuart, Ann Christy, Tom Santschi and Ralph Lewis in "The Fourth Alarm." Charles Morton, Miriam Seegar and Buck Jones "The Dawn Trail," Columbia Studios.

JOHN S.—Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., April 1, 1883, and was one of the greatest of screen personalities. Because of his many marvelous characterizations with which he has graced the screen, he was known as "the man with a thousand faces." He was a profound student of the art of make-up, spending hours before the mirror in an attempt to create some new depiction with which to delight his legion of admirers. He began his career as a property man, later developing into a dancer, and astonishing as it may seem, a chorus boy. His career as a comedian was suddenly cut short when he burst upon the world as the cripple in "The Miracle Man," and from that day he has been identified with serious rôles. He was five feet ten inches tall, weighed 165 pounds, and had dark hair and brown eyes.

L. S.—Another national pest is the bowl weevil. He sits behind you at the football games and sticks the toes of his shoes into your back. George Arliss was born in London, England, Apr. 10, 1868. Has appeared on the stage about thirty-eight years, appearing in many successes. Screen career consists of "The Ruling Passion," "Disraeli," silent and talkie versions, "The Green Goddess," "The Man who Played God," "The Devil" and "Old English." He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has grey hair and brown eyes. Married to Florence Montgomery, who played with him in "Disraeli." Let's hear from you again real soon.

(Continued on page 115)

GRAY HAIR GONE

Millions of women have gained ever-youthful hair Mary T. Goldman's way. Simply comb colorless liquid through hair and desired youthful shade returns — black, brown, auburn, blonde. This SAFE way leaves soft, natural texture. Easy to wave or curl. Will not rub, wash off or stain.

Don't hesitate. No risk or expense.

FREE Coupon brings *Free Test Package.* Snip off a lock of hair. Try it first this safe way. Convince yourself.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3310 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Send for FREE Catalog
2,000 Illustrations

QUALITY CHRISTMAS GIFTS
GENUINE **Diamonds** GUARANTEED

Our Diamonds are all sparkling blue white Gems of amazing beauty, set in artistic Solid 18-k White Gold mountings (except No. 907, which is 14-k Green Gold). Credit Terms: Pay one-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly at your convenience.

No. 918 $37.50 $1.00 a Week

No. 27 $71 $1.75 a Week

No. 907 $98.50 $2.50 a Week

Strap Watch

No. 960. Elgin "Home Run" Strap Watch, 17 Jewels. $39.75 $3.97 Down; $3.97 a Month

"Miss America" No. 962

Beautiful Wrist Watch — Dust proof Bulova case, 16 jewels. Watch and bracelet set with 6 synthetic sapphires. $37.50 $3.75 Down; $3.75 a Mo.

HOW TO ORDER— State article desired—name of employer—kind of work you do—how long in position—age—married—where live—how long there. EVERYTHING CONFIDENTIAL. Send first payment OR goods sent for your FREE Examination on request.

CASH OR CREDIT

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Estd. 1858

DEPT. H-615 108 North State St. Chicago, Ill.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being afraid of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c for this amazing book.

RICHARD BLACKSTONE B-371 FLATIRON BLDG. N. Y. C.

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

10¢ Buys 100

Engel "Art Corners" 5 Styles 5 Colors are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Surprise Entry. Write

ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 23N, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.

We Teach Beauty Culture

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 6-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

DOLLARS AND SENSE

MONEY-SAVING OFFERS

Show Good Sense and Save Dollars by ordering your Magazines through us

Motion Picture Classic
Motion Picture Magazine
Both for One Year →
$3.00
No. 1C Save $1.00

Motion Picture Magazine
Cosmopolitan
Both for One Year →
$4.25
No. 2C Save 75c

Motion Picture Magazine
McCall's Magazine
Redbook
All for One Year →
$4.50
No. 3C Save $1.00

Motion Picture Magazine
American Magazine
Woman's Home Companion
$4.75
No. 4C All for One Year → Save 75c

Motion Picture Magazine
Vanity Fair
Both for One Year →
$5.25
No. 5C Save 75c

Motion Picture Magazine
McCall's Magazine
Better Homes & Gardens
Pictorial Review
$3.45
No. 6C All for One Year → Save $1.15

Motion Picture Magazine
College Humor
Both for Two Years →
$7.50
No. 7C Save $1.50

Motion Picture Magazine
Vogue (26 issues)
Both for One Year →
$7.00
No. 8C Save $1.00

Motion Picture Magazine
American Home
World's Work
All for One Year →
$6.25
No. 9C Save 75c

Canadian Subscribers Must Pay Additional Postage for some Magazines. Write Us For Prices

Remit by Money Order or Personal Check

USE THIS COUPON - - - - -

Motion Picture Magazine (1-M)
Paramount Building
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is $.....

Please send me Club No.....
☐New. ☐Renewal.

Name .....

Address .....

Helen Twelvetrees put Ghost through some of his tricks in Dinosaur Canyon, Arizona, where she was on location with Bill Boyd working in "The Painted Desert"

Answers To The Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1—**Having neglected to visit the barbers,** his long hair attracted the attention of Raoul Walsh who was casting "The Big Trail."

2—**Lina Basquette, who is dancing at The** Club Richman, is his latest flame.

3—**Maurice Chevalier has been quoted as** saying the Americans have worked him to death and that he did not care for the U. S., possibly to allay the Parisians who were somewhat cold to him, having heard a previous statement he made about wishing to be an American.

4—**You would never guess that it was the** very feminine Constance Bennett who was also captain of a basket ball team.

5—**The proud papas are: Robert Mont**gomery, Chester Morris and Stepin Fetchit. The first two mentioned have daughters and Stepin has a Junior.

6—**Inez Norton has arrived on the Coast to** work in the movies. You will remember her as the actress-sweetheart of the late Arnold Rothstein.

7—**No. She is receiving a monthly allow**ance of $1,000 and his estate is valued at about $100,000.

8—**Ann Harding has the distinction of** never having had her hair cut and she has always worn it straight.

9—**Gloria's charge in her suit was deser**tion. She did not mention Constance Bennett with whom the Marquis is constantly seen.

10—**At the time Mrs. MacLean went to** Reno she must have been referring to Lorraine Eddy to whom Douglas has been very attentive.

11—**Because Marian Lowry, hopelessly** in love with Jack, committed suicide after attending a gay party with Oakie, he was asked to explain their relationship.

12—**Dolores and Jaime (deceased) Del** Rio were very poor and they did not lead a life of ease and luxury until she began earning a movie star's salary.

13—**Jocelyn Lee married to Luther Reed** last summer and now suing him for divorce wants an adjournment of the case because of impending maternity.

14—**Due to the fact that Clara is now** working on a gambling picture called "No Limit," it looks a lot as if it was a perfectly planned publicity story.

15—**She is a "dead ringer" for Dolores** Costello and is being prepared for stardom to fill the place of Dolores at the Warner Studio.

16—**Kendall Lee who plays a society girl** in the picture is Mrs. Jules Glaenzer, wife of the vice-president of Cartier's, jewelers of Fifth Avenue, New York.

17—**Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraly came** to blows while Kraly was dancing with Mrs. Lubitsch, who is waiting for her divorce to become final so she can marry Kraly.

18—**Ramon Novarro has been trying to** be the life of every party and in a playful mood at one affair dislocated Elsie Janis's shoulder.

19—**William Haines has opened an An**tique shop on La Brea Avenue in Hollywood.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 113*)

BERNICKY—Robert Montgomery's latest picture is "Inspiration." Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901. Jack Holt, May 31, 1888. Ben Lyon, Feb. 6, 1901. Janet Gaynor, Oct. 6, 1907. Charles Farrell, Aug. 9, 1905, latest picture "The Man Who Came Back," you're right Janet is co-starring. Joseph Wagstaff played opposite Lois Moran in "Song of Kentucky." Jeanette Loff played an organ in a theater in Portland, Oregon, before entering pictures. Robert Armstrong wrote and acted in plays and vaudeville skits.

EMILY B.—Yes, the picture "A Man From Wyoming" was at one time called "Civilian Clothes." Fredric March was born in Racine, Wis., Jan. 23, 1899. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Real name is Fredric McIntrye Bickel, married to Florence Eldridge and is appearing in "Strictly Business." John Holland, Kenosha, Wis., about twenty-seven years old and was formerly known as Clifford Holland. Has brown hair and eyes and is still a bachelor. Fredric March was cast as *Gunner McCoy* in "True to the Navy" but was also called *Bull's Eye McCoy* by the boys.

MARY S.—Johnny Arthur was born in Scottsdale, Pa. He is five feet eight and weighs 140 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Educated at Columbus, Ohio, high school, and in college at Washington, D. C. Has had twenty-five years stage training. Latest picture is "Going Wild," First National Studios. Armida is appearing on the stage in a musical production "Nina Rosa" at this time. John Boles latest is "Resurrection," Universal Studios. Mona Maris was born in Buenos Aires, Argentine, she is five feet six, weighs 118 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. Real name Maria Rosa Capdevielle and is of French and Spanish descent. Appearing in "The Sea Beneath," Fox Studios.

MARIANNA—Astronomers, we learn, measure the heat of the stars with an instrument that will record one-half of one millionth of a degree. We must get one for our janitor. Clive Brook was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 149 pounds, brown hair and grey eyes. Married to Mildred Evelyn, they have two children, a daughter, Faith and a son, Clive Jr. Latest picture "East Lynne." Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., about twenty-eight years ago, she is five feet five, weighs 112 pounds, has black hair and grey eyes. Appearing in "The Passion Flower," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

GEORGE—You refer to Joan Crawford, who played opposite John Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out." John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis., about twenty-seven years ago. He has brown hair and eyes, real name Clifford Holland. Lloyd Hughes, Bisbee, Ariz., Oct. 21, 1897. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and grey eyes. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 6, 1907. She is five feet tall and weighs 108 pounds, has red gold hair and brown eyes. Attended schools in Florida, Chicago and San Francisco. In 1925 she landed her first job in Hollywood as an extra girl. Later appearing in two-reel westerns and finally was selected for a part in "The Johnstown Flood." She was immediately placed under contract with Fox. I would suggest that you send along a self-addressed envelope for the list of pictures she has played in.

LINDA—How does your name look in print? Guess my life will be spared now, hey what! Barbara Stanwyck was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Real name is Ruby Stevens and has been married to Frank Fay since 1928. Frank hails from San Francisco, Cal. He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, and has red hair, blue eyes. Ann Harding was born on Aug. 7th, no record of the year. Mary Astor, May 3, 1906, and her real name is Lucille Langhanke.

H. W. A.—A lot of girls wouldn't be dancing with tears in their eyes if they'd wear shoes that fit. Hugh Trevor was born in Yonkers, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1903. Educated at Harvard, Townsend Harris, Columbia, Riverside Colleges. Has had no stage experience. Hobbies, swimming and tennis. Screen experience started in 1927 when he sold an insurance policy to Richard Dix who arranged for a screen test for him. His latest production is "The Queen's Husband," Radio Pictures Studios. I guess he is your former classmate alright. Why not write him at the above studio, I'm sure he'd be glad to hear from you.

J. G.—Claire Luce was born in Syracuse, N. Y. Was educated in Rochester by tutor and in the public schools. Later she took special courses at Columbia University, N. Y. Began the study of dancing early and mastered the art before she attempted to obtain a stage engagement. Made her début in "Little Jessie James" on Broadway. Later became a featured dancer in "The Music Box Revue," after which she went to Paris where she acted and danced in one of the big revues. Finally replaced

(*Continued on page 119*)

Her Hands

lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping

1920

"..thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

1930

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married . . . "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically . . . "so smooth and white and dainty."

A Great Discovery

Modern young homemakers themselves discovered, in using Lux for their silks and woolens, that the gentle, bland Lux suds work the same magic with their hands as with their fine fabrics.

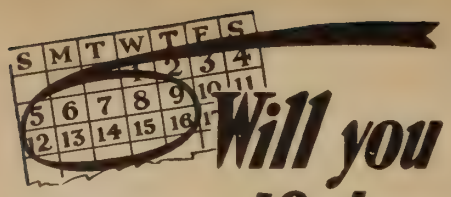
Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, 96 out of every 100 use Lux—to keep their hands lovely . . . in spite of housework!

Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day—thanks to the magic of Lux!

FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually cannot tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman with maids and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

They know that ordinary coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while the gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils of the skin, keeping busy hands smooth and white. Yet Lux for dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

For lovely hands · costs less than 1¢ a day



Will you give me 10 days TO PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU SLENDER

—Annette Kellermann

HOW many pounds do you want to take off? How, many inches do you want to reduce your neck, bust waist, hips, arms, legs, calves? In just 10 days you can have the **proof** that my personal methods will give you a slender, graceful figure. It was through these methods that I developed "the body beautiful" and won fame as "the world's most perfectly formed woman." And by these same methods I have kept my weight and figure without change of one pound or one inch for over fifteen years.

40,000 women of every weight, age and condition of life have been benefited by these methods. No need now for you to fear obesity in any part of the body.

Graceful posture and poise come with this new figure you will acquire. Health too—health, that will glow in a rosy complexion free from sallowness, wrinkles, pimples, "fag lines." Pep and energy that will make life worth living! Your whole system will be cleansed of impurities. Constipation and other ailments contributing to your present condition will be corrected.

And it's fun this quick easy way. Spend only 15 minutes with my special methods daily. I allow you plenty of delicious, satisfying foods, but they produce energy instead of fat. I use no drugs or pills; prescribe no starvation diets.

You owe it to yourself to learn about my tested methods. I invite you to send for a free copy of my book, "The Body Beautiful." But please act at once. Mail the coupon below or write. Address, Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 3811, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, INC., Suite 3811
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: I want to lose.....pounds. Send me your booklet, "The Body Beautiful." Requesting it does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

$5000.00 Cash Prizes
READ PAGE 87

He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Cut out this ad; write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a little booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," giving an interesting synopsis of the revelations disclosed in "Fascinating Womanhood," will be sent postpaid. No embarrassment—the plain wrapper keeps your secret. Send your dime today.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
585 Kingsland Ave. Dept. 12-A St. Louis, Mo.

In The Starry Kingdom

(*Continued from page 12*)

Haines, William—recently completed *Remote Control*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hall, James—recently completed *Divorce Among Friends*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Halliday, John—playing in *The Spy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Spy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlan, Kenneth—playing in *Fingerprints*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *The Confessions of a Co-Ed*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Dirigible*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *Reaching for the Moon*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *The Shepper-Newfounder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Johnson, Kay—playing in *The Spy*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *Min and Bill*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keith, Ian—recently completed *The Sin Ship*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kerrigan, J. M.—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Kohler, Fred—playing in *Heart of the North*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Laye, Evelyn—recently completed *Escapade*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Dixie—playing in *No Limit*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Dorothy—playing in *Hook, Line and Sinker*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Gwen—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—last release *Feet First*—Lloyd Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loder, Lotti—recently completed *Man of the Sky*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carol—playing in *Alias Mrs. Wallace*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *The Shepper-Newfounder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lugosi, Bela—playing in *Dracula*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Ladies' Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *Ex-Mistress*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Lytell, Bert—playing in *Brothers*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Oh! For a Man*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Once a Sinner*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

MacKenna, Kenneth—playing in *The Man Who Came Back*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Strictly Business*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Maris, Mona—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Land Rush*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mercer, Beryl—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miljan, John—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—recently completed *The Bat Whispers*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—playing in *East Lynne*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—recently completed *Scarlet Pages*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—last release *Call of the Flesh*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *On the Spot*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Reducing*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—playing in *Kiki*—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Pidgeon, Walter—recently completed *The Hot Heiress*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *This Modern World*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *Alias Mrs. Wallace*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—playing in *Within the Law*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *Big Money*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ralston, Esther—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City Cal.

Rennie, James—playing in *Captain Blood*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rich, Irene—last release *Check and Double Check*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Charles—recently completed *Along Came Youth*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *A Connecticut Yankee*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Rollins, David—playing in *The Seas Beneath*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ruggles, Charlie—playing in *Strictly Business*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

* * *

Sebastian, Dorothy—playing in *Brothers*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Queen's Husband*—Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Skinner, Otis—last release *Kismet*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *Illicit*—Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Inspiration*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—last release *What a Widow!*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Talmadge, Norma—last release *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood. Cal.

Taylor, Estelle—playing in *Cimarron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tibbett, Lawrence—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Toomey, Regis—playing in *Unfit to Print*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *The Painted Desert*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Vail, Lester—playing in *Beau Ideal*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Vaughn, Alberta—playing in *Stell of the Circus*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Resurrection*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry B.—playing in *Tol'able David*—Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Wayne, John—playing in *Wyoming Wonder*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Marjorie—recently completed *Oh! For a Man*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Whiting, Jack—recently completed *Man of the Sky*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Withers, Grant—recently completed *Scarlet Pages*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wolheim, Louis—recently completed *The Sin Ship*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Land Rush*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Heart of the North*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in *The Southerner*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

The Hollywood Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

I don't know what they do in your town but whenever we see a picture in Los Angeles we are presented with little tokens of good-will, quite free of charge. They may be dolls or strings of almost real pearls or squirts of perfume or most anything. At **RAIN OR SHINE** each of us got a dandy nice package of a breakfast food. I'm going back next week for the cream and sugar.

. • .

This isn't a review or paid advertising but if you think anything of your old philosopher and friend (and you do, don't you?) you'll be sure to see JOE COOK in **RAIN OR SHINE.** So far as I'm concerned, it is the best movie since—since—come to think of it perhaps it's the best movie ever made.

Remember it's JOE COOK. COOK is the name and the boy comes through with the best humor ever seen in these wastelands. For my Rocky Mountain readers I will break out with the information that JOE COOK is a New York comic of which there is none more comic unless it be TOM HOWARD. And he's in the same picture. Also in the picture, too, besides and in addition notwithstanding is JOAN PEERS—a neat package of yum-yum if I ever saw one.

. • .

MAJOR IMPROVEMENTS DEPARTMENT

Every once in a while we will print here a list of major improvements for the benefit of producers and later, we hope, for the benefit of pictures in general. The service is donated out of the goodness of our heart.

This first list of major improvements concerns itself with COLLEGE MOVIES. If studios simply *will* make college movies, the least they can do is heed the following suggestions for their improvement:

1—No extras over forty (40) may appear as undergraduates.

2—Elimination of boy who, standing with two or three other "undergraduates," says: "Look, fellows—*there's Tom now!*"

3—Elimination of apple-cheeked coaches who wear rough-neck sweaters and give pep talks between halves of the big game.

4—Utter destruction of girl "undergraduate" extra who Charlestons during "wild party" scenes.

5—Omission of all scenes of those cheer leaders who wear funny little caps and who are just too college for any use.

6—Deletion of all shots of fraternity and sorority life, including those intimate "just us girls" boudoir scenes, fraternity joshing and boys who play ukuleles.

7—Strict cutting wherever girl undergraduates with broken hearts cry into their pillows.

8—Complete annihilation of all footage devoted to college girl "vampire" who supposedly gets her men by sly winks, the while puffing a naughty cigarette.

9—Quick death to those road-house party scenes wherein the hero (OUR TOM) and his chums completely clean up on a gang of 400 hard-boiled gents.

10—Less and still less of those shots of that same hero (the very same TOM) stretched out in bed with a white bandage around his head, fighting his way from the very jaws of death under the loving eyes of his sweetheart, the college President ("Now I understand everything, TOM") and the president of the bank (of *course* he's the girl's dad) who wants TOM to come in with him as *full partner!*

. • .

And soon, if what we have left of our health holds out, we'll turn over our Major Improvement Department to gangster pictures.

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN

what is their dangerous power?

Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!

SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, *at will.* Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still *to use.*

What is it? Beauty? Not *great* beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you say of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you *study them closely.* And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. *Her* plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurement.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

At Last the Secret Is Known

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full.* It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times.

Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows beauty, her first work, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average woman,* the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

Lucille Young

FREE

LUCILLE YOUNG BLDG., CHICAGO

LUCILLE YOUNG,
510 Lucille Young Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book, "Making Beauty Yours." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

Name_____

St. Address_____

City_____ State_____

BRAND NEW
GENUINE *Model 3*
CORONA
LOWEST PRICE EVER OFFERED

$2.00 DOWN
BALANCE EASY TERMS

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered! Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., MANUFACTURER'S GUARANTEE. Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest, portable built. Try this wonderful portable typewriter—the same machine that has satisfied 500,000 users.

Yours for 10 Days FREE—Send No Money

Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it 10 days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price or on such easy terms. Remember these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

Carrying Case Included—If You Act Now

Leatherold carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money—just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. Mail coupon today!

MONEY SAVED
By Using This Coupon

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
(Corona Division)
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. B-130

Ship me the Corona. F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, and get my money back. You are to give your standard guarantee.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Employed by*_____

Send One Dollar
and we will forward
the next
SIX ISSUES of
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
and 24 New Pictures Free
Read Special Offer on page 91
Send Your Order Today

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 80*)

Lottery Bride—Bizarre musical adventures befall Jeanette MacDonald in the Far North, as the most desirable of a boatload of women destined for unknown husbands (U. A.).

Love in the Rough—Robert Montgomery succeeds in both love and life by playing golf. A neat little comedy (M-G-M).

Madame Satan—The familiar De Mille triangle theme, decked out even more lavishly than usual, and climaxed by a symbolic masked ball on a zeppelin. Reginald Denny, Kay Johnson and Lillian Roth are the illustrations (M-G-M).

Maybe It's Love—Again, college comedy, romance and football, with Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett, and the All-American team. Slightly above the average (W. B.).

Misbehaving Ladies—A mistitled story about what happens in a small town when a native becomes a princess. A whimsical farce, with Louise Fazenda most amusing (F. N.).

Moby Dick—Herman Melville's great yarn of the White Whale and the man who relentlessly pursued it degenerates into a limpid romance. John Barrymore, however, gives a memorable performance (W. B.).

Monte Carlo—Sophisticated love and sparkling humor in an operetta original in that songs do not slow up the action. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are the lucky principals (Par.).

The Naughty Flirt—Alice White distressingly real as a member of the saucier portion of the younger generation (F. N.).

The Office Wife—Lewis Stone finds his secretary, Dorothy Mackaill, more interesting than his wife, Natalie Moorhead. Disappointing in that an old theme is endowed with no new angles (W. B.).

Old English—George Arliss as a delightful old sinner who believes it is never too late to enjoy oneself (W. B.).

Our Blushing Brides—Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian as three shopgirls who find romance amusingly different from their expectations (M-G-M).

On Your Back—Irene Rich gives one of the best portrayals of her career as the ambitious mother who succeeds in all ways but one (Fox).

Outside the Law—Cooped up in an apartment after robbing a bank, Mary Nolan and Owen Moore convince you their nerves are frazzled. The story is somewhat less convincing (Univ.).

Outward Bound—A strange, crewless ship is putting out to sea, and those on board are sailing to no earthly port. An undepressing fantasy of after-life, with Sidney Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Helen Chandler at the top of a small, fine cast. One of the year's talkie events (W. B.).

The Playboy of Paris—The one and only Chevalier as a much-put-upon waiter who inherits a million francs and has to keep on working. A gay, giddy comedy—with Stuart Erwin crowding Chevalier for the honors (Par.).

Queen High—Charles Ruggles and Frank Morgan show what can happen when you play cards. In a reasonably comic and musical comedy (Par.).

Raffles—As a gentleman crook with a sense of humor, Ronald Colman treats us to some high-hat excitement (U. A.).

Rain or Shine—Joe Cook, one reason why Broadway is Broadway, succumbs to the talkies in what is nothing less than a circus (Col.).

The Rap—Parodying prison pictures, Laurel and Hardy venture into feature-length comedies. The result is a riot (M-G-M).

Renegades—Warner Baxter as a French Legionnaire, and Myrna Loy as a spy, who cheat themselves of love. A strong talkie, ending in tragedy (Fox).

Reno—Ruth Roland returns to the screen in what might have been an exposé of divorce mills, but actually is conventional melodrama (Sono-Art).

River's End—Charles Bickford in a dual rôle, amazingly photographed. An unreal story of the Northwest Mounted, but Bickford himself is real enough (W. B.).

Romance—Speaking with an Italian accent, living in the last century, Greta Garbo finds romance, forfeits it. Sentimental, but intense (M-G-M).

The Santa Fé Trail—An easy-going Western involving Richard Arlen and those two young picture-stealers, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin (Par.).

Scarlet Pages—A woman is on trial for her life, and a woman is defending her—Marian Nixon and Elsie Ferguson, respectively. It has suspense (F. N.).

The Sea God—Richard Arlen as a hard-boiled sea captain, looking for fights and pearls in dangerous seas. He is good in the surprise rôle (Par.).

The Sea Wolf—The late Milton Sills again the strange, sinister sea captain who is a mixture of mental cunning and physical force. A strong picture, and his last (Fox).

See America Thirst—Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville are mistaken for two beer barons in a fast-moving satire of underworld life (Univ.).

The Silver Horde—Rex Beach's story of Alaskan salmon-fishing evaporates into a pale talkie, with Evelyn Brent almost retrieving it (RKO).

Sinners' Holiday—Love and underworld intrigue on an amusement pier, with Grant Withers and Evalyn Knapp proving their potentialities (W. B.).

Song O' My Heart—John McCormack as an Irishman who emigrates to America and finds fame and fortune. He sings generously en route (Fox).

The Spoilers—Honest Gary Cooper lands in a dishonest mining camp and eventually has to fight things out with William Boyd. The fight is worth seeing (Par.).

The Squealer—Jack Holt as a gang leader, first out of prison, then in. Suffers by comparison with earlier underworld and prison films (Col.).

The Storm—Varying her accent, Lupe Velez is French Canadian, and is snowbound in a cabin with William Boyd and Paul Cavanagh. There is no great emotional storm, as you might expect (Univ.).

Sweethearts on Parade—Alice White being pursued by the marines and the sailors. Occasionally amusing (Col.).

Take Your Medicine—Mack Sennett's second adventure in all-color, all-talking comedies. And the humor is worthy of the embellishment. Watch for these "brevities" (Educ.).

Those Three French Girls—Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel as three Parisiennes who cultivate three tourist boy-friends, and are more often funny than not (M-G-M).

Top Speed—A regulation musical comedy, with Jack Whiting and Bernice Claire romantically comic, and Joe E. Brown and Laura Lee comically romantic (F. N.).

The Truth About Youth—You might think an old-fashioned girl like Loretta Young would like young David Manners, but she prefers the older Conway Tearle. And that is the truth (F. N.).

Up the River—A picture packed with man-sized laughs, evolving about life in a prison, with Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer the best pair of jail-breakers this side of real life (Fox).

Viennese Nights—The romance of Old Vienna, and worth seeing this time. There is some good music, well sung by Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray and Walter Pidgeon (W. B.).

The Virtuous Sin—Kay Francis is married to Kenneth MacKenna, but falls in love with Walter Huston, and stays in love. In Russia, where people do strange things. A fair story with fine acting (Par.).

Vitaphone Varieties—One of the principal reasons why stage vaudeville is dying out. Shorts that give you everything from grand opera to animated cartoons (W. B.).

War Nurse—The story of the girls—both good and bad—who went to war. Powerful, but moviesque drama, enacted by a fine cast headed by June Walker from the stage (M-G-M).

The Way of All Men—With death lurking in a flood, several men and one woman change character. When danger passes, all but Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Dorothy Revier change back. Interesting, but slow (F. N.).

Way for a Sailor—John Gilbert in dungarees and without a mustache, in a salty story about a handsome sea-dog who has a girl in every port. The best chance he has yet had in the talkies—and he makes the most of it (M-G-M).

What A Widow!—Gloria Swanson on a rollicking spree of well-dressed slapstick, showing what a modern woman can do when she casts off suppressed desires (U. A.).

Whoopee—Heretofore, only the larger cities have seen a Ziegfeld show, but here is one for all the world to see. Besides being handsomely staged, it boasts some honestly funny musical comedy by the electric Eddie Cantor (U. A.).

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 115*)

Mistinquette, the French première danseuse. On her return to the United States in 1926 she became a première danseuse with "Ziegfeld Follies." Entered pictures in June 1930, her latest being "Up the River." She is five feet three, weighs 110 pounds, has blondiest of hair and blue eyes.

LOU—Genevieve Tobin was born in New York City, Nov. 29, 1904. Has appeared on the stage in "Balmy Days," "Little Old New York," "Polly Preferred," "Dear Sir," The Trial of Mary Dugan" in London and "Fifty Million Frenchmen." First screen appearance in "A Lady Surrenders." She has a fine soprano voice, dances and has broad dramatic talents as is proved by her work as *Mary Dugan*. Plays the harp and piano. Designs her own clothes and has designed a majority of her stage wardrobe. She is five feet three and half inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has light reddish-brown hair and green eyes.

JUST ME—The songs you refer to that were played and sung in "Party Girl" were "Farewell" and "Oh! How I Adore You." Jeanette Loff is not married. She was born in Idaho on Oct. 9, 1906. John Boles and Lupe Velez in "Resurrection." Richard Arlen has never ridden the range of any state. He knows no tricks of horsemanship or lariat throwing as did the western stars of the past. He rides well and his athletic prowess and ability as an actor enables him to impersonate one who has spent his life among the sagebrush. His latest flicker is "Stampede."

MERRIL E. H.—I'll say your fulla questions but I'll answer as many as I have room for. Dorothy Lee was born in Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1911. She is five feet one, weighs 95 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue-gray eyes. Dorothy took up stage dancing and went to New York. Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, saw her and got her a part in his musical comedy "Hello Yourself." Later secured a rôle in "Syncopation," Radio Pictures' first all-musical talkie. She is appearing in "Hook, Line and Sinker," Radio Pictures Studios. Don't forget to write Miss Lee, I'm sure she'd be glad to hear from you.

ROSELLE—Margaret Livingston was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 25, 1901. She is five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, auburn hair and brown eyes. She is of Swedish and Scotch descent and is not married. First feature picture "Wandering Husbands" which was released in May 1924. Has had no stage experience. Hobbies dancing and riding. Latest production "Big Money." Zasu Pitts, Parsons, Kansas, in 1898, five feet six, 110 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Tom Gallery. Zasu had two aunts whose names were Eliza and Suzan, thus her name. Playing in "Sin Takes a Holiday."

HELENE O' TROY—Marian Nixon is five feet two inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has been married to Edward Hillman Jr. since Aug. 11, 1929. Latest production "College Lovers," Our radio broadcasts have been discontinued. Joan Bennett was born in Palisades, N. J., Feb. 27, 1911, five feet two, blonde hair and blue eyes. Junior Coghlan's parents are Dr. Frank Coghlan and Mrs. Coyle, non-professionals. His hobby is collecting stamps. David Rollins was born Sept. 2, 1908, and is appearing in "Scotland Yard." Raymond Hackett's parents are Maurice and Florence Hackett and is no relation to James K. Hackett. Raymond has appeared on the stage in "Toymaker of Nuremberg," "Peter Pan," etc. Hobby is reading, pastime, hiking outdoors.

LAZY PUPPY—Alice White was born in Paterson, N. J. Not far from you, is it? But was educated at Roanoke College, Roanoke, Va. Coming to California she took a secretarial course at Hollywood High School. Then came an opportunity to become a script clerk and this work she followed for about two years. She learned the ins and outs of studio life, but hardly dreamed of acting herself. Then she had an opportunity of aiding in continuity work for a time, learning another phase of the profession. Finally came the chance to act—and she accepted it gratefully. She is five feet two, weighs about 100 pounds and has blonde hair, blue eyes. Most recent picture released "Sweethearts on Parade."

SID—Cullen Landis' latest picture is "The Convict's Code," Syndicate Pictures Studios. Fred Mackaye appeared with Mary Philbin in "Girl Overboard." Mary Astor, Anthony Bushell, Lowell Sherman, Hugh Trevor and Nance O'Neil have the leads in "The Queen's Husband," Radio Pictures Studio. David Durand in "The Spy," Fox Studios. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire are going to appear in vaudeville for a spell. Claudette Colbert's next release is "Strictly Business," Fredric March and Charlie Ruggles also in the cast.

JUST MINNIE—Ha! Ha! and then some. Georges Carpentier played opposite Sally O'Neil in "Hold Everything." Lois Wilson and Richard Dix "Lovin' the Ladies." William Desmond was born in Dublin, Ireland, he is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. Latest picture "The Phantom of the West," serial, Mascot Pictures.

Fortune Favors the Mind that Is Prepared

Here's How!

You can prove you are smart

You can improve each shining hour

You can increase your bank balance —and have a good time while you are doing it!

You can get the Motion Picture Title Game Reference Book

This is a sample page from the Reference Book—showing how titles and names are listed alphabetically.

WITHOUT EXPENSE

While it is not a requirement that you own a Reference Book in order to participate in the division of $5,000.00 in Cash, "Fortune Favors the Mind that Is Prepared," you will find the Reference Book a valuable aid in recalling to your mind the titles of productions and the names of feature players. To have a copy of the Reference Book is to prepare your mind and permit you to play the Motion Picture Title Game with confidence that the title you select is one which may be used. Motion Picture Magazine makes it easy for you to secure a copy of the Reference Book without expense.

—JUST USE THIS COUPON—

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE — IMP
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith is $1.00 please ☐ extend ☐ enter my subscription for Motion Picture Magazine for Six (6) months (the regular price) and send me without expense, a copy of the Motion Picture Title Game Official Reference Book.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

NEW DOUBLE
EYELASH TREATMENT
Beautifies . . . Softens

No longer need you fear

"*Brittle Lashes*"

Perhaps you hesitate. Perhaps you just hate to put ordinary mascaras on your lashes. Perhaps you feel that made-up lashes—stiff and beady—are in bad taste . . .

Of course you're right . . . And therefore, you will be the more interested in a new and absolutely different eyelash treatment.

It is the *new* Winx with the "double treatment" formula. First—of course—it darkens and shadows lashes. The effect is always good taste, natural, appealing . . . But that isn't all . . . Winx actually *softens* lashes . . . "Brittle" or coarse lashes—so often the result of ordinary make-up—are impossible with Winx. Indeed, regular treatment with Winx helps lashes to grow fine—curly.

Winx comes in two forms: *Liquid,* which is easy to apply and is absolutely waterproof. *Cake,* which in its chic silvery compact can be carried even in a small purse . . . Ask for the *new* Winx!

for lovely lashes

Now and then—Clara Bow (left) as she is now and (right) as she looked in her earlier film days. And this reminds us to call to your attention the big feature story "In Defence of Clara Bow" on page twenty-eight of this issue

Letters To The Editor

(*Continued from page 6*)

Powell Comes Into His Own

Permit me to express, through your magazine, the satisfaction I experience as I watch William Powell move smoothly and surely to a place at the top of his profession. Powell has long been a favorite of mine. I remember distinctly his excellent performances in such early films as "Romola," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "The Beautiful City," and later in "The Last Command" and "Beau Geste."

Although the critics continually lauded his fine work, it got so they took it as a matter of course. He went from one obscure rôle to another, and always by his fine, consistent work he made it stand out. One never heard him complain. No temperamental outbursts. His name was never in the scandal columns.

Then came the talking pictures and his voice in "Interference." Every one sat up and took notice. William Powell suddenly became a star and a box-office name. It is enough to renew one's faith in perseverance.

Roxie LeRoy.

Praise for the Extras

OAKLAND, CALIF.—How about a word for the less featured players who help to weld the fine talking pictures into box office attractions? Naturally, unless I like the stars appearing in some production, I do not go; but there are other players who recently have also interested me, and, while they are just among the "common actors," yet their handling of their parts is fine. There was the stuttering convict in that masterpiece of filming, "The Big House"; the Cockney in "Hell's Island"; the French gendarme in "Sweethearts and Wives"; the man who played the part of *Pete* in "In The Shadow of The Law." There have been numerous other occasions when my interest has been attracted by superb acting on the part of some lesser known, or totally unknown, player. Praising them does not detract from the featured players; it only makes their parts stand out the better.

Richard W. Francis.

When Hero and Villain Meet

STEILACOOM, WASH.—It is high time cognizance of the need of a proper balanced technique in the modern day screen encounters was taken. To illustrate: In a recent production, the star climaxed three scenes in the play by knocking out with his fists the same man three different times. Now just as a common ordinary fan, with only the record behind me of seeing every worth while picture that has ever come out of the projection-room, I must voice both my protest and constructive criticism of this out-landish and boresome repetition of the meeting between the hero and villain. The stuff of the old melodrama days has long since been buried. Today we are anxious for new things and voice our approval when new methods are presented to thrill the nerves and stir the blood. *Edward Squires.*

Comedies Must Be Timed for Laughs

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—What a pity it is, with laughs so precious in a comedy film, that a mirth-provoking line or scene cannot be better timed to allow for the audience's response before following it up with another funny saying. Especially now in the "talkies," it so often happens that we miss out on lines which are drowned out by the prolonged laughter caused by a preceding event. A bit of quiet action between these two might relieve the situation. To lose even the tiniest chuckle does not seem fair either to the producer (who actually has the laughs counted occasionally in order to estimate the value of the "movie") or to us, the audience, who relish our each and every guffaw or giggle. *D. F.*

Marian Shockley's road to fame was an easy one, having just gone to visit a studio, she stayed and conquered and is now being featured in the Educational-Vanity Comedies

Criticism of Stage Players Unfair

DETROIT, MICH.—May I, too, be permitted to voice a few comments on the discussion of stage actors inhabiting the movie colony?

What made the talkies a success? The legitimate players to be sure. They cast light and warmth as only artists of such variable caliber can contribute.

The cinema fans have been most intolerant and harsh in their judgment of the legitimate actors, branding them sophisticated and aloof. They condemn them without fair trial and regardless of their superior merits.

Real actors will elevate the screen from a magic lantern show to an intelligent, living thing. *Annabelle Urban*

Movies Blessing to Small Town Folk

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.—It is the small town person, like myself, who owes the motion picture industry a debt of gratitude for what it has done for all of us of the great outside world.

But for the motion pictures, those who seldom visit the artistic centers of the country, would know so little of these things. Small town life at best, is usually commonplace, colorless and often so devoid of the literary and musical advantages that make life worthwhile to the ambitious. Motion pictures, especially the new productions with sound effects, have brought a knowledge of the world to those unwilling to confine their interests to the social life of the average small town.

There is the glamorous world beyond brought within easy access of everyone by talking pictures. Once inside a movie house, the commonplaceness of the ordinary life is blotted out by the cool, restful darkness. One is transported to other worlds and impresses one as leading the same enchanted lives of the play characters.

Small town people are no longer "hemmed in." Until the curtain is drawn at the close of the picture, they live as they would like to live—in a world of dreams. *Sara M. Crim*

What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.

What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).

What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.

What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."

Send for "The Book About Baths"

Why *is* it that so many people have tended to think of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did. *it's* FREE!

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. MPM-5
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Now You're Talking

(*Continued from page 88*)

Younger Generation with Clara

What does Don Ross mean by saying that Clara Bow is fat? I don't see how any one could say that and be telling the truth. Clara is just about perfect. She has a good form, can sing and dance and is just bubbling over with pep and vitality. I'm sure she did her stuff excellently in "Paramount On Parade." She was absolutely the best on the program.

Keep it up, Clara, the younger generation is with you! *A Bow Fan, Mars Hill, Me.*

Bebe's Secretary Settles the Matter

As Miss Bebe Daniels' secretary, I wish to take issue with L. J. of Easton, Pa., whose letter appeared in the October MOTION PICTURE.

Miss Daniels is not of the Jewish Race and if Mr. L. J. is interested in her lineage sufficiently to make the statement he did, perhaps he will be interested enough to refer to Vol. 2 of "California and Californians," by Rockwell D. Hunt, published by the Lewis Publishing Company of Chicago. The book contains an authentic biographical sketch of Miss Daniels and several members of her family.

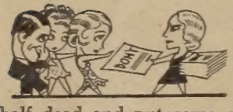
Some of Miss Daniels' dearest and best friends are Hebrews and the world is certainly indebted to the race for many of its noblest characters. I know Miss Daniels to be far too big a person to wish to misrepresent anything and I feel sure that L. J. is big enough to wish to be corrected in the statement he made. *Virginia Dooley, Hollywood, Cal.*

Singers Born, Not Made

I think there is a great deal of possibility that most of our famous actors are singing themselves to death. Actors who were never known to sing in their lives are now doing more singing than acting. A little training before a microphone and a few lessons on the side are not enough for a singer. It is ridiculous for an actor who hasn't a singing voice to expect suddenly to become a great singer. Some of the actors sing well and it's a great thrill to hear them but even the actors with voices should not forget that acting is more important than singing.

Richard Ball, Venice, Cal.

A Word to the Wise



Catherine Dale Owen —keep those eyebrows pinned down and your hands unclasped. Stop looking as if you were half dead and put some expression in your face. When the men say sweet things to you, don't wiggle your brows or clasp your hands, as if it affected you so deeply, making yourself look miserable. Example—"The Rogue Song" when Tibbett first sang, "When I'm Looking at You." (How could he?)

Maurice Chevalier—don't lose your accent. It is so pleasing. Make more "Love Parades" and smile or stick your lip out all through the picture. We'll all collapse more easily than we do now. You are so charming.

Janet Gaynor—I love to see you on the screen but I could not imagine (although I tried so hard to) you in the part of *Ellen Neal* in "Common Clay." I read that that is what you wanted to do. Constance Bennett was perfect in that rôle. But could you, with your tiny voice get up and express yourself as Connie did when she gave that long, breathless speech of—"You tell them about me and I'll tell them about you," etc., etc.? Could you do it, Janet? I doubt it.

Marjorie Hollingsworth, Hempstead, L. I.

Here's One Who Is "Hot"

With all that's being said about Rudy Vallee one sort of gets the impression that orchestra leaders are not so "hot" when it comes to acting. Well, I don't care what they say about the rest as long as they don't say anything against my favorite—Fred Waring. I saw him and his band in the one feature they made some time ago. I think they're great and I would like to see more of this peppy bunch.

Robert A. Ryder, Oshkosh, Wis.

Beautiful but Dumb

Why do they pick girls like Anita Page to play a snappy part? She may be beautiful but that's all. She can't sing—dance or play the piano. She can't do anything. Why, she can't even be a good sport in a picture. Pick more girls like Winnie Lightner, they have more *go* to them.

Eileen Currie, Verdun, Quebec.

Always Kicking

Some say as how the talkies are great and some as how they are not! But some folks would still kick if they had both legs cut off—wouldn't they? The human race is hard to understand—take Joe E. Brown, for instance!

All kidding aside, Ruth Chatterton is wonderful —so refreshing after all these musical comedy cuties—and Clive Brook! There's a boy! You can't go wrong with a Clive Brook-Ruth Chatterton combination. And George Arliss in "Disraeli"! Too marvelous for words.

M. L. Thornton, Appomattox, Va.

The Dumb Garbo

Excuse my frankness but your page in MOTION PICTURE has given me my longed-for chance. Really—Greta Garbo is abhorable—she isn't beautiful, good-looking, or even pretty. She is too slim and I-love-me looking. All this bunk about her being illusive is just feathers to me—probably just plain ignorance, or else a ruse for publicity. She's positively dumb! *Carmen Johnston, Reno, Nev.*

In these pages, Motion Picture invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where, we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, the Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Up All Night to Hear Rudy

I have been reading your many letters and notice some folks take pleasure in panning Rudy Vallee. The same ones who call him a flop in the talkies stay up all night to hear him on the Radio. He may be a flop (which I doubt) but how he can flop that saxophone of his! I would rather hear crooning than croaking anytime.

L. Francis Carpenter, Windsor, Vt.

Nancy High Hat

Who started this stuff about Nancy Carroll being a good actress? Phooey! The only thing she's good for is singing and dancing. There isn't anything dramatic about her. She ought to go back to the stage.

Take Mary Brian, for instance. She's as sweet as they make them and can play both comedy and dramatic rôles. If anybody would wake up from their dream, they would find that Mary Brian is a better actress than Nancy Carroll. I think Nancy is too high hat anyway. Give us more stories and pictures of Mary and not so many of Nancy.

Emma Gaven, Chicago, Ill.

No Individuality

I have seen hundreds of moving pictures, but still do not know what many of the feminine stars look like. They don't seem to stand out one from another the way the male stars do. Of course there are exceptions, as Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor.

I wonder if this is due to the dominating qualities of the male. Or are women becoming standardized?

Roy E. Olson, San Francisco, Cal.

Bickford Not Handsome

Who in the world "discovered" Charles Bickford? If they had to discover somebody for the male lead in "Anna Christie" and "The Sea Bat," why didn't they find somebody who was at least good looking?

Let's have less about Charles Bickford and more of Buddy Rogers, Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper.

Marguerite (Rita) Pawkett, San Antonio, Tex.

Talkie Pests

After dinner one evening my husband said he was just tired enough to go to a movie. I had only to powder my nose and we were off. When we arrived, we remarked we were going to get in at a good time, because we could hear the orchestra (there is still one left in town) tooting the latest jazz. We settled ourselves intending to be entertained. They showed pictures of the Alps and said if we hadn't been there not to bother because they had just installed a hundred thousand dollar cooling system in their theater. The main picture was well under way when we were brought back from the deck of a palatial yacht, to the realization that two women were settling themselves back of us. One remarked in a "stage whisper," "I wonder if this is the main picture? I'm so glad you could come with me. I love to have someone to talk the picture over with." She talked it over so thoroughly, we finally moved down a few rows, only to find ourselves right next to little Junior, who kept asking, "Why did the man do that? Why, Mama?"

May talking pictures prosper, but why can't the audience let the Vitaphone do the talking?

Luella B. Harlow, Sacramento, Cal.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

WAR NURSE

The World War as Seen Through the Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved and Suffered on the Western Front!

For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
ROBERT AMES **JUNE WALKER**
ANITA PAGE **MARIE PREVOST** **ZASU PITTS**

Directed by Edgar Selwyn
Continuity by Becky Gardiner
Dialogue by Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

New Decade

WE DANCE again to melodies of Old Vienna . . . wear the graceful fashions of another day . . . learn, once more, the charm of elegance. And romance, returning, gives us lovelier jewels, rarer perfumes, softer gowns . . . but leaves us this same luxurious cigarette. For there are a hundred perfumes and as many gems. . . . But in all the world, there's no cigarette so fragrant, so delicate, so delightful as Camel.

© 1930. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.